

*Mulciber in Troiam.* *pro Troia stabat Apollo.*

THE  
WHOLE WORKS  
OF  
HOMER;  
PRINCE OF POETTS  
In his Iliads, and  
Odyssees  
Translated according to the Greeke  
By  
Geo: Chapman.  
De Ili: et Odiss:  
Omnia ab his: et in his sunt omnia:  
sive beati  
Te decor eloqui, seu reru pondera  
tangunt.  
Angel: Pol:  
At London printed for Nathaniel: Butter.  
Wh:am: 1616: scilicet:  
Qui Nil mo-  
litur Ineptè

ACHILLES

HECTOR







# TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN, *HENRIE*, THRICE

*Royall inheritor to the united Kingdomes  
of Great BRITTAINE, &c.*

**S**ince perfect happinesse, by Princes sought,  
Is not with birth, borne, nor Exchequers bought,  
Nor followes in great traines; nor is posselt  
With any outward State, but makes him blest  
That governes inward, and beholdeth there,  
That by his affection stand about him bare;  
That by his powre can send to Towre, and death,  
All traitrous passions; marshalling beneath  
His justice, his meere will, and in his minde  
Holds such a scepter, as can keepe confinde  
His whole lifes actions in the royall bounds  
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds  
Takes in, to sow his honours, his delights,  
And complete empire. You should learne these rights  
(Great Prince of men) by Princely presidents;  
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale presents  
To furnish your youths ground worke, and first State;  
And let you see, one Godlike man create  
All sorts of worthiest men; to be contriv'd  
In your worth onely; giving him reviv'd,  
For whose life, *Alexander* would have given  
One of his kingdomes: who (as sent from heaven,  
And thinking well, that so divine a creature  
Would never more enrich the race of Nature)

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

Kept as his Crowne his workes; and thought them still  
His Angels, in all power to rule his will.  
And would affirme that *Homers* poeſie  
Did more advance his Asian victorie,  
Then all his armies. O! tis wondrous much  
(Though nothing prilde) that the right vertuous touch  
Of a well written ſoule, to vertue moves,  
Nor have we ſoules to purpoſe, if their loves  
Of fitting objects be not ſo inflam'd.  
How much then, were this kingdoms maine ſoule maim'd,  
To want this great inflamer of all powers  
That move in humane ſoules? All Realmes but yours,  
Are honour'd with him; and hold bleſt that State  
That have his workes to reade and contemplate.  
In which, Humanitie to her height is raiſde;  
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath praiſde.  
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verſe comprize;  
Out-ſung the Muſes, and did equaliſe  
Their king *Apollu*, being ſo farre from cauſe  
Of Princes light thoughts, that their graveſt lawes  
May finde ſtuffe to be faſhioned by his lines.  
Through all the pompe of kingdoms ſtill he ſhines,  
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie  
Your Lutes, and Viols, and more loftily  
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* ſung,  
To drums and trumpets let his angels tongue:  
And with the Princely ſport of Hawkes you uſe,  
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muſe:  
And ſee how like the Phoenix ſhe renews  
Her age, and ſtarrie feathers in your ſunne;  
Thouſands of yeares attending, every one  
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in  
Their ſeaſons, kingdoms, nations that have bin  
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all  
Offerd to Change, and greedy Funerall;  
Yet ſtill your *Homer* laſting, living, raigning;  
And proves, how firme truth builds in Poets faining.

A

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

A Princes ſtatue, or in Marble carv'd,  
Or ſteele, or gold, and ſhrin'd (to be preſerv'd)  
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;  
Time into loweſt ruines may depreſſe;  
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verſe,  
Fame ſhall reſound them on oblivions berle,  
Till graves gaspe with her blaſts, and dead men riſe.  
No gold can follow, where true Poeſie flies.

Then let not this Divinitie in earth  
(Deare Prince) beſleighted, as ſhe were the birth  
Of idle Fancie; ſince ſhe workes ſo hie:  
Nor let her poore diſpoſer (Learning) lye  
Still bed-rid. Both which, being in men deſact,  
In men (with them) is Gods bright image rac't.  
For, as the Sunne and Moone, are figures given  
Of his refulgent Deitie in heaven:  
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poeſie,  
In earth preſent his fiery Maieſtie.  
Nor are Kings like him, ſince their Diademes  
Thunder and lighten, and project brave beames;  
But ſince they his cleare vertues emulate;  
In truth and Juſtice, imagining his ſtate;  
In Bountie, and Humanitie ſince they ſhine;  
Then which, is nothing (like him) more divine:  
Not Fire, nor Light, the Sunnes admired courſe,  
The Riſe, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force  
In us, and all this Cope beneath the ſkie;  
Nor great Exiſtence, term'd his treaſurie.  
Since not, for being greateſt, he is bleſt;  
But being juſt, and in all vertues beſt.

What ſets his juſtice and his truth, beſt forth;  
(Beſt Prince) then uſe beſt; which is Poeſies worth:  
For, as grear Princes, well inform'd and deckt  
With gracious vertue, give more ſure effect  
To her perſwaſions, pleaſures, reall worth  
Then all th inferior ſubjects ſhe ſets forth;  
Since there ſhe ſhines at full; hath birth, wealth, ſtate;

\* 3

Power,

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

Power, fortune, honor, fit to elevate  
Her heavenly merits; and so fit they are  
Since she was made for them, and they for her:  
So, truth, with Poesie gract, is fairest farre,  
More proper, moving, chaste, and regular,  
Then when she runnes away with untrust Prose,  
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose  
Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces;  
In Poesie, decking her with choicest Phrases,  
Figures and numbers: when loose Prose puts on  
Plaine letter-habits; makes her troe upon  
Dull earthly businesse (she being meere divine:)  
Holds her to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,  
That should drinke Poesies Nectar; every way  
One made for other, as the sunne and day,  
Princes and vertues. And, as in a spring,  
The plyant water mov'd with any thing  
Let fall into it, puts her motion out  
In perfect circles, that move round about  
The gentle fountaine, one another, raising:  
So truth and poesie worke; so poesie blazing,  
All subjects false in her exhaustlesse fount,  
Workes most exactly, makes a true account  
Of all things to her high discharges given,  
Till all be circular, and round as heaven.

And lastly, great Prince, marke and pardon me,  
As in a flourishing, and ripe fruit tree,  
Nature hath made the barked to save the Bole;  
The Bole, the sappe. the sappe to decke the whole  
With leaves and branches; they, to beare and shield  
The usefull fruit, the fruit it selfe to yeeld  
Guard to the kernell, and for that all those  
(Since out of that againe, the whole tree growes:)  
So, in our tree of man, whose nervie root  
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot,  
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,  
All joynd in one to serve his Queene of arts.

In

*The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

In which, doth Poesie, like the kernell lie  
Obscur'd; though her Promethean facultie  
Can create men, and make even death to live;  
For which she should live honor'd, Kings should give  
Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still  
Hold up their spirits in vertue; make the will,  
That governs in them, to the power conform'd;  
The power to justice, that the scandals storm'd  
Against the poore Dame, clear'd by your faire Grace,  
Your Grace may shine the clearer. Her low place,  
Not shewing her, the highest leaves obscure.  
Who raise her, raise themselves: and he sits sure,  
Whom her wing'd hand advanceth, since on it  
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) sit  
All whose poore seed, like violets in their beds  
Now grow with bosome hung, and hidden heads.  
For whom I must speake (though their Fates convinces  
Me, worst of Poets) to you, best of Princes.

*By the most humble and faithfull implorer for  
all the graces to your highnesse eterni-  
sed by your divine Homer.*

GEO. CHAPMAN.

A 4

An



AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME  
OF OVR DREAD PRINCE, MY MOST  
Gracious and sacred *Majesty*,

HENRYE, PRINCE OF WALES,  
OVR SVNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE.

**B**E to us as thy great Name doth import,  
(Prince of the people) nor suppose is vaine,  
That in this secret and prophetique sort,  
Thy Name and Noblest Title doth containe

So much right to us; and as great a good,  
Nature doth nosbing vainly; much lesse Art  
Perfecting Nature. No spirit in our blood,  
But in our soules discourses beares a part.  
What Nature gives at random in the one,  
In th' other, orderd, our divine part serves.  
Thou art not HEYR then, to our state alone;  
But SVNN, PEACE, LIFE. And what thy powre deserves  
Of us, and our good, in thy utmost strife;  
Shall make thee to thy selfe, HEYR, SVNN, PEACE, LIFE.

TO



TO THE SACRED FOVNTAINE  
OF PRINCES, SOLE EMPRESSE OF  
BEAVTIE AND VERTVE; *ANNE*,  
Queene of England, &c.

**V**ith whatsoever Honour we adorne  
Your Royall issue; we must gratulate you,  
Imperiall Soveraigne. Who of you is borne,  
Is you; One Tree make both the Bole and Bow.

If we honour then to joyne you both  
To such a powerfull worke, as shall defend  
Both from foule Death, and Ages ugly Moth;  
This is an Honour that shau never end.

They know not vertue then, that know not what  
The vertue of defending vertue is:

It comprehend, the guard of all your State,  
And joynes your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.  
Shield vertue, and advance her then, Great Queer.  
And make this Book your Glasse, to make it seen.

Your Majesties in all subjection most  
humbly consecrate,

GEO. CHAPMAN.



## TO THE READER.

**L**est with foule hands you touch these holy Rites;  
And with preiudicacie: too prophane,  
Passe Homer, in your other Poets heights;  
Wast here, In this Porch to his numerous Plane,  
Heare ancient Oracles speake, and tell you whom  
You have to censure. First then Silius heare,  
Who thrice was Consul in renowned Rome;  
Whose verse (saith Martiall) nothing shall euer weare.

Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.

**H**E, in *Elysium*, having cast his eye  
Vpon the figure of a Youth, whose haire  
With purple Ribands braided curiously,  
Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire;  
Said, Virgin, What is he whose heavenly face  
Shines past all others, as the Morne the Night,  
Whom many marvelling soules, from place to place;  
Pursue and haunt, with sounds of such delight?  
Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade)  
Would make me, questionlesse, beleeve he were  
A very God. The learned Virgine made  
This answer: If thou shouldst beleeve it here,  
Thou shouldst not erre: he well deserv'd to be  
Esteem'd a god; nor held his so-much breast  
A little presence of the Deitie:  
His verse compride earth, seas, starres, soules at rest:  
In song, the Muses he did equalize;  
In honour, *Phaëon*: he was onely soule;  
Saw all things spher'd in Nature, without eyes,  
And rais'd your Troy up to the starrie Pole:  
Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts,  
Said, O if Fates would give this Poet leave  
To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoast,  
How much beyond, would future times receiue  
The same facts, made by any other knowne?  
O blest *Basides*! to have the grace  
That out of such a mouth, thou shouldst be shrowne  
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race  
Of all times future, with what he did know:  
Thy vertue, with his verse, shall ever grow.

*Now*

TO THE READER.

*Now heare an Angell sing our Poets Fame,  
Whom Fate, for his diuine song, gave that name.*

*Angelus Policianus, in Nuntius.*

More liuing, then in old *Demodocus*,  
Fame glories to waxe yong in *Homer's* verse.  
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds to us  
His golden Torch, we see the starres disperse,  
And every way flye heaven; the pallid Moone  
Even almost vanishing before his sight:  
So with the dazeling beames of *Homer's* Sunne,  
All other ancient Poets lose their light.  
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his starre,  
Singing the godlike acts of honor'd men;  
And equalling the actvall rage of warre,  
With onely the diuine straines of his pen,  
He stood amaz'd, and truly did confesse  
Himselfe was equall'd in *Maenides*.

*Next, heare the great and learned Plinie use  
His censure of our sacred Poets Muse.*

*Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 7. Cap. 39.  
Turn'd into verse, that no Prose may come neere Homer.*

Whom shall we choose the glory of all wits,  
Held through so many sorts of discipline,  
And such variety of workes and spirits,  
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did shine,  
For forme of worke and matter: And because  
Our proud doome of him may stand iustified  
By noblest iudgements, and receiue applaus  
In spite of enuy, and illiterate prides,  
Great *Macedon*, amongst his matchlesse spoiles,  
Tooke from rich *Persia* (on his Fortunes call)  
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)  
Form'd all of gold, with wealthy stones enchat.  
He tooke the oyles out, and his nearest friends  
Aske, in what better guard it might be us'd?  
All giving their conceits to severall ends;  
He answerd, his affections rather chuse  
An use quite opposite to all their kindes:  
And *Homer's* bookes should with that guard be serv'd,  
That the most precious worke of all mens mindes,  
In the most precious place, might be preserv'd.  
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,  
And gave Antiquity her living fire.

Volumes of like praise, I could heape on this;  
Of men more ancient, and more learn'd then these:  
But since true Vertue enough lovely is

With

TO THE READER.

With her owne beauties; all the suffrages  
Of others I omit, and would more fine  
That *Homer*, for himselfe, should be belou'd  
Who euer fort of loue-worth did containe.  
Which how I haue in my conuersion prou'd,  
I must confesse, I hardly dare referre  
To reading iudgements; since, so generally,  
Custom hath made euen th' ablest Agents erre  
In these translations, all so much apply  
Their paines and cunning, word for word to render  
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,  
Make fish with fowle, Camels with Whales engender,  
Or their tongues speech, in other mouths compell.  
For, euen as different a production  
Aske Greeke and English; since as they in sounds,  
And letters, shunne one forme, and vnison,  
So haue their sense, and elegancie bound  
In their distinguish'd natures, and require  
Onely an iudgment to make both content,  
In sense and elocution, and aspire  
As well to reach the spirit that was spent  
In his example; as with arte to pierce  
His Grammer, and etymologie of words.  
But, as great Clerkes, can write no English verse;  
Because (alas! great Clerkes) English affords  
(Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude tounge,  
(Since tis their Native): but in Greeke or Latine  
Their writs are rare; for thence true Poetic spring:  
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but skil to chat in,  
Compar'd with that they might say in their owne;  
Since thither th' other shall soule cannot make  
The ample transmigration to be shewne  
In Nature loueing Poetic: So the brate  
That those Translators sticke in, that affect  
Their word-for-word translations (where they lose  
The free grace of their naturall Dialect  
And shame there Auth'ors, with a forced Glofe)  
I laught to see; and yet as much abhorre  
More licence from the words, then may expresse  
Their full comprehension, and make cleare the Author.  
From whose truth, if you thinke my feet digresse,  
Because I vse needfull Periphrases;  
Reade *Valla*, *Hessus*, that in Latine Prose,  
And Verse conuert him; reade the *Mefines*,  
That into Tuscan turns him; and the Glofe  
Grac *Sade* makes in French; as he translates:  
Which (for th' aforesaid reasons) all must doo;  
And see that my conuersion much abates

*Of Translations,  
and the naturall  
difference of Or-  
ali ty, necessari-  
ly to be obseru'd  
in it.*

*Ironie.*

*The necessarie  
necessitie of  
translations is  
the example.*

A

The

## TO THE READER.

The licence they take, and more shoves him too:  
 Whose right, not all these great learn'd men have done  
 (In some maine parts) that were his Commentors:  
 But (as the illustration of the Sunne  
 Should be attempted by the erring starres)  
 They fail'd to search his deepe, and treasurous hart.  
 The cause was, since they wanted the fit key  
 Of Nature, in their down-right strength of Art;  
 With Poesie, to open Poesie.  
 Which in my Poeme of the mysteries  
 Reveal'd in *Homer*, I will clearly proue.  
 Till whose neere birth, suspend your Calumnies,  
 And farre-wide imputations offesse lone.  
 'Tis further from me, then the worst that reads;  
 Professing me the worst of all that write:  
 Yet what, in following one, that brauely leads,  
 The worst may show, let this prooffe hold the light.  
 But grant it cleere: yet hath detraction got  
 My blind side, in the forme, my verse puts on;  
 Much like a dung-hill Mastife, that dares not  
 Assault the man he barks at; but the stone  
 He throwes at him, takes in his eager iawes,  
 And spoyles his teeth because they cannot spoyle.  
 The long verse hath by prooffe receiv'd applause  
 Beyond each other number: and the foile,  
 That quint-cy'd Enuic takes, is censur'd plaine.  
 For, this long Poeme asks this length of verse,  
 Which I my selfe ingeniously maintaine  
 Too long, our shorter Authors to reherse.  
 And for our tong, that still is so paym'd  
 By trauailing linguists, I can proue it cleare,  
 That no tongue hath the Muses vttance bey'd  
 For verse, and that sweet Musique to the eare  
 Strooke out of rime, so naturally as this;  
 Our Monosyllables, so kindly fall  
 And meete, oppos'd in rime, as they did kisse:  
 French and Italian, most immetrical;  
 Their many syllables, in harsh Collision,  
 Fall as they brake their necks; their bastard Rimes  
 Saluting as they iustl'd in transition,  
 And set our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times  
 Kept in their falles. And me thinkes, their long words  
 Shew in short verse, as in a narrow place,  
 Two opposites should meet, with two-hand swords  
 Vnweildily, without or vfe or grace.  
 Thus hauing rid the rubs, and strow'd these flowers  
 In our thrice sacred *Homers* English way;  
 What rests to make him, yet more worthy yours?

*'Tis a power of nature,  
 about first  
 in Poesie.*

*Our English  
 language, about  
 all vipers, for  
 the vipers of  
 Poesie.*

## TO THE READER.

To cite more praise of him, were mere delay  
 To your glad searches, for what these men found,  
 That gaue his praise, past all, to him a place:  
 Whose vertues were so many, and so ground,  
 By all consents, Divine; that not to grace,  
 Or add increase to them, the world doth need  
 Another *Homer*; but euen to reherse  
 And number them: they did so much exceed;  
 Men thought him not a man; but that his verse  
 Some more celestiall nature did adorne.  
 And: all may well conclude, it could not be,  
 That for the place where any man was borne,  
 So long, and mortally, could disagree  
 So many Nations, as for *Homer* strid,  
 Valesse his spurre in them, had bene diuine.  
 Then end their strife, and looke him (thus reuin'd)  
 As borne in *England*: see him ouer thine  
 All other-Countrie Poets; and trust this,  
 That whole soeuer Muse dares vse her wing  
 When his Muse flies, shee will be trost by his;  
 And show as if a Bernacle should spring  
 Beneath an Eagle. In none since was scene  
 A soule so full of heauen as earth's in him.  
 O! if our moderne poesie had bene  
 As louely as the Ladie he did hymne.  
 What barbarous worldling, growling after gaine,  
 Could vse her louely parts with such rude hate,  
 As now she suffers vnder every swaine?  
 Since then tis nought but her abuse and Fate,  
 That thus empaires her; what is this to her  
 As shee is reall, or in naturall right.  
 But since in true Religion men should erre  
 As much as Poesie, should th' abuse excite  
 The like contempt of her Diuinitie?  
 And that her truth, and right saint sacred Merites;  
 In most liues, breed but reuerence formally;  
 What wonder is if Poesie inherits  
 Much lesse obseruance; being but Agent for her;  
 And finger of her lawes, that others say?  
 Forth then ye Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhorre her;  
 Keepe still on in the dirty vulgar way,  
 Till dirt receive your soules, to which ye vow,  
 And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifts.  
 Ye cannot so much despise vs as we you.  
 Nor one of you, about his Mowlehill lifts  
 His carthy Minde; but, as a sort of beasts,  
 Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare  
 Their manly voices; but when, in their fits,

## TO THE READER.

They breathe wild whistles; and the beasts rude care  
Hear their Curres barking; then by heapes they lye,  
Headlong together: So men, beastly giuen,  
The manly soules voice (sacred Poetrie,  
Whose Hymnes the Angels euer sing in heauen)  
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noises  
(For Gaine, Lust, Honour, in litigious Prose)  
Are bellow'd-out, and cracke the barbarous voices  
Of turkish *Stentors*; O! ye leane to thole  
Like itching Horle, to blockes, or high May-poles;  
And breake naught but the wind of wealth, wealth, All  
In all your Documents; your Asinine soules  
(Proud of their burthens) feeble not how they galle.  
But as an Asse, that in a field of weeds  
Affects a thistle, and falls fiercely to it;  
That pricks, and galls him; yet he feeds, and bleeds;  
Forbeares a while, and licks; but cannot woo it  
To leaue the sharpnes when (to wreake his smart)  
He beates it with his foote; then backward licks,  
Because the Thistle galls his forward part;  
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the pricks;  
Then falls to others with as hote a strife;  
And in that honourable warre doth waste  
The tall heate of his stomack, and his life:  
So, in this world of weeds, you worldings taste  
Your most-lou'd dainties; with such warre, buy peace;  
Hunger for torment; vertue kicke for vice;  
Cares for your states, do with your states increase:  
And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,  
Yet Reasons Day-light, shewes ye at your meate  
Asses at Thistles, bleeding as ye eate.

THE



## THE PREFACE TO THE READER.



*F* all books extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before him (Iosephus affirms,) nor before him (saith Velleius Paterculus) was there any whom he imitated: nor after him, any that could imitate him. And that Poetrie may be no cause of detraction from all the eminence we giue him; Spondanus (preferring it to all Arts and sciences) vnanswerably argues and proues. For the glorie of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny) man was chiefly made. And what art performs this chief end of man, with so much excitation, and expression as Poetrie? Moyses, Dauid, Salomon, Iob, Elay, Jeremy, &c. chiefly vsing that to the end aboue said. And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man (as all easily confess it,) it must needs be acknowledged a diuine infusion. To a prone which in a word, this distich, (in my estimation) serues something nearly:

Great Poetrie, blind Homer, makes all see  
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him (according to our most grane and iudicial Plutarch) are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therefore the worlds wilfying of it, that can make it vile: for so we might argue, by blasphemie the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed: but (like Truth) hides it selfe from it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdomes truth in all humane excellence as in Poets fictions. That most vulgar & foolish receipt of Poeticall licence, being of all knowing men to be exploded; excepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling priuiledge aboue others; no Artist being so strictly, and inextricably confined to all the lawes of learning, wisdom, and truth, as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinewes and soules of all those; how could they differ farre from, and be combined with eternitie? To all sciences therefore, I must still (with our learned and ingenious Spondanus) preferre it; as hauing a perpetual commerce with the diuine Majesty; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts; and inuoying continuall discourse with his strict perfect, and most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthy & diuinely preferred by Plato, so the active; as much as the head to the foote; the eye to the hand; reason to sense; the soule to the bodie: the end is selfe; so all things directed to the end: quiet to motion; and Eternitie to Time; so much preferre I diuine Poetrie to all worldly wisdom. To the enely shadow of whose worth yet, I entitle not the bold rimes of euery Adulph and impudent Braggart, (though he dares assume any thing) such I turne ouer to the wearing of Cobwebs; and shall but chaster on molehills (farre vnder the bill of the Rascals) which their fortunes selfe and ambition hath advanced them higher. Poetrie is the flower of the Sun, & disdaines to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures, & counsels from the vulgar; ne euilefancie (saith our Spond.) we haue example sacred enough, that true Poetrie humility, poverty & contempt, are badges of diuinity, not vanity. Bray aben, and barke against it ye wolf-fac't worldlings, was nothing but



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honours, riches, and magistracie, nescio quos, turgidè spiratis (that I may use the words of our friend still), Qui solas leges Iustinianus crepatis; paragaphum vnum aut alterum, pluris quam vos ipsos facitis, &c. I (for my part) shall ever esteeme it much more manly and sacred, in this barmelesse and pious studie, to sit still I sink into my grave, then some in our vainglorious bubbles, and impieties; at your poore policies, wisdomes, their trappings, at no more valuing them a musty Nat. And much lesse I wey the frontlesse detractions of some stupide ignorants; that no more knowing me, then their owne beastly ends; and I, ever (so my knowledge) blest from their sight; whisper behind me wisifying of my translation: out of the French affirming them; when both in French, and all other languages but his owne, our witball skill enriched Poet, is so poore and unpleasing, that no man can discern from whence flowed his so generally given eminence, and admiration. And therefore by any reasonable creatures conference, of my sleight comment, and conversion it will easily appeare how I humne them: and whether the original be my rule or not. In which, he shall easily see, I understand the understandings of all other interpreters, and commenters in places of his most depth importance, and rapture. In whose exposition and illustration, if I abhorre from the sence that others wrest, and racke out of him; let my best detractor examine how the Greeke word warrants me. For my other fresh fry, let them fry in their foolish galls; nothing so much weighed as the barking of puppies, or snifling hounds; too vile to thinke of our sacred Homer, or let their prophane secte within their liues lengths of his thresholds. If I faile in something, let my full performance in other some restore me; haste spurring me on with other necessities. For as at my conclusion I protest, so here at my entrance, lesse then fifteene weekes was the time in which all the last twelue books were entirely newtranslated. No conference had with any one living in al the novelities I presume I have found. Only some on or two places I have shewed to my worthy and most learned friend, M. Harriots, for his censure how much mine owne weighed: whose iudgement and knowledge in al kinds, I know to be incomparable, and bottomlesse: yea, to be admired as much, as his most blameles life, and the right sacred expence of his time, is to be honoured and reuerenced. Which affirmation of his cleare unmatchedness in all manner of learning; I make in contempt of that nasty objection often thrust upon me; that he that will iudge, must know more then he of whom he iudges; for so a man should know neither God nor himselfe. Another right learned, honest, and entirely loued friend of mine, M. Robert Hews, I must needs put into my confel conference touching Homer, though very little more then that I had with M. Harriots. Which two, I protest, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my generall labour; but onely of those one or two places, which for instances of my inuolution, and how it shewed to them, I imparted. If any taxe me for too much periphrasis or circumlocution in some places; let them reade Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus, who either use such shortness as cometh nothing home to Homer, or where they shun that fault, are ten parts more paraphrasticall then I. As for example, one place I will trouble you (if you please) to conferre with the original, and not interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third booke, and is Hellens speech to Venus, fetching her to Paris, from seeing his cowardly combat with Menelaus: part of which speech I will here cite:

Οὐκ ἔστι δὲν δὴν Ἀλκίανδρ' ἄνδρα Μενέλαον

Nimicus, &c. For avoiding the common readers trouble here, I must referre the more Greeckish to the rest of the speech in Homer, whose translation ad verbum by Sondanus, I will here cite, and then pray you to conferre it with that which

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which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam vero nunc Alexandrum, Menelaum Postquam vicis, vult odiosam me domum abducere; Propterea vero nunc dolan (ceu colos) cogitans aduenisti? Sede apud ipsum vadens, deorum abnega vias; Neque vquam tuis pedibus reuertaris in coelum, Sed semper circa cum arumnas ferat, & ipsum ferua Donec te vel vxorem faciat, vel hic senu, &c.

Valla thus:

Quoniam visito Paridem, Menelaum, me miseram, est reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falsa sob imagine venisti, ut me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in Paridem benevolentiam: cò dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo fatagis, dum illum obsecras arque custodis, deorum commercior reliquisti, nec ad eos reuertura es amplius; adeò (quantum suspicor) aut vxor eius efficiaris, aut ancilla, &c.

Wherein were it there be any such thing as most of this in Homers, yet only to expresse (as he thinks) Homers conceits, for the more pleasure of the reader, be vseth this overplus dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo fatagis, dum illum obsecras, arque custodis, deorum commercior reliquisti. Which (besides his superfluitie) is utterly false. For where he saith reliquisti deorum commerciorum, Hellen saith, οὐκ ἔστι δὲν δὴν Ἀλκίανδρ' ἄνδρα Μενέλαον, as it is used poetically signifying denegare, or abnuere; & Hellen (in contempt of her too much observing men) bids her renounce heauen, and come line with Paris till he make her his wife or seruant; scottically or scornfully speaking it: which doth Valla, Embanus, and al other interpreters (but these ad verbum) haue utterly mist. And this one example I thought necessarie to insert here, to shew my detractors that they haue no reason to wisifie my circumlocution sometimes, when their most approved Grecians, Homers interpreters generally hold him fit to be so conuerted. Yet how much I differ, and with what authoritie, let my impartiall, and iudiciall reader iudge. Alwaies concerning how pedanticall and absurd an affectation it is in the interpretation of any Author (much more of Homer) to turne him word for word, when (according to Horace and other best lawgiuers to translators) it is the part of every knowing and iudiciall interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the matterall things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently, and to clothe and adorne them with words, and such a stile and forme of Oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are conuerted. If I haue not turned him in any place falsely (as all other his interpreters haue in many and most of his chiefe places;) If I haue not left behind me any of his sentence, elegancie, height, intension, and invention: if in some few places (especially in my first edition, being done so long since, & following the common tract) I be something paraphrasticall & faulty; is it suffice in that poore fault? if they will needs haue it so to drone all the rest of my labour? But there is a certaine envious Windfucker, that blowes up and down, laboriously engrossing al the aire with his luxurious ambition; and buzzing into every eare my detraction; affirming I turne Homer out of the Latine onely, &c. this sets all his associates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to beare about my compaire, and poison my reputation. One that as he thinks, what soeuer he gives to others, he takes from himselfe; so what soeuer he takes from others, he adds to himselfe. One that in this kinde of robbetrie, doth like Mercurie, that stole good, and supplied it with counterfeits bad

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still. One like the two gluttons, Phylloxenus and Gnatho, that would still emperie their noses in the dishes they lovd, that no man might eate but themselves. For so this Caltrill, with too base a liver, and lest after his owne glorie, and to deuoire all himselfe, discourageth all appetites to the same of another. I haue striken, single him as you can. Nor note I this, to cast any rubbes, or plaster out of the particular way of mine owne estimation with the world; for I resolve this with the wilfully obscure:

Sine honore, viuum nullus, numero cro.

Without mens honors I will liue, and make

No number, in the manlesse course they take.

But to discourage (if it might be) the generall detraction of industrious, and well meaning vertue. I know I cannot too much diminish, and deieit my selfe; yet the passing little that I am, God onely knowes; to whose euer-implored respect, and comfort, I onely submit me. If any further edition of these my sily endeavors shall chance, I will mend what is amisse (God assisting me) and amplifie my harsh Comments to Homers farre more right, and mine owne earnest, and ingenious loue of him: Notwithstanding, I know, the curious, and enuious, will neuer sit downe satisfied. A man may go ouer and ouer, till he come ouer and ouer; and his praises be onely his recompence euery man is solod with his particular beads; and nothing in all respects perfect; but what is perceived by few. Homer himselfe hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poore-selfe, put up with motion. And so little I will respect malignitie; and so much encourage my selfe with mine owne knowne strength, and what I finde within me, of comfort, and conformance; (examining my selfe throughout, with a farre more zealous and seuerer eye, then my greatest enemy, imitating this:

Iudex ipse sui totum se explorat ad vnguem, &c.)

That after these Iliads, I will (God lending me life and any meanest meanes) with more labour then I haue lost here, and all without alacrity, diue through his Odysses. Nor can I forget here (but with all hearty gratitude remember) my most ancient, learned, and right noble frind M. Richard Stapilton, first most desired moner in the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenious and vitterly vnderferued desert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honorable families speedy and full restorer. In the meane space, I treat my impartiall, and iudicall Reader; that all things to the quick he will not pare; but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and if he finde any thing perfect, receive it vnnennied.

## Of Homer.

OF his cuntry, and time, the difference is so infinite amongst all writers, that there is no question (in my conceiue) of his antiquitie beyond all. To which opinion, the nearest I will cite, Addam Cedrenus placeth him vnder Dauides & Solomons rule; & the destruction of Troy vnder Sauls. And of one age with Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus affirmeth him. Aristotle (in tertio de Poetica) affirmes he was borne in the Ile of Io, begot of a Genius, one of them that used to dance with the Mules, and a virgine of that Ile, comprest by that Genius, who being quicke with child (for shame of the deed) came into a place called Egina, and there was taken of theues, and brought to Smyrna, to Mocon king of the Lidians, where he became married her. After which, the walking neare the flood Meletes; on that shore being overtaken with the throwes of her delinerie, shee brought forth Homer, and instantly

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stantly died. The infant was receiued by Mocon, and brought up as his owne till his death; which was not long after. And according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna, were afflicted by the Eolians, and thought fit to leaue the citie, the Captaine by a Herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them; Homer (being a little child) said he would also iunior. (that is, sequi.) And of that, (for Melesigenes, which was his first name) he was called Homer. These Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this, I omit for length: and in place thereof, thinke it not vnfit to insert something of his praise, and honor amongst the greatest of all Ages; not that our most absolute of him selfe, needes it; but that such anticall testimonies of his splendor and excellence, may the better convince the malice of his maligners.

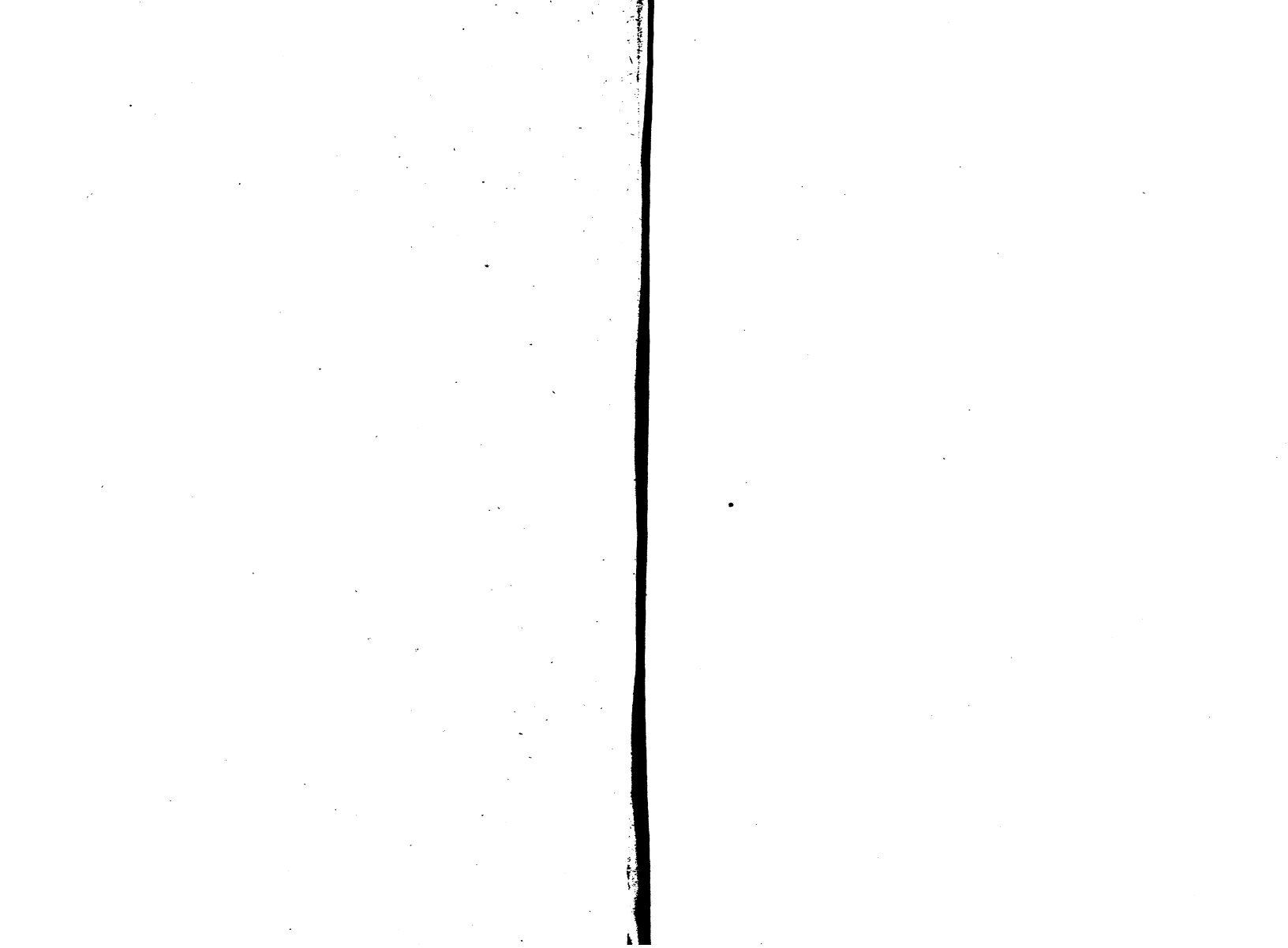
First, what kind of person Homer was, (saith Spondanus) his statue teacheth; which Cedrenus describeth. The whole place we will describe, that our relation may hold the better coherence; as Nylander conuerts it. There was the Otagonon as Constantinople consumed with fire; and the Bath of Seuerus, that bore the name of Zenippus: in which there was much variety of spectacle, and splendor of Arts; the works of all Ages being conferred, and preserved there, of Marble, Rockes, Stones and Images of Brasse; to which, this onely wanted; that the soules of the persons they presented, were not in them. Amongst these master peeces, and all witt-exceeding workmanship, stood Homer, as he was in his age; thoughtfull, and musing: his hands folded beneath his bosome, his beard untrimmed, and hanging downe; the haire of his head in like sort thinned on both sides before; his face with age and cares of the world (as these imagine) wrinkled and austere; his nose proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned up to his eye browes, like one blind (as it is reported he was) not borne blind (saith Vell. Patriculus) which he that imagins (saith he) is blind of all senses. Upon his vnder coate he was attired with a loose robe; and at the base beneath his feete, a brazen chain hung. This was the statue of Homer, which in that conflagration perished. Another renowned statue of his (saith Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes) stood in the temple of Ptolomy, on the upper hand of his own statue. Cedrenus likewise remembereth a Library in the Pallace of the king at Constantinople, that contained a thousand a hundred and twenty bookes: amongst which there was the gnt of a Dragon, of an hundred and twentie foote long; in which, in letters of gold, the Iliads, and Odisses of Homer were inscribed: which miracle (in Basilicus the Emperors time) was consumed with fire.

For his respect amongst the most learned; Plato in Ione calleth him *divinus* & *divinissimus*. In Phaedone *divinus*, *divinum* Poetam, and in Theætetus, Socrates citing diuerse of the most wise and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, (as Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer) who (saith Socrates) a gainst such an armie, being all led by such a Captaine as Homers dares fight or resist, but he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger, and all Homer, enuious and ignorant detractors. Why therefore, Plato in another place banisheth him with all other poets out of his Common-wealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed, wifemen, and then cast them off, (though Homer he think fit to send out crowned, and annointed) I see not, since he maketh fill such honorable mention of him, and with his verses (as with precious gemmes) curie where enchaineth his writings. So Aristotle, continually celebrated him. Nay even amongst the Barbarous, not onely Homers name, but his Poems haue bene recorded and treasured. The Indians (saith

THE PREFACE &c.

(saith Elianus var. hist. lib. 12. cap. 48.) in their own tongue had Homers Poems translated and sung. Nor those Indians alone, but the kings of Persia. And amongst the Indians (of all the Greek Poets, Homer being ever first in estimation;) whensoever they used any divine duties according to the custome of their households and hospitalities, they invited ever, Apollo, and Homer. Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes affirmeth all Poets celebrated Homers birth day; & sacrificed to him the first fruites of their verses. So Theragoras answereth Lician, he used to doe him selfe. Alex. Paphius (saith Eustathius delivers Homer, as borne of Egyptian Parents; Damagoras being his father, and Ethra his mother, his nurse being a certaine Prophetesse, and the daughter of Oris, His Priestess, from whose breasts, ofentimes, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he uttered nine severall notes or voices of fowles, viz. of a Swallow, a Peacocke, a Dove, a Crow, a Partridge, a red-Sbank, a Stare, a Blackebird, and a Nightingale: and being a little boy, was found playing in his bed with nine Doves. Sibylla being at a feast of his Parents, was taken with a daime furie, and sing verses, whose beginning was Δαμασσορα πολυνικη, polynice, signifying much victorie; in which song also she called him μαγαν, great in glorie, and στεφανιον, signifying garland-seller, and commanded him to build a temple to the Pægridarij, that is, to the Muses. Herodotus affirmes, that Phæmius teaching a publicke schoole at Smyrna) was his maister; and Dionysius in his 56. oration saith, Socrates was Homers scholar. In short; what he was, his works shew most truly; to which (if you please) go on and examine him.







# THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A** Pollo's Priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring  
 Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the King;  
 For which, her tendered freedom, he entreats.  
 But, being dismiss with contumacious threats,  
 At Phœbus hands, by vengefull prayer he seeks  
 To have a plague inflicted on the Greekes.  
 Which had, Achilles doth a Counsell give,  
 Emboldning Chalcas in the Kings despite,  
 To tell the truth, why they were punish'd so.  
 From hence their fierce and deadly strife did grow.  
 For wrong in which, Eacides so raves,  
 That Goddess Thetis from her throne of waves,  
 (Ascending heaven) of love assistance ween,  
 To plague the Greekes, by absence of her sonne;  
 And make the Generall himselfe repene,  
 To wrong so much his Armie: ornament.  
 Till his foud by Iuno, the much love contend;  
 Till Vulcan, with heaves cap, the quarrell ends.

*Beaches, for one  
 of Achilles, being  
 the grand-child  
 of Eacus.*

## Another Argument.

Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings:  
 The Armie's plague: the strife of Kings.



Chilles banefull wrath rebound, O Goddess that impos'd  
 Infinite sorrowes on the Greekes, and many brave soules los'd  
 From breasts Heroique: sent them farre, to that invisable cave,  
 That no light comforts; & their lins to dogs & vultures gave.  
 To all which Iove's will gave effect; from whom, first strife be-  
 Betwixt Atides king of men, and Thetis godlike sonne.

*His proposition  
 and invocation.*

What God gave Eris their command, and op't that fighting veine?  
 Iove's and Latona's sonne, who fir'd against the king of men,  
 For contumely thown his Priest, infectious sicknesse sent  
 To plague the army, and to death by troopes the soldiers went.  
 Occasion'd thus, Chryses the Priest came to the fleet, to buy,  
 For presents of unvalued price, his daughters liberty.  
 The golden Scepter, and the Crowne of Phœbus in his hands  
 Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the Commands  
 Of both th' Atrides, who most rul'd. Great Atreus sonnes (said he)  
 And all ye wel-greav'd Greeks, the gods, whose habitations be  
 In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priams razed towne,

(gun  
*Atides, surname  
 of Agamemnon,  
 being sonne to  
 Atreus.  
 Eris the goddess  
 of contention.  
 Narration.*

*Agamemnon &  
 Menelaus, called  
 the Atrides, be-  
 ing brothers, and  
 both sonnes to  
 Atreus.*

And grant ye happy conduct home: to win which wilt renown  
 Of *Iove*, by honouring his sonne (faire-shooting *Phæbus*), daine  
 For these fit presents to dissolve, the ransomable chaine  
 Of my lov'd daughter's servitude. The Greekes entirely gave  
 Glad acclamations, for signe, that their desires would have  
 The grave Priest reverenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price embrac'd.  
 The Generall yet, bore no such minde, but viciously disgrac'd,  
 With violent termes, the Priest, and said; Doted, avoid our fleet,  
 Where lingering be not found by me, nor thy returning feet  
 Let ever visite us againe, lest nor thy godhead's crowne,  
 Nor scepter save thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne,  
 Till age defloure her. In our Court at Argos (faire transferd  
 From her lov'd country) she shall ply, her web, and see \*prepar'd  
 (With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more,  
 But (if thou wilt be safe) be gone. This said, the sea-beat shore  
 (Obeying his high will) the Priest trod off with haste, and feare:  
 And walking silent, till he left fare of his enemies care;  
*Phæbus* (faire-hair'd *Laton's* sonne) he stir'd up, with a vow,  
 To this stony purpose: Heare, thou God that bearest the silver bow,  
 That *Chrysa* guardst, rulest Tenedos with strong hand, and the round  
 Of Cilla most divine dost walk: O *Sminthus*, if crown'd  
 With thankfull offerings thy rich Phæbe I ever saw, or fir'd  
 Fat thighs of oxen, and of goats, to thee; this grace desir'd  
 Vouchsafe to me: paines for my teares, let these rude Greekes repay,  
 Forc'd with thy arrows. Thus he praid, and *Phæbus* heard him pray;  
 And vext at heart, downe from the tops of steep heaven stoop't; his bow  
 And quiver cover'd round, his hands did on his shoulders throw;  
 And of the angry deity the arrows as he mov'd,  
 Ratl'd about him. Like the night he rang'd the host, and rovd  
 (Apart the fleet set) terribly, with his hard-looking hand  
 His silver bow twang'd, and his shafts, did first the Mules command,  
 And swift hounds: then the Greekes themselves his deadly arrows shot.  
 The fires of death never out, nine daies his shafts flew hot  
 About the army, and the tenth, *Achilles* call'd a Court  
 Of all the Greekes: heaven's \*white-arm'd Queen (who every where cut short  
 Beholding her lov'd Greekes by death) suggest'd it: and he  
 (All met in one) arose, and said; *Atrides*, now I see  
 We must be wandering againe, flight must be still our stay,  
 (If flight can save us now) at once sickness and battell lay  
 Such strong hand on us. Let us aske some Prophet, Priest, or prove  
 Some dream-interpreter, (for dreames are often sent from *Iove*)  
 Why *Phæbus* is so much incens'd? If unperformed vows  
 He blames in us, or Hecatombs; and if these knees he bowes  
 To death, may yeeld his graves no more; but offering all supply  
 Offivours, burnt from lambs, and goats, avert his fervent eye,  
 And turne his temperate. Thus he sat; and then stood up to them  
*Chalcas*, surnam'd *Tethysides*, of Augures the supreme:  
 He knew things present, past, to come; and rul'd the Equipage

Of th'Argive fleet to Ilium, for his Prophetique rage  
 Given by *Apollo*: who well fene, in th'ill they felt, propos'd  
 This to *Achilles*: *Iovus* below'd: would thy charge see disclos'd,  
 The secret of *Apollus* wrath: then covenant, and take oth,  
 To my discoverie: that with words, and powerfull actions both,  
 Thy strength will guard the truth, in me; because I well conceive  
 That he whose Empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give,  
 Confirm'd obedience, will be mov'd; and then you know the state,  
 Of him that moves him, when a king hath once markt for his hate,  
 A man inferior; though that day, his wrath seemes to digest  
 Th'offence he takes; yet evermore, he rakes up in his brest,  
 Brands of quick anger; til revenge, hath quencht to his desire,  
 The fire reserved. Tell mee then, if, whatsoever, ire  
 Suggests, in hurt of me, to him; thy valor will prevent?

*Achilles* answered; All thou knowst, speake, and be confident:  
 For by *Apollus*, *Iovus* below'd (to whom, performing vows,  
 O *Calchas*, for the state of Greece; thy spirit Prophetique shows  
 Skills that direct us) not a man, of all these Grecians here,  
 (I living, and enjoying the light, thot through this flowrie sphere)  
 Shall touch thee, with offensive hands, though *Agamemnon* be  
 The man in question, that doth boast, the mightiest Emperie,  
 Of all our armie. Then tooke heart; the Prophet vnprov'd,  
 And said: They are not unpaid vows, nor Hecatombs, that mov'd  
 The God against us: his offence, is for his Priest, empair'd,  
 By *Agamemnon*; that refus'd, the present he prefer'd  
 And kept his daughter. This is cause, why heavens faire-darter darts  
 These plagues amongst us; and this still, will emptie in our hearts  
 His deathfull quiver, vncertain'd; till to her loved fire,  
 The blacke ey'd damsell be resign'd; no redemptorie hire,  
 Took for her freedom; not a gift; but all the ransom quit;  
 And the convaide, with sacrifice, till her enfranchis'd seete,  
 Treade *Chrysa* vnder: then the God (so pleas'd) perhaps we may  
 Move to remission. Thus he sat; and up, the great in sway,  
 Heroique *Agamemnon* rose eagerly bearing all:  
 His minds seate overcast with fumes: an anger generall,  
 Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes sparkl'd like kindling fire;  
 Which, sternely cast upon the Priest, thus vented be, his ire;

Prophet of ill? For never good, came from thee towards me;  
 Not to a words worth: evermore, thou tookst delight to be  
 Offensive in thy Auguries; which thou continuest still;  
 Now casting thy prophetique gall, and vouching all our ill  
 (Shot from *Apollus*), is impos'd, since I refus'd the prize  
 Of faire *Chryseis* libertie; which would in no worth rise,  
 To my rate of other selfe; which moves, my vows to have her home;  
 Past *Chytemesfra* loving her; that grant my nuptiall room,  
 With her virginite, and flowre. Nor aske her merits lesse,  
 For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies.  
 And yet, for all this, thee shall go; if more conducible

*Calchas to Achilles.*

*Achilles to Chalcas.*

*Chalcas discovers to the Greekes the cause of their plagues.*

*Agamemnon incens'd, to Achilles.*

That course be, than her holding here. I rather wish the weale  
Of my lov'd armie then the death. Provide yet, instantly,  
Supple for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie,  
Lose not my winnings: tis not fit, ye see all, I lose mine  
Forc't by another: see as well, some other may resigne,  
His Prize to me. To this, replied, the swift-foote God-like sonne  
Of *Thetis*, thus: King of us all, in all ambition;  
Most covetous of all that breath; why should the great-soul'd Greekes  
Supply thy lost prize, out of theirs? nor what thy avarice seekes,  
Our common treasure can find, so little it doth guard  
Of what our race'd towns, yeelded us; of all which, most is shar'd,  
And given our souldiers; which againe, to take into our hands  
Were ignominious, and base. Now then, since God commands,  
Part with thy most-lov'd prize to him: not any one of us,  
Exacts it of thee: yet we all, all loose thou sufferst thus,  
Will treble; quadruple in gaine, when *Jupiter* bellows  
The sacke of well-wall'd Troy one us; which by his word he owes.

Do not deceive your selfe with wit, (he answerd) God-like man;  
Though your good name may colour it, tis not your swift foote can  
Out runne me here; nor shall the glorie, set on it with the God,  
Perswade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou, maintaine in sure abode  
Thine owne prize, and slight me of mine? Resolve this: if our friends  
(As fits in equitie, my worth) will right me with amends,  
So rectify; otherwise my selfe, will enter personally  
On thy prize; that of *Ithacus*, or *Ajax*, for supply;  
Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come wele order these  
Hearre after, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas  
Our black saile; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;  
And to these, I will make ascend, my so much envied prize,  
Bright cheek'd *Chryseis*. For conduct, of all which, we must chuse  
A chiefe out of our counsellors; thy service we must vie,  
*Nomencus*, *Ajax*, thine, or thine, wise *Ithacus*;  
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou sonne of *Peleus*;  
Which fittest were, that thou mightst see, these holy acts perform'd,  
For which thy cunning zeale so pleades; and he whole bow thus storm'd  
For our offences, may be calm'd. *Achilles*, with a frowne,  
Thus answer'd: O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne,  
Ever respectfull; but of that, with all craft, covetous;  
With what heart can a man attempt, a service dangerous,  
Or at thy voice be spirited to sic upon a foe;  
Thy minde thus wretched? For my selfe, I was not injur'd so,  
By any Trojan, that my powers, should bid them any blowes;  
In nothing beare they blame of me. *Phthia*, whose bosome flowes  
With corne and people, neuer felt, impair of her increase,  
By their invasion: hills snow, and farre-resounding seas,  
Powre out their shades, and deepes, betwene: but thee thou frontlesse  
We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:  
Thine, and thy brothers vengeance fought (thou dogs eyes) of this Tre.

By your expos'd lives; whose deserts, thou neither dost employ  
With honour, nor with care. And now, thou threatst to force from me  
The fruit of my sweat, which the Greekes, gave all: and though it be  
(Compar'd with thy part, then snatcht up) nothing: nor ever is,  
At any sackt towne: but of fight (the fetcher in of this)  
My hands have most share: in whose toyles, when I have emptied me  
Of all my forces, my amends, in liberality  
(Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleas'd to my tent:  
And yet that little, thou esteem'st too great a continent  
In thy incontinent avarice. For *Phthya* therefore now  
My course is; since 'tis better farre, than here endure, that thou  
Shouldst still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure dry;  
And adde dishonour. He replied; If thy heart serve thee, see;  
Stay not for my cause; other here, will aid, and honour me;  
If not, yet *Love*, I know, is sure; that counsellor is he  
That I depend on: as for thee, of all our *Love*-kept kings,  
Thou still art most mine enemy: strifes, battels, bloody things,  
Make thy blood feasts still. But if strength, that these moods build upon,  
Flow in thy nerves, God gaveth thee it, and so tis not thine owne,  
But in his hands still: what then lists thy pride in this so high?  
Home with thy fleet, and *Myrmidons*; use there their Empery,  
Command not here: I weigh thee now, nor meane to magnifie  
Thy rough hewne rages; but instead, I thus farre threaten thee:  
Since *Phabus* needs will force from me, *Chryseis*, she shall go;  
My ships and friends shall waite her home: but I will imitate so  
His pleasure, that mine owne shall take, in person, from thy tent,  
Bright cheek'd *Briseis*; and so tell thy strength how eminent  
My power is, being compar'd with thine: all other, making feare  
To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind beare  
Their beards against me. *Thetis* sonne at this flood vext, his heart  
Bristled his bosome, and two waies drew his discursive part,  
If from his thigh, his sharp sword drawne, he should make roome about  
*Atrides* person, slaughtering him; or sit his anger out,  
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts striv'd in his blood and minde,  
And he his sword drew: downe from heaven *Athena*\* swoopt, and shin'd  
About his temples, being sent by th'Ivory-wristed *Queen*  
*Saturnia*, who out of her heart had ever loving bene,  
And carefull for the good of both. She stood behind, and tooke  
*Achilles* by the yellow curls, and onely gave her looke  
To him; appearance not a man of all the rest could see.  
He turning back his eye, amaze strooke every faculty,  
Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were,  
Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake: Thou seed of *Jupiter*,  
Why com'st thou? to behold his pride, that boasts our Empery?  
Then witness with it my revenge, and see that infolence dy,  
That lives to wrong me. She replied, I come from heaven to see  
Thine anger fedd; if thy soule will use her sovereignty  
In fit reflection. I am sent from *Iuno*, whose affects

Stand heartily inclin'd to both : Come give us both respects,  
And cease contention : draw no sword ; use words, and such as may  
Be bitter to his pride, but just ; for trust in what I say,  
A time shall come, when thrice the worth of that he forceth now,  
He shall propose for recompence of these wrongs : therefore throw  
Reines on thy passions, and serve us. He answer'd : Though my heart  
Burne in just anger, yet my soule must conquer th'angry part,  
And yeeld you conquest. Who subdues his earthy part for heaven,  
Heaven to his prayers subdues his will. This said, her charge was given  
Fit honor : in his silver hilt he held his able hand,  
And forc't his broad sword up ; and up to heaven did reascend  
*Minerva*, who in *Iovus* high rooff, that beares the rough shield, tooke  
Her place with other Deities. She gone, againe forooke  
Patience his passion, and no more his silence could confine  
His wrath, that this broad language gave ; Thou ever sleepest in wine,  
Dogs face : with heart, but of a Hart ; that nor in th'open eye  
Of sight dar'st thrust into a prease ; nor with our noblest, lie  
In secret ambush. These works seeme too full of death for thee ;  
Tis safer farre, in th'open host to dare an injury,  
To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king,  
Bale spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the last foule thing  
Thou ever author d'st : yet I vow, and by a great oath sweare,  
Even by this Scepter ; that as this, never againe shall beare  
Green leaves, or branches, nor encrease with any growth, his life ;  
Nor did, since first it left the hils, and had his faculties  
And ornaments bereft, with iron ; which now to other end  
Judges of Greece beare ; and their lawes, receiv'd from *Iove*, defend ;  
(For which my oath to thee is great : ) So whensoever need  
Shall burne with thirst of me, thy host, no prayers, shall ever breed  
Afflict thee for them ; when to death man-slaughtering *Heitor* throws  
Whole troopes of them ; and thou torment'st thy vext minde with conceit  
Of thy rude rage now : and this wrong, that most deserv'd the right  
Of all thy army. Thus he threw his Scepter against the ground,  
With golden studs stuck, and tooke fear. *Atrides* breast was drown'd  
In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken *Nestor* flood,  
The cunning Pylion Orator ; whose tongue pour'd forth a flood  
Of more than hony-sweet discourse : two ages were increast  
Of divers languag'd men ; all borne in his time, and decest  
In sacred Pylos, where he reign'd, amongst the third ag'd men :  
He (well seene in the world) advis'd, and thus exprest it then.

O Gods, our Greeke earth will be drown'd in just teares ; rapefull Troy,  
Her king, and all his sonnes will make as just a mock, and joy  
Of these disjunctions, if of you, that all our host excell,  
In counsell, and in skill of fight, they heare this : Come, repell  
These young men's passions : y are not both (put both you yeeres in one)  
So old as I : I liv'd long since, and was companion  
With men superiour to you both, who yet would ever heare

My

My counsels with respect. Mine eyes yet never witness were,  
Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them,  
*Periboeus*, *Exadius*, and god-like *Polypheme*,  
*Ceneus*, and *Dryas* prince of men, *Aegean Theseus*,  
A man like heaven's immortals form'd ; all, all most vigorous,  
Of all men that even those daies bred, most vigorous men, and fought  
With beasts most vigorous ; mountain beasts, (for men in strength were nought  
Match with their forces) fought with them, and bravely fought them downe ;  
Yet even with these men I converse, being call'd to the renowne  
Of their societies, by their suites, from Pylos farre, to fight  
In th'Asian kingdome ; and I fought to a degree of might  
That helpt even their mights ; against such, as no man now would dare  
To meet in conflict ; yet even these, my counsels still would heare,  
And with obedience crowne my words. Give you such palme to them ;  
Tis better than to wreath your wrath. *Atrides* : give not streame  
To all thy power, nor force his prize ; but yeeld her still his owne,  
As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter with thy crowne,  
(Great sonne of *Peleus*) since no king that ever *Iove* allow'd  
Grace of Scepter, equals him. Suppose thy nerves endow'd  
With strength superior, and thy birth, a very Goddesse gave ;  
Yet he of force is mightier, since what his owne nerves have,  
Is amplied with just command of many other. King of men  
Command thou then thy selfe, and I with my prayers will obtaine  
Grace of *Achilles*, to subdue his fury, whose parts are  
Worth our intreaty, being chiefe check to all our ill in warre.

All this, good father (said the king) is comely, and good right,  
But this man breaks all such bounds ; he affects past all men, height,  
All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give to all  
His hot will for a temperate law : all which he never shall  
Perswade at my hands. If the gods have given him the great stile  
Of ablest foldier ; made they that, his licence to revile  
Men with vile language ? *Theseus* sonne prevented him, and said ;

Fearfull and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid  
By all meanes on me, I should beare. Others command to this,  
Thou shalt not me ; or if thou dost, farre my free spirit is  
From serving thy command. Beside, this I affirme, (afford  
Impression of it in thy soule) I will not use my sword  
On thee, or any, for a wench : unjustly though thou tak'st  
The thing thou gav'st ; but all things else, that in my ship thou mak'st  
Greedy survey of, do not touch without my leave ; or do  
Adde that acts wrong to this, that these may see that outrage too ;  
And then comes my part : then be sure, thy blood upon my lance  
Shall flow in vengeance. These high termes these two at variance  
V'd to each other ; left their seats, and after them arose  
The whole Court. To his tents and ships, with friends and soldiers, goes  
Angry *Achilles*. *Atrides* sonne the swift ship lancht, and put  
Within it twenty chosen row'rs ; within it likewise shut  
The Hecatombe, t'appeale the God : Then cauld to come aboard

Decorum at-  
tante.Agreement  
to Nestor.A notice to  
Agreement.The Greek  
counsel dis-  
ved.



Chryseus to  
his father.

Faire cheek *Chryseis*. For the cheite, he in whom *Pallas* pour'd  
Her store of counsels, (*Ithacus*) aboard went last, and then  
The moist wayes of the sea they say'd. And now the king of men  
Bade all the hoast to sacrifice. They sacrific'd, and cast  
The offall of all to the deepes; the angry God they grac't  
With perfect Hecatombs: some buls, some goats, along the shore  
Of the unfruitfull sea, inflam'd. To heavens the thick fumes bore  
Enwrapped favours. Thus though all, the politick king made shew  
Respects to heaven, yet he himselfe all that time did pursue  
His owne affections. The late jarre, in which he thundred threats  
Against *Achilles*, still he fed, and his affections heats  
Thus vented to *Talchibius* and grave *Eurybates*,  
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages.

Agamemnon to  
Talchibius and  
Eurybates his  
Heralds.

Haste to *Achilles* tent, where take *Briseis* hand, and bring  
Her beauties to us; if he faile to yeeld her, say, your King  
Will come himselfe with multitudes, that shall the horrible  
Make both his presence, and your charge, that so he dares deferre.

This said, he sent them with a charge of hard condition.  
They went willingly, and trod the fruitlesse sea's shore: soone  
They reacht the navy and the tents, in which the quarrell lay,  
Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chiefe Chiefe in their way,  
Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was *Achilles* glad  
To see their presence; nor themselves in any glory had  
Their message, but with reverence flood, and fear'd th'offended King;  
Askt not the dame, nor spake a word. He yet well knowing the thing  
That caus'd their coming, grac'd them thus; Heralds, ye men that beare

*Achilles* (priest)  
receiv'd of his  
Heralds.

The messages of men and Gods, y<sup>e</sup> are welcome, come ye neere:  
Nothing blame you, but your king; 'tis he, I know doth send  
You for *Briseis*, she is his. *Patroclus*? honour'd friend,  
Bring forth: the damsell, and these men let lead her to their Lord.  
But Heralds, be you witnesses, before the most ador'd,  
Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king,  
Of what I suffer: that if warre ever hereafter bring  
My ayd in question, to avert any severest bane  
It brings on others; I am sculde, to keep minde ayd in wane,  
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting mischief, raves;  
Nor sees at once, by present things, the future; how like waves,  
His follow'rs; injustices being never so secure  
In present times, but after-plagues, even then, are scene as sure:  
Which yet he sees not, and so soothes his present lust, which checkt,  
Would check plagues future; and he might in succouring right, protect  
Such as fight for his right at fleet; they still in safety fight,  
That fight still justly. This speech us'd, *Patroclus* did the rite  
His friend commanded, and brought forth *Briseis* from her tent,  
Gave her the Heralds, and away to th' Achive ships they went:  
She sad, and scarce for greife could go; her love, all friends forsooke,  
And wept for anger. To the shore of th' old sea he betooke  
Himselfe alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea,

Ensign'd to  
Agamemnon.

His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven, advancing this sad plea,  
Made to his mother: Mother, since you brought me forth to breath,  
So short a life: *Olympus*, had good right to bequeath  
My short life, honour; yet that right, he doth in no degree:  
But lets *Atreides* do me shame, and force that prize from me  
That all the Greekes gave: this with teares, he utter'd, and the heard;  
Set with her old fire, in his deepes; and instantly appear'd,  
Up, from the gray sea, like a cloud: fate by his side, and said;

(layd

Why weepes my sonne? what grieves thee? (speake, conceale not what hath  
Thein to *Achil-*  
tis

Such hard hand on thee: let both know. He (sighing like a storme)  
Replied: Thou dost know; why should I, things knowne; againe informe?  
We marcht to Thebes, the sacred towne, of king *Eetion*,

*Achilles* to *The-*  
tis.

Sackt it, and brought to fleete the spoile, which everie valiant sonne  
Of Greece, indifferently shar'd. *Atreides* had for share,  
Faire-checkt *Chryseis*, after which, his priest, that shoote so farre,  
*Chryses*, the faire *Chryseis* fire, arriv'd at th' Achive fleete,  
With infinite ransom, to redeeme, the deare imprison'd fette,  
Of his faire daughter. In his hands, he held *Apollus* crowne,  
And golden scepter; making suite, to every Grecian sonne,  
But most, the sonnes of *Atreus*, (the others orderers)  
Yet they least heard him; all the rest, receiv'd with reverend ears  
The motion: both the Priest, and gifts, gracing, and holding worth  
His wisht acceptance. *Atreus* sonne; yet (weast) commanded forth  
With rude termes *Phobus* reverend Priest: who, angrie, made retreat,  
And prayd to *Phobus* in whose grace, he standing passing great,  
Got his petition. The God, an ill thast sent abroad,  
That tumbld downe the Greekes in heapes. The host had no abode,  
That was not visited; we askt a Prophet that well knew  
The cause of all, and from his lips, *Apollus* prophesies flew,  
Telling his anger. First my selfe, exhorted to appeale  
The angered God, which *Atreus* sonne, did at the heart displease.  
And up he stood, us'd threats, perform'd. The blacke-eyd Greeks sent home  
*Chryseis* to her fire; and gave, his God a Hecatombe;  
Then, for *Briseis* to my tents, *Atreides* Heralds came,  
And tooke her, that the Greekes gave, all. If then thy powers can frame  
Wreake for thy sonne, afford it; scale *Olympus*, and implore  
*Jove*, (if by either word, or fact; thou ever didst restore  
Joy to his grief'd heart now to helpe. I oft have heard thee vent  
In court of *Pelemus*; that alone, thy hand was conversant  
In rescue from a cruell spoile, the blacke-cloud, gathering *Ione*, (moue  
Whom other Godheads, would have bound. (The power whose pace doth  
The round earth; heavens great Queene, and *Pallas*) to whose bands  
Thou cam'st with rescue, bringing up, him with the hundred hands  
To great *Olympus*, whom the Gods, call *Briareus*; men  
*Aegaeon*; who his fire surpasst; and was as strong againe;  
And in that grace, sat glad, by *Jove*, th'immortals stood dismayd  
At his ascension; and gave, free passage to his aid.  
Of all this, tell *Jove*; kneele to him; embrace his knee, and pray

*Achilles* to *The-*  
tis

*Nephtes*, *Jove*,  
and *Pallas*, con-  
federates in the  
binding of *Briar-*  
ter.  
The fallow of  
*Briareus*.

(If

(If *Troiside* he will ever deigne) that now their forces may  
Beat home the Greeks to fleet, and sea; embreuing their retreat  
In slaughter: their pains paying the wreake, of their proud Soveraigns beare  
And that farre-ruling king may know, from his poore souldiers harms,  
His owne harme falls: his owne, and all, in mine; his best in arms.

Her answer *ſee* pow'd out in teares: O me, my ſonne (ſaid ſhe)  
Why brought I up, thy being at all; that brought thee forth to be  
Sad ſubject of ſo hard a fate? O would to heaven, that ſince,  
Thy fate is little, and not long; thou mightſt without offence,  
And teares performe it. But to live, thrall to ſo ſterne a fate  
As Grants thee leaſt life; and that leaſt, ſo moſt unfortunate,  
Grieues me thou haue given thee any life. But what thou wiſeſt now  
(If *Iove* will grant) lie up, and aſke, *Olympus* cround with ſnow  
He clime: but ſit thou ſalt at ſleepe: renounce all warre, and ſeed  
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreake: till which come, thou ſhalt neede,  
A little patience: *Jupiter*, went yeſterday to ſeaſt  
Amongſt the blameleſſe *Ethiops*, in th' *Oceans* deepned breaſt;  
All Gods attending him: the twelfth, high heaven againe hee ſees,  
And then his braſſe-paw'd court lie ſcale; cling to his powrefull knees,  
And doubt not, but to winne thy will Thus made he her remove,  
And left wrath tyring on her ſonne, for his enforced love.

*Plyſſes*, with the *Hecatomb*, arriv'd at *Chryſas* ſhore:  
And when, amidſt the heavens deepe mouth, they came to uſe the oare,  
They ſtraite ſtoke ſayle, then rold them up, and on the hatches threw.  
The top maſt, to the keſſine then, with haleyards downe they drew;  
Then brought the ſhip to Port with oares, then forked anchor caſt,  
And gainſt the violence of ſtorme, for drifting made her faſt.

All come aſhore, they all expoſt, the holy *Hecatomb*  
To angry *Phobus*; and with it, *Chryſeis* welcom'd home:  
Whom, to her ſire, wiſe *Ithacus*, that did at th' altar ſtand,  
For honour, led; and (ſpeaking thus) reſign'd her to his hand:  
*Chryſeis*, the mightie king of men (great *Agamemnon*) ſends  
Thy lov'd ſeed, by my hands, to thine; and to thy god commends  
A *Hecatomb*, which my charge is, to ſacrifice, and ſecke  
Our much-fight mixt-woe, his ſecure, innokt by everie Greeke.

Thus he reſign'd her, and her ſire, receiv'd her highly ioyd.  
About the well-built altar then, they orderly emploide  
The ſacred offering. Waſht their hands, tooke ſalt cakes, and the *Prieſt*  
(With hands held up to heaven) thus pray'd: O thou that all things ſeeſt,  
Favours of *Chryſis*, whole faire hand, doth guardfully diſpoſe  
Celeſtiall Cilla: governing, in all power, T' *encloſes*:

O heare thy prieſt, and as thy hand, in free grace to my prayers  
Shot ſeruent plague ſhaſt through the Greeks: now hearten their affaires,  
With health renew'd and quite remove, th' infection from their blood.

He pray'd; and to his prais againe, the god propitious ſtood:  
All, after prayre, caſt on ſalt cakes; drew back, kild, ſlaid the beccus,  
Cut out, and dubd with fat their thighs, faire dreſt with doubled leaves;  
And on them, all the ſweet-breads prickt. The *Prieſt*, with ſmall ſere wood

Did ſacrifice, pour'd on red wine, by whom the yong men ſtood,  
And turn'd (in five ranks) ſpits; on which (the legs enough) they eat  
The inwards; then in giggots cut the other fit for meat;  
And put to fire; which (roſted well) they drew; the labour done,  
They ſerv'd the feaſt in, that ſed all to ſatisfaction.

Deſire of meat and wine thus quench't, the youths crown'd cups of wine  
Drunk off, and ſlid againe to all. That day was held divine,  
And ſpent in *Prauns* to the *Sanne*, who heard with pleaſed care;  
When whoſe bright chariot ſtoopt to ſea, and twilight hid the cleere,  
All ſoundly on their cables ſlept, even till the night was worne:  
And when the Lady of the light, the roſe finger'd morne  
Roſe from the hills; all freſh aroſe, and to the camp retir'd.

*Apollo* with a fore right wind their ſwelling bark inſpir'd:  
The top-maſt hoisted, milk-white ſayles on his round breaſt they put;  
The milens ſtrooted with the gale, the ſhip her courſe did cut  
So ſwiftly, that the parted waves againſt her ribs did rore;  
Which comming to the camp, they drew aloſt the ſandy ſhore:  
Where, laid on ſtocks, each ſouldier kept his quarter as before.

But *Pelion* ſonne, (ſwift-footed *Achilles*, at his ſwift ſhips fate  
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to counſels of eſtate,  
That make men honor'd: never trod the ſtice battell'd field,  
But kept cloſe, and his lov'd heart pin'd; what ſight and cries could yeeld,  
Thirſting at all parts to the hoſt. And now ſince firſt he told  
His wrongs to *Tethis*, twelve faire mornes their enſignes did unfold.

And then the everliving gods mounted *Olympus*; *Iove*  
Firſt in aſcenſion. *Tethis* then remembred well to move  
*Achilles* motion: roſe from the ſea, and by the horns firſt light,  
The great heaven, and *Olympus* climb'd; where in ſupremeſt height  
Of all that many-headed hill, he ſaw the farre-ſcene ſonne  
Of *Saturne*, ſet from all the reſt, in his free ſeat alone:

Before whom (on her owne knees ſaln) the knees of *Jupiter*  
Her left hand held, her right his chin; and thus he did prefer  
Her ſon's petition: Father *Iove*, If ever I have ſtood  
Aidfull to thee in word or work, with this implored good  
Requite my aid, renown my ſonne, ſince in ſo ſhort a race  
(Paſt others) thou conſinſt his life: an inſolent diſgrace  
Is done him by the king of men: he forc'd from him a prize  
Woon with his ſword. But thou, O *Iove*, that art moſt ſtrong, moſt wiſe,  
Honor my ſonne for my ſake; adde ſtrength to the *Troians* ſide  
By his ſides weakneſſe, in his want: and ſee *Troy* amplifie  
In conqueſt, ſo much, and ſo long, till Greece may give againe  
The glory reſt him; and the more, illuſtrate the free reign  
Of his wrong'd honor. *Iove* at this ſate ſilent, not a word  
In long ſpace paſt him: *Tethis* ſtill hung on his knee, implord  
The ſecond time his help, and ſaid; Grant, or deny my ſuit,  
Before in what thou doſt; I know thou canſt not fit this mure;  
For ſcare of any; ſpeak, deny, that ſo I may be ſure,  
Of all heaven's goddeſſes, tis I, that only muſt endure

The banquet.

The evening.

The morning.

Jupiter and the  
other gods from  
the Ethiopians.

Jupiter.

Tethis prays  
to Jupiter.

Juno to Thetis.

Dishonour by thee. *Jupiter*, the great cloud-gatherer, griev'd  
 With thought of what a world of griefes this suit akt, being achiev'd,  
 Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd: Works of death thou urgest, O at this  
*Juno* will storme, and all my powers inflame with contumelies.  
 Ever she wrangles, charging me, in care of all the gods,  
 That I am partiall still; that I add the displeasing oddes  
 Of my aid to the *Lians*. Be gone then, lest the see:  
 Leave thy request to my care: yet, that trust may hearten thee  
 With thy desire's grant, and my power to give it act, approve  
 How vaine her strife is: to thy prayer my eminent head shall move,  
 Which is the great signe of my will, with all th'immortall fates:  
 Irrevocable; never failes; never without the rates  
 Of all powers else: when my head bowes, all heads bow with it still,  
 As their first mover, and gives power to any work I will.

He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathlesse head  
 Th' Ambrosian curls flow'd; great heaven shook, and both were fever'd,  
 Their counsels broken: To the depth of *Neptune's* kingdome divid  
*Thetis*, from heaven's height: *Iove* arose, and all the gods receiv'd  
 (All rising from their thrones) their fire; attending to his Court.  
 None fate when he arose; none delay'd the furnishing his port,  
 Till he came neere: all met with him, and brought him to his throne.

Juno to Jupiter.

Nor fate great *Juno* ignorant, when the beheld, alone,  
 Old *Nereus* silver-footed feed with *Iove*, that she had brought  
 Counsels to heaven; and straight her tongue had teeth in it, that wrought  
 This sharp invective: Who was that, (thou craftiest counsellor  
 Of all the gods) that so apart, some secret did implore?  
 Ever apart from me thou lov'st to counsell and decree  
 Things of more close trust than thou think'st are fit to impart to me:  
 What ever thou determin'st, I must ever be denied

Jupiter to Juno.

The knowledge of it, by thy will. To her speech, thus replied  
 The father both of men and gods: Have never hope to know  
 My whole intentions, though my wife: it fits not, nor would show  
 Well to thine owne thoughts: but what fits thy woman's care to heare,  
 Woman, nor man, nor god, shall know before it grace thine care:  
 Yet, what apart from men and gods I please to know, forbear  
 To examine, or enquire of that. She with the coves faire eyes  
 (Respected *Juno*) this return'd: Auster king of the skies,  
 What hast thou utter'd? when did I, before this time, enquire,  
 Or sift thy counsels? passing close you are still, your desire  
 Is serv'd with such care, that I feare you can scarce vouch the deed  
 That makes it publike, being seduc'd by this old sea-god's feed,  
 That could so early use her knees, embracing thine. I doubt  
 The late act of thy bowed head, was for the working out  
 Of some boone she askt; that her sonne, thy partiall hand would please  
 With plaguing others. Wretch (said he) thy subtle jealousies  
 Are still exploring: my designs can never scape thine eye,  
 Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy curiosity  
 Makes thee lesse car'd for at my hands, and horrible the end

Jupiter to Juno.

Shall

Shall make thy humor. If it be what thy suspects intend,  
 What then? tis my free will it should: to which, let way be given:  
 With silence; curb your tongue in time, lest all the gods in heaven  
 Too few be, and too weak to help thy punish infolence,  
 When my inaccessible hands shall fall on thee. The sense  
 Of this high threatning made her feare, and silent the fate downe;  
 Humbling her great heart. All the gods, in Court of *Iove*, did frowne  
 At this offence given: amongst whom, heaven's famous Artizan,  
*Ephaisus*, in his mother's care, this comely speech began:

A name of  
Vulcan.

Believe it, these words will breed wounds, beyond our powers to beare,  
 If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here  
 That spoiles our banquet. Evermore worst matters put down best.  
 But mother, though your selfe be wife, yet let your sonne request  
 His wisdom audience. Give good termes to our lov'd father *Iove*,  
 For feare he take offence againe, and our kinde banquet prove  
 A wrathfull battell. If he will, the heavenly lightner can  
 Take you, and toss you from your throne, his power Olympian  
 Is so surpassing. Soften then, with gentle speech his spleen,  
 And drinke to him; I know his heart will quickly downe againe.

This said, arising from his throne, in his lov'd mother's hand  
 He put the double handed cup, and said: Come, do not stand  
 On these crosse humors; suffer, beare, though your great boosome greeve,  
 And lest blowes force you: all my aid not able to relieve  
 Your hard condition; though these eyes behold it, and this heart  
 Sorrow to think it; tis a task too dangerous to take part  
 Against *Olympius*. I my selfe, the proofe of this still feele;  
 When other gods would faine have helpt, he took me by the heele;  
 And hurld me out of heaven: all day I was in falling downe,  
 At length in Lemnos I struck earth; the likewise falling Sunne,  
 And I, together set: my life almost set too; yet there  
 The *Sintii* cheerd, and tooke me up. This did to laughter cheere  
 White-wristed *Juno*, who now took the cup of him, and smil'd.  
 The sweet peace-making draught went round, and lame *Ephaisus* fill'd  
 Nectar to all the other Gods. A laughter never left,  
 Shook all the blessed deities, to see the lame so dest  
 At that cup service. All that day, even till the Sunne went downe,  
 They banqueted, and had such cheere, as did their wishes crowne.  
 Nor had they much lesse divine, *Apollo* there did touch  
 His most sweet Harp: to which, with voice, the Muses pleas'd as much.  
 But when the Sun's faire light was set, each godhead to his house  
 Addrest for sleep, where every one with art most curious  
 (By heaven's great both-foot halting god) a severall rooffe had built;  
 Even he to sleep went, by whose hand heaven is with lightning guilt,  
 (High *Iove*) where he had us'd to rest, when sweet sleep seiz'd his eyes,  
 By him the golden-thron'd Queene slept, the Queene of deities.

Vulcan sits and  
gives the cup to  
Juno.The fall of Vul-  
can.Vulcan drinker  
to the gods.Apollo touches  
his Harp at the  
banquet, and the  
Muses sing to it.

C

COM:

## COMMENTARIUS.

Since I dissent from all other Translators, and Interpreters, that ever assaid of this miraculous Poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity, in Grammarians merely, and Grammaticall Criticks, and where the inward sense or soule of the sacred Muse is only within eye. (But of a Poeticall spirit's inspection; (left I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound by this briefe Comment, to shew I understand all other extants understand; my reasons why I reject them; and how I receive my Author. In which labour, if where all others finde discords and dissensions. I prove him intirely harmonious and proportionate: if where they often alter, and see his originall, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it: if where they were their most pittifull castigations with his praises, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration: (though trish in her very nakednesse sitt in so deepe a pit, that from Gades to Aurota, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her: ) I hope that those few here, will so discover and confirme her, that she dare being out of her ark kneele in this morning of our Homer; he shall now gird his temples with the Sunne, and beconselfe (against his good friend) Nunquam dormitare. But now all Translators, Censors, or Interpreters, have slept and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirme, nor of difficulty in you to beleeve: if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartiall conference of their paines and mine bee admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience, and persuasion, trouble your selves: but to know this: This never-enough glorified Poet (to vary and quicken his eternall Poem) hath inspired his chiefe persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters; which not understood, how are their speeches? being one by another, as conveniently and necessarily knowne, as the instrument by the sound. If a Translator or Interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiaties the originall, to make his speech grave, and him valiant: can the negligence and numbnesse of such an Interpreter or Translator, bee lesse than the sleepe and death I am bold to sprinkle upon him? or could I do lesse than affirme and enforce this, being so happily discovered? This therefore (in his due place) approved and explained, let me hope my other assumpts will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second booke I have wholly translated againe; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth bookes, deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since; and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthy veins of this holy ground, so amply discovered in my first twelve labors, as my last; nor having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the maine depth, and saw the round coming of this silver bow of our Phœbus, the cleare scope and contexture of his work; the full and most beautifull figure of his persons. To those last twelve then, I must refer you, for all the chiefe discoveries of my cleare discoveries. And in the meane space, I entreat your acceptance of my touches in the first. Not perplexing you in first or last with any thing that in any other Interpreter, further than I must conscientiously make up my account with such as have dimittit, mangled, and maimed my most worthy and tender Author.

Αἰδὸς ὀφθαλμοῖσι δίδωσι (being compounded ex à privativa, & oido video) signifies locus tenebrosus, or (according to Virgil) sine luce domus; and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.

Κοῦραν, ἑμὴν ὅτι τὴν μάχην δίδωσι (in the vulgar reading, which I read κοῦραν οἰκουμένην (and δίδωσι δὲ τὴν μάχην) because most refer'd to κοῦραν, &c. is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by Iov's counsel, grave, & sententious.

Εἴς δ' ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα, &c. ex quo quidem primum: Εἴς δ' ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα, &c. ex quo. Here our common readers would have tempore understood; because ἴδ' (to which they think the Poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But Homer understands Iov; as in our verse 273. he expounds himselfe in these words: — ἀνὰ μέγα ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα, &c. which Pindarus Thebanus in his Epitome of the Iliads, rightly observes, in these verses.

Conflicebat enim summi Iententia Regis,  
Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas.  
Sceptraque Atrides, et bello clarus Achilles.

Ἐνδοξισμὸν ἄλλοις, comprobarunt Græci, alii others turne it; but since Ἐνδοξισμὸν signifies properly, laus acclamatione, do significacionem approbationis, I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprehension of all the Greeks by word; which was not so, but only by inarticulate acclamations, or shouts.

Εὐφροσύνην ἀνὰ μέγα ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα, signifies properly, circumambulo, and only metaphoricè, protego, or tueor, as it is alwayes in this place translated; which suffers alteration with me, since our usual phrase of walking the round in towne of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the originall.

Ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα ἀνὰ μέγα ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα, Præmiserat enim Dea alba Iunio Iuno? Why Iuno should send Pallas, is a thing not noted by any: I therefore answer; Because Iuno is Goddess of state. The allegory therefore in the Protopopœia both of Iuno and Pallas is, that Achilles for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraints of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is represented, Iuno procures it: as in the eighteenth booke, for the state of Patroclus fetching off, Iuno commands the Sunne to go down before his time, &c.

Ἰδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα ἀνὰ μέγα ἴδ' ἡμῶν ἀγοῖτα: sic dixit lachrimans, &c. These teares are called by our Commentators, unworthy, and sister for children, or women, than such an Heroe as Achilles: and therefore Plato is cited in 3 de Repub. where he saith, οὐδὲν ἄξιον, &c. Merito igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus ē medio tolleremus, &c. To answer which, and justify the finesse of teares generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest, and most renowned men (omitting examples of Virgil's Æneas, Alexander the great, &c.) I oppose against Plato, only one president of great and most perfect humanity, (to whom infinitely above all other, we must prostrate our imitations) that shed teares, viz. our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This then, leaving the finesse of great mens teares generally, utterly unanswerable: these particular teares of unvented anger in Achilles, are in him most naturall: teares being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits; either when their abilities cannot performe to their wits, or that they are refrayned of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations: as now the consideration of the state, and gravity of the counsell, and publike good of the army curb'd Achilles. Who can deny, that there are teares of manlinesse, and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for

curst heart, when Apollo struck his scourge from him, and hindered his horse's race: having been warned by Pallas before, not to resist the Deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge, for the wrong hee received then. So when not enough-vented anger was not to be expressed enough by that teare-starting fiction in courageous and fierce men, our most accomplished expressor helps the illustration in a Simile of his fervour, in most fervent spirited fowles, resembling the wrathfull fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two Vultures fighting, and crying on a rock; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted:

Down jump he from his chariot; down leapt his foe as light:  
And as on some far-seeing rock, a cast of Vultures fight,  
Fly on each other, strike, and trusse; part, meet, and then flick by;  
Tugge both with crooked beakes, and feres; cry, fight, and fight, and cry.  
So fiercely fought these angry Kings, &c.

Wherein you see, that crying in these eagerly fought fowles (which is like teares in angry men) is so farre from softnesse or faintnesse, that to the superlative of hardnesse and courage, it expresseth both. Nor must we be so grosse to imagine, that Homer made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob, &c. but in the very point and sting of their unmoved anger, shed a few violent and seething-over teares.

What Ass-like impudence is it then, for any merely vainglorious, and selfe-loving puffe, that every where may read these inimitable touches of our Homers mastery, any where to oppose his arrogans and ignorant castigations? when hee should rather (with his much better understander Spondanus) submit where hee oversees him faulty, and say  
thus: Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacrosanctæ tuæ auctoritati, per me nihil detractum.

*The end of the first Booke.*



## THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**I**ove calls a vision up from Somnus den,  
To bid Atreides muster up his men.  
The King (to Greeks dissembling his desire)  
Perswades them to their country to retire.  
By Pallas will, Vlysses stays their flight;  
And wife old Nestor heartens them to fight.  
They take their meat: which done, to armes they go:  
And march in good array against the foe.  
So those of Troy, when Iris, from the skies,  
Of Saturn's sonne, performs the Ambassie.

### Another Argument.

Beta the dream and Synod cites,  
And catalogues the navall knights.

**I**n the other gods, and knights at armes, all night slept: only Iove,  
Sweet slumber seild not; he discours'd how best he might approve  
His vow made for Achilles grace, and make the Grecians finde  
His misse, in much death. All waies cast; this counsell serv'd his mind

*Jupiter consults  
in performing his  
vow to Thetis.*

With most allowance: to dispatch a harmfull dream to greet  
The king of men; and gave this charge; Go to the Achive fleet,  
(Pernicious dream) and being arriv'd in Agamemnon's tent,  
Deliver truly all this charge; command him to convent  
His whole host arm'd, before these towers; for now Troy's broad-way'd town  
He shall take in: the heaven-hou'd gods are now indifferent grown,  
Juno's request hath won them: Troy now under imminent ills;  
At all parts labours. This charge heard, the vision strait fulfils;  
The ships reacht, and Atreides tent, in which he found him laid;  
Divine sleep pour'd about his powers. He stood above his head  
Like Nestor (grac'd of old men most) and this did intimate:

*Jupiter calls up  
his vision.*

Sleepes the wife Atreus-tame-horse sonne? a counsellor of State  
Must not the whole night spend in sleep; to whom the people are  
For guard committed; and whose life stands bound to so much care.  
Now heare me then, (Iove's messenger) who, though farre off from thee,  
Is neere thee yet, in ruth, and care; and gives command by me,  
To arme thy whole host. Thy strong hand, the broad-way'd town of Troy,  
Shall now take in: no more the gods dissentiously employ  
Their high-hou'd powers: Juno's suit hath wonne them all to her,  
And ill fates over-hang these towers, address by Jupiter.

*The vision to  
Agamemnon.*

Fix in thy minde this, nor forget to give it action, when  
Sweet sleep shall leave thee. Thus he fled, and left the king of men  
Repeating, in discourse, his dream; and dreaming still, awake,  
Of power, not ready yet for act. O foole, he thought to take  
In that next day, old Priam's town; not knowing what affairs  
Love had in purpose; who prepar'd (by strong fight) fighes and cares  
For Greeks and Trojans. The dream gone, his voice still murmured  
About the Kings cares: who fare up, put on him, in his bed,  
His silken inner weed, faire, new, and then in hast arose;  
Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his soft feet faire shoes;  
His silver-hilted sword he hung about his shoulders, took  
His fathers scepter, never stain'd: which then abroad he shook,  
And went to fleet. And now great heaven, goddesse Aurora scald  
To love, and all gods, bringing light. When Agamemnon call'd  
His Heralds, charging them aloud, to call to instant Court  
The thick-haired Greeks. The Heralds call'd, the Greeks made quick resort:  
The Councell chiefly he compos'd of old great minded men,  
At Nestor's ships, the Pylion King, all there assembled then,  
Thus Atreus sonne begun the Court: Heare friends, a dream divine,  
Amidst the calm night in my sleep, did through my shut eyes shine,  
Within my fantasie: his form did passing naturally  
Resemble Nestor: such attire, a stature just as high.  
He stood above my head, and words thus fashioned did relate.

Sleepes the wise Atreus tame-horse sonne? a counsellor of State  
Must not the whole night spend in sleep; to whom the people are  
For guard committed; and whose life stands bound to so much care.  
Now heare me then, (Love's messenger) who, though farre off from thee,  
Is neere thee yet, in love, and care; and gives command by me,  
To arme thy whole host. Thy strong hand, the broad-way'd town of Troy,  
Shall now take in: no more the gods diffidentiously employ  
Their high-bould powers: Saturnia's suit hath wonne them all to her,  
And all fates over-hang these towers, addrest by Iupiter.  
Fix in thy minde this. This exprest, he took wing, and away;  
And sweet sleep left me: let us then by all our meanes assay,  
To arme our army; I will first (as farre as fits our right)  
Tie their additions, and command with full sail'd ships our flight:  
Which if they yeeld to, oppose you. He fare and up arose  
Nestor, of sandy Pylus, King: who (willing to dispose  
Their councell to the publick good) propos'd this to the State:  
Princes and Councillors of Greece? if any should relate

This vision, but the King himselfe; it might be held a tale,  
And move the rather our retrait: but since our Generall  
Affirms he saw it, hold it true; and all our best meanes make  
To arme our army. This speech us'd, he first the Councell brake;  
The other scepter-bearing States arose too, and obeyd  
The peoples Rector. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid  
With flockers to them, that came forth: as when of frequent Bees  
Swarmes rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees

Of their egression endlessly, with their ever rising new,  
From forth their sweet nest: as their store, still as it faded, grew,  
And never would cease sending forth her chaffers to the spring.  
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that there, belabouring  
The loaded flowers. So from the ships and tents, the armies store,  
Troopt to these Princes, and the Court, along th'unmeasur'd shore:  
Amongst whom, Love's Ambassadresse, (Fame) in her vertue shin'd,  
Exciting greedinesse to heare. The rabble thus inclin'd,  
Hurried together; uprose seild the high Court; earth did grone  
Beneath the setting multitude; tumult was there alone.  
Thrice three vociferous Heralds rose to check the rout, and get  
Eare to their Love-kept Governors; and instantly was set  
The huge confusion; every man set fast, the clamor ceast:  
Then stood divine Atreides up, and in his hand compress't  
His scepter, th'elaborate work of fiery Mulciber:  
Who gave it to Saturnian Love; Love to his messenger;  
His messenger (Argicides) to Pelops, skild in horse;  
Pelops to Atreus, chief of men; he dying, gave it course  
To Prince Thyestes, rich in heards; Thyestes to the hand  
Of Agamemnon rendred it, and with it, the command  
Of many Iles, and Argos, all. On this he leaning, said:

O friends, great sonnes of Danau, servants of Mars; Love laid  
A heavy curse on me, to vow, and binde it with the bent  
Of his high forehead; that (this Troy, of all her people spent)  
I should returne; yet now to mock our hopes, built on his vow;  
And charge ingloriously my flight; when such an overthrow  
Of brave friends I have authored. But to his mightiest will  
We must submit us; that hath raz'd, and will be razing still,  
Mens footsteps, from so many townes; because his power is most,  
He will destroy most. But how vile, such, and so great an host,  
Will shew to future times? that matcht with lesser numbers fare,  
We fly, not putting on the crowne of our lo long-held warre?  
Of which there yet appears no end. Yet should our foes and we  
Strike truce, and number both our powers; Troy taking all that be  
Her arm'd inhabitants; and we in tens should all sit downe  
At our truce banquet; every ten allow'd one of the towne  
To fill his feast-cup; many tens would their attendant want:  
So much I must affirm, our power exceeds th'inhabitant.  
But their auxiliary bands, those brandishers of speares,  
(From many cities drawn) are they, that are our hinderers,  
Not suffering well-ray'd Troy to fall. Nine yeeres are ended now,  
Since Love our conquest vow'd, and now our vessels rotten grow,  
Our tackling failes, our wives, yong sonnes, sit in their doores, and long  
For our arrivall; yet the work that should have wreakt our wrong,  
And made us welcome, lies unwrought: Come then, as I bid, all  
Obey, and fly to our lov'd home; for now, nor ever shall  
Our utmost, take in broad-way'd Troy. This said, the multitude  
Was all for home, and all men else, that what this would conclude

Fame, Love's  
Ambassadresse.

The scepter of  
Agamemnon.

Agamemnon to  
the Greeks.

Had not discover'd. All the crowd was shov'd about the shore ;  
 In fway, like rude and raging waves, rowl'd with the fervent blorc  
 Of th'Eaft and South winds, when they break from *Iove's* clouds, & are borne  
 On rough backs of th'Icarian fea : or like a field of corne  
 High grown, that *Zephyr's* vehement guffs bring easily underneath,  
 And make the fliffe up bristl'd cares do homage to his breath :  
 For even fo easily, with the breath *Atides* us'd, was swaid  
 The violent multitude. To fleet, with shouts, and disaraid,  
 All rush't ; and with a fogge of dust, their rude feet, dim'd the day ;  
 Each cried to other, cleave our ships : come, lanch, aboard, away.  
 The clamors of the runners home reacht heaven, and then past fate,  
 The Greeks had left Troy, had not then, the goddesse of estate,

*Jove to Pallas.* Thus spake to *Pallas* ; O Ioule shame, thou untam'd seed of *Iove*,  
 Shall thus the seas broad back be charg'd with these our friends remove ?  
 Thus leaving Argive *Hellen* here ? thus *Priam* grac'd ? thus Troy ?  
 In whose fields, farre from their lov'd owne, (for *Hellen's* sake) the joy,  
 And life offo much Grecian birth is vanish't ? take thy way  
 Tour brasie-arm'd people, speak them faire, let not a man obey  
 The charge now given, nor lanch one ship. She said, and *Pallas* did  
 As she commanded : from the tops of heaven's steep hill the slid,  
 And strait the Greeks swift ships the reacht : *Phyffes* (like to *Iove*  
 In gifts of counsell) the found out ; who, to that base remove,  
 Stird not a foot, nor toucht a ship ; but griev'd at heart to see  
 That fault in others. To him close, the blue-eyed deity  
 Made way, and said ; Thou wisest Greek, divine *Lacertes* soune,  
 Thus fly ye homewards, to your ships, shall all thus headlong runne ?  
 Glory to *Priam*, thus ye leave ; glory to all his friends,  
 If thus ye leave her here ; for whom so many violent ends  
 Have clos'd your Greek eyes ? and so farre from their so loved home ?  
 Go to these people, use no stay ; with faire termes overcome  
 Their foule endeavour ; nor a man, a flying sayle let hoyce.

Thus spake she, and *Phyffes* knew't was *Pallas* by her voyce :  
 Ran to the runners ; cast from him his mantle, which his man  
 And Herald, grave *Eurybates*, the Ithacensian  
 That follow'd him, took up. Himselfe to *Agamemnon* went,  
 His incorrupt scepter took, his scepter of descent,  
 And with it went about the fleet. What Prince, or man of name,  
 He found flight given, he would restrain with words of gentlest blame ;  
 Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or fare as one afraid ;

*to Iove, myrror in  
 rest among the  
 fight.* You should not only stay your selfe, but see the people staid.  
 You know not cleerely (though you heard the Kings words) yet his minde,  
 He only tries men's spirits now, and whom his trials finde  
 Apt to this course, he will chastise. Nor you, nor I, heard all  
 He spake in counsell ; nor durst presse too neere our Generall,  
 Left we incens't him to our hurt. The anger of a King  
 Is mighty ; he is kept of *Iove*, and from *Iove* likewise spring  
 His honours ; which, out of the love of wife *Iove*, he enjoys.  
 Thus he the best sort us'd : the worst, whose spirits brak out in noise,

He

He cudgeld with his scepter, chid, and said ; Stay wretch, be still,  
 And heare thy betters ; thou art base, and both in power and skill  
 Poore and unworthy ; without name, in counsell, or in warre.  
 We must not all be kings : the rule is most irregular  
 Where many rule ; one Lord, one King, propolets thee ; and he  
 To whom wife *Saturn's* sonne hath given both law, and Empery,  
 To rule the publick, is that King. Thus, ruling, he restrain'd  
 The host from flight : and then, againe the Councell was maintain'd  
 With such a concourse, that the shore rung with the tumult made ;  
 As when the farre-refounding sea doth in his rage invade  
 His sandy confines, whose sides grone with his involved wave,  
 And make his owne breast echo sighes. All fate, and audience gave ;  
*Thersites* only would speak all. A most disorder'd store  
 Of words he foolishly pour'd out ; of which his minde held more  
 Than it could manage ; any thing with which he could procure  
 Laughter, he never could containe. He should have yet been sure  
 To touch no Kings. Toppolets their states becomes not jesters parts.  
 But he, the filthiest fellow was, of all that had deserts  
 In Troy's brave siege : he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot ;  
 So crook-backt, that he had no breast : sharp headed, where did shoot  
 (Here and there sprst) thin/mossie hayre. He most of all cavi'd  
*Phyffes* and *Acides*, whom still his spleene would chide ;  
 Nor could the sacred King himselfe avoid his sawcy vaine,  
 Against whom, since he knew, the Greeks did vehement hates sustaine,  
 (Being angry for *Achilles* wrong) he cri'd out ; rayling thus :  
*Atides* ? why complain'st thou now ? what wouldst thou more of us ?

*Thersites de-  
 scription.**Achilles.**Thersites to Ag-  
 amemnon.*

Thy tents are full of brasie, and dames ; the choice of all are thine ;  
 With whom, we must present thee first, when any townes resigne  
 To our invasion. Want'st thou then (besides all this) more gold  
 From Troy's Knights, to redeem their sonnes : whom, to be deerey fold,  
 I, or some other Greek, must take : or wouldst thou yet againe  
 Force from some other Lord his prize, to sooth the looke that reigne  
 In thy encroching appetite ? it fits no Prince to be  
 A Prince of ill, and govern us ; or lead our progeny  
 By rape to ruine. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,  
 And its eternall : Greekish girls, not Greeks ye are : Come, flee  
 Home with our ships ; leave this man here to perish with his preys,  
 And try if we helpt him, or not : he wrong'd a man that weighs  
 Farre more than he himselfe in worth : he forc'd from *Thetis* sonne,  
 And keeps his prize still : nor think I, that mighty man hath won  
 The stile of wrathfull, worthily ; he's soft, he's too remisse,  
 Or else *Atides*, his had been thy last of injuries.

Thus he the people's Pastor chid ; but strait stood up to him  
 Divine *Phyffes* ; who with lookes exceeding grave, and grim,  
 This bitter check gave ; Cease, vaine foole, to vent thy rayling vaine  
 On Kings thus, though it serve thee well : nor thinke thou canst restraine,  
 With that thy rayling faculty, their wils in least degree,  
 For not a worke, of all this host, came with our King, than thee,

*Phyffes to Ther-  
 sites.*

To

To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth of thine,  
The names of kings; much lesse revile the dignities that shine  
In their supreme states; wresting thus, this motion for our home,  
To sooth thy cowardise; since our selves yet know not what will come  
Of these designments: if it be our good, to stay, or go:  
Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou, revilst our Generall so,  
Only, because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,  
But our Heroes. Therefore this thy rude veine makes me vow,  
(Which shall be curiously observ'd) if ever I shall heare  
This madness from thy mouth againe, let not *Flysses* beare  
This head, nor be the father call'd, of yong *Telemachus*;  
If to thy nakednesse, I take, and strip thee not, and thus  
Whip thee to flect from Councell; send, with sharp stripes, weeping hence,  
This glory thou affectst to raile. This said, his insolence  
He feel'd with his scepter; struck his back and shoulders so,  
That bloody wailes rose; he thrunk round; and from his eyes did flow  
Moist teares, and looking filthy, he fate, fear'd smarted; dried  
His blubber'd checks; and all the prease (though griev'd to be denied,  
Their with'r retreat for home) yet laught delightfully, and spake  
Either to other; O ye Gods, how infinitely take  
*Phis* & crutes in our good? author of Counsels, great  
In ordering armies; how most wul this act became his heat  
To beat from Councell this rude foole? I think his sawcy spirit  
Hereafter will not let his tongue, abuse the soveraign merit,  
Exempt from such base tongues as his. Thus spake the people: then  
The cry-razer, *Ithacus*, stood up to speake againe,  
Holding his Scepter. Close to him, gray-cyd *Minerva* stood;  
And like a Herald, silence caus'd, that all the Achive brood  
(From first to last) might heare and know, the counsell; when (inclin'd  
To all their good) *Flysses* said; *Atrides*, now I finde,  
These men would render thee the shame, of all men; nor would pay  
Their owne vov'es to thee, when they tooke their free and honor'd way,  
From Argos hither; that till Troy were by their brave hands rac'd,  
They would not turne home; yet like babes, and widows, now they haste  
To that base refuge. Tis a spite, to see men melted so  
In womanish changes. Though tis true, that if a man do go  
Only a month to sea, and leave his wife farre off, and he  
Tortur'd with winters stormes, and tost with a tumultuous sea,  
Growes heavy, and would home; us then, to whom the thrice three yeere  
Hath fill'd his revolvable orbe, since our arrivall here,  
I blame not, to with home much more: yet all this time to stay  
(Out of our judgements) for our end; and now to take our way  
Without it, were absurd and vile. Sustaine then friends, abide,  
The time set to our object: try, if *Calchas* prophecied  
True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witnesse well,  
(When in these late death-confering fates have fail'd to send to hel)  
That when in Aulis all our fleet assembl'd with a freight  
Of ships to Ilium, and her friends: beneath the faire growne height

A Platane bore, about a fount, whence chysfall water flow'd,  
And nere our holy altar, we, upon the gods bestow'd  
Accomplisht Hecatombs; and there appear'd a huge portent;  
A Dragon with a bloody scale, horrid to sight, and sent  
To light by great *Olympus*; which crawling from beneath  
The Altar, to the Platane climb'd; and ruthlesse craht to death  
A Sparrowes yong, in number eight, that in a top-bough lay  
Hid under leaves: the dam the ninth, that hover'd every way,  
Mourning her lov'd birth; till at length, the Serpent watching her,  
Her wing caught, and devour'd her too. This Dragon, *Jupiter*  
(That brought him forth) turn'd to a stone; and made a powerfull meane  
To stirre our zeales up, that admir'd, when of a fact so cleane  
Of all ill as our sacrifice, so fearfull an oment  
Should be the issue. *Calchas* then, thus prophecied the event;  
Why are ye dumb struck, faire-haired Greekes? wife *Love* is he hath shewne  
This strange oment to us. T was late, and passing lately done,  
But that grace it foregoes to us, for suffering all the state  
Of his appearance, (being so slow) nor time shall end, nor fate.  
As these eight sparrowes, and the dam, (that made the ninth) were eat  
By this sterne Serpent; so nine yeeres we are to endure the heat  
Of ravenous warre, and in the tenth, take in this broad-way'd towne.  
Thus he interpreted this signe; and all things have their crowne  
As he interpreted, till now. The rest then, so succeed,  
Beleeve as certaine: stay we all, till that most glorious deed  
Of taking this rich towne, our hands are honor'd with. This said,  
The Greeks gave an unmeasur'd shout, which back the ships repaid  
With terrible echoes, in applause of that perfuasion  
Divine *Flysses* us'd; which yet held no comparison  
With *Nestor's* next speech, which was this: O shamefull thing! ye talk  
Like children all, that know not warre. In what aire's region walk  
Our oathes, and covenants? Now I see, the fit respects of men  
Are vanisht quite; our right hands given, our faiths, our counsels vaine;  
Our sacrifice with wine; all fled in that prophaned flame  
We made to binde all: for thus still, we vaine perfuasions frame,  
And strive to work our end with words; not joyning stratagems  
And hands together; though thus long the power of our extremes  
Have urg'd us to them. *Atrides* sonne? firme as at first he stand;  
Make good thy purpose; talk no more in counsels, but command  
In active field. Let two or three, that by themselves advise,  
Faint in their crowning; they are such as are not truly wise:  
They will for Argos, ere they know if that which *Love* hath said  
Be false or true. I tell them all, that high *Love* bow'd his head  
As first we went aboard our fleet, for signe we should confer  
These Trojans their due fate and death; almighty *Jupiter*  
All that day darting forth his flames, in an unmeasured light,  
On our right hands; let therefore none once dreme of coward flight,  
Till (for his owne) some wife of Troy he sleepes withall, the rape  
Of *Hellen* wreaking; and our sighes, enforce'd for her escape:

*Nestor to the  
Greeks.*



If any yet dare dote on home, let his dishonour'd haste,  
His black, and well-builit bark, but touch, that (as he first disgrac'd  
His countries spirit) fare, and death may first his spirit let go.  
But be thou wife (king) do not trust thy selfe, but others. Know  
I will not use an object word : see all thy men arraid  
In tribes and nations ; that tribes, tribes, nations may nations aid :  
Which doing, thou shalt know what Chiefs, what soldiers play the men ;  
And what the cowards : for they all will fight in severall then,  
(Easie for note.) And then shalt thou, if thou destroyst not Troy,  
Know if the prophetes defect, or men thou dost employ  
In their approv'd arts, want in warre : or lack of that brave heat,  
Fit for the ventrous spirits of Greece, was cause to thy defeat.

To this the King of men replied, O father, all the sonnes  
Of Greece thou conquerst, in the strife of consultations.  
I would to *Iove*, *Athenia*, and *Phœbus*, I could make  
(Of all) but ten such Counsellors ; then instantly would shake  
King *Priam*'s city, by our hands laid hold on, and laid wast.  
But *Iove* hath orderd I should grieve, and to that end hath cast  
My life into debates, past end. My selfe, and *Thetis* sonne,  
(Like girles) in words fought for a girle, and I th'offence begunne :  
But if we ever talk as friends, Troy's thus deferred fall,  
Shall never vex us more one houre. Come then, to victles all,  
That strong *Mars*, all may bring to field, each man his lances steele  
See sharpen'd well ; his shield well lin'd, his horses meated well,  
His chariot carefully made strong ; that these affaires of death,  
We all day may hold fiercely out : no man must rest or breath.  
The bolomes of our targatiers must all be sleepe in sweat.  
The lancers arme must fall dissolv'd ; our chariot-horse with heat  
Must seeme to melt. But if I finde one soldier take the chace,  
Or stirre from fight, or fight not still, first .a his enemies face ;  
Or hid a shipboord : all the world for force, nor price, shall save  
His hated life ; but fowles and dogs, be his abhorred grave.

He said, and such a murmur rose, as on a lofty shore  
The waves make, when the Southwind comes, and tumbles them before  
Against a rock, grown neere the strand, which diversly beate,  
Is never free, but here and there with varied uprores beate.

All rose then, rushing to the fleet, perfum'd their tents, and eat :  
Each offering to th'immortal gods, and praying to scape th'eat  
Of warre and death. The King of men, an Ox of five yceres spring  
Th'almighty *Iove* gave : call'd the Peeres, first *Nestor*, then the King  
*Menelaus* : after them, th' *Ajaces*, and the sonne  
Of *Tydeus* ; *Athacus* the sixth, in counsell Paragon  
To love him selfe. All these he bade, but at a martiall cry.  
Good *Menelaus*, since he saw his brother busily  
Employ'd at that time, would not stand on invitation,  
But of himselfe came. All about the offering overthrowne  
Stood round, took salt-cakes, and the King himselfe thus praid for all :

O *Iove*, most great, most glorious, that in that starry hall,

Sit'st drawing darke clouds vp to aire : let not the Sunne go downe,  
Darknesse supplying it, till my hands, the Pallace, and the towne  
Of *Priam* overthrow, and burne the armes on *Hector*'s breast  
Dividing ; spoiling with my sword, thousands (in interest  
Of his bad quarrell) laid by him, in dust, and eating earth.

He pray'd, *Iove* heard him not, but made, more plentifull the birth  
Of his sad toiles, yet tooke his gifts. Prayers past, cakes on they threw :  
The Ox then (to the altar drawne,) they kill'd and from him drew  
His hide : then cut him vp, his thighs (in two hewne) dubb'd with fat,  
Prickt on the sweet-breads, and with wood, leaweslesse, and kindl'd at  
Appos'd fire, they burne the thighs, which done, the inwards slit,  
They broild on coales, and eat. The rest, in giggots cut, they spit,  
Roast cunningly, draw, sit, and feast-nought lackt to leaue alaid  
Each temperate appetite, which seru'd, *Nestor* began and said :

*Atrides*, most gract king of men, now no more words allow,  
Nor more deferre the deed *Iove* vows. Let heralds summon now  
The brasen-coted Greekes ; and vs, range euerie where the host,  
To stirre a strong warre quickly vp. This speech no fillable lost ;  
The high-voic't heralds, instantly, he charg'd to call to armes  
The curld-head Greekes ; they call'd ; the Greeks, straight answerd their alarms.  
The *Iove*-kept kings, about the king all gatherd, with their aide  
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-cyd maide  
Great *Ajias* (*Ioves* bright shield) sustain'd, that can be neuer old ;  
Neuer corrupted, fring'd about, with serpents torg'd of gold,  
As many as suffice to make, an hundred fringes, worth  
A hundred oxen, euerie snake, all sprawling, all set forth  
With wondrous spirit. Through the host, with this the Goddesse ran  
In turie, casting round her eyes ; and furnisht euerie man  
With strength, exciting all to armes, and fight incessant. None  
Now lik't their lou'd homes like the warres. And as a fire vpon  
A huge wood, on the heights of hils, that fare off hurles his light ;  
So the diuine brasse shin'd on these, thus thrusting on for fight ;  
Their splendor through the aire reacht heaven : and as about the flood  
Caister, in an Asian meade, flockes of the airie brood  
(Cranes, Geese, or long-neckt Swans) here, there, proud of their pinions, flie,  
And in their firs lay out such throats, that with their spiritfull crie  
The meddow strikes againe : so here, these many nation'd men,  
Flow'd ouer the Scamandrian field, from tents, and ships ; the din  
Was dreadfull, that the feet of men, and horse, beate out of earth.  
And in the flourishing meade they stood, thicke as the odorous birth  
Of flowres, or leaues bred in the spring ; or thicke as swarms of flies  
Throng then to ship-coates ; when each swarme, his erring wing applies  
To milke deawd on the milke maids pails : all eagerly dispoild,  
To giue to ruine th'Ilians. And as in rude heapes clofd,  
Though huge Goat-heards are at their food, the Goat-heards call yec,  
Sort into sundry herds ; so here, the Chiefes in battell set,  
Here tribes, here nations, ordering all. Amongst whom shin'd the king,  
With eyes, like lightning-Iouing *Iove*, his forehead answering,

In brest like *Neptune*; *Mars* in waste: and as goodly Bull  
Most eminent of all a heard, most strong, most masterfull,  
So *Agamemnon*, *Ione* that day, made overbrighten cleare,  
That heaven-bright armie; and preferd, to all th' *Heroes* there.

Now tell me *Muses*, you that dwell, in heavenly rooves (for you  
Are Goddesses; are present here, are wise, and all things know;  
We onely trust the voyce of fame, know nothing:) who they were  
That here were captaines of the Greekes? Commanding Princes here,  
The multitude exceed my song; though fitted to my choice  
Tentongues were, hardned palats ten, a break of brassie, a voyce  
Infract, and trumplike: that greates worke, unlesse the seeds of *Iove*  
(The deathlesse *Muses*) vndertake, maintaines a pitch about  
All mortall powers. The Princes then, and name that did bring  
Those so inenarrable troopes; and all their foyles, I sing.

### The Catalogue of the Grecian

#### *Ships and Captains.*

**P**eneleus, and *Leitus*, all that Boetia bred,  
*Arceilaus*, *Clonius*, and *Prothenor*, led;  
Thinhabitants of *Hyria*, and *lonie Aulida*;  
*Schene*, *Schole*, the hilly *Eteon*, and holy *Thespia*;  
Of *Grea*, and great *Micale*, that hath the ample plaine;  
Of *Herna*, and *Ileus*, and all that did remaine,  
In *Erith*, and in *Eicon*; in *Hyleu*, *Peteona*,  
In faire *Ocalca*, and the towne, well builded, *Medeona*;  
*Capas*, *Eutresis*, *Thisbe* that, for Pigeous doth surpasse;  
Of *Coroneio*, *Harliat*; that hath such store of grasse.  
All those that in *Platea* dwelt, that *Glissa* did possesse;  
And *Hipotebes*, whose wel-built wals, are rare and fellowlesse;  
In rich *Onchestus* famous wood, to watie *Neptune* vow'd;  
And *Arne*, where the vine-trees are, with vigorous bunches bow'd  
With them that dwelt in *Myda*, and *Nissa* most divine.  
All those whom utmost *Ambedon*, did wealthily confine:  
From all these coasts in general, full fittie saile were sent,  
And sixscore strong, *Boetian* youths, in euerie burthen went.  
But those who in *Apledon* dwelt, and *Minian Orchomen*;  
God *Mars* his sonnes did leade (*Ascalabus*, and *Lalmen*.)  
Who in *Acidon Aitors* house, did of *Asioche* come;  
The balstull Maide, as she went vp, into the higher roome;  
The warre-god secretly comprest: in safe conduct of these,  
Did thirtie hollow-bottom'd barks, diuide the wauie seas.  
Braue *Schedius* and *Epistrophus*, the Phosian captaines were,  
*Nusolida*, *Iphitus* sonnes all-prooue gainst any feare;  
With them the Cyparissians went, and bold Pythonians,  
Men of religious *Chrysa* foyle, and fat *Daulidians*:  
*Panopaeus*, *Anemors*, and fierce *Hyampolis*:  
And those that dwell where *Cephisus*, casts vp his silken mists;

The men that faire *Lyles* held, neare the *Cephisus* spring,  
All which did fortie fable barks, to that deligement bring.  
About th' entoyld *Phoenician* fleet, had the their saile affigde:  
And neare to the sinifter wing, the arm'd *Boetians* thinde.

*Aiax* the lesse, *Oileus* sonne, the *Locrians* led to warre,  
Not like to *Aiax Telamon*, but lesser man by farre.  
Little he was, and euer wore, a breastplate made of linne;  
But for the manage of his lance, he generall praise did winne.  
The dwellers of *Caliarus*, of *Bessa*, *Opeus*;  
The youths of *Cynus*, *Scarphus*, and *Angia*, lonely men;  
Of *Tarphus*, and of *Tironim*, nere flood *Boegrim* fall;  
Twife twentie martiall barks of these, lesse *Aiax* saild with all.

Who neare *Enbaas* blessed soile, their habitations had,  
Strength-breathing *Abants*, who their seats, in sweet *Enbaa* made:  
The *Astas* rich in grapes, the men of *Celida*;  
The *Cerintus*, bordering on the sea, of rich *Eretria*;  
Of *Dyons* highly-seated towne; *Charisus*, and of *Styre*;  
All these the Duke *Alphenor* led, a flame of *Mars* his fire;  
Surnam'd *Chalcadontides*, the mightie *Abants* guide;  
Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backs, their trailing haire did hide,  
Well scene in fight and soone could pierce, with farre extended darts  
The breastplates of their enemies, and reach their dearest hearts.  
Fortie blacke men of ware did failein this *Alphenor*s charge.

The souldiers that in *Athenus* dwelt, a citie builded large,  
The people of *Eriithius*, whom *Ione*-sprung *Pallas* fed:  
And plentious-feeding *Tellus* brought, out of her flowrie bed:  
Him, *Pallas* plac't in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeare,  
Of Buls and Lambes, *Athenian* youths, please him with offrings there.  
Mightie *Meneithemus*, *Petibus* sonne, had their deuicd care:  
For horsemen and for targaters, none could with him compare:  
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:  
But *Nestor* (for he elder was) with him did lole contend:  
With him came fittie fable saile. And out of *Salamine*  
Great *Aiax* brought twelue saile, that with th' *Athenians* did combine.

Who did in fruitfull *Argos* dwell; or strong *Hyrrinthe* keepe:  
*Hermion*, or in *Asinen*, whose bolome is so deepe;  
*Trazena*, *Elion*, *Epidare*, where *Bacchus* crownes his head;  
*Egina*, and *Mazetas* foyle, did follow *Diomed*.  
And *Sthenelus*, the deare lou'd sonne, offamous *Copaneus*:  
Together with *Eurialus*, heire of *Mecistaeus*,  
The king of *Taleomides*, past whom, in deeds of warre,  
The famous souldier *Diomed*, of all was held by farre;  
Fourescore blacke ships did follow these. The men faire *Mycene* held:

The wealthy *Corinth*, *Cleon* that, for beauntious sight exceld:  
*Arathireas* louely feat, and in *Ornia* plaine,  
And *Syciona*, where at first, did king *Adrastus* raigne:  
High seated *Gonosus* towers, and *Hyperisus*;  
Thar dwell in fruitfull *Pellenen*, and in diuine *Argius*:

Their fleet 400

*Aiax*, *Oileus*,  
captaine of the  
*Locrians*.

The towne of the  
*Locrians*.

Their navy 400

*Enbaas* was  
their towne.

*Alphenor* led  
the *Abants*.

Their fleet 400

The *Athenians*.

*Meneithemus*  
their *Cephe*.

*Nestor*: *Asine*  
so.  
The *Salamis*  
mynd was of it.  
The *Argos*:  
the *Hyrrinthe*.  
The *Argos*.  
Did see their  
captaine was  
*Sthenelus* and  
*Eurialus*.

Their fleet 80  
saile.  
The *Athenians*:  
their towne.

With all the sea-side borderers, and wide *Hellas* friends;  
To *Agamemnon* euer towne, her native birth commends,  
In double fiftie sable barks : with him a world of men  
Most strong and full of valure went : and he in triumph then  
Put on his most resplendent aimes, since he did ouerthine  
The whole heroique host of *Greece*, in power of that designe.

Who did in *Lacedaemon* rule, th'vnamesur'd concaue hold :  
High *Phaeres*, *Spartas*, *Messes* towers, for doles so much extold;  
*Briseias* and *Angias* grounds, strong *Laas*, *Otylon*;  
*Amyclas*, *Halos* harbor-towne, that *Neptune* beats vpon:  
All these did *Menelams* leade, (his brother that in cries  
Of warre was famous) sixtie ships, conuaid these enemies,  
To *Troy* in cheefe; becaufe their king, was chiefly iniur'd there,  
In *Hellens* rape, and did his best, to make them buy it deare.

Who dwelt in *Pylus* landie soyle, and *Arcis* the faire;  
In *Thryon*, neare *Alpheus* flood, and *Apy* full of airc:  
In *Cyprissus*, *Amphygen*, and little *Peteleon*;  
The towne where all the *Iliots* dwelt, and famous *Dorcon*;  
Where all the *Muses* (opposite, in fluite of Poetic,  
To ancient *Tbamyris* of *Trace*) did vse him cruelly;  
He coming from *Eurytus* court the wife *Ochalius* king :  
Beaue he proudly durst affirme, he could more sweetly sing,  
Then that *Pycraean* race of *Ioues*, who (angry with his vant)  
Bereft his eye-sight, and his song, that did the eare enchant;  
And of his skill to touch his Harpe disurnished his hand :  
All these in ninetie hollow keeles, graue *Nestor* did command.

The richly blest inhabitants of the *Arcadian* land  
Below *Cyllenes* mount, that by *Epyrus* tombe did stand  
Where dwelt the bold neare fighting men; who did in *Pheneus* flue:  
And *Orchomen*, where flocks of sheepe, the shepheards clustring drue:  
In *Rype* and in *Stratis*, the faire *Mantinean* towne,  
And strong *Enispe*, that for height, is euer weather-blowne,  
*Tegae*, and in *Stimphalius* *Parrhasias* strongly wall'd,  
All these *Alceus* sonne; to field (king *Agapenor*) call'd,  
In sixtie barks he brought them on, and euerie barke well mand,  
With sixce *Arcadians*, skild to vse, the vtmost of a band.  
King *Agamemnon* on these men, did well-built ships bestow,  
To passe the gulfie purple sea, that did no sea rites know.

They who in *Hermis*, *Buphrastis*, and *Elis* did remaine,  
What *Olen* Cliftes, *Alfius*, and *Myrsin* did containe,  
Where led to warre by twise two Dukes, and each ten ships did bring,  
Which many venterous *Epians*, did serue for burthning.  
Beneath *Alphimachus* his charge, and valiant *Talpius*,  
Sonne of *Enrius Aitor*, one, the *Creatus*,  
*Diores Amarincides*, the other did employ;  
The fourth diuine *Polixenus*, *Agasthenis* hisioy:  
The king of faire *Angeiades*, who from *Dulichius* came,  
And from *Euchinans* sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame

By ample *Elis* region, *Meges Phelides* led :  
Whom Duke *Phyleus*, *Iones* below'd, begat, and whilome fled  
To large *Dulichius* for the wrath, that fir'd his fathers breast.  
Twile twentie ships with Ebon sailes, were in his charge addrest.

The war-like men of *Cephale*, and those of *Ishaga*,  
Woody *Nerytus*, and the men of wet *Croclis* :  
Sharp *Agilipha*, *Samos* Ile, *Zacynthus*, sea inclosed;  
*Epyrus*, and the men that hold, the Continent oppos'd;  
All these did wise *Phliss* leade, in counsell *Peetre* to *Ioue* :  
Twelue ships he brought, which in their course, vermilion sternes did moue.

*Thous*, *Andremons* wel-spoke sonne, did guide th' *Etolians* well;  
Those that in *Pleuron*, *Olenon*, and strong *Pylene* dwell :  
Great *Calcis* that by sea-side stands, and stony *Calidon*;  
For now no more of *Oeneus* sonnes surui'd; they all were gone :  
No more his royall selfe did liue, no more his noble sonne,  
The golden *Melaege* now, their glasses all were run.  
All things were left to him in charge, the *Etolians* Chief he was,  
And fortie ships to *Troian* warres, the seas with him did passe.

The royall souldier *Idomen*, did leade the *Cretans* stout :  
The men of *Gnosus*, and the towne, *Cortima*, wall'd about-  
Of *Litius* and *Mylers* towres, of white *Lycastus* flate,  
Of *Phesius* and of *Rhissias*, the cities fortunate:  
And all, the rest inhabiting, the hundred towne of *Crete*,  
Whom ware-like *Idomen* did leade, copartner in the fleet,  
With kil-man *Merion*, eightie ships, with them did *Troy* inuade:

*Tlepolemus Heraclides*, right strong and bigly made,  
Brought nine tall ships of warre from *Rhodes*, which haucie *Rhodian* mand,  
Who dwelt in three discuerd parts, of that most pleasant land;  
Which *Lyndus* and *Ialissus* were, and bright *Camyrus*, cald:  
*Tlepolemus* commanded these, in battel vnappall'd :  
Whom faire *Asioche* brought forth, by force of *Hercules*;  
Let out of *Ephyr* with his hand, from riuer *Sellees*;  
When many townes of princely youths, he leueld with the ground.  
*Tlepolem* (in his fathers house, for building much renown'd,  
Brought vp to headstrong state of youth) his mothers brother slue,  
The floure of armes, *Erycinus*, that somewhat aged grew :  
Then straight he gathered him a fleet, assembling bands of men,  
And fled by sea, to shun the threats, that were denounced then,  
By other sonnes and nephewes of th' *Aiciden* fortitude.  
He in his exile came to *Rhodes*, driven in with tempests rade:  
The *Rhodians* were distinct in tribes, and great with *Ioue* did stand,  
The king of men and Gods, who gaue, much treasure to their land.

*Nireus* out of *Symus* haven, three wel-built barks did bring:  
*Nireus* faire *Aglaia* sonne, and *Charopes* the king :  
*Nireus* was the fairest man that to faire *Ithou* came,  
Of all the Greekes, saue *Pelem* sonne, who past for generall frame.  
But weake this was, not fit for warre, and therefore few did guide,  
Who did in *Cassus*, *Nisirus*, and *Crapathus* abide,

In *Co*, *Euripilus* his towne, and in *Calydne* foyle,  
*Phidippus* and bold *Antiphus*, did guide to Trojan toyles,  
 The sonnes of crowned *Theſſalus*, deri'd from *Hercules*,  
 Who went with thirtie hollow ships well ordred to the seas.  
 Now will I sing the sackfull troopes, Pelagian *Argos* held,  
 That in deepe *Alus*, *Alopé*, and soft *Trechina* dweld;  
 In *Phrya* and in *Helade*, where liue the lovely dames,  
 The *Myrmidons*, *Helenians*, and *Achives*, robd of Fames:  
 All which the great *Asacides*, in fiftie ships did leade.  
 For, these forgot warres horrid voice, because they lackt their head.  
 That would haue brought them brauely forth; but now at flecte did lie,  
 That wind-like vser of his feet, faire *Tethis* progenie;  
 Wroth for bright cheek *Bryſeis* losse; whom from *Zyrneſſus* spoiles,  
 (His owne exploit) he brought away, as trophce of his toiles,  
 When that towne was depopulates he funke the Theban towres;  
*Myneia*, and *Epistrophus*, he sent to *Pluteus* bowres,  
 Who came of king *Euenus* race, great *Helepiades*:  
 Yet now he idely liues enrag'd, but soone muſt leaue his caſe.

Of those that dwelt in *Phylace*, and flowrie *Pyrraſon*  
 The wood of *Ceres*, and the foyle, that sheepe are fed vpon,  
*Iten* and *Antron*, built by sea, and *Peleus* full of graſſe,  
*Proteſſaus* while he liu'd, the worthe captaine was:  
 Whom now the fable earth detaines: his teare-torne faced spouse  
 He woſull left in *Phylace*, and his halfe finiſht house:  
 A fatall Dardane fiſt his life, of all the Greekes, bereft,  
 As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men vnleſt  
 With out a Chiefe, for though they wiſht, to haue no other man,  
 But good *Proteſſay* their guide, *Podarces* yet began  
 To gouerne them, *Iphitus* sonne, the sonne of *Phylacus*,  
 Moſt rich in sheepe, and brother to ſhort-liu'd *Proteſſaus*:  
 Of yonger birth, leſſe, and leſſe ſtrong; yet ſeru'd he to direct  
 The companies, that ſtill did more, their ancient Duke affect.  
 Twiſe twentie Iettie ſailes with him, the ſwelling ſtreame did take.

But those that did in *Pheres* dwell, at the *Bæbrian* lake,  
 In *Pebe*, and in *Glaphira*, *Laolus* builded faire:  
 In thrice ſix ſhips to *Pergamus*: did through the ſeas repaire,  
 With old *Admetes* tender ſonne, *Eumelus*, whom he bred,  
 Of *Alceſt* *Pelius* faireſt child, of all his ſemall hebd.

The ſouldiers that before the ſiege, *Metihones* vales did hold:  
*Thaumaſte*, flowrie *Meliba*, and *Oliſon* the cold,  
 Duke *Philocietes* gouerned, in darts of fineſt ſleight:  
 Seven veſſels in his charge conuaid, their honorable freight,  
 By fiftie rowers in a barke, moſt expert in the bow:  
 But he in ſacred *Lemnos* lay, brought miſerably low,  
 By torment of an ulcer growne, with *Hydras* poiſon'd bloud:  
 Whole ſting was ſuch, *Greece* leſt him there, in moſt impatient moode:  
 Yet thought they on him at his ſhip, and chufde to lead his men,  
*Medon*, *Oyleus* baſtard ſonne, brought forth to him by *Rhen*.

From

From *Thrice*, bleake *Ithomens* clifſes, and hapleſſe *Oechaly*  
*Eurites* citie rul'd by him, in wilfull tyranny,  
 In charge of *Esculapius* ſonnes, phyſitian highly praiſd:  
*Macchaon*, *Podalirius*, were thirtie veſſels raiſd:  
 Who neare *Hiperias* fountaine dwelt, and in *Ormenius*:  
 The ſnowy tops of *Titannus*, and in *Aſterius*:  
*Encmon* ſonne *Euripilus*, did leade into the field:  
 Whole towneſes did fortie blacke-faild ſhips, to that encounter yeeld.  
 Who *Gyrton*, and *Argiſſa* held, *Orion* and *Blons* ſeate,  
 And chaſkie *Oloſſine*, were led by *Pelipete*,  
 The iſſue of *Peribous*, the ſonne of *Iupiter*.  
 Him the *Athenian* *Theſeus* friend, *Hypodomy* did beare;  
 When he the briſtled ſauages: did giue *Ramnafia*,  
 And draue them out of *Pelion*, as farre as *Eubica*.  
 He came not ſingle, but with him, *Leonteus*, *Coronus* ſonne,  
 An auncle of *Mars*; and *Coronus* liſe, *Ceneus* ſeed begun.  
 Twiſe twentie ſhips, attended theſe. *Ceneus* next did bring,  
 From *Cyphus*, twentie ſaile and two, the *Emians* followings  
 And fierce *Perabi*, that about, *Dodones* frozen mold,  
 Did plant their houſes, and the men, that did the medowes hold,  
 Which *Titoreſius* deckes with flowers, and his ſweet current leads,  
 Into the bright *Peneius*, that bath the ſiluer heads.  
 Yet with his admirable ſtreame, doth not his waues commix;  
 But glides aloſt on it like oyle: for tis the flood of *Stix*,  
 By which th'immortall Gods doe ſwarc. *Tenuthredons* honor'd birth  
*Prothous* led the *Magnets* forth, who neare the ſhadie earth,  
 Of *Pelion*, and *Pencion*, dwelt; fortie reuengefull ſaile  
 Did follow him; theſe were the Dukes, and Princes of anail,  
 That came from *Greece*: but now the man, that ouerſhin'd them all.  
 Sing Muſe: and their moſt famous Steeds, to my reccitall call,  
 That both th' *Attrides* followed, faire *Phereides*,  
 The braueſt mares did bring by much, *Eumelus* haug'd theſe:  
 Swift of their ſecte as birds of wings; both of one haire did ſhine,  
 Both of an age, both of a height, as meſur'd by a line:  
 Whom ſiluer bow'd *Apollo* bred, in the *Piercean* mead;  
 Both ſlicke and daintie, yet were both, in warre of wondrous dread.  
 Great *Aias* *Telamon* for ſtrength, paſt all the Peeres of warre,  
 While vext *Achilles* was away: but he ſurpaſt him farre:  
 The horſe that bore that faultleſſe man, were likewiſe paſt compare:  
 Yet lay he at the crookt-ſtem'd ſhips, and furie was his fare,  
 For *Atreus* ſonnes vngracious deed: his men yet pleaſd their hearts,  
 With throwing of the holed ſtone; with hurling of their darts,  
 And ſhooting fairely one the ſhore. Their horſe at chariots fed,  
 On greateſt parſly, and on ſedge, that in the ſens is bred.  
 His Princes tents their chariots held, that richly couerd were.  
 His Princes, amorous of their Chiefe, walkt ſtorming here and there,  
 About the hoſt, and ſcorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did paſſe,  
 Before them flew, as if a fire, fed on the trembling graſſe.

D 4

Earth

Earth vader-gron'd their high raifd feet, as when offended *Ioue*,  
In *Arime*, *Typhoeus*, with rattling thunder droue,  
Beneath the earth : in *Arime*, men lay the graue is fill,  
Where thunder tomb'd *Typhoeus*, and is a monstrous hill.  
And as that thunder made earth grone, so gron'd it as they past,  
They trode with such hard-set-downe steps, and so exceeding fast.

To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,  
From *Ioue* (as all to Councell drew; in *Priams* Pallace gates)  
Refembling *Priams* sonne in voyce, *Polytes* swift of feet:  
In trust where of (as Sentinell, to see when from the fleet,  
The Grecians sallied) he was set, vpon the loftie brow  
Of aged *Hefetes* tombe, and this did *Iris* shew;

O *Priam*, thou art alwaies pleas'd, with indiscreet aduice :  
And fram'st thy life to times of peace, when such a warre doth rise  
As threats ineuitable spoyle; I neuer did behold  
Such and so mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mould,  
In number like *Autumnus* leaues, or like the marine sand :  
Al ready round about the walles, to weepe ruining hand.  
*Heftor*? I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake :  
A multitude remaine in Troy, will fight for *Priams* sake,  
Of other lands and languages, let euery leader then  
Bring forth, well arm'd into the field, his severall bands of men.

Strong *Heftor* knew, a deitie, gaue charge to this assay :  
Dismit the Counsell straight, like waues, clusters to armes do sway :  
The ports are all wide open set : out rusht the troopes in swarms,  
Both horse and foote, the cicie rung, with sudden-cry'd alarums.

A Colunne stands without the towne, that high his head doth raise,  
A little distant, in a plaine trod downe with diuers waies :  
Which men do *Batieia* call, but the immortalls name  
*Myrines* famous sepulcher, the wondrous aſſiue dame:  
Here were th' *Auxiliarie* bands, that came in *Troies* defence,  
Distinguisht under severall guides, of speciall excellence.

The Duke of all the Troian power great helme-deck *Heftor* was  
Which stood of many mightie men, wel skill'd in darts of brasse :  
*Aeneas* of commixed seed (a goddesse with a man,  
*Anchises*, with the Queene of Ioue :) the troopes Dardanian,  
Led to the field, his louely Sire, in *Idas* lower shade,  
Begot him of sweet *Cypridis*, he solely was not made  
Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers : *Antenors* valiant sonnes,  
*Archilochus*, and *Acamas*, were ioynd companions.

Who in *Zelus* dwelt, beneath, the sacred foote of *Ide*,  
That dranke of blacke *Egeus* streame, and wealth made full of pride,  
(The *Apliny*) *Lycaons* sonne, whom *Phobus* gaue his bow,  
Prince *Pandarus* did leade to field. Who *Adrestinus* owe,  
(*Apeus* citie, *Pitai*, and mount *Tereis*)

*Arcellus*, and stout *Amphius* led, who did their Sire displease,  
*Aerops* *Percosius* that exceld, all Troy in heauenly skill,  
Of futures searching prophesie : for much against his will,

His sonnes were agents in those armes : whome since they disobeyd,  
The fates, in letting slip their threds, their haffie values slaid.

Who in *Percotes*, *Prastius*, *Arube* did abide,  
Who *sestus* and *Abidus* bred, *Hyrtacides* did guide :  
Prince *Astus* *Hyrtacides* that through great *Seles* force,  
Brought from *Aruba* to that fight, the great and ferie horse.

*Pyleus*, and *Hypothoe*, the stout Pelagians led,  
Of them *Larissus* fruitfull soyle, before had nourished :  
These were Pelagian *Pitbus* sonne of *Tentemidas*.

The Thracian guides where *Pyrrus*, and valiant *Acamas*.  
Of all that the impetuous flood, of *Helleſpontos* enfold;  
*Euphemus*, the Ciconian troopes, in his command dispos'd;  
Who from *Trezenius* *Ceades*, right noble did descend.

*Perechmes* did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend.  
From *Axius* out of *Amidon*, he had them in command :  
From *Axius*, whose most beauntious streame, still ouerflows the land.

*Pylemen* with the well arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led,  
From *Ene*, where the race of mules, fit for the plough is bred :  
The men that broad *Cytarus* bounds, and *Seſamus* enfold,  
About *Parthenius* loſtic flood in houses much extold,  
From *Cromna* and *Agialus*, the men that armes did beare,  
And *Eerithymus* situate high, *Pylemens* fouldiers were.

*Epistrophus* and *Dine* did, the Halizonians guide,  
Far-freight from *Alybe*, where first, the filter mines were tride.  
*Chronius*, and Augur *Ennomus*, the Myſſians did command,  
Who could not with his auguries, the strength of death withstand :  
But suffred it beneath the ſtroke, of great *Acides*,  
In *Xanthus* : where he made more ſoules, due to the Stygian seas.

*Phereys* and faire *Aſcanius*, the Phrygians brought to warre;  
Well train'd for battell, and were come, out of *Aſcania* farre.  
With *Merbles*, and with *Antiphus* (*Pylemens* ſonnes) did fight,  
The men of *Mezon*, whom the fenne *Gyges* brought to light.

And those Mæonians that beneath, the mountaine *Tmolus* sprong;  
The rude vnletter'd *Caribe*, that barbarous were of tongue,  
Did under *Nauſes* colours march, and young *Amphimachus*,  
(*Nomyons* famous sonnes) to whom, the mountaine *Phthirorum*,  
That with the famous wood is crown'd, *Miletus*, *Micades*,  
That hath so many loſtic markes for men that loue the seas,  
The crooked armes *Meander* bowd with his fo ſnakie flood,  
Reſign'd for conſult the choiſe youth, of all their mortall brood.  
The ſoule *Amphimachus*, to field, brought gold to be his wracke,  
Proude-girl-like that doth euer beare, her dower vpon her backe,  
Which wiſe *Achilles* markt, ſlew him, and tooke his gold in ſtrife,  
At *Xanthus* ſtoud, ſo little death, did feare his golden life,  
*Sarpedon* led the Lycians, and *Glaucus* vntrepon'd,  
From *Lycia* and the gulſic flood, of *Xanthus* farre remou'd:

## COMMENTARIUS.

\* *Non Erat, &c.* Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium, &c. in his Simile, Virgil (using the like in imitation) is preferred to Homer; with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different. Homer intending to expresse the infinite multitude of souldiers every where dispersing; Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgil. Simile is thus. i. *Æneid.*

Qualis apes ætate noua, per floræ rura  
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos  
Educunt foetus; aut cum liquentia mella  
Stripant; & dulci distendunt Necfare cellas;  
Aut onera accipiant venientum; aut agmine facto,  
Ignaum tucos pecus à præsepibus arcent:  
Perueat opus; redolent thymo fragrantia mella.

Now compare this with Homers, but in my translation; and inage if to both their ends, there be any such betternesse in Virgils: but that the reuerence of the scholler, due to the master (even in those his maligners) might well have contained their lame censures of the Poeticall farric, from these vnmanly and hatefull comparisons. Especially, since Virgil hath nothing of his owne, but onely cleauen; his invention, matter and forme, being all Homers: which laid by a man, that which he addeth, is onely the worke of a woman, to rectifie and polish. Nor do I, alas, but the foremost ranke of the most ancient and best learned that ever were, come to the field for Homer, bidding all other Poets under his ensigne: bane not me then, but them; to whom, before my booke I referre you. But much the rather I insist on the former Simile, for the word *claud* & *cateruati*, or *conferit* in which is noted by Spondanus to containe all the *analogia*, reddition, or application of the comparison, and is nothing so. For though it be all the reddition Homer expresseth; yet he intends two speciall parts in the application more; which he leaves to his iudicial readers understanding, as he doth in all his other Similes: since a man may perually (or as he passeth) discern all that is to be understood. And here, besides their throngs of souldiers, exprest in the swarms of Bees, he intimates the infinite number in those throngs or companies, issuing from sectes ceaselesly, that there appeared almost no end of their issues: and thirdly, the euerie where dispersing themselves. But Spondanus would excuse Homer, for expresseing no more of his application; with, affirming it impossible; that the thing compared, and the comparison, should answere in all parts; and therefore alledges the vulgar understanding of a Simile, which is as grosse as it is vulgar; that a similitude must vno pede semper claudicare. His reason for it is as absurd as the rest: which is this, si ea iter omnino responderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem; as though the generall application of the compared, and the comparison, would make them any thing more the same, or all one: more then the swarms of Bees, and the throng of souldiers are all one or the same; for answering most aptly. But that a Simile must needs bane of one soote still, (howebeit how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of Poetrie. For who at first sight, will not conceiue it absurd to make a Simile, which serues to the illustration and ornament of a Poeme, lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable Similes, being

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expresst in his place, will abundantly proue the stupiditie of this tradition: and how iniuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him, in his straight and deepe places, when in his open and faire passages, they bane and bang back so.

¶ *Τὸν γὰρ ἀεὶ ζῶντα θεὸν ὄδῳ, &c.* hunc quidem clarū (or illustrem) fecit Deus; as it is by all translated, wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word *ἀεὶ ζῶν* beginning here, & continuing wheresoeuer it is found in these Iliads. It is by the transiſion of *ζῶν* into *δ* in deriuation, according to the Dericke: for which cause our Interpreters will needs bane Homer intend *ἀεὶ ζῶν*, which is clarus or illustis when he himselfe saith, *ἀεὶ ζῶν*; which is a compound of *ἀεὶ*, *ζῶν*; *is* valde, and *ζῶν*, and signifies quem valde æmulatur, or valde æmulandus, according to Scap. But because *ἀεὶ ζῶν* is most authentically expounded, impetua mentis ad cultum diuinum, that exposition I follow in this place, and expound *τὸν γὰρ ἀεὶ ζῶντα θεὸν ὄδῳ*; hunc quidem magnum impulsū ad cultum diuinum fecit Deus; because he turned so suddenly and miraculously the Dragon to a stone. To make it *ἀεὶ ζῶν*, and say clarum or illustrem fecit Deus qui offendit, or ostendat, (which follows in the verse) and saith thus much in our tongue: God that shewed this, made it cleare; is very little more, then God that shewed this, shewed it. One way it obserues the word (betwixt which, and the other, you see what great difference) and is faire, full, grane; the other alters the original, and is ugly, empty, idle.

¶ *Ἀντιόχῳ δὲ βῆ ἰσχυρὸς βῶν ἀνὰ δὲ μέλαινα, &c.* Spontaneus autem ei venit, voce bonus Menelaus; and some say bello strenuus Menelaus: which is ferre estranged from the mind of our Homer, but signifying vociferatio, or clamor, though some will haue it pugna, ex consequenti; because fights are often made with clamor. But in bello strenuus, (vnlesse it be ironically taken) is here strained beyond sufferance, & is to be expounded vociferatione bonus Menelaus: which agreeth with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of utterance or voice: which is *μεγὰρ ἰσχυρὸς*, valde stridulū, or arguto cum stridore; as being commonly and most properly taken in the worse part, and signifies shrillie, or noisefullie, squeaking: howseuer in the vulgar conuerſion it is in that place most grosselie abused. To the consideration whereof, being of much importance, I referre you in his place. And in the meane time shew you, that in this first and next verse, Homer (speaking ironically) breaks open the fountaine of his ridiculous humor following: neuer by any interpreter understood, or touched at, being yet the most ingenious conceited person that any man can shew in any hericall Poeme, or in any Comick Poet. And that you may something perceiue him before you read to him in his generall places: I will, as I can in haste giue you him here together as Homer at all parts presents him: viz. simple, wel-meaning, standing still affectedlie on telling truth, small, and shrill voice; (not sweet, or eloquent, as some most against the haire would bane him) short spoken after his countrie the Laconicall manner: yet speaking thicke and fast, industrious in the field, and willing to bee employed. And (being mollis Bellator himselfe) set still to call to encre hard service, the hardiest. Euen by the wit of Ajax, plaied upon, about whom he would still be diligent: and what he wanted of the martiall furie and facultie himselfe, that he would be bold to supplie out of Ajax: Ajax and he, to any for blowes: Antilochus and he for wit: (Antilochus old Nestors sonne, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellencie formed person.)

Sometimes valians, or daring, (as was coward is not) sometimes, falling apon sentence

sentence, and good matter in his speeches (as what meanest capacitie doth not?) Nor such our most inimitable Imitator of nature, this crosse and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and avoid too broad a taxation of so eminent a person; then to follow the true life of nature, being often, or alwaies, express so different in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poore Criticks haue flood upon; to make foules alwaies foolish, cowards at all times cowardly, &c. is farre from the variant order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions most needes containe the like opposition.

But now to the first, *spontaneus autem ei venit*, &c. about which, a passing great peece of work is pickt out by our greatest Philosophers, touching the unbidden coming of Menelaus to supper or Counsell, which some commend, others condemne in him: but the reason why he staid not the inuitement, rendered immediatly by Homer, none of the will vnderstand, viz. *Η δ' οὐδ' ἄν τις* &c. sciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat: of which verse his interpreters crye out for the expunction, only because it was neuer enterd in their apprehension; which more then admire (for the easinesse of it) so freely offering it selfe to their entertainment; & yet using the hoofe of Pegasus, only with a touch breaking open (as abovesaid) the fountaine of his humor. For thus I expound it, (laying all againe together, to make it plaine enough for you,) Agamemnon inuiting all the chiefe Commanders to supper, left out his brother; but he seeing how much his brother was troubled about the arcame, and busied, would not stand upon inuitement, but came of him self. And this being spoken scotticke, or by way of irrisian, argueth what manner of man he made of him. Ineptus enim (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, 1. Symp. and second question) fuit Menelaus, & locum dedit prouerbio qui ad consilium dandum accessisset, non vocatus: And to this place he had reference, because a Counsell of war was to be held at this supper. And here (I say) Homer opened the veine of his simplicitie, not so much in his going unbidden to supper, and Counsell, as in the reason for it ironically rendered; that he knew his brother was busie, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very sense of our Poet is not safe, our interpreter would haue rased.

The end of the second Booke.

THE



## THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Paris (betwixt the Hosts) to single fight  
(Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie knight:  
King Menelaus doth accept his brave  
Conditioning that he againe should haue  
Faire Helena, with all she brought to Troy,  
If he subd, else Paris should enioy  
Her, and her wealth, in peace, Conquest doth grant  
Her deare wreath to the Grecian combatant;  
But Venus to her champions life doth yeeld  
Safe rescue, and conueyes him from the field,  
Into his chamber; and for Hellen sends;  
Whom much, her lovers soule disgrace offends;  
Yet Venus for him still makes good her charmes,  
And ends the second combat in his armes.

### Another Argument.

Gamma the single fight doth sing  
Twixt Paris and the Spartan King.

When every least Commanders will, best souldiers had obaide,  
And both the hosts were rang'd for fight, the Troians would haue  
The Greekes with noises; crying out, in coming rudely on, (fraid  
At all parts like the Cranes that fill, with harsh confusion,  
Of bruths clanges all the aire: and in ridiculous warre,  
(Echuing the unlesserd stormes, shot from the winters flart)  
Visite the Ocean, and conferre the Pygmei souldiers death.  
The Greekes charg'd silent, and like men, beslow'd their thrisy breath  
In strength of far-rebounding blowes; still entertaining care  
Of eithers rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare.  
And as upon a hills steepe top, the South winde powres a cloud  
To shepheards thanklesse; but by theeves that love the night, allowd,  
A darknesse letting downe, that blinds a stones cast off mens eyes:  
Such darknesse from the Greekes swift feet, (made all of dust) did rise.  
But ere stern conflict mixt both strengths, faire Paris slept before  
The Trojan host, athwart his backe, a Panthers hide he wore,  
A crooked bow, and sword, and shooke two brazen-headed darts,  
With which (well arm'd) his tongue provok'd the best of Grecian hearts  
To stand with him in single fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd most  
Of all the Greekes, so gloriously, saw stalk before the host,

The Troians:  
emphatically  
Cranes.

The silent  
soud of the  
Greekes.

E

As

As when a Lyon is rejoyc't (with hunger halfe forlorne)  
 That findes some sweet prey, (as a Hart, whose grace lyes in his horne,  
 Or Sylvan Goat) which he devours, though never so pursu'd  
 With dogs and men; so *Spartas King*, exulted when he view'd  
 The faire, fac'd *Paris* to expose to his to thirfted wreake,  
 Whereof his good cause made him fure. The Grecian front did breake,  
 And forth he rush'd, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his chariot,  
 And royally prepar'd for charge. Which scene, cold terror shot  
 The heart of *Paris*, who retir'd, as headlong from the King,  
 As in him: he had shund his death: and as a hilly spring,  
 Presents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feet,  
 Her blew necke (swolne with poyson) rais'd, and her sling out, to greet  
 His heedlesse entry: sodainly his walke he altereth;  
 Starts backe amaz'd, is hooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death.  
 So *Menelaus*, *Paris* scard: so that divine fact' foe,  
 Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld, by *Hector*, he let goe  
 This bitter checke at him. Accus'd, made but in beauties scorne;  
 Impostor, womans man! O heaven, that thou hadst nere beene borne,  
 Or (being so manlesse) never liv'd to beare mans noblest state,  
 The nuptiall honour; which I wish, because it wrec'd fate  
 Much better for thee, then this shame, this spectacle doth make  
 A man a monster: Harke how lowd the Greekes laugh, who did take  
 Thy faire forme for a continent of parts as faire, a rape  
 Thou mad'st of Nature, like their *Queen*. No soule, an empirie shape  
 Takes up thy being: yet how spight to every shade of good,  
 Fills it with ill: for as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood  
 Of others like thee: and farre hence, fetcht ill enough to us;  
 Even to thy father: all these friends, make those foes mocke them thus;  
 In thee: for whose ridiculous sake, so seriously they lay,  
 All Greece, and Fate upon their neckes: O wretch! not dare to stay  
 Weake *Menelaus*? But 'twas well: for in him, thou hadst tried  
 What strength, lost beauty can infuse; and with the more griefe dyed,  
 To seele thou robst a worthier man; to wrong a souldiers righte  
 Your Harpes sweet touch, curl lockes, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite;  
 Given thee by *Venus*, would have done your fine Dames little good,  
 When bloud and dust had ruffled them, and had as little stood  
 Thy selfe in stead; but what thy care of all these in thee flies  
 We should inflict on thee our selves: infectious cowardise  
 (In thee) hath terrified our host; for which, thou well deserv'st  
 A coat of Tomb stone, not of Steele: in which, for forme thou serv'st.  
 To this thus *Paris* spake, (for forme, that might inhabit heaven)  
*Hector*? Because thy sharpe reproofe, is out of justice given,  
 I take it well. but though thy heart (inur'd to these affrights,  
 Cuts through them, as an axe through Oake; that, more usd, more excites  
 The workmans facultie: whose art can make the edge goe farre,  
 Yet I lesse practis'd, then thy selfe, in these extremes of warre)  
 May well be pardond, though lesse bold; in these your worth exceeds,  
 In others, mine: Nor is my minde of lesse force to the deeds

Re-

Requir'd in warre, because my forme, more flows in gifts of peace.  
 Reproach not therefore the kinde gifts of golden cyprides,  
 All heavns gifts have their worthy price, as little to be scorn'd,  
 As to be wonne with strength, wealth, state; with which, to be adorn'd,  
 Some man would change, here, wealth, or strength. But if your martial heart  
 With me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part  
 Of shame to give it over thus, cause all the rest to rest;  
 And twixt both hosts, let *Spartas King* and me performe our best,  
 For *Helen* and the wealth she brought: and he that overcomes,  
 Or proves superiour any way, in all your equall doomes,  
 Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keepe her, or take her home;  
 The rest strike leagues of endless date, and hearty friends become;  
 You dwelling safe in gleby Troy, the Greekes retire their force,  
 T' *Achaia*, that breeds fairest Dames: and Argos, fairest horse.  
 He said, and his amendsfull words, did *Hector* highly please,  
 Who rush'd betwixt the fighting hosts, and made the Trojans cease,  
 By holding up, in midst, his Lance: the Grecians noted not  
 The signall he for parle us'd, but at him fiercely shot,  
 Hurl'd stones, and still were levelling darts. At last the King of men  
 (Great *Agamemnon*) cryed aloud: Argives? for shame containe:  
 Youths of *Achaia*! shoot no more; the faire-helm'd-*Hector* shoves  
 As he desir'd to treat with us. This said, all cast from blowes,  
 And *Hector* spake to both the hosts: Trojans, and hardie Greekes:  
 Heare now, what he that stir'd these warres, for their cessation seekes:  
 He bids us all, and you disarme, that he alone may fight  
 With *Menelaus*, for us all, for *Helen* and her right,  
 With all the dowre she brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,  
 Or is, in all the art of armes, superiour any way;  
 The *Queen*, and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy,  
 The rest strike truce, and let love scale firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.  
 The Greeke host wondrous at this Brave: silence flew every where;  
 At last spake *Spartas* warlike King: Now also give me care,  
 Whom griefe gives most cause of reply; I now have hope to free  
 The Greekes and Trojans of all ills, they have sustain'd for me  
 And *Alexander*, that was cause I stretcht my speene so farre  
 Of both then, which is nearest fate, let his death end the warre:  
 The rest immediately retire, and greet all homes in peace:  
 Go then (to blesse your champion, and give his powers successe)  
 Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, the (gods on whom ye call)  
 Two lambs, a blacke one and a white: a female and a male;  
 And we, another for our selves, will fetch, and kill to *Jove*;  
 To signe which rites, bring *Prayers* force, because we well approve  
 His sonnes perfidious envious (and out of practis'd bene  
 To fight, when she beleeveth in them) *Joves* high truce may prophane,  
 All yong mens hearts are still untraid: but in those wel-weigh'd deeds,  
 An old man will consent to passe things past, and what succeeds,  
 He looks into; that he may know how best to make his way  
 Through both the fortunes of a fact: and will the worst obey.

E 2

(This

Agamemnon  
 restrains the  
 fight against  
 Hector.  
 Hector is the  
 Greekes and  
 Trojans.

Menelaus  
 calls the armies.



(This granted) a delightfull hope, both Greekes and Troians fed,  
Of long'd-for rest, from those long toyles, their tedious warre had bred.  
Their horses then in ranke they set, drawne from their chariots round;  
Descend themselves, tooke off their armes, and plac't them on the ground,  
Near one another, for the space, twixt both the hosts was small.

*Hel' for two heralds sent to Troy, that they from thence might call  
King Priam; and to bring the lambs, to rate the truce they swore.*

But *Agamemnon* to the fleet, *Nalibibius* sent before,

To fetch their lambe, who nothing slackt, the royall charge was given.

*Iris* the raine-bow then came downe, Ambassadresse from heaven,

To white-arm'd *Hellen*; she assum'd, at every part, the grace  
Of *Hellens* last loves sisters shape, who had the highest place  
In *Hellens* love; and had to name, *Laodice*, most faire

Of all the daughters *Priam* had: and made the nuptiall paire,  
With *Helicaon*; royall sproute, of old *Antenor*s seed;

She found Queene *Hellena* at home, at worke about a weed,  
Wov'n for her selfe: it shin'd like fire, was rich, and full of life;

The worke of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise  
The many labours, warlike Troy, and bras'd-arm'd Greece endur'd

For her faire sake, by cruell *Mars*, and his stern friends procur'd.  
*Iris* came in, in joyfull haste, and said: O come with me,

(Loud Nymph) and an admir'd sight of Greekes and Troians see;  
Who first on one another brought, a warre so full of teares,

(Even thirstie of contentious warre) now every man forbears,  
And fricadly by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;

Their long and shining lances pitch fast by them in the field.  
*Paris*, and *Spartas* King alone, must take up all the strife;

And he that conquers, onely call faire *Hellena* his wife.

Thus spake the thousand colour'd Dame: and to her minde commends

The ioy to see her first espous'd, her native towrs and friends,  
Which stir'd a sweet desire in her, to serve the which, she bid:

Shadowed her graces with white veiles, and (though she tooke a pride  
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see in her cleare beauties flood,

What choice of glory (swum to her, yet tender womanhood)  
Season'd with teares, her ioyes to see, more ioyes the more offence:

And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellence.

Thus went she forth, and tooke with her, her women most of name,  
*Atbra*, *Pisthene* lovely birth: and *Clymene*, whom Iamc

Hath, for her faire eyes, memoris'd. They reacht the Scæan towrs,  
Where *Priam* sat to see the fight, with all his Counsellors,

*Pantheus*, *Lampus*, *Clitius*, and stout *Hyccæon*,  
*Tibimætes*, wilc *Antenor*, and profound *Calogon*:

All grave old men, and souldiers, they had beene, but for age  
Now left the warres; yet Counsellors they were exceeding sage.

And, as in well-growne woods, on trees, cold spinie Gralhoppers  
Sit chirping, and send voyces out, that scarce can pierce our eares,

So for softnesse, and their weak faint sounds: so (talking on the towre)  
These Seniors of the people fate: who when they saw the powre

Of

Of beauty, in the Queene ascend; even those cold-spirited Peeres;  
Those wife, and almost wither'd men, found this heate in their yeeres;

That they were forc't (though whispering) to say; what man can blame  
The Greekes and Troians to endure, for so admir'd a Dame,

So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine  
Looks like the Goddesses: and yet (though never so divine)

Before we boast, unlastly still, of her enforced prize,  
And iustly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,

Labour and ruine, let her goe: the profit of our land,  
Must passe the beauty. Thus, though these could beare so fit a hand

On their affections; yet when all their gravest powers were us'd,  
They could not chuse but welcome her, and rather they accuse

The gods then beauty; for thus spake the most fam'd King of Troy;  
Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy ioy

Of thy first husbands sight; old friends, and Princes neare allyed:  
And name me some of these brave Greekes, so manly beautified.

Come: doe not thinke I lay the warres, endur'd by us, on thee,  
The gods have sent them, and the teares, in which they swumme to me,

Sit then, and name this goodly Greeke, so tall, and broadly spread,  
Who then the rest, that stand by him, is higher by the head;

The bravest man I ever saw, and most maiestically;  
His onely presence makes me thinke him King amongst them all.

The fairest of her sexe reply'd, Most reverend father in law:  
Most lov'd, most fear'd; would some ill death had seild me, when I saw

The first meane, why I wrong'd you thus, that I had never lost  
The sight of these my ancient friends; of him that lov'd me most,

Of my sole daughter, brothers both; with all those kindly mates,  
Of one soyle, one age borne with me, though under different fates,

But these boones envious fates deny; the memory of these,  
In sorrow pines these beauties now, that then did too much please;

Nor satisfie they your demand, to which I thus reply:  
That's *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* sonne) the great in Ewperie;

A King, whom double royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;  
And one that was my brother in law, when I contain'd my bloud,

And was more worthy; if at all, I might be said to be,  
My Being, being lost so soone, in all that honour'd me?

The good old King admir'd, and said: O *Atreus* blessed sonne!  
Borne under joyfull destinies, that hast the Empire wonne

Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discover here;  
I once marcht into Phrygia, that many vines doth beare,

Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skilld in use of horse,  
That of the two men, like two gods, were the commanded force,

(*Atreus*, and great *Migdonus*) who on Sangarius sands,  
Set downe their tents, with whom my selfe (for my assistant hands)

Was numbred as a man in chiefe: the cause of warre was then,  
Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts, affected to be men.

In all, there was a mighty powre, which yet did never rise,  
To equal these Achaian youths, that have the fable eyes,

E 3

Then

*Hellens beauty  
moves even the  
oldest.*

*Priam calls Hel-  
len to informe  
him of the  
Greek Priests.*

*Hellen to Priam*

*Priam's admira-  
tion to Agamen-  
non.*

*Hel' for two heralds  
sent to Priam.*

*Iris to Hellen.*

*Hellen desire to  
see her birth and  
land and friends.*

*Old men, and  
their weak  
voice, most  
easily compar'd  
to Gralhoppers  
and their sing-  
ing.*

Then (seeing *Vlyffes* next) he said, Low'd daughter, what is he,  
That lower then great *Atræus* sonne, seemes by the head to me?  
Yet in his shoulders, and big breast, presents a broader shew,  
His armor lyes upon the earth: he up and downe doth go,  
To see his foulders keepe their ranks, and ready have their armes,  
If in this truce, they should be tried by any false alarmes:  
Much like a well growne Bel-weather, or feltred Ram he shewes,  
That walkes before a wealthy flocke of faire white-fleeced Ewes.

High *Love*, and *Leda* fairest seed, to *Priam* thus replies:

*Vlyffes* ascribed

This is the old *Laertes* sonne, *Vlyffes* cald the wise;  
Who, though unfruitfull *Ithaca*, was made his nursing seate,  
Yet knowes he every sort of sleight: and is in counsels great.

*Antenor* to *Helen* by way of digression.

The wife *Antenor* answerd her, tis true, renowned Dame;  
For, some times past, wife *Ithaca*, to Troy a Legate came  
With *Menelaus*, for your cause: to whom I gave receipt,  
As guests, and welcom'd to my house, with all the love I might.  
I learn'd the wisedomes of their soules, and humors of their minds:  
For when the Troian Councell met, and these together stood,  
By height of his broad shoulders had *Atrides* eminence,  
Yet set, *Vlyffes* did exceed, and bred more reverence.  
And when their counsels and their words, they wove in one, the speech  
Of *Atræus* sonne was passing loud, small, fast, yet did not reach  
To much; being naturally borne Laconicall: nor would  
His humour lye for any thing, or was (like th'other) old.  
But when the prudent *Ithacus*, did to his counsels rise,  
He stood a little still, and fixt upon the earth his eyes;  
His scepter moving neither way, but held it formally,  
Like one that vainely dorth affect. Of wrathfull qualitie,  
And franticke (rashly iudging him) you would have said he was,  
But when out of his ample breast, he gave his great voyce passe,  
And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters snows;  
None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for shew.

*Vlyffes* wisedome  
in his reply  
illustrated by sim-  
ilitude.

The third man, aged *Priam* markt, was *Ajax Telamon*:  
Of whom he askt, What Lord is that so large of limbe and bone,  
So raid in height, that to his breast, I see there reacheth none?

*Ajax Telamon*  
the Grecian  
bulwarke,  
*Idomeneus* King  
of Crete.

To him the Goddesse of her sexe, the large veild *Hellen* said,  
That Lord is *Ajax Telamon*, a Bulwarke in their aide:  
On th'other side stands *Idomen*, in Crete of most command,  
And round about his royall sides, his Cretane Captaines stand.  
Of hath the warlike Spartan King, given hospitable due  
To him within our Lacene court, and all his retinue.  
And now the other Achive Dukes, I generally discernce,  
All which I know, and all their names, could make thee quickly learne.  
Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;

*Castor* and *Pollux*,  
twins to  
*Helen*.

*Castor*, the skillfull Knight on horse, and *Pollux* uncontrolld,  
For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred,  
My naturall brothers: either here, they have not followed,  
From lovely Sparta; or (arriv'd within the sea-borne fleet)

(In feare of infamie for me) in broad field shame to meet.

Nor so, for holy *Tellus* wombe incloisd those worthy men,  
In Sparta their beloved soyle. The voycefull heralds then,  
The firme agreement of the gods, through all the citie ring:  
Two lambs, and spirit-refreishing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring,  
Within a Goate-skin bottle clodd; *Idem* also brought  
A massie glittering boll, and cups, that all of gold were wrought:  
Which bearing to the King they cride; Sonne of *Laomedon*?  
Rise, for the well-rode Peeres of Troy, and brass-arm'd Greekes in one,  
Send to thee to descend the field, that they firme vows may make,  
For *Paris*, and the Spartan King must fight for *Hellens* sake,  
With long arm'd Lances, and the man that proves victorious,  
The woman and the wealth she brought, shall follow to his house;  
The rest knit friendship, and firme leagues, we safe in Troy shall dwell;  
In Argos and Achaia they that doe in Dames excell.

The heralds pre-  
pare for the  
contest.

*Helen* to *Pri-  
amus*.

He said, and *Priams* aged joynts with chilled feare did shake,  
Yet instantly he bad his men, his chariot ready make.  
Which soone they did, and he ascends: he takes the reines, and guide,  
*Antenor* calls, who instantly mounts to his royall side;  
And through the Scæan ports, to field, the swift-foot horse they drive.  
And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrive,  
From horse, on Troys well feeding soyle, twist both the holls they go,  
When straight up rose the King of men, up rose *Vlyffes* to  
The heralds in their richest cotes, repate (as was the guise)  
The true vows of the gods, term'd theirs, since made before their eyes,  
Then in a cup of gold they mixe the wine that each side brings;  
And next, poure water on the hands of both the Kings of Kings.  
Which done, *Atrides* drew his knife, that evermore he put  
Within the large sheath of his sword: with which, away he cut  
The wooll from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in use  
Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce)  
The heralds of both hostis did give the Peeres of both. And then  
With hands and voyce advan't to Heaven, thus prayd the king of men:

*Alexander*  
begins his prayer.

O *Love*, that *Ida* dost protect, and hast the tides wombe,  
Most glorious, most invincible; and thou all-seeing Sunne,  
All-hearing, all-recomforting; flouds; earth; and powers beneath;  
That all the periuries of men, chastise even after death;  
Be witnesse, and see perform'd, the heartie vows we make,  
If *Alexander* shall the life of *Menelaus* take,  
He shall from henceforth *Hellens*, with all her wealth retaine;  
And we will to our houthold gods, boyse fayle, and home againe.  
If by my honour brothers hand, be *Alexander* slaine,  
The Troians then, shall his forc't Queene, with all her wealth restore,  
And pay convenient fine to us, and ours for euermore.  
If *Priam* and his sonnes deay to pay this, thus agreed,  
When *Alexander* shall be slaine, for that perfidious deed,  
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearly they repay  
By death and ruine, the amends that fallshood keeps away.

The contrail is confirmed.

This said, the throtes of both the lambs, cut with his royall knife,  
He laid them panting on the earth, till quite depriv'd of life  
The Steele had rob'd them of their strength. Then golden cups they crownd,  
With wine out of a cisteme drawne. which pour'd upon the ground,  
They fell upon their humble knees, to all the deities,  
And thus pray'd one of both the hosts, that might doe sacrifices;

Heaven and earth  
And all the powers  
Of the universe

O *Jupiter*, most high, most great and all the deathlesse powers,  
Who first shall dare to violate the late-sworne oaths of ours,  
So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they shall produce,  
Flow on the staine face of the earth; as now, this sacred inyce:  
And let their wives with bastardise, brand all their future race:

When *Pr am* said;

Thus praide they: but with wisht effects, their prayers *Iove* did not grace.  
When *Pr am* said; Lords of both hosts? I can no longer stay,  
To see my lov'd Sonne try his life; and so must take my way  
To winde, exposed Ilium. *Iove* yet and heavens high States,  
Know onely, which of these must now pay tribute to the Fates:

Pr am and Antenor  
Antenor to the Trojans

Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts and reines his horse,  
*Antenor* to him; and to *Troy*, both take their speedy course.

Then *Hector* (*Pr iams* martiall Sonne) hept forth, and met the ground,  
(With wife *Flysses*) where the blowes of combat must rebound.

Which done, into a helme they put two lots, to let them know,  
Which of the combatants should first his brasse-pil'd javeline throw.  
When, all the people standing by, with hands held up to heaven,  
Pray'd *Iove*, the conquest might not be by force or fortune given;  
But that the man, who was in right the author of most wrong,  
Might feele his justice, and no more these tedious warres prolong,  
But sinking to the house of death, leave them (as long before)  
Linkt fast in leagues of amitie, that might dissolve no more.

Then *Hector* thooke the helme that held the equall doomes of chance,  
Lookt backe, and drew; and *Paris* first had lot to hurle his lance.

The souldiers all sat downe enrankt, each by his armes and horse,  
That then lay downe, and cool'd their hooves. And now th'allotted course  
Bids faire-hair'd *Hellen* husband arme: who first makes fast his greaves,  
With silver buckles to his legs: then on his breast receives  
The cures that *Lycan* wore, (his brother) but made fit  
For his faire body: next, his sword he tooke, and fastned it  
(All damaskt) underneath his arme: his shield then, grave and great,  
His shoulders wore: and on his head, his glorious helme he set;  
Topt with a plume of horses haire, that horribly did dance,  
And seem'd to threaten as he mov'd. At last he takes his Lance,  
Exceeding big, and full of weight, which he with ease could use.

In like sort, *Spartas* warlike King, himselfe with armes indues.

Thus arm'd at either armie both, they both stood bravely in,  
Possessing both hosts with awaze: they came fo chin to chin,  
And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.

A faire large field was made for them: where wraths (for hugeness) sturte

And mutuall, made them mutuall, at either shake their darts,  
Before they threw: then *Paris* first, with his long javeline parts,

It

It smote *Atrides* orbic target: but ranne not through the brasse:  
For in it (arming well the shield) the head reflected was.

Then did the second combatant apply him to his speare:  
Where ere he threw, he thus besought almighty *Iupiter*:

O *Iove*! vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemy  
(For doing wrong so undeferv'd) may pay deservedly  
The paines he forfeited; and let these hands inflict those paines,  
By conquering, I, by conquering dead, him on whom life complains:

Atreus pray-  
eth to Iove.

That any now, or any one, of all the brood of men  
To live hereafter, may with feare, from all offence abstaine,  
(Much more from all such soule offence) to him that was his host,  
And entertain'd him, as the man whom he affected most.

This said, he hook, and threw his lance; which strook through *Paris* shield,  
And with the strength he gaue to it, it made the cures yeeld;  
His coate of Maile, his breast and all: and drave his intrailles in,  
In that low region, where the guts in three small parts begin:  
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented sable death.

This taint he follow'd with his sword, drawne from a silver sheath:  
Which (lifting high) he strooke his helme, full where his plume did stand,  
On which, it piece-meale brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.

Atreus found  
breaketh.

At which, he fighting stood, and star'd upon the amplexie,  
And said, O *Iove*, there is no god, given more illiberally  
To those that serve thee, then thy *Selfe*, why have I pray'd in vaine?

Atreus at  
Jupiter.

I hope my hand should have reveng'd the wrongs I still sustaine  
On him that did them; and still dares their foule defence pursue;  
And now my Lance hath mist his end, my sword in shivers flew,  
And he escapes all. With this againe, he rusht upon his guest,  
And caught him by the horse-haire plume, that dangl'd on his crest;  
With thought to drag him to the Greekes, which he had surely done,  
And so (besides the victory) had wondrous glory wonne;  
(Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helme was tied  
Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty throte implied,  
Had strangl'd him): but that in time, the Cyprian feed of *Iove*  
Did brake the string, with which was lin'd, that which the needle wove,  
And was the rough thong of a Steere, and so the victors palme  
Was (for so full a man at armes) onely an emptie helme.

That then he swong about his head, and cast among his friends,  
Who scrambled, and took't up with shouts. Again then he intends  
To force the life blood of his foe, and ranne on him amaine,  
With shaken javeline; when the *Queen*, that lovers loves, againe  
Attend'd; and now ravish't him from that encounter quite,  
With ease, and wondrous sodainly; for she (a Goddess) might.  
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him knowne,  
Till in his chamber, (fresh and sweet) the gently set him downe;  
And went for *Hellen*, whom she found in *Scas* utmost height;  
To which, whole swarms of citie Dames had climb'd to see the sight.

Venus ravish-  
es Paris from  
Helenus.  
This place Virgil  
imagines.

To give her errand good success; she tooke on her the shape  
Of beidame *Cress*, who was brought by *Hellen* in her rape,

Dress like Cress  
to Helen.

From

From Lacedæmon, and had trust in all her secrets still,  
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will;  
And (pun for her, her finest wooll; like her, loves Emprresse came,  
Puld *Hellen* by the heavenly veile, and softly said: Madame,  
My Lord calls for you, you must needs make all your kinde haste home;  
He's in your chamber, stayes, and longs; sits by your bed; pray come,  
Tis richly made, and sweet; but he, more sweet, and looks so cleare,  
So fresh, and movingly attir'd: that (seeing) you would swaie,  
He came not from the dusty fight, but from a courtly dance,  
Or would to dancing. This she made a charme for dalliance;  
Whose vertue *Hellen* felt, and knew (by her so radiant eyes,  
White necke, and most insinuating breasts) the desired disguise.

*Hellen chides  
Venus.*

At which amaz'd, she answerd her: unhappy Deitie?  
Why lov'st thou still in these decits, to wrap my phantasie?  
Or whether yet (of all the townes, given to their lust beside,  
In Phrygia, or Mazonia) com'st thou to be my guide?  
If there (of divers languag'd men) thou hast (as here in Troy)  
Some other friend, to be my shame? since here thy latest ioy,  
By *Meneleus* now subdu'd; by him shall I be borne  
Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of his shame.  
And to this end, would thy deceits my wanton life allure.  
Hence, goe thy selfe to *Priamus* sonne, and all the waies about  
Of gods, or godlike minded Dames, nor ever turne againe  
Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven: but for his sake, sustaine  
Toyles here: guard, grace him endlessly: all he require thy grace,  
By giving thee my place with him: or take his servants place,  
If all dishonourable waies, your favours seeke to serve  
His never-pleas'd incontinence: I better will deserve,  
Then serve his dotage now: what shame were it for me to feed  
This lust in him? all honour'd Dames would hate me for the deed;  
He leaves a womans love so sham'd, and shoves so base a minde;  
To feeble, nor my shame, nor his owne; griefes of a greater kinde!  
Wound me, then such as can admit such kinde delights so soone.

*Venus chides  
Helen.*

The Goddesse, (angry that past shame, her meere will was not done)  
Replied, Incease me not you wretch, lest (once incens'd) I leave  
Thy curst life to as strange a hate, as yet it may receive  
A love from me; and lest I spread through both hosts such despite,  
For those plagues they have felt for thee, that both abjure thee quite:  
And (setting thee in midst of both) turne all their wraths on thee,  
And dart thee dead: that such a death may wreake thy wrong of me.

This strooke the faire Dame with such feare, itooke her speech away,  
And (shadowed in her snowy veile) the durst not but obey:  
And yet (to shun the shame she fear'd) she vanisht underfride  
Of all the Trojan Ladies there; for *Venus* was her guide.

*Helen follows  
Venus from the  
port.*

Arriv'd at home, her women both, fell to their worke in haste;  
When the that was of all her sexe, the most divinely gract,  
Ascended to a higher roome, though much against her will,  
Where lovely *Alexander* was, being led by *Venus* still.

The laughter loving Dame discern'd her mov'd mind, by her grace:  
And (for her mirth sake) let a shooke full before *Paris* face,  
Where she would needs have *Hellen* sit: who (though the durst not chafe  
But sit, yet) lookt away for all the Goddesse power could use,  
And usde her tongue too, and to chide, whom *Venus* looth'd so much,  
And chid too, in this bitter kinde; and was thy cowardise such,  
(So conquer'd) to be seene alive? O would to God thy life  
Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife:  
Before this, thou wouldst glorifie, thy valour, and thy Lance;  
And, past my first Loves, boast them farre: Goe once more, and advance  
Thy braves against his single power: this foile might fall by chance.  
Poore conquer'd man; twas such a chance, as I would not advise,  
Thy valour should provoke againe: shun him thou most unwise,  
Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body be his prize.

*Venus mixt  
with Helen.*

*Hellen bitter  
repose of Paris.*

He answerd, pray thee woman cease to chide and grieve me thus:  
Disgraces will not ever last; looke on their end, on us  
Will other gods, at other times, let fall the victors wrath,  
As on him *Pallas* put it now. Shall our love sink beneath  
The hate of fortune? In loves fire, let all hates vanish: Come;  
Love never so inflam'd my heart; no not, when (bringing home  
Thy beauties so delicious prize) on *Cranes* blest shore  
I long'd for, and enjoy'd thee first. With this, he went before,  
She after, to the odorous bed. While these to pleasure yeeld,  
Perplex *Atrides*, savage-like, ran up and downe the field,  
And every thickest troupe of Troy, and of their farre-cald aid;  
Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betray'd,  
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceal his sight;  
All hated him so like their deaths, and ow'd him such despight.

*Paris to Helen.*

*Meneleus re-  
jects Paris  
through the  
straites.*

At last thus spake the King of men: Heare me, ye men of Troy,  
Ye *Dardans* and the rest, whose powres you in their aides employ;  
The conquest on my brothers part, ye all discern it cleare:  
Doe you then Argive *Hellene*, with all her treasure here  
Restore to us, and pay the mulct, that by your vowes is due,  
Yeeld us an honourd recompence: and all that would accrue  
To our posterities, confirme; that when you render it,  
Our acts may here be memoriz'd. This all Greeks else thought fit.

*Agamemnon  
calls the kings.*

## COMMENTARIVS.

\* *Ἰππὸν δὲ μὲν Ἑλένην, &c.* It is autem *Helen*, &c. Elegantly and most aptly (*saith*  
*Spondanus*) is *Hellen* called by *Homer*, to the spectacle of this single fight: as be-  
ing the chief person in cause of all the action. The chief end of whose coming  
yet, unwisely and most vainly, *Scaligers* Criticus taxeth. Which was her rela-  
tion to *Priamus*, of the persons benoted there: jesting (with his French wit) at this  
Greece Father, and fount of all wit; for making *Priamus* to seeke now of their names  
and knowledges, when nine yeares together they had lien there before. A great  
piece of necessity to make him therefore know them before, when there was no such  
urgent occasion before, to bring *Priamus* to mate them; nor so calme a convenience,  
in their ordered and quiet distinction? But let this criticisme in this be weigh'd  
with

with his other faults found in our master: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or raine, which the most ignorant upland peasants could teach him out of his observations. For which yet, his Criticist hath the proudest impudence to raze Homer. Most falsly repeating his words too: saying, Vbi ningit, when hee saith, ὅταν πάλιν ὡς ποταμὸς ἔκρηται, &c. Parans, or struens, vel multum imbre, immensum grandinam, vel nivem: preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the ayre, not in present act with them. From this, immediately and most rabidly he ranges to Vlysses reprehension, for killing the wooers with his bow, in the Odysseis. Then to his late vomit againe in the Iliads the very next word, and enuoyish Achilles horse for speaking, (because himselfe would have all the tongue) when, in sacred writ, Balaams Asse could have taught him, the like hath bene heard of. Yet now to the Odysseis againe with a breath, and challengeb Vlysses ship for suffering Neptunco to turne it to a rocke. Here is strange laying out for a master so curiously methodicall. Not with what Graces, with what Muses, we may aske he was inspired: but with what Harpies? what Furies? putting the putidum mendacium upon Homer. Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis, (being termes fitter for a scold or a bawd, then a man scised by learning) he belcherb against him, whom all the world hath revered, and admired, as the fountaine of all wit, wisdom, and learning. What touch is it to me then, to beare spots of deprecations, when my great master is thus mudidly damb'd with it? But who ever saw true learning, wisdom, or wit, vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vaine-glorious, and braggarly spirit, when their chiefe act and end is, to abandon and abhorre it? Language, reading, habit of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant: but in this Poetic, redundant & asse-firme him, and rammysh. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erasmus (in calce Epinomidis) which are these (as I convert it:) Great was his name, but had bene surely greater, would himselfe have bene lesse: where now, bold with the greatnesse of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much lesse exactnesse; and so his confidence set on by the renowne of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c.

Ὁ δὲ Περικλῆς ὁμοίως λέγει. Vocem suavem emittunt; saith the Interpreter (intending the Grasshoppers, to whom he compareth the old Counsellors) but it is here to be expounded, vocem teneram, not suavem: (Menes in this place signifying tender) for Grasshoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly: wherein the weak and tender voyces of the old Counsellors is so admiration exprest. The Simile Spondanus highly commends, as most apt and expressive: but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it: and that is, to make the old men resemble Grasshoppers for their cold, and bloudlesse stinnesse, Tython being for age turned to a Grasshopper. But where they were grave and wise Counsellors, to make them garrulous, as Grasshoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so. These being, ἑσθλοὶ φρονιμοί, boni, & petiti concionatores; the word ἑσθλός signifying frugi also, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and so farre from intimating any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our Poet by Spondanus or any other, understood in this Simile.

Ὁ δὲ Περικλῆς ὁμοίως λέγει. succinctē concionabatur Menelaus; he speaks succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters; which is utterly otherwise, in the voice ἑσθλοὶ φρονιμοί, signifying velociter, properly, modo eorum qui currunt; he speaks fast or thicke.

ἀ πρὸς τὸν ἄνθρωπον, &c. few words yet, he used, ἀλλὰ μὲν ἀνδρῶν, sed valde acute: they expound it; when it is valde stridule, shrilly, smally, or alowd, λιγυρῶς (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worse part: and accordingly expounded, maketh even with our simple churche at all parts, his utterance being noysfull, small, or squeaking: an excellent pipe for a fole. Nor is the voyce or manner of utterance in a man, the least key that discovereth his wisdom or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Vlysses in the second booke: that he knew Pallas by her voyce: ἡ δὲ θεὸς Πηνελόπειαν, quoniam non garrulus, or loquax; being borne naturally Laconicall, which agreeb with the lesse with his fast or thicke speaking: for a man may have that kinde of utterance, and yet few words.

Ὁ δὲ Περικλῆς ὁμοίως λέγει. neque in verbis peccans. say the Commentors, as though a fole were perfectly spoken: when the word here hath another sence, and our Homer a farre other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: neque mendax erat, he would not lye by any means, for that affectedly he stands upon here. after. But to make a fole non peccans verbis, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancie or absurditie, in men of meere language.

Now for then, to how extreme a difference and contrarictie the word and sence lye subject: and that without first finding the true figures of persons in this kinde presented, it is impossible for the best linguist living to expresse an Author truly, especially any Greeke author, the language being so differently significant: which most indicially fitted with the exposition, that the place (and coherence with other places) requirer, what a moile, and confessed man a translator may present? As now they doe all, of Menelaus, who, wheresoever he is called ἐμὸν φίλον, is there untuely translated bellicofus; but cui Mars est charus, because he might love the warre, and yet be no good warrior: as many love many exercises at which they will never be good: and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar Epithets, as a vaine-glorious affectation in him, rather then a solid affection.

And here haste makes me give end to these new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine bookes for more breath and encouragement. Since time (that hath ever oppress me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my Author, entered and emboldened me. Where so many rich discoveries importune my poore expression, that I feare rather to betray them to the world, then expresse them to their price. But howsoever envy and preiudice stand quivering their poison through the eyes of my readers, they shall appeare to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the Originall with authentical expositions (according to the proper signification of the word in this place, though I differ therein utterly from others:) I have readed all things of importance, with answerable life and height to my Author, (though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthily translate any worthy Poet.) And since the translation it selfe, and my notes, (being impartially conferred) amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my pains, how idly and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus to the last twelve bookes (leaving other horrible errors in his other Interpreters unmoved) with those free feet that entred me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

The end of the third Booke.



## THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gods in Counsell, as the last decree,  
That famous Iliad expugned be.  
And, that their owne continued faults may prove  
The reasons that have so incensed Love.  
Minerva seeks with more offences done,  
Against the lately injured Atreus'onne,  
(A ground that clearest would make seene their sinne)  
To have the Lycian Pandarus beguine.  
He (against the Truce with sacred covenants bound)  
Gives Menelaus a dishonour'd wound,  
Machaon heales him. Agamemnon then,  
To mortall warre incenseth all his men:  
The battels ioine, and in the heat of fight,  
Cold death shuts many eyes in endlesse night.

### Another Argument.

In Delta is the Gods assise,  
The Truce is broke, warres fleshly rise.

The Gods in  
Counsel: Ioves  
Counsell:  
Hebe his Nephew



Within the faire pav'd Court of Love, he and the gods conferr'd  
About the sad events of Troy; amongst whom minister'd,  
Blest Hebe, Nectar. As they late and did Troyes towres behold,  
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full crown'd cups of  
(gold

The mirth at whose feast was begun by great Saturnides,  
In urging a begun dislike amongst the Goddesses.  
But chiefly in his solemne Queene, whose spleene he was dispold  
To tempt yet further, knowing well what anger it inclos'd,  
And how wives angers should be us'd. On which (thus plead) he playd:  
Two Goddesses there are, that still give Menelaus ayd:

Ioves match with  
his wife and  
laughter Pallas

And one that Paris loves. The two that sit from us so farre,  
(Which Argive Iuno is, and she that rules in deeds of warre,  
No doubt are pleas'd, to see how well the late-scene fight did frame.  
And (yet upon the adverse part) the laughter-loving Dame,  
Made her powre good too, for her friend. For though he were so neare  
The stroke of death, in th'others hopes, she tooke him from them cleare;  
The conquest yet is questionable, the martiall Spartan Kings;  
We must consult then what events shall crowne these future things.  
If warres and combats we shall still, with even successe strike;  
Or (as impartiall) friendship plant on both parts. If ye like

The

The last, and that it will as well delight, as meereely please  
Your happy Deities: still let stand, old Priamus towne in peace;  
Asd let the Lacedæmon King, againe his Queene enjoy.

As Pallas and heavens Queene sit close, complotting ill to Troy;  
With silent murmurs they receiv'd this ill-like choice from Love;  
Gainst whom was Pallas much incens'd, because the Queene of Love  
Could not without his leave relieve in that late point of death,  
The sonne of Priam, whom she leath'd; her wrath yet fought beneath  
Her supreme wisdom, and was curb'd: but Iuno needs must ease  
Her great heart with her ready tongue, and said: What words are these  
(Austere, and too much Saturnus sonnet) why wouldst thou render still  
My labours idle: and the sweat of my industrious will,  
Dishonour with so little power? My chariot horse are tir'd  
With posting to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes desir'd,  
To people-mastring Priamus, and his perfidious sonnes:  
Yet thou protestst, and joynst with them, whom each iust Deitie thuns.  
Goe thou, but ever goe resolv'd, all other gods have vow'd  
To crosse thy partiall course for Troy, in all that makes it proud.

Iuno angry with  
Jupiter.

Jupiter to Iuno.

At this, the cloud-compelling Love, a farre-retcht sigh let flie:  
And said, thou Furie, what offence of such impietie,  
Hath Priam or his sonnes done thee: that with so high a hate  
Thou shouldst thus ceaselesse desire to raze and ruinate  
So well a builded towne as Troy? I thinke (haddst thou the powre)  
Thou wouldst the ports and farre-stretcht wals flye over, and devour  
Old Priam, and his issue quicke: and make all Troy the feast;  
And then at length I hope thy wrath and tired spleene would rest:  
To which, run on thy chariot, that nought be found in me,  
Of iust cause to our future iarrs. In this yet strengthen thee,  
And fixe it in thy memory fast; that if I entertaine  
As peremptorie a desire, to levell with the plaine,  
A citie, where thy loved live; stand not betwixt my ire,  
And what it aims at; but give way, when thou hast thy desire,  
Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will.  
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heavens starre-bearing hill,  
There is a towne of earthly men, so honour'd in my minde,  
As sacred Troy, nor of earths Kings, as Priam and his kinde,  
Who never let my altars lacke rich feast of offerings staine,  
And their sweet favours. for which grace, I honour them againe.

Troy most loved  
of Jupiter, of all  
other cities.

Dread Iuno, with the Cowes faire eyes, replyed; three towne there are  
Of great and eminent respect, both in my love and care,  
Mycena, with the broad high wayes, and Argos rich in horse;  
And Sparta: all which three destroy, when thou envist their force;  
I will not aid them, nor maligne thy free and soveraigne will:  
For if I should be envious, and set against their ill,  
I know my envy were in vaine, since thou art mightier farre:  
But we must give each other leave, and wink at others warre.  
I likewise must have power to crowne my workes with wilked end,  
Because I am a Deitie, and did from thence descend,

Three cities  
deare to Iuno.

Her deathly hate  
to Troy.

F 2

Whence

Whence thou thy selfe, and th'elder borne, wife *Saturne* was our Sire,  
And thus there is a two-fold cause that pleads for my desire,  
Being sister, and am cald thy wife: and more, since thy command  
Rules all gods else; I claime therein a like superiour hand.  
All wrath before then, now remit, and mutually combine  
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine.  
So will the other gods agree: and we shall all be strong:  
And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let *Pallas* goe among  
The Troians; and some one of them, entice to breake the truce,  
By offering in some treacherous wound, the honourd Greekes abuse.

*Epistle to Pallas*  
The Father both of men and gods, agreed, and *Pallas* sent  
With these wing'd words to both the hosts; Make all haste, and invent  
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the truce agreed,  
May stirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with some inglorious deed.

*Pallas to Pallas*  
Thus charg'd he her with haste, that did before in haste abound,  
Who cast her selfe from all the heights, with which steepe heaven is crown'd:  
And as *Iove* brandishing a starre (which men a Comet call)  
Hurls out his curled haire abroad, that from his brand exhals  
A thousand sparkes; to fleets at sea, and every mighty host,  
(Of all presages and ill haps, a signe mistrusted most):  
So *Pallas* fell twixt both the Camps, and sodainly was lost,  
When through the breasts of all that saw, the strooke a strong amaze;  
With viewing in her whole descent, her bright and ominous blaze.  
When straight, one to another turn'd, and said; Now thundering *Iove*,  
(Great arbiter of peace and armes) will either stablish love  
Amongst our nations: or renew such warre as never was.

Thus either armie did preface, when *Pallas* made her passe  
Amongst the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace  
Of brave *Laodocus*, the flower of old *Antenor's* race;  
And fought for Lycian *Pandarus*, a man that being bred  
Out of a faithlesse familie, she thought, was fit to shed  
The blood of any innocent, and breake the covenant sworne.  
He was *Lycæon's* sonne, whom *Iove* into a Wolfe did turne  
For sacrificing of a childe, and yet in armes renew'd,  
As one that was inculpable: him *Pallas* standing found,  
And round about him, his strong troups that bore the shadie shields;  
He brought them from *Æscapus* floud, let through the Lycian fields:  
Whom standing neare, she whispred thus: *Lycæon's* warlike sonne?  
Shall I despair at thy kinde hands, to have a favour done?  
Nor dar'st thou let an arrow flye upon the Spartan King?  
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing,  
That every man would give his gift, but *Alexander's* hand  
Would loade thee with them; if he could discover from his stand,  
His foes pride strooke downe with thy shaft, and he himselfe ascend  
The flaming heape of funeral: Come, shoote him (princely friend.)  
But first invoke the god of light, that in thy land was borne,  
And is in archers art the best that ever these hath worn;  
To whom a hundred first ew'd lambs, vow thou in holy fire,

When

When safe to sacred *Zelus* towres, thy zealous steps retire.

With this, the mad-gift-greedy man, *Minerva* did perwade;  
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most admirably made  
Of th'ander of a jumping Goate, bred in a steepe up land;  
Which Archerlike (as long before he tooke his hidden stand;  
The Evicke, skipping from a rocke) into the breast he smote,  
And headlong feld him from his cliffe. The forehead of the Goate  
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that fixtene branches brought:  
Of all which, (ioynd) an usefull bow, a skilfull Bowyer wrought;  
(Which pickt and polish't,) both the ends he hid with hornes of gold.  
And this bow (bent) he close laid downe, and bad his souldiers hold  
Their shields before him, lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise  
In tumults, ere the Spartan King could be his arrowes prize.  
Meane space, with all his care he chaf'd, and from his quiver drew  
An arrow, fettered best for flight; and yet that never flew,  
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then tooke he up his bow,  
And nockt his shaft, the ground whence all their future griefe did grow.  
When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,  
And king of Archers; promising, that he the blood would shed  
Of full an hundred first fallen lambs, all offred to his name,  
When to *Zelus* sacred wals, from rescu'd Troy he came)  
He tooke his arrow by the nocke, and to his bended brest,  
The Oxy sinew close he drew, till the pile did rest  
Vpon the bosome of the bow, as that savage prize,  
His strength constraind into an Orb, (as if the winde did rise)  
The comming of it made a noise, the sinew forged string  
Did give a mighty ring, and forth the eager shaft did fling,  
(Affecting speedinesse of flight) amongst the Achive throng:  
Nor were the blessed heavenly powres, unmindfull of thy wrong,  
O *Menelaus*; but in chiefe, *Ioves* feed the Pillager,  
Stood close before, and slackt the force the arrow did confer;  
With as much care and little hurt, as doth a mother use,  
And kept off from her babe, when sleepe doth through his powers diffuse  
His golden humour; and th'affaunts of rude and busie flies,  
She still checks with her carefull hand: for so the shaft she plies,  
That on the buttons made of gold, which made his girdle fast,  
And where his cures double were, the fall of it the plac't.  
And thus much proove she put it to: the buckle made of gold,  
The belt it fastned, bravely wrought; his cures double fold;  
And last, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him thoe then all,  
And gainst all darts and shafts bestowd, was to his life a wall.  
So (through all these) the upper skin, the head did onely race,  
Yet forth the blood flow'd, which did much his royall person grace;  
And shew'd upon his Ivorie skin, as doth a purple dye,  
Laid (by a Dame of Cair, or lovely *Mæony*)  
On Ivorie; wrought in ornaments; to decke the cheekes of horse;  
Which in her marriage roome must lie; whose beauties have such force,  
That they are wisht of many Knights; but are such precious things,

The description  
of Pandarus his  
bow.

Pallas strikes  
the bow in.  
Pandarus  
dies: and  
then.

Menelaus bars  
simile.

Pallas to Pan-  
darus, recom-  
mending o  
further the truce.

That they are kept for horse that draw the chariots of Kings;  
Which horse (so deckt) the charioteers esteeme a grace to him:  
Like these (in grace) the blood upon thy solid thighs did swim,  
O *Menelaus*, downe thy calves and ancles to the ground;  
For nothing deckes a fouldier so, as doth an honour'd wound.  
Yet (fearing he had far'd much worse) the haire stood up on end  
On *Agamemnon*, when he saw so much blacke blood descend.  
And stined with the like dismay, was *Menelaus* to:  
But (seeing th'arrowes stale without,) and that the head did goe  
No further then it might be seene, he cald his spirits againe:  
Which *Agamemnon* marking not (but thinking he was slaine)  
He grip't his brother by the hand, and sigh't as he would breake:  
Which sigh the whole host tooke from him, who thus at last did speake:

*Agamemnon*  
com-plaint  
and  
fear of his  
brother's  
ill-arts,

O dearest brother, is't for this? that thy death must be wrought,  
Wrought I this truce? For this hast thou, the single combat fought  
For all the armie of the Greekes? For this hath Iliou sworne,  
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worne  
The right we challeng'd out of force; this cannot render vaine  
Our stricken right hands; sacred wine, nor all our offerings slaine.  
For though *Olympus* be not quick in making good our ill,  
He will be sure, as he is slow, and sharper prove his will:  
Their owne hands shall be ministers of those plagues they despise:  
Which shall their wives and children reach, and all their progenies.  
For both in minde, and soule, I know, that there shall come a day,  
When Iliou, *Priamus*, all his powre shall quite be worne away,  
When heaven-inhabiting *Jove* shall shake his fierie shield at all,  
For this one mischief. This I know, the world cannot recall.  
But, be all this, all my griefe still, for thee will be the same,  
(Deare brother:) if thy life must here put out his royall flame;  
I shall to fandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face,  
And all the Greekes will call for home: old *Priamus* and his race  
Will flame in glory; *Helena* untoucht, be still their prey,  
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our cursed fates shall lay;  
Thy Sepulcher be trodden downe, the pride of Troy desire,  
(Insulting on it:) Thus, O thus, let *Agamemnon* ire,  
In all his acts, be expiate, as now he carries home  
His idle armie, emptie ships, and leaves here overcome  
Good *Menelaus*. When this Brave, breaks in their hated breath;  
Then let the broad earth swallow me, and take me quick to death.

*Menelaus*  
to  
*Agamemnon*.

Nor shall this ever chance (said he) and therefore be of cheare,  
Left all the armie (led by you) your passions put in feare:  
The arrow fell in no such place, as death could enter at;  
My girdle, cures doubled here, and my most trusted plate,  
Obiected all twixt me and death, the shaft scarce piercing one.  
Good brother (said the King, I wish it were no further gone;  
For then our best in medicines skild, shall ope and search the wound;  
Applying balmes to ease thy paines, and soone restore thee sound.  
This said, divine *Talthybius* he cald, and bad him haste

*Agamemnon*  
to  
*Menelaus*

*Menelaus*

*Menelaus* ) *Esculapius* sonne, who most of men was grac't  
With Physicks soveraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand  
To *Menelaus*, shot by one well skild in the command

*Agamemnon*  
sends *Talthybius*  
for *Menelaus*.

Of bow and arrowes, one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid,  
Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much dismaid.  
He heard and hasted instantly, and cast his eyes about  
The thickest Squadrons of the Greekes, to finde *Menelaus* out.  
He found him standing guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;  
With whom he quickly joynd, and said, Man of *Apollo's* race?  
Haste, for the King of men commands to see a wound imprest  
In *Menelaus* (great in armes) by one instructed best  
In th'art of archerie, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,  
That them with much renowne adorne, us with dishonour brands.

*Talthybius*  
us to  
*Menelaus*.

*Menelaus* much was mov'd with this, who with the herald flew  
From troupe to troupe, amongst the host, and soone they came in view  
Of hurt *Atrides*, circled round with all the Grecian Kings,  
Who all gave way, and straight he draws the shaft: which forth he brings  
Without the forkes, the girdle then, plate, cures, off he pluckes,  
And views the wound, when first from it the clotted blood he suckes,  
Then medicines wondrously compold, the skillful Leech applyed,  
Which loving *Chyron* taught his Sire, he from his Sire had tryed.

*Menelaus*  
draws  
the arrow.

While these were thus employ'd to ease, the *Atrides* martialist,  
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes, the Greekes arme and resist.  
Then not asleepe, nor maz'd with feare, nor shifting off the blowes,  
You could behold the King of men, but in full speed he goes  
To set a glorious fight on foot: and he examples this,  
With toying (like the worst) on foot, who therefore did dismiss  
His brasse-arm'd chariot, and his steeds with *Ptolemus* sonne,  
(Sonne of *Pyraides*) their guide, the good *Eurymidus*;  
Yet (said the King) attend with them, lest wearinesse should seise  
My lims, furcharg'd with ordering troups, so thicke and vast as these:

The Troians re-  
new a fight.

*Agamemnon*  
marshals his  
armes.

*Eurymidus* then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by;  
The King a foot-man, and so scowres the Squadrons orderly.

*Agamemnon*  
to  
the Greekes.

Those of his swiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,  
Those he put on with chearefull words, and bad them not remit  
The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Troians durst  
Take these abhor'd advantages, but let them doc their worst:  
For they might be assur'd that *Jove* would patronise no lies,  
And that, who with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,  
With Vultures should be torne themselves; that they should raze their towne,  
Their wives and children at their breast, led vassals to their owne.

But such as he beheld hang off from that increasing fight,  
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite  
Bafe Argives, bluffs ye not to stand, as made for Buts to darts?  
Why are ye thus discomfited like Hinds that have no hearts?  
Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly embold,  
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts, is all their courage lost:  
And so stand you strooke with amaze, nor daie to strike a stroke.

*Agamemnon*  
to  
the Argives.

Would



Would ye the foe should nearer yet, your dastard spleenes provoke?  
Even where on Neptunes somie shore, our navies lie in fight?  
To see if *love* will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?

Thus he (commanding) rang'd the host, and (passing many a band)  
He came to the Ceteenian troupes, where all did armed stand  
About the martiall *Idomen*; who bravely stood before,  
In vanguard of his troupes, and matcht, for strength a savage Bore.  
*Meriones* (his charioteere) the Rereguard bringing on:  
Which scene to *Atreus* soane, to him it was a fight alone;  
And *Idomens* confirmed minde, with these kinde words he seeks;

Agamemnon to  
Idomen.

O *Idomen*! I ever lov'd thy selfe past all the Greekes;  
In warre, or any worke of peaces at table, every where;  
For when the best of Greece besides, mixe ever, at our cheere,  
My good old ardent wine, with small, and our inferiour mates  
Drinke even that mixt wine meaur'd too; thou drinkst without those rates  
Our old wine, neate; and evermore thy boll stands full like mine;  
To drinke still when, and what thou wilt. Then rowle that heart of thine,  
And whatsoever heretofore thou hast assum'd to be,  
This day be greater. To the King in this sort answerd he,

Idomen to Agamemnon.

*Atrides*, what I ever seem'd, the same at every part  
This day shall shew me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.  
But thou shouldst rather cheere the rest, and tell them they in right  
Of all good warre, must offer blowes, and should begin the fight.  
(Since Troy first brake the holy truce) and not indure these bravos,  
To take wrong first, and then be dar'd to the revenge it craves:  
Assuring them that Troy, in fate, must have the worse at last;  
Since first, and gainst a truce, they hurt, where they should have embract.

This comfort and advice did fit *Atrides* heart indeed,  
Who still through new raid swarmes of men, held his laborious speed:  
And came where both th' *Aiacs* stood; whom like the last he found,  
Arm'd, caskt, and ready for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground,  
A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a Gotcheard spies,  
On some hill top, out of the Sea, a rainy vapour rise,  
Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he rest)  
Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast;  
Whereat, he frighted, drives his herds apace into a den:  
So (darkning earth, with darts and shields) shew'd these with all their men.

How the troupes  
of Aiacs stood.

This sight, with like joy fir'd the King, who thus let forth the flame,  
In crying out to both the Dukes: O you of equall name,  
I must not cheare; nay, I disclaime all my command of you,  
Your selves command with such free minde, and make your souldiers shew,  
As you, nor I led, but themselves: O would our father *Iove*,  
*Minerva*, and the god of light, would all our bodies move  
With such brave spirits as breathe in you: then *Phryens* hottie towne  
Should soone be taken by our hands, for ever overthrowne.

Agamemnon to  
the Aiacs.

Then held he on to other troupes, and *Nestor*, next beheld  
(The subtle Pylian *Orator*) range up and downe the field,  
Embattelling his men at armes, and stirring all to blowes;

Nestor set in  
ordering his  
troops.

Points every legion out his Chiefe, and every Chiefe he shoves  
The formes and discipline of warre: yet his Commanders were  
All expert, and renowned men: Great *Pelagou* was there;  
*Alastor*: manly *Chromius*, and *Hemon* worth a Throne,  
And *Byas* that could armies leade: with these he first put on  
His horse troupes with their chariots: his force (of which he chufde  
Many, the best and ablest men, and which he ever usde,  
As rampire to his generall powre) he in the reer dispo'd.  
The sloathfull, and the least in spirit, he in the midst inclo'd;  
That such as wanted noble wils, bafe need might force to stand.  
His horse troupes (that the Vantgard had) he strictly did command  
To ride their horses temperately; to keep their ranks, and shun  
Confusion; lest their horfemanfhip and courage made them run  
(Too much presum'd on) much too farre: and (charging fo alone)  
Engage themselves in th' enemies strength, where many fight with one.  
Who his owne chariot leaves to range, let him not freely goe,  
But straight unhorse him with a lance: for tis much better fo.  
And with this discipline (said he) this forme, these minde, this trust;  
Our Ancestors have wals, and townes, laid level with the dust.

Thus prompt, and long inur'd to armes, this old man did exhort;  
And this *Atrides* likewise tooke in wondrous chearefull sort:  
And said, O Father! would to heaven, that as thy minde remains  
In wonted vigor, fo thy knees could undergoe our paines.  
But age, that all men overcomes, hath made his prize on thee,  
Yet still I wish, that some yong man growne old in minde, might be  
Put in proportion with thy yeares; and thy minde (young in age)  
Be fitly answer'd with his youth; that still where conflicts rage,  
And yong men usde to thrust for fame, thy brave exampling hand  
Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole command.

Agamemnon to  
Atrides.

The old Knight answer'd? I my selfe could with (O *Atreus* sonne)

I were as young, as when I slue brave *Ereuthalion*;  
But gods at all times, give not all their gifts to mortall men.  
If then I had the strength of youth, I mist the counsels then,  
That yeares now give me; and now yeares want that maine strength of youth;  
Yet still my minde retaines her strength, (as you now laid the sooth)  
And would be where that strength is usd, affoording counsels sage,  
To stirre youths mindes up; tis the grace and office of our age;  
Let yonger sinewes, men sprung up, whole ages after me,  
And such as have strength, use it; and, as strong id honour be.

Nestor to Agamemnon.

The King (all this while comforted) arriv'd next, where he found  
Well-rode *Meneftheus*, (*Paeon* sonne) stand still, inviron'd round  
With his well-train'd Athenian troupes: and next to him he spide  
The wise *Vlyffes*, deedlesse too, and all his bands beside,  
Of strong Cephalians; for as yet, th' alarme had not beene heard  
In all their quarters, Greece and Troy, were then fo newly stir'd,  
And then first mov'd (as they conceiv'd) and they fo lookt about  
To see both hosts give proofe of that, they yet had cause to doubt.  
*Atrides* (seeing them stand fo still) and spend their eyes at gaze;

Agamemnon to  
Ulysses and  
Menelaus.

Began to chide; and why (said he) disolv'd thus, in a maze,  
Thou sonne of *Peleus*, *Iove*-nurst Kings; and thou in wicked sleight,  
A cunning souldier, stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight  
Should be by other men begun? is fit the formost band  
Should shew you there; you first should front, who first lifts up his hand.  
First you can heare, when I invite the Princes to a feast:  
When first, most friendly, and at will, ye eat and drinke the best;  
Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troupses ye can behold  
Take place before ye. *Ithacus*, at this his browes did fold,

Ulysses to Agamemnon.

And said, How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth?  
To say that we are slacke in fight? and to the field of death  
Looke others should enforce our way? when we were busied then,  
(Even when thou speak'st) against the foe, to cheare and leade our men.  
But thy eyes shall be witness (if it content thy will,  
And that (as thou pretendst) these cares doe so affect thee still)  
The father of *Telemachus* (whom I esteeme so deare,  
And to whom, as a Legacie, Ile leave my deeds done here)  
Even with the formost band of Troy, hath his encounter dar'd;  
And therefore are thy speeches vaine, and had becne better spard.

Agamemnon to  
Ulysses.

He smiling, since he saw him mov'd, recalld his words, and said;  
Most generous *Laertes* sonne, most wise of all our aid,  
I neither doe accuse thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold  
Fit (that inferiours thinke not much (being slacke) to be controld)  
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy minde  
Knowes how sweet gentle counsels are, and that thou stand'st enclind  
As I my selfe, for all our good. On then: if now we spake  
What hath displead, another time, we full amends will make:  
And gods grant that thy vertue here, may prove so free and brave,  
That my reproofes may still be vaine, and thy deservings graue.

Agamemnon  
cudith Diomed

Thus parted they, and forth he went, when he did leaning finde  
Against his chariot, neare his horse, him with the mighty minde,  
Great *Diomedes* (*Tydeus* sonne) and *Sthenelus*, the seed  
Of *Capaneus*, whom the King, seeing like wife out of deed,  
Thus cryed he out on *Diomed*: O me! in what a feare  
The wife great Warriour, *Tydeus* sonne, stands gazing every where,  
For others to begin the fight? It was not *Tydeus* use  
To be so danted, whom his spirit would evermore produce,  
Before the formost of his friends, in these affaires of fight,  
As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight.  
For me, I never knew the man, nor in his presence came:  
But excellent above the rest, he was in generall fame.

see history of  
Tydeus.

And one renowned exploit of his, I am assur'd is true,  
He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes, and did sue  
At Godlike *Polixenes* hands, to have some worthy aid,  
To their designes, that gainst the wals of sacred Thebes were laid,  
He was great *Polixenes* guest, and nobly entertain'd:  
And of the kinde Mycenian state, what he requested gaind,  
In more consent: but when they should the same in act approve,

(By some sinister prodigies, held out to them by *Iove*)

They were discourag'd; thence he went, and safely had his passe  
Backe to *Æolus* fould, renowned for Balruses and grasse;  
Yet, once more, their Ambassadour, the Grecian *Peeres* addresse,  
Lord *Tydeus* to *Eteocles*: to whom being given access,  
He found him feasting with a crew of Cadmians in his hall,  
Amongst whom, though an enemy, and onely one to all;  
To all yet, he his challenge made at every martiall feat,  
And cally toild all, since with him, *Minerva* was so great.  
The ranke rode Cadmians (much incenst with their so foule disgrace)  
Lodg'd ambuscados for their foe, in some well chosen place,  
By which he was to make returne. T'wife five and twenty men,  
And two of them great Captaines too, the ambush did containe.  
The names of those two men of rule, were *Maon*, *Hæmon* sonne,  
And *Lycophontes*, Keepe-field cald, the heire of *Antiphon*,  
By all men honord like the gods: yet these and all their friends,  
Were sent to bell by *Tydeus* hand, and had untimely ends.  
He trusting to the aid of gods, reveal'd by Auguries;  
Obeying which, one Chiefe he sav'd, and did his life apply,  
To be the heavy messenger of all the others deaths,  
And that sad message (with his life) to *Maon* he bequeaths,  
So brave a Knight was *Tydeus*: of whom a sonne is sprong,  
Inferiour farre in martiall deeds, though higher in his tongue.

All this, *Tydid*es silent heard, aw'd by the reverend King;  
Which stung hot *Sthenelus* with wrath, who thus put forth his sting:  
*Atrides*? when thou know'st the truth, speake what thy knowledge is,  
And doe not lye so; for I know, and I will bragge in this;  
That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;  
We tooke the seven-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there  
So great helpe as our fathers had, and fought beneath a wall,  
Sacred to *Mars*, by helpe of *Iove*, and trusting to the fall  
Of happy signes from other gods, by whom weooke the towne  
Vntoucht, our fathers perishing there, by follies of their owne:  
And therefore never more compare our fathers worth with ours.

*Sthenelus* rough  
speech to Agamemnon.

*Tydid*es frownd at this, and said; Suppress thine angers powrs,  
(Good friend) and heare why I refrain'd: thou seest I am not mov'd  
Against our Generall, since he did but what his place behov'd,  
Admonishing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy prove our prize,  
The honour and the joy is his. If here our ruine lyes,  
The shame and griefe for that, as much, is his in greatest kindes.  
As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dantlesse mindes.

*Diomed rebukes  
Sthenelus.*

Thus from his chariot (amply arm'd) he jumpe downe so the ground:  
The armor of the angry King, so horribly did found,  
It might have made his bravest foe, let feare take downe his braves.  
And as when with the West-winde flawes, the sea thrusts up her waves,  
One after other, thicke and high, upon the groning shores;  
First, in her selfe, lowd (but oppos'd with banks and rocks) she rores,  
And (all her backe in bristles set) spits every way her fomes;

Simile.

So (after *Diomed*) instantly, the field was overcome  
 With thicke impressions of the Greekes, and all the noise that grew  
 (Ordering and chearing up their men) from onely leaders flew.  
 The rest went silently away, you could not heare a voyce,  
 Nor would have thought in all their breasts, they had one in their choice;  
 Their silence uttering their awe of them, that them contrould;  
 Which made ech man keep bright his arms, march, fight still where he should.  
 The Troians (like a sort of Ewes pend in a rich mans fold,  
 Close at his dore, till all be milke; and never baaing hold,  
 Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide host fill  
 With howls and clamors, nor observ'd, one voyce, one baaing still;  
 But shew'd mixt tongues from many a land, of men cald to their aid:

Rude *Mars* had th' ordering of their spirits: of Greeks, the learned Maid.  
 But terror follow'd both the hosts, and flight; and furious strife,  
 The sister, and the mate of *Mars*, that spoyle of humane life,

And never is her rage at rest, at first she is but small,  
 Yet alter, (but a little fed) the growes so vast, and tall,  
 That while her feet move here in earth, her forehead is in heaven.  
 And this was she that made even then both hosts so deadly given.  
 Through every troupe she stalkt, and stir'd rough fighes up as she went:  
 But when in one field, both the foes her furie did content;  
 And both came under reach of darts, then darts and shields oppos'd  
 To darts and shields, strength answer'd strength, then swords and targets clo'd  
 With swords and targets; both with pikes, and then did tumult rise  
 Up to her height; then conquerors boasts, mixt with the conquer'd cries,  
 Earth flow'd with bloud. And as from hills, raine waters, headlong fall,  
 That all wayes eat huge Ruts, which met, in one bed, fill a vall  
 With such a confluence of streames, that on the mountaine grounds  
 Farre off, in frighted shepheards eares, the bustling noise rebours:  
 So grew their conflicts, and so shew'd their scuffling to the eare;  
 With flight and clamor, still commixt, and all effects of feare.

And first renown'd *Antilochus*, flew (fighting in the face  
 Of all *Achaies* foremost bands, with an undant grace)  
*Echepolus Thalyades*: he was an armed man;  
 Whom, on his haire-plum'd helmets crest, the dart first smote, then ran  
 Into his forehead, and there stuck, the Steele pile making way  
 Quite through his skull; a battie night shut up his latest day.  
 His fall was like a fight-rat'towre, like which, lying there dispre'd,  
 King *Elephenor*, (who was sonne to *Chalcodon*, and led  
 The valiant *Abantis*) covetous; that he might first possesse  
 His armes, laid hands upon his feet, hal'd him from the preasse  
 Of darts and javelins burld at him. The action of the King  
 When (great in heart) *Aeneas* saw, he made his javeline sing  
 To th' others labour; and along, as he the trunk did wrest,  
 His side (at which he bore his shield, in bowing of his breast)  
 Lay naked; and receiv'd the lance, that made him lose his hold,  
 And life tog'ther; which in hope of that he lost, he sold.  
 But for his sake the fight grew fiercer, the Troians and their foe,

Like wolves, on one another rullt; and man for man it goes,  
 The next of name, that serv'd his fate; great *Aiax Telamon*,  
 Prefer'd so sadly; he was heire to old *Anthemion*,  
 And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which yet fled,  
 Before the honour'd nuptiall torch could light him to his bed;  
 His name was *Symoisius*; For, some few yeares before,  
 His mother walking downe the hill of *Ida*, by the shore  
 Of Silver *Symois*, to see her parents flockes; with them,  
 Shee (feeling sodainly the paines of child-birth) by the streame  
 Of that bright river brought him forth; and so (of *Symois*)  
 They cald him *Symoisius*. Sweet was that birth of his  
 To his kinde parents; and his growth did all their care employ;  
 And yet those rites of pietie that should have beene his joy,  
 To pay their honour'd yeares againe, in as affectionate sort,  
 He could not graciously performe, his sweet life was so short:  
 Cut off with mightie *Aiax* lance. For, as his spirit put on,  
 He strooke him at his breasts right pappe, quite through his shoulder bone;  
 And in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull soyle  
 Of his friends hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toyle.  
 And as a Poplar shot aloft, set by a river side,  
 In moist edge of a mightie fenne, his head in curls implide;  
 But all his body plaine and smooth: to which a Wheel-wright puts  
 The sharpe edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts  
 From his innative root; in hope to hew out of his bole  
 The Selffs, or out-parts of a wheele, that compasse in the whole;  
 To serve some goodly chariot, but (being bigge and sad,  
 And to be hal'd home through the bogs) the usefull hope he had  
 Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lyes withering out his grace:  
 So lay, by love-bred *Aiax* hand, *Anthemion* forward race.  
 Nor could through that vast fen of toiles, be drawne to serve the ends  
 Intended by his bodies pow'rs, nor cheare his aged friends.

But now the gay-arm'd *Amphibius* (a sonne of *Priamus*) threw  
 His lance at *Aiax* through the preasse, which went by him, and flew  
 On *Leucus*, wife *Phyfes* friend; his groin it smote, as faine  
 He would have drawne into his spoile, the carkease of the slaine;  
 By which he fell, and that by him; it vext *Phyfes* heart;  
 Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at every part,  
 Came close, and lookt about to finde an object worth his lance;  
 Which when the Troians saw him shake, and he so neare advance,  
 All shrunke, he threw, and forth it thin'd: nor fell, but where it feld:  
 His friends griefe gave it angry powre, and deadly way it held  
 Upon *Demacoen*, who was sprung of *Priamus* wanton force;  
 Came from *Abydus*, and was made the master of his horse.  
 Through both his temples strooke the dart, the wood of one side shew'd,  
 The pile out of the other lookt, and so the earth he strew'd  
 With much found of his weightie armes. Then backe the foremost went,  
 Even *Heitor* yeelded, then the Greekes gave worthy clamors vent,  
 Effecting then their first dumbe powers, some drew the dead and spoild,

*Aiax* (layes *Symoisius*).

*Simois*.

*Antilochus* one of *Priamus* sonnes.

*Demacoen* *Priamus* base sonnes slaine by *Phyfes*.

Like

G

Some

Some followed, that in open flight, Troy might confesse it foild.

*Apollo excites  
the Trojans.*

*Apollo* (angry at the sight) from top of *Ilion* cride,  
Turne head, ye well-rode *Peeres* of *Troy*, feed not the *Grecians* pride;  
They are not charm'd against your points, of Steele, nor Iron fram'd;  
Nor fights the faire-haired *Tethis* sonne, but sits at flect inflam'd.

*Pallas ex-courages  
the Greekes.*

So *Ipake* the dreadfull God from *Troy*. The *Greekes*, *loves* noblest feed,  
Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit spirit did need,  
She gave it, marching in the midst; then flew the fatal houre  
Backe on *Diores*, in returne of *Iliions* sun-burn'd powre;

*Diores.*

*Diores Amrincides*, whose right legs ankle bone,  
And both the sinewes, with a sharpe, and handfull charging stone,

*Pirus.*

*Pirus Imbrasides* did breake, that led the *Thracian* bands,  
And came from *Aenos*; downe he fell, and up he held his hands  
To his lov'd friends; his spirit wing'd, to flie out of his breast;  
With which not satisfied, againe, *Imbrasides* addrest  
His laveline at him, and so ript his navill, that the wound,  
(As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (open'd) on the ground,  
It pow'd his entrailles. As his foe, went then suffis'd away,

*Pirus slaines  
Diores.*

*Thous Etolius* threw a dart, that did his pile convey  
Above his nipple, through his lungs; when (quitting his sterne part)  
He clos'd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart,  
His sword flew in, and by the midst, it wipt his belly out;  
So tooke his life, but left his armes, his friends so flockt about,  
And thrust forth lances of such length, before their slaughter'd kings;  
Which though their foe were big and strong, and often brake the ring,  
Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforc't) he left th'affected prize;  
The *Thracian*, and the *Epeian* Dukes, laid close with closed eyes;  
By eicher other, drown'd in dust, and round about the plaine  
All bid with slaughter'd carkasses; yet still did hotely raigne  
The martiall planet; whose effects, had any eye beheld,  
Free, and unwounded (and were led, by *Pallas* through the field,  
To keepe of lavelins, and suggest, the least fault could befound)  
He could not reprehend the fight, so many flew'd the ground.

*The end of the fourth Booke.*

THE



## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*King* *Diomed* (by *Pallas* spirit inspir'd,  
Wish will and power) is for his ails: admir'd:  
Meete men, and men deriv'd from *Deities*,  
And *Deities* themselves, he terrifies;  
Addes wounds to terrors: his inflam'd lance  
Draws blood from *Mars*, and *Venus*: In a trance  
He casts *Eneas*, with a weightie stone;  
*Apollo* quickens him, and gets him gone:  
*Mars* is recover'd by *Pæon*; but by love  
Rebuk't, for authoring breach of humane love.

### Another Argument.

In *Epsilon*, heavens blood is shed,  
By sacred rage of *Diomed*.

**T**hen *Pallas* breath'd in *Tydeus* sonne: to render whom supream  
To all the *Greekes*, at all his parts, the cast a hotter beame,  
On his high minde; his body fill, with much superiour might,  
And made his compleate armour cast, a farre more compleate light.

*Pallas inspires  
and glorifies  
Diomed.*

From his bright helme and shield, did burne, a most unwearied fire:  
Like rich *Autumnus* golden lampe, whose brightnesse men admire,  
Past all the other host of starres, when with his chearfull face,  
Fresh walke in Iostic Ocean waves, be doth the skies enchaife.

*This simile like  
wise Virgil  
laments of him.*

To let whose glorie lose no fight, still *Pallas* made him turne,  
Where tumult most exprest his power, and where the fight did burne.

*Dares Priest of  
Muciber, or  
Tulcan.*

An honest and a weakie man, inhabited in *Troy*;  
*Dares* the Priest of *Muciber*, who two sonnes did enjoy,

*Idæus*, and bold *Phægeus*, well scene in every fight:

These (sing'd from their troopes, and horis) assaid *Minerva* Knight,  
Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foot; all halting mutuall charge,  
(And now drawne neare) first *Phægeus* threw a javeline swift and large:  
Whose head the Kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:

*Idæus and Phæ-  
geus both a-  
gainst Diomed.*

Then rusht he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall;  
But in his breast stucke twixt the paps, and strooke him from his horse.  
Which sterne fight, when *Idæus* saw (distrustfull of his force  
To save his slaughter'd brothers spoyle) it made him head-long leape  
From his faire Chariot, and leave all: yet had not scap't the heape  
Of heave funeral, if the God, great president of fire,  
Had not (in sudden clouds of smoke, and pittie of his Sire,

*Phægeus slains:  
Idæus flies.*

To leave him utterly unheird) given safe passe to his feet.

He gone, *Tydidēs* sent the horse, and chariot to the fleet.

The Trojans seeing *Dares* sonnes, one slaine, the other fled,  
Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyed maide (to grace her *Diomed*

In giving free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact,

A fit advantage to remove, the warre: God out of act,

Who rag'd soon the Iliion side; the gript his hand and said,

So many Cities, and with blood, thy Godhead dost disfeine;

Now shall we cease to shew our breasts, as passionate as men,

And leave the mixture of our hands: resigning *Iove* his right

(As restor of the Gods) to give, the glory of the fight,

Where he affecteth? lest he force, what we should freely yeeld?

He held it fit, and went with her, from the tumultuous field,

Who set him in an heaby fear, on brode *Scamanders* shore.

He gone, all *Troy* was gone with him, the Greekes drave all before,

And every Leader slue a man; but first the king of men

Deserv'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,

And slue a Leader; one more huge, than any man he led;

Great *Odius*, Duke of *Halizons*; quite from his chariots head

He strooke him with a lance to earth, as first he flight address;

It took his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breast;

His huge trunk found, and his armes, did echo the rebound.

*Idomeneus* to the death, did noble *Phæbus* wound,

The sonne of *Meon Borm*, that, from cloddie *Terna* came;

Who (taking chariot) took his wound, and tumbld with the same

From his attempted fear; the lance, through his right shoulder strooke,

And horrid darknesse strooke through him: the spoile his souldiers tooke.

*Atrides-Menelaus* slue (as he before him fled)

*Scamandrius*, sonne of *Strophium*, that was a huntsman bred;

A skillfull huntsman, for his skill, *Dianas* selfe did teach;

And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach

All sorts of subtilest savages, which many a wooddie hill

Fred for him; and he much preserv'd, and all to shew his skill.

Yet, not the dart-delighting Queene, taught him to shun this dart:)

Nor all his hitting so farre off, (the mastic of his art:)

His backe receiv'd it, and he fell, upon his breast withall:

His bodies ruine, and his armes, so founded in his fall,

That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life.

*Meriones* slue *Phereclus*, whom she that nere was wife,

Yet *Godesse* of good housewives, held, in excellent respect;

For knowing all the wittie things, that grace an Architec;

And having pow'r to give it all, the cunning use of hands;

*Harmonides* his fire built ships, and made him understand,

(With all the practise it requir'd) the frame of all that skill;

He built all *Alexanders* ships, that author'd all the ill

Of all the Trojans and his owne, because he did not know

The Oracles, advising *Troy* (for feare of overthrow)

To

To medle with no sea affaire, but live by tilling lands;

This man *Meriones* surpris'd, and drave his deadly hand

Through his right hip; the lances head, ran through the region

About the bladder, underneath th'in-muscles, and the bone;

He (fighting) bow'd his knees to death, and sacrific'd to earth.

*Phylides* slaid *Pedæus* flight; *Antenor's* bastard birth:

Whom veruous *Thæsoe* his wife (to please her husband) kept

As tenderly as those she lov'd. *Phylides* neare him slept,

And in the fountaine of the nerves, did drench his fervent lance,

And his heads back-part; and so farre, the sharp head did advance,

It cleft the Organe of his speech; and th' Iron (cold as death)

He took betwix his grinning teeth, and gave the aire his breath.

*Eurypilus* the much renown'd, and great *Evemon's* sonne,

Divine *Hypsenor* slue, begot by stout *Delepion*,

And consecrate *Scamanders* Priest; he had a gods regard,

Amongst the people: his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;

Rush in so close, that with his sword he on his shoulders laid

A blow, that his armes brawne cut off; nor there his vigor staid,

But drave downe, and from off his wrist, it hew'd his holy hand,

That gush'd out blood, and downe it dropt, upon the blushing sand;

Death, with his purple finger shut, and violent face, his eyes.

Thus foughte these, but distinguish'd well; *Tydidēs* so implies

His furie, that you could not know, whose side had interest

In his free labors, Greece or *Troy*. But as a flood increast

By violent and sodaine showres, let downe from hills, like hills

Melted in furie; swels, and somes, and so he over fills

His naturall channell; that besides, both hedge and bridge resignes

To his rough confluence, farre spread: and lustie flourishing vines

Drown'd in his outrage. *Tydeus* sonne, so over-ran the field,

Strew'd such as flourish in his way: and made whole squadrons yeeld

When *Pandarus*, *Lycæus* sonne, beheld his ruining hand,

With such resistlesse insolence, make lanes through everie band:

He bent his gold-tipt bow of horne, and shot him rushing in,

At his right shoulder; where his armes were hollow; forth did spin

The blood, and downe his cures, ranne; then *Pandarus* cried out,

Ranke riding Trojans, Now rush in: Now, now, I make no doubt,

Our brauch't foe is markt for death, he cannot long sustaine

My violent shaft; if *Ioves* faire Sonne, did worthily constrain

My foot from *Lycia*: thus he brav'd, and yet his violent shaft

Strooke short with all his violence, *Tydidēs* life was fast;

Who yet withdrew himselfe, behinde his chariot and steeds,

And call'd to *Sthenelæ*; Come friend, my wounded shoulder needs;

Thy hand to ease it of this shaft. He hasten'd from his seat

Before the coach, and drew the shaft: the purple wound did sweate;

And drowne his shirt of male in blood, and as it bled he praid:

Hear me, if *Iove Agiechus*, thou most unconquer'd maid,

If ever in the cruell field, thou hast assistfull stood,

Or to my father, or my selfe, now love, and do me good;

G 3

Give

*Pedæus* (slain by  
*Phylides*.)

*Eurypilus* (slain  
by *Iove*.)

*Diomed* compar'd  
to a torrent.

*Pandarus*  
wound *Diomed*.

*Diomed* pray'd  
to *Pallas*.

*Pallas* (slain by  
*Diomed*.)

*Meriones* (slain by  
*Diomed*.)

*Agamemnon*  
(slain by *Diomed*.)

*Idomeneus* (slain by  
*Diomed*.)

*Menelaus* (slain by  
*Diomed*.)

*Meriones* (slain by  
*Diomed*.)

Give him into my lances reach that thus hath given a wound,  
To him thou guardst; preventing me, and brags that never more,  
I shall behold the chearfull Sunne: thus did the king implore.  
The Goddesse heard, came neere, and tooke the wearynesse of fight  
From all his nerves, and limaments, and made them fresh and light,  
And said; Be bold, *o Diomed*, in everie combat shine,  
The great shield-baker *Tydeus* strength (that knight, that Sire of thine)  
By my infusion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing mind,  
I have remov'd those erring mists, that made it lately blind,  
That thou maist difference Gods from men: and therefore use thy skill,  
Against the tempting Deities, if any have a will  
To trie if thou presum'st of that, as thine, that flows from them;  
And so assum'st above thy right. Where thou discern'st a beame  
Of any other heavenly power, then see that rules in love,  
That calls thee to the change of blowes; resist not, but remove;  
But if that Goddesse be so bold (since the first stir'd this warre)  
Assault and marke her from the rest, with some infamous feare.

The blew-cyd Goddesse vanished, and he was seene againe  
Amongst the foremost; who before, though he were prompt and faine  
To fight against the Troians powers; now, on his spirits were cald  
With thrife the vigor, Lion-like, that hath bene lately gald,  
By some bold shepheard in a field, where his curle flockes were laid;  
Who tooke him as he leapt the fold; not slaine yet, but appaied,  
With greater spirit; comes againe, and then the shepheard hides,  
(The rather for the desolate place) and in his Coate abides;  
His flockes left guardlesse; which amaz'd, shake and shrink up in heapes;  
He ruthlesse freely takes his prey; and out againe he leapes:  
So sprightly, fierce victorious, the great Heroe flew  
Vpon the Troians; and at once, he two commanders slew;  
*Hyperenor* and *Astynous*, in one, his lance he fixt  
Full at the nipple of his breist: the other smote betwixt  
The necke and shoulder with his sword; which was so well laid on,  
It swept his arme and shoulder off. These left he rusht upon  
*Abbas*, and *Polyeidus* of old *Eurydamas*

The haplesse sonnes; who could by dreames, tell what would come to passe:  
Yet, when his sonnes set forth to Troy, the old man could not read  
By their dreames, what would chance to them, for both were stricken dead  
By great *Tydidus*: after these, he takes into his rage  
*Naxibius*, and *Thoon*, *Phenops* sonnes, borne to him in his age;  
The good old man, even pin'd with yeares, and had not one sonne more  
To heire his goods: yet *Diomed*, tooke both, and left him store  
Of teares and sorowes in their steads; since he could neuer see  
His sonnes leaue those hore warres a live: so this the end must be  
Of all his labours; what he heapt, to make his issue great,  
Authoritie heird, and with her feed, sild his forgotten seat.  
Then fatecht he up two *Priamists*, that in one chariot stood;  
*Echemon*, and faire *Chromius*; as feeding in a wood  
Oxen or steeres are; one of which, a Lyon leaps upon,

Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: so sternely *Tydeus* sonne  
Threw from their chariot both these hopes, of old *Dardanides*:  
Then tooke their armes, and sent their horse, to those that ride the seas.  
*Aeneas* (seeing the troopes thus tost) brake through the heate of fight,  
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight  
*Lycams* sonne: whom having found, he thus bespake the Peere:  
*O Pandarus*, wher's now thy bow? thy deathfull arrowes where?  
In which no one in all our host, but gives the palme to thee;  
Nor in the Sun-lov'd Lycian greens, that breed our Archerie,  
Lives any that exceeds thy selfe. Come lift thy hands to *Iove*,  
And send an arrow at this man (if but a man he prove,  
That winnes such god-like victories; and now affects our host  
With so much sorrow: since so much, of our best blood is lost  
By his high valour;) I have feare, some god in him doth threat,  
Incenst for want of sacrifice; the wrath of god is great.

*Lycams* famous sonne replyde; Great Counsellor of Troy,  
This man so excellent in armes, I thinke is *Tydeus* ioy;  
I know him by his sicrie shield, by his bright three plumd caske,  
And by his horse; nor can I say, if or some god doth make  
In his apparance; or he be (whome I nam'd) *Tydeus* sonne:  
But without God the things he does (for certaine) are not done,  
Some great Immortall, that conueyes, his shoulders in a cloud,  
Goes by and puts by everie dart, at his bold breast bestow'd;  
Or lets it take with little hurt, for I my selfe let flie  
A shaft that shot him through his armes, but had as good gone by:  
Yet, which I gloriously affirm'd, had drinen him downe to hell.  
Some God is angrie, and with me; for farr hence, where I dwell,  
My horse and Chariots idle stand; with which some other way  
I might repaire this shamefull misse: eleven faire chariots lay  
In old *Lycams* Court; new made, new trimm'd, to haue bene gone;  
Curtain'd and Arrast vnder foote, two horse to every one,  
That eate white Barly and blacke Otes, and do no good at all:  
And these *Lycams*, (that well knew, how these affaires would fall)  
Charg'd (when I set downe this designe) I should command with here;  
And gave me many lessons more, all which much better were  
Then any I tooke forth my selfe. The reason I laid downe,  
Was, but the sparing of my horse since in a sieged towne,  
I thought our horse-meate would be scant; when they were usd to have  
Their manger full; so I left them, and like a lackey slave  
Am come to Iliou, confident, in nothing but my bow,  
That nothing profits me; two shafts, I vainly did bestow  
Attwo great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither flew;  
Nor this, nor *Astynous* yonger sonne: a little blood I drew,  
That serv'd but to incense them more. In an vnhappy starre,  
I therefore from my Armorie, have drawne those tooles of warre:  
That day, when for great *Hectors* sake, to amiable Troy  
I came to lead the Troian bands. But if I ever ioy  
(In late returne) my Countries fight; my wives, my losty towres;

Let any stranger take this head, if to the fire powers,  
This bow, these shafts, in peeces, burst (by these hands) benot throwne;  
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renowne.

*These to Paris  
said.*

*Aeneas* said, Vse no such words; for, any other way  
Then this, they shall not now be vld: we first will both assay  
This man with horse and chariot. Come then, ascend to me,  
That thou maist trie our Trojan horse, how skild in field they be:  
And in pursuing those that flie, or flying, being pursu'd  
How excellent they are of foote: and these (If *Ioue* conclude  
The fates of *Tydeus* againe, and grace him with our flight)  
Shall serve to bring us safely off. Come, Ile be first shall fight:  
Take thou these faire reines and this scourge, or (if thou wilt) fight thou,  
And leaue the horses care to me. He answer'd, I will now  
Descend to fight; keepe thou the reines, and guide thy selfe thy horse;  
Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force  
Of the impulsive chariot, if we be driven to flie,

*These words he  
said to Aeneas  
and the chariot.*

Then with a stranger, under whom, they will be much more shy,  
And (tearing my voice, wishing thine) grow restie, nor go on,  
To beare us off; but leave engag'd, mightie *Tydeus* sonne,  
Themselves and us: Then be thy part, thy one hov'd horses guide;  
Ile make the fight: and with a dart receive his utmost pride.

*These words  
said Paris.*

With this the gorgious chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend,  
And make full way at *Diomed*, which noted by his friend,  
Mine owne most loved Mind (said he) two mightie men of warre  
I see come with a purpos'd charge; one, he that hits so farre  
With bow and shaft, *Lycans* sonne: the other fames the brood  
Of great *Anchises*, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood;  
A *Eneas* excellent in armes) come up and use your steeds  
And looke not warre so in the face, lest that desire that feeds  
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger sting  
The blood of *Diomed*, to see, his friend that chid the king  
Before the fight, and then preferd, his ableness, and his mind,  
To all his ancestors in fight, now come so farre behind:

*He said now  
Paris out to  
make Aeneas  
and the chariot  
to come of sight  
to fight.*

Vvhem thus he answer'd, Vrge no flight, you cannot please me so;  
Nor is it honest in my mind, to feare a coming foe;  
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,  
And scorne the help-tire of a horse; I will not blow the fire,  
Of their hot valours with my flight; but cast upon the blaze  
This body borne upon my knees: I entertaine amaze?  
*Minerva* will not see that shame: and since they have begun,  
They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes shall runne;  
Or stay and take the others fate: and this I leave for thee;  
I amply wife *Athenia*, give both their lives to me.

Being our horse to their chariot hard, and have a speciall heed  
To esse upon *Aeneas* steeds; that we may change their breed,  
And make a Grecian race of them, that have bene long of Troy  
For, these are bred of those brave beasts, which for the lovely Boy,  
That wayts now on the cup of *Ioue*, *Ioue*, that farre-seeing God.

Gave

Gave *Tros* the King in recompence: the best that ever trod  
The founding Center, underneath, the Morning and the Sunne.  
*Anchises* stole the breed of them; for where their Sires did runne,  
He closely put his Mares to them, and never made it knowne  
To him that heird them, who was then, the King *Laomedon*.  
Sixe horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept foure,  
And gave the other two his sonne; and these are they that scour  
The field so bravely towards us, expert in charge and flight:  
If these we have the power to take, our prize is exquisite,  
And our renowne will farre exceed. While these weretalking thus,  
The first horse brought th' assailants neare: and thus spake *Pandarus*;

*Pandarus  
did say.*

Most suffering-minded *Tydeus* sonne, that halt of warre the art:  
My shaft that strooke thee, flue thee not, I now will prove a dart:  
This said, he shooke, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large,  
That in *Tydidus* cures stucke, quite driving through his target;  
Then braid he out fo wilde a voyce, that all the field might heare;  
Now have I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall beare  
Our praises chiefe prize from the field: *Tydidus*, undismaid,  
Replide; Thou er'st, I am not toucht: but more charge will be laid  
To both your lives before you part: at least the life of one  
Shall satiate the throat of *Mars*; this said, his lance was gone:

*Minerva* led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,  
And as he stoop't, strooke through his jawes, his tongues root; and his chinne.  
Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay armes shain'd and rung,  
The swift horse trembled, and his soule, for ever charm'd his tongue.

*Diomed saies  
Tydeus.*

*Aeneas* with his shield and lance, leapt swiftly to his friend,  
Affraid the Greekes would force his trunk; and that he did defend,  
Bold as a Lyon of his strength: he him him with his shield,  
Shooke round his lance, and horribly did threaten all the field  
With death, if any durst make in; *Tydidus* rais'd a stone,  
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powrd it manly on  
The hip of *Anchises*, wherein the ioynt doth moue  
The thigh, tis call'd the buckle bone, which all in shreds it drove;  
Brake both the nerves, and with the edge, cut all the flesh away:  
It staegerd him upon his knees, and madeth' Heroe stay

*Aeneas seeing  
Ioue to Aeneas  
say.*

His strooke-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;  
And there this Prince of men had died, if she that gave him birth,  
(Kist by *Anchises* on the Greene, where his faire oxen fed,  
*Ioues* loving daughter) instantly, had not about him sped  
Her soft embraces, and confaid, within her heavenly vail,  
(Vsd as a rampier gainst all darts, that did so hot assaile)  
Her deare lov'd issue from the field: Then *Sthenelus* in hast,  
(Remembering what his friend advisd) from forth the preasse made fast  
His owne horse to their chariot, and presently laid hand  
Vpon the lovely-coated horse, *Aeneas* did command  
Which bringing (to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend  
To his belov'd *Deiphylus*, who was his inward friend,  
And (of his equals) one to whom, he had most honour shewne;

*Eneas saies of  
Aeneas being  
wounded.*

*The horse of Aeneas  
made Tros.*

That

That he might see them safe at fleet: then slept he to his owne,  
 With which he cheerfully made in, to *Tydeus* mightie race;  
 He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hot in desperate chase  
 Of her that made it; with his lance (arm'd lesse with Steele then spight)  
 Well knowing her no Deitie, that had to do in fight;  
*Minerva* his great Patronesse, nor she that raceth townes,  
*Bellona*; but a Goddesse weake, and foe to mens renownes;  
 Her (through a world of fight) pursu'd, at last he over-tooke;  
 And (thrusting up his ruthless lance) her heavenly veile he strooke,  
 (That even the Graces wrought themselves, at her divine command)  
 Quite through, and hurt the tender backe of her delicious hand:  
 The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th'immortall bloud,  
 (Bloud, such as flowes in blessed Gods, that eate no humane food,  
 Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloudlesse are,  
 And cald immortals:) out she cryed, and could no longer beare  
 Her lov'd sonne, whom she cast from her; and in a sable cloud  
*Phabus* (receiving) hid him close from all the Grecian crowd,  
 Left some of them should finde his death. Away flew *Venus* then,  
 And after her cryed *Diomed*: Away thou spoyle of men,  
 I though sprung from all-preserving *Jove*; These hot encounters leave:  
 Is't not enough that sillie Dames, thy forceries should deceive,  
 Vnlesse thou thrust into the warre, and rob a souldiers right?  
 I thinke, a few of these assaults, will make thee feare the fight,  
 Where ever thou shalt heare it nam'd. She sighing, went her way  
 Extremely griev'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay;  
 And blacke her Ivorie bodie grew. Then from a dewy mist,  
 Brake swift-foot *Irâ* to her aide, from all the darts that hist  
 At her quick rapture; and to *Mars*, they tooke their plantife course,  
 And found him on the fights left hand; by him his speedie horse,  
 And huge lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,  
 Her loved brother on her knees, besought with instant prayre,  
 His golden ribband-bound mand'd horse, to lend her up to heaven;  
 For she was much griev'd with a wound, a mortall man had given;  
*Tyides*: that gainst *Jove* himselfe, durst now advance his arme.  
 He granted, and his chariot (perplex with her late harme)  
 She mounted, and her waggonneffe, was she that paints the ayre;  
 The horse she reind, and with a scourge, importun'd their repaire,  
 That of themselves out-slew the winde, and quickly they ascend  
 Olympus, high seat of the Gods; th' horse knew their journeyes end,  
 Stood still, and from their chariot, the windie footed Dame  
 Dissolv'd, and gaue them heavenly food; and to *Dione* came  
 Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; she kindly bad her stand;  
 With sweet embraces helpther up; strok't her with her soft hand;  
 Call'd kindly by her name; and askt, what God hath beene so rude,  
 (Sweet daughter) to chastise thee thus? as if thou wert pursu'd,  
 Even to the act of some light sinne, and deprehended so?  
 For other wife, each close escape, is in the Great let go.  
 She answer'd; haughtie *Tydeus* sonne, hath beene so insolent;

Diomed wounds  
Venus.

Venus is an-  
gry with  
away from  
her, and she  
flies away  
from him.

Irâ refuses  
Venus.

Venus to Mars,  
Phabus, Tydes,  
and Irâ.

Mars lends his  
horse to Venus.

Dione mother of  
Venus, to Venus

Venus to Di. ne.

Since he, whom most my heart esteemes, of all my lov'd descent,  
 I rescu'd from his bloody hand: now battell is not given  
 To any Trojans by the Greekes, but by the Greekes to heaven.

She answer'd, Daughter, thinke not much, though much it grieve thee: use *Dione to Ven.*

The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,  
 In many bitter ills receiv'd; as well that men sustaine  
 By their inflictions, as by men, repaid to them againe:

*Mars* suffered much more then thy selfe, by *Ephialtes* powre;  
 And *Otes*, *Aleum* sonnes, who in a brazen towre,  
 (And in inextricable chaines) cast that warre-greedy God;  
 Where twice fixe months and one he liv'd, and there the period  
 Of his sad life perhaps had clos'd, if his kind step-dames eye,  
 Faire *Erebea* had not scene, who told it *Mercurie*;  
 And he by stealth enfranchis'd him, though he could scarce enjoy  
 The benefit of franchisement, the chaines did so destroy  
 His vitall forces with their weight. So *Iano* sufferd more,  
 When with a three-forkt arrowes head, *Amphytrius* sonne did gore  
 Her right breast, past all hope of cure. *Pluto* sustaind no lesse  
 By that selfe man; and by a shaft, of equall bitterness,  
 Shot through his shoulder at hell gates, and there (amongst the dead,  
 Were he not deathlesse) he had died: but up to heaven he fled  
 (Extremely tortur'd) for recure, which instantly he wonne  
 At *Paeon* hand, with soveraigne Balme; and this did *Joves* great sonne.

Mars bound in  
chaines by Otes  
and Ephialtes.

Paeon physician  
to the gods  
and Amphitruus.

Vnblest, great-high deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;  
 That with his bow durst wound the gods; but by *Minerva's* will,  
 Thy wound, the foolish *Diomed*, was so prophane to give;  
 Not knowing he that fights with heaven, hath never long to live,  
 And for this deed, he never shall have childe about his knee  
 To call him father, comming home. Besides, heare this from me,  
 (Strength trusting man) though thou be strong, and art in strength a towre;  
 Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre  
 Contains not that superiour strength; and lest that woman be  
*Adrastus* daughter, and thy wife, the wise *Ægiale*,  
 When (from this houre not farre) she wakes, even fighting with desire  
 To kindle our revenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,  
 In choosing her some fresh young friend, and so drowne all thy fame,  
 Wonne here in warre, in her Court-peace, and in an open shame.

This said, with both her hands she cleans'd the tender backe and palme  
 Of all the sacred bloud they lost; and never using Balme,  
 The paine ceast, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde Queene of love.

*Iano* and *Pallas* seeing this, assaid to anger *Jove*,  
 And quit his late made-mirth with them, about the loving Dame,  
 With some sharpe jest, in like sort built upon her present shame.  
*Grey-cy'd Athena* began, and ask't the Thunderer,  
 If (nothing moving him to wrath) she boldly might preferre  
 What she conceiv'd, to his conceit: and (staying so reply)  
 She bade him view the *Cyprian* fruit, he lov'd so tenderly,  
 Whom she though hurt, and by this meanes, intending to suborne

Since

Some



Se. p. 10.

Some other Ladie of the Greekes (whom louely veiles adome)  
To gratifie some other friend, of her much-loued Troy,  
As the imbrac't and stir'd her bloud, to the Venerable joy,  
The golden claspe those Grecian Dames, upon their girdles weare,  
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, she had feare.

L. 10. to D. 10.

The Thunderer smil'd, and cold to him, loues golden Arbitresse,  
And told her, those rough workes of warre were not for her access:  
She should be making marriages, imbracings, kisses, charmes;  
Sterne *Mars* and *Pallas* had the charge of those affaires in armes.

Ap. 10. to L. 10.

While these thus talk't, *Tydid*es rage still thirsted to atchieue  
His prise upon *Anchises* sonne; though well he did perceiue  
The Sunne himselfe protested him: but his desires (inflam'd  
With that great Trojan Princes bloud, and armes so highly fam'd)  
Not that great God did reuerence. Thrice rush he rudely on,  
And thrice betwixt his darts and death, the sunnes bright target shone:  
But when upon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,  
The far-off working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,  
And ask't him: What? Not yeld to Gods? thy equals learn to know:  
The race of Gods is farre above, men creeping here below.

Ap. 10. to L. 10.

This draue him to some small retraite, he would not tempt more neare  
The wrath of him that strooke so farre, whose powre had now set cleare

Ap. 10. to L. 10.

*Aeneas* from the stormie field, within the holy place  
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his so soueraigne grace,  
A goodly Temple was aduanc't, in whose large inmost part  
He left him, and to his supply, inclin'd his mothers heart  
(*Latoia*) and the dart-pleas'd *Queene*, who cur'd, and made him strong.

The Image of Aeneas.

The silver-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,  
An Image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create  
Like *Venus* sonne; for which the Greekes and Trojans made debate,  
Laid lowd strokes on their Ox-hide shields, and bucklers easly borne:  
Which error *Phabus* pleas'd to urge, on *Mars* himselfe in scorne:

Ap. 10. to L. 10.

*Mars*, *Mars*, (said he) thou plague of men, fencard with the dust & bloud  
Of humanes, and their ruin'd wals; yet thinks thy God-head good,  
To fright this Furie from the hurt? who next will fight with *Love*.  
First, in a bold approach he fiend the moist palme of thy Love:  
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)  
He held out his assault on me. This said, the lustie towre  
Of Pergamus he made his seat, and *Mars* did now excite  
The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight  
The Thracian troopes; (wist *Acamas*. O *Priams* sonnes (said he)

Mars like Aeneas to the sonne of Priams

How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see?  
Euen till they braue you at your gates? Ye suffer beaten downe  
*Aeneas*, great *Anchises* sonne; whose prowesse we renowe  
As much as *Hector*: fetch him off from this contentious prease.

Sarpedon re- proves Hector.

With this, the strength and spirits of all, his courage did increase,  
And yet *Sarpedon* seconds him, with this particular taunt  
Of noble *Hector*: *Hector*? where is thy unthankfull vaunt,  
And that huge strength on which it built: that thou, and thy allies,

With

With all thy brothers (without aid of us or our supplies,  
And troubling not a citizen) the Citie safe would hold:  
In all which, friends, and brothers helps, I see not, nor am told  
Of any one of their exploits, but (all held in dismay  
Of *Dioned*, like a sort of dogs, that at a Lyon bay,  
And entertaine no spirit to pinch,) we (your assistants here)  
Fight for the towne, as you helpt us: and I (an aiding Peere,  
No Citizen, even out of care, that doth become a man,  
For men and childrens liberties) adde all the aide I can:  
Not out of my particular cause, far hence my profit grows:  
For far hence *Asian Lycia* lyes, where gulfes *Xanibus* flows:  
And where my lov'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing scant,  
I left behinde me, which I see those men would have, that want:  
And therefore they that have, would keepe, yet I (as I would lose  
Their sure fruition) cheere my troopes, and with their lives propose  
Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope,  
With this great fouldier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope  
To have such gettings as the Greekes, nor feare to lose like Troy.  
Yet thou (even *Hector*) deedlesse standst, and car'st not to employ  
Thy towne-borne friends, to bid them stand, to fight and save their wives:  
Left as a Fowler casts his nets upon the filly lives  
Of birds of all sorts, so the foe, your walls and houses hailes,  
(One with another) on all heads: or such as scape their fells,  
Be made the prey and prize of them, (as willing overthrowne)  
That hope not for you, with their force: and so this brave built towne  
Will prove a Chaos: that deserves, in thee so hot a care  
As should consume thy dayes and nights, to hearten and prepare  
Th'assistant Princes: pray their minds, to beare their far-brought toiles,  
To give them worth, with worthy fight: in victories and foiles  
Still to be equal, and thy selfe (exampling them in all)  
Need no reprooves nor spurs. all this in thy free choice should fall.

This stung great *Hectors* heart: and yet, as every generous minde  
Should silent beare a just reproofe, and shew what good they finde  
In worthy counsels, by their ends, put into present deeds:  
Not stomacke, nor be vainly sham'd: so *Hectors* spirit proceeds:  
And from his Chariot (wholly arm'd) he jump't upon the sand  
On foot, so toyling through the hoast, a dart in either hand,  
And all hands turn'd against the Greekes, the Greekes despis'd their worst,  
And (thickning their instructed powers) expected all they durst.

Then with the feet of horse and foot, the dust in clouds did rise.  
And as in sacred floores of barnes, upon corne-winowers flies  
The chaffe, driven with an opposite winde, when yellow *Ceres* dices,  
Which all the Dicers, feet, legs, armes, their heads and shoulders whites:  
So lookt the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heauen,  
Rais'd from returning chariots, and troopes together driven.  
Each side stood to their labours firme: fierce *Mars* flew through the aire,  
And gathered darknesse from the sight: and with his best attire,  
Obeyd the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the golden sword,

Smile from  
the battlements:  
expressing moun-  
d.

H

Who

Who bad him raise the spirits of Troy, when *Pallas* ceast afford  
 Her helping office to the Greeks; and then his owne hands wrought,  
 Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, curd) the true *Aeneas* brought,  
 And plac't him by his Peeres in field, who did (with joy) admire  
 To see him both alive and safe, and all his powers entire:  
 Yet stood not lifting, how it chanc'd: another sort of taske,  
 Then stirring th' idle five of newes, did all their forces aske:  
 Inflam'd by *Phobus*, harmfull *Mars*, and *Eris*, eager farre:  
 The Greekes had none to hearten them; their hearts rose with the warre;  
 But chiefly *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and both th' *Aiaces* us'd  
 Stirring examples, and good words: their owne fames had infus'd  
 Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare  
 The Troians force, nor Fate it selfe, but still expecting were  
 When most was done, what would be more; their ground they fill made goods  
 And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still clouds they stood:  
 With which, *Iove* crownes the tops of hills, in any quiet day,  
 When *Boreas* and the ruder winds (that use to drive away  
 Aires duskie vapors, being loose, in many a whistling gale)  
 Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;  
 So firmly stood the Greekes, nor fled, for all the *Ilians* ayd.

*Atrides* yet coasts through the troupes, confirming men to stayd:  
 O friends (said he) hold up your minds; strength is but strength of will;  
 Reverence each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:  
 Where souldiers shew an honest shame, and love of honour liues,  
 That ranks men with the first in fight, death fewer liveries gives  
 Then life, or then where Fames neglect, makes cowards fight at length:  
 Flight neither doth the body grace, nor shewes the mind hath strength.  
 He said; and swiftly through the troupes, a mortall lance did send,  
 That rest a standard-bearers life, renown'd *Aeneas* friend;

That rest a standard-bearers life, renown'd *Aeneas* friend;  
 He said; and swiftly through the troupes, a mortall lance did send,  
 That rest a standard-bearers life, renown'd *Aeneas* friend;  
 He said; and swiftly through the troupes, a mortall lance did send,  
 That rest a standard-bearers life, renown'd *Aeneas* friend;

Then fell two Princes of the Greekes, by great *Aeneas* ire,  
*Diocles* sonnes (*Orsilochus*, and *Crethon*) whose kinde Sire  
 In bravely-built Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred bloud;  
 He was descended lineally, from great *Alpheus* flood,  
 That broadly flowes through *Pylos* fields: *Alpheus* did beget

*Orsilochus*, who in the rule of many men was set:

And that *Orsilochus* begat, the rich *Diocles*:

*Diocles* sire to *Crethon* was, and this *Orsilochus*:

Both these, arriv'd at mans estate, with both th' *Atrides* went,  
 To honour them in th' *Ilium* warres; and both were one way sent,  
 To death as well as Troy; for death, hid both in one blacke hour.

As two young Lyons (with their dam, sustaint but to devour)  
 Bred on the tops of some steepe hill, and in the gloomie deepe

Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheepe,  
 Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens flocks, so long as they come short,  
 And by the Owners flocks are slain: in such unhappy sort,  
 Fell these beneath *Aeneas* power. When *Aeneas* view'd  
 (Like two tall firre-trees) these two fells their sturdie fells he rew'd;  
 And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengeancefull lance he tooke,  
 His armes beat backe the Sunne in flames; a deathfull Lance he shooke:  
*Mars* put the furie in his minde, that by *Aeneas* hands,  
 (Who was to make the slaughter good) he might have strow'd the sands.  
*Antilochus* (old *Nestors* sonne) observing he was bent  
 To urge a combat of such odds, and knowing the event,  
 Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone sustain'd for him)  
 Erd from their ead, made after hard, and tookethem in the trim  
 Of an encounter; both their hands and darts advanc't, and shooke,  
 And both pitch't, in full stand of charge; when suddenly the looke  
 Of *Antilochus* tooke note of *Nestors* valiant sonne,  
 In full charge too; which two to one, made *Peleus* issue thence  
 The hot adventure, though he were a souldier well approv'd,  
 Then drew they off their slaughter'd friends; who given to their below'd,  
 They turn'd where fight shew'd deadliest hate; and there mixt with the dead  
*Pylmen*, that the navigators of *Paphlagonia* led,  
 A man like *Mars*; and with him fell, good *Mydon* that did guide  
 His chariot, *Atryneus* sonne. The Prince *Pylmenes* died  
 By *Antilochus*; *Nestors* joy, that *Mydon*; one before,  
 The other in the chariot: *Atrides* lance did gore  
*Pylmenes* shoulder, in the blyde: *Antilochus* did force  
 A mightie stone up from the earth, and (as he turn'd his horse)  
 Strooke *Mydon* elbow in the midst: the reins of horric  
 Fell from his hands into the dust: *Antilochus* let flie  
 His sword withall, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly laid  
 Upon his temples, that he gron'd, tumbld to earth, and stayd  
 A mightie while preposterously (because the dust was deepe)  
 Upon his necke and shoulders there, even till his foe tooke keepe  
 Of his pride horse, and made them stirre; and then he prostrate fell:  
 His horse *Antilochus* tooke home. When *Heitor* had heard tell,  
 (Amongst the uprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voyce,  
 And ranne upon the Greekes: behinde came many men of choyce;  
 Before him marcht great *Mars* himselfe, marcht with his female mate,  
 The drad *Bellona*: she brought on (to fight for mortall Fate)  
 A tumult that was wilde, and mad: he shooke a horrid Lance,  
 And, now led *Heitor*, and anon, behinde would make the chance.

This fight, when great *Tydidus* saw, his haire stood up on end:  
 And him, whom all the skill and power of armes did late attend,  
 Now like a man in counsell poore, that (travelling) goes amisse,  
 And (having past a boundlesse plaine) not knowing where he is,  
 Comes on the sudden, where he sees a river rough, and raues  
 With his owne billows ramsh'd, into the King of waues;  
 Murmurs with some, and frights him backe: so he, amaz'd, retireth,

*Antilochus* vol-  
 untary care of  
*Diocles*, and  
 their charge of  
*Zeus*.

*Antilochus* slais  
*Pylmenes*.

*Antilochus* slais  
*Mydon*.

*Heitor* marcht  
 of all.

*Simile*.

And thus would make good his amaze, O friends, we all admire  
Great *Heitor*, as one of himselfe, well-daring, bold in warre;  
When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre;  
Now *Mars* himselfe (form'd like a man) is present in his rage:  
And therefore, whatsoever cause, importunes you to wage  
Warre with these Trojans, never strive, but gently take your rod;  
Lest in your bolomes, for a man, ye ever finde a God.

As Greece retirde, the power of Troy, did much more forward prease;

*Hektor* slau-  
ters *Menestes*  
and *Anchialus*,  
*Ajax* slays  
*Amphimus* Sela-  
ges.

And *Heitor*, two brave men of warre, sent to the fields of peace;  
*Menestes*, and *Anchialus*; one chariot bare them both:  
Their fals made *Ajax Telamon*, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;  
Who lightned out a lance, that smote *Amphimus Selages*,  
That dwelt in *Pædos*; rich in lands, and did huge goods possesse:  
But Fate, to *Priam* and his sennes, conducted his supply:  
The Iavelin on his girdle strooke, and pierced mortally  
His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had looks so trim,  
That *Ajax* needs would prove their spoyle; the Trojans pow'r'd on him  
Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number strucke  
In his rough shield; yet from the flaine, he did his Iavelin plucke:  
But could not from his shoulders force the armes he did affect;  
The Trojans, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect:  
And wisely *Telamonius* fear'd their valorous defence;  
So many, and so strong of hand, stood in with such expence,  
Of deadly prowlesse, who repeld (though bigge, strong, bold he were)  
The famous *Ajax*; and their friend, did from his raptur beare.

Thus this place, fill'd with strength of fight, in th'armies other prease,  
*Tlepolemus*, a tall bigge man, the sonne of *Hercules*,

A cruell destinie inspir'd, with strong desire to prove  
Encounter with *Sarpedons* strength, the sonne of *Cloudy Iove*;  
Who, comming on, to that steme end, had chosen him his foe:

Thus *Ioves* great Nephew, and his sonne, 'gainst one another go:  
*Tlepolemus* (to make his end, more worth the will of Fate)  
Began, as if he had her power; and shew'd the mortall state  
Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous Brave;  
*Sarpedon*, what needfull, or needlesse humour drave  
Thy forme, to these warres: which in heart, I know thou dost abhorre;

A man not scene in deeds of armes, a Lycian counsellor;  
They lye that call thee soane to *Iove*, since *Iove* bred none so late;  
The men of elder times were they, that his high power begat,  
Such men as had *Herculean* force; my father *Hercules*  
Was *Ioves* true issue; he was bold; his deeds did well expresse  
They sprung out of a Lyons heart: he whilome came to Troy,  
(For horse that *Jupiter* gave *Trois*, for *Ganimed* his boy)  
With six ships onely, and few men, and tore the Citie downe,  
Lest all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horse his owne:  
For thee, thy minde is ill dispos'd, thy bodies powers are poore,  
And therefore are thy troopes so weak: the souldier evermore  
Follows the temper of his chiefe; and thou pull'st downe a side.

But say, thou art the sonne of *Iove*, and hast thy meanes supplide  
With force: sitting his descent: the powers that I compell,  
Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head, run ope the gates of hell.

*Ioves* *Icious* issue answer'd him, *Tlepolemus*, tis true;  
Thy father, holy *Ilion*, in this sort overthrow  
Th' injustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had  
Vnde good deservings to his state, he quitted him with bad.  
*Hefione*, the joy and grace of King *Lamedon*,  
Thy father rescude from a Whale, and gave to *Telamon*  
In honour Nuptials; *Telamon*, from whom your strongest Greeke  
Boasts to have issue, and this grace might well expect the like:  
Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept, against his oath, his horse;  
And therefore both thy fathers strength, and justice might enforce  
The wreake he took on Troy: but this, and thy cause differ farre;  
Sonnes seldom heire their fathers worths; thou canst not make his warre:  
What thou assum'st from him, is mine, to be on thee impos'd.

With this, he threw an athen dart, and then *Tlepolemus* los'd  
Another from his glorious hand: Both at one instant flew;  
Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, *Sarpedons* Iavelin drew  
The life-bloud of *Tlepolemus*; full in the midst it fell:  
And what he threatned, th'other gave; that dark-kniffe, and that hell.  
*Sarpedons* left thigh took the Lance, it pierc'd the solide bone;  
And with his raging head, ranne through; but *Iove* preserv'd his sonne.  
The dart yet vext him bitterly, which should have beene puld out;  
But none considered then so much, so thicke came on the rout,  
And sid each hand so full of cause, to ply his owne defence;  
Twas held enough (both faine) that both were nobly carried thence.

*Phyffes* knew the events of both, and tooke it much to hart,  
That his friends enimie should scape, and in a twofold part  
His thoughts contended; if he should pursue *Sarpedons* life,  
Or take his friends wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;  
By whom twas otherwise decreed, then that *Phyffes* steale  
Should end *Sarpedon*. In this doubt, *Minerva* tooke the wheele  
From sickle Chance; and made his minde resolve to right his friend  
With that bloud he could surest draw. Then did Revenge extend  
Her full power on the multitude; Then did he never misse,  
*Alasor*, *Halios*, *Chromius*, *Necmen*, *Fritanis*,  
*Alexander*, and a number more, he slue, and more had slaine,  
If *Heitor* had not understood; whose powre made in maine,  
And strooke feare through the Grecian troups; but to *Sarpedon* gave  
Hope of full rescue, who thus cryed, O *Heitor*! helpe and save  
My body from the spoyle of Greece; that to your loved towne,  
My friends may seeme borne; and then, let earth possesse her owne,  
In this soyle, for whose sake I left my countries; for no day  
Shall ever thew me that againe; nor to my wife disloyal  
(And vng hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirsted sight:  
All which, I left for Troy, for them, let Troy then doe this right.

To all this *Heitor* gives no word: but greedily he strives,

*Sarpedon* is  
*Tlepolemus*.

*Sarpedon* slau-  
ters *Tlepolemus*.

*Phyffes* fore-  
burt by *Tlepo-*  
*mus*.

*Phyffes* valour.

*Sarpedon* is  
*Heitor*.

But

H 3

With

With all speed to repell the Greekes, and fled in floods their lives,  
And left *Sarpedon*: but what face focuser he put on  
Of following the common cause, he left his Prince alone  
For his particular grudge, because, so late, he was so plaine  
In his reproof before the host, and that did he retaine,  
How euer, for example sake, he would not shew it then  
'And for his shame to, since 'twas iust. But good *Sarpedon* men  
Venurd themselves, and forc't him off, and set him underneath  
The goodly Beech of *Iupiter*, where now they did unheath  
The *Athen* lance: strong *Pelagon*, his friend, most lov'd, most true,  
Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which his spirit flew,  
And darknesse over-flew his eyes, yet with a gentle gale  
That round about the dying Prince, coole *Boreas* did exhale,  
He was reviv'd, recomforted, that else had gric'd and dyed.

*Sarpedon in a trance.*

All this time, flight drave to the fleet, the *Argines*, who apply'd  
No weapon 'gainst the proud pursuit, nor euer turn'd a head,  
They knew so well that *Mars* pursue, and dreadfull *Heitor* led:  
Then who was first, who last, whose lives the Iron *Mars* did scide;  
And *Priamus* *Heitor*? *Helenus*, turn'd *Oenopides*,  
Good *Tenthras*, and *Orestes*, skild in managing of horse,  
Bold *Oenomaus*, and a man, renown'd for martiall force,  
*Trechus*, the great *Esolian* Chief, *Orestes*, that did weare  
The gawdy Myter, studied wealth extremely, and dwelt neare  
Th' *Atlantique* lake *Cephalides*, in *Hyla*, by whose feat,  
The good men of *Boeotia* dwelt. This slaughter grew so great;  
It flew to heaven: *Saturnia* disorder'd it, and cried out  
To *Pallas*, O unworthy fight! to see a field so fought,  
And breake our words to *Spartas* King, that *Iliou* should be rac't,  
And he returne reveng'd: when thus, we see his Greekes disgrac't,  
And beare the harmefull rage of *Mars*: Come, let us use our care,  
That we dishonour not our powers. *Minerva* was as yare  
As she, at the despight of *Troy*. Her golden-bridl'd steeds,  
Then *Saturnus* daughter brought abroad, and *Hebe*, she proceeds  
T'addresse her chariot, instantly, she gives it either wheele,  
Beam'd with eight Spokes of sounding brasse, the Axle-tree was Steele,  
The Fellies incorruptible gold, their upper bands, of brasse,  
Their matter most unvalued, their worke of wondrous grace.  
The Naves in which the Spokes were driven, were all with silver bound,  
The chariots feat, two hoopes of gold and silver, strengthened round,  
Edg'd with a gold and silver fringe, the beame that lookt before,  
Was massie silver, on whose top, geres all of gold it wore,  
And golden Poirils. *Iuno* mounts, and her hot horses rein'd,  
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complain'd.

*Juno's chariot.*

*Pallas armed.*

*Argis (loves shield) disorder'd*

*Minerva* wrapt her in the robe, that curiously the wove,  
With glorious colours, as the fate, on th' azure floore of *Iove*,  
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearfull field.  
About her brode-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,  
Fring'd round with ever-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life

The

The miseries and deaths of fight: in it found bloudie *Strife*,  
In it shid' sacred *Fortitude*; in it fell *Parfuit* blow;  
In it the monster *Gorgons* head, in which (held out to view)  
Were all the dire offenses of *Jove*; on her bigge head the place  
His four-plum'd glittering caske of gold, so admirably vast,  
It would an hundred garrisons of souldiers comprehend,  
Then to her shining chariot, her vigorous feet ascend:  
And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid lance,  
With which the conquests of her wrath, she useth to advance,  
And overturne whole fields of men; to shew she was the seed  
Of him that thunders. Then heavens *Queene* (to urge her horses speed)  
Takes up the scourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heaven  
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given  
(With all *Olympus*, and the skie) to the distinguisher hooves,  
That cleare, or hide it all in clouds; or powre it downe in showres.  
This way their scourge-obeying horse, made haste, and soone they wonne  
The top of all the teupfull heavens, where aged *Saturnus* sonne  
Sate sever'd from the other Gods; then staid the white-arm'd *Queene*  
Her steeds; and askt of *Jove*, if *Mars* did not increase his spleene  
With his soule deeds; in ruining so many and so great  
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heat.  
At which (the said) *Apollo* laugh't, and *Peneus*, who still sue  
To that mad God for violence, that never justice knew;  
For whose impetie she askt, if with his witheld love  
Her selfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather move  
*Athena* to the charge she fought, who us'd of old to be  
The bane of *Mars*; and had as well the gift of spoile as he.

This grace she slackt not, but her horse, scour'd, that in nature flew  
Betwixt the cope of starres and earth: And how farre at a view  
A man into the purple Sea, may from a hill descree:

\* So farre a high-neighing horse of heaven, at every jumpe would flie.

Arriv'd at *Troy*, where broke in curls, the two floods mixe their force,  
(*Scamander*, and bright *Simois*) *Saturnia* staid her horse,  
Tooke them from chariot; and a cloud of mightie depth diffus'd  
About them; and the verdant banks of *Symoïs* produc'd  
(In nature) what they \* eate in heaven. Then both the Goddesses  
Marcht like a paire of timorous Doves, in hastning their ascesse,  
To th' *Argive* succour. Being arriv'd, where both the most and best  
Were heapt together (shewing all, like *Lyons* at a feast  
Of new slaine carcases, or Bores, beyond encounter strong)  
There found they *Diomedes*; and there, midst all th' admiring throng,  
*Saturnia* put on *Stentors* shape; that had a brazen voice,  
And spake as loud as fittic men; like whom she made a noise,  
And chid the *Argines*, O ye Creekes, in name, and outward rite,  
But Princes onely, not in act: what scandall! what despight!  
Vfe ye to honour! all the time, the great *Diades*  
Was conversant in armes; your foes durst not a foot addresse  
Without their ports; so much they feard, his lance that all controll'd;

The three houses  
Guardians of  
beaten gates.  
\* These three  
houses were  
not at one reach  
or stride, in get-  
ting or run-  
ning; where a  
Homerian made it  
fence from which  
except in his in-  
terpretation, all  
taking it for two  
for Deities were  
born from the  
earth: when in-  
stantly they came:  
down to earth:  
travert omi-  
typhos, etc.  
can: was uno  
falsa confici-  
unt, vel, et uti  
substantia pro-  
gressum de-  
on alitroni e-  
quis, etc. uno, be-  
ing under flood,  
and the last is  
twice, which is  
express. The  
first other wife  
is, in itself, and  
contradictory.  
\*\* *Arcyon* was  
is the arg, and  
was, which is  
longer, textu-  
very lewdly,  
asking how the  
horse came by it:  
on these horses,  
where the text  
is, him *Symoïs*  
producing is a be-  
ing with it, is  
express (1) *Sten-*  
toribus: the deities  
came of that  
size: if not, it  
hope the Deities  
could ever come  
meant it.

And now they out-ray to your fleet. This did with shame make bold  
The generall spirit and power of Greece; when (with particular note  
O. their disgrace) *Athenia*, made *Tydeus* issue hote.  
She found him at his chariot, refreshing of his wound  
Influcted by flaine *Pandarus*; his sweat did so abound,  
It much annoyd him underneath the broad belt of his shields  
With which, and tyred with his toyle, his foole could hardly yeeld  
His bodie motion. With his hand he lifted up the belt,  
And wipt away that clotted bloud, the fervent wound did melt.  
*Minerva* leand against his horse, and neare their withers laid  
Her sacred hand; then spake to him; Deleeve me *Diomed*,  
*Tydeus* exampl'd not himselfe in thee his sonne; not Great,  
But yet he was a fouldier; a man of so much heat,  
That in his Ambassie for Thebes, when I forbad his minde  
To be too ventrous; and when Feasts his heart might have declin'd  
(With which they welcom'd him) he made a challenge to the best,  
And foild the best; I gave him aide, because the rust of rest  
(That would have seild another minde) he suffer'd not; but us'd  
The triall I made like a man; and their soft faists refus'd:  
Yet when I let thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort,  
That (I abetting thee) thou should'st be to the Greeks a Fort,  
And a dismay to lions; yet thou obey'st in nought:  
Afraid, or slothfull, or else both: henceforth renounce all thought  
I hat ever thou wert *Tydeus* sonne. He answer'd her, I know  
Thou art *Ioves* daughter, and for that, in all just datie owe  
Thy speeches reverence: yet affirme, ingeniously, that feare  
Doth neither hold me spiritlesse, nor sloth. I onely beare  
Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I should never warre  
With any blessed Deitie, unlesse (exceeding farre  
The limits of her rule) the Queene, that governs Chamber sport  
Should preasse to field; and her, thy will, enjoyn'd my lance to hurt:  
But he whole power hath right in armes, I knew in person here  
(Besides the *Cyprian* Deitie) and therefore did forbear;  
And here have gather'd in retreat, these other Greeks you see  
With note and reverence of your charge. My dearest minde (said she)  
What then was fit is chang'd: Tis true, *Mars* hath just rule in warre,  
But just warre; otherwife he raves, not fights; he's alter'd farre;  
He vow'd to *Iuno* and my selfe, that his aide should be us'd  
Against the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abus'd  
His rule in armes, infring'd his word, and made his warre unjust:  
He is inconstant, impious, mad: Resolve then; firmly trust  
My aide of thee against his worst, or any Deitie:  
Adde scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perditionally.

This said; as that brave King, her Knight, with his horse-guiding fri  
Were set before the chariot (for signe he should descend,  
That he might serve for wagonne) she pluckt the wagonner backe,  
And up into his seat the mounts: the Beechen tree did cracke  
Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it bore so large a thing:

Pallas to Diomed.

Diomed to Pallas.

Pallas againe.

What unjust warre is.

A Goddesse lea replicate with power, and such a puissant King:

She snatche the scourge up and the reins, and flut her heavenly looke  
In hels vast helme, from *Mars* his eyes: and full careere she tooke  
At him, who then had newly flaine the mightie *Peripha*,  
Renow'd soane to *Ocheseus*; and faire the strongest was  
Of all th' *Etolians*; to whose spoile, the blondec God was runne:  
But when this man plagu'd saw th' approach of God-like *Tydeus* soane;  
He let his mightie *Peripha* lye, and in full charge he ranne  
At *Diomed*; and he at him; both neare; the God began,  
And (thirfie of his blood) he throwes a brazen lance, that beares  
Full on the breast of *Diomed*, above the reins and geres;  
But *Pallas* took it on her hand, and strooke the eager lance  
Beneath the chariot: then the Knight of *Pallas* doth advance,  
And cast a javeline off at *Mars*; *Minerva* sent it on;  
That (where his arming girdle girt) his belly graz'd upon,  
Iust at the rim, and rancht the flesh: the lance againe he got,  
But left the wound; that stung him so, he laid out such a throat  
As if nine or ten thousand men, had beay'd out all their breaths  
In one confusion; having felt as many sudden deaths.  
The rore made both the hosts amaz'd. Vp flew the God to heaven;  
And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tinfure driven  
(To *Diomed*'s eyes) as when the earth, halfe chok't with smoking heat  
Of gloomie clouds, that stiffe men; and pitchie tempests thraue,  
Vlshred with horrid gusts of winde with such blacke vapours plum'd,  
*Mars* flew t' *Olympus*, and brode heaven; and there his place resum'd.  
Sadly he went and fate by *Iove*, shew'd his immortall bloud;  
That from a mortall-man-made wound, pow'd such an impious floud;  
And (weeping) pow'd out these complaints: O Father, stormt thou not  
To see us take these wrongs from men? extreme griefes we have got  
Even by our owne deepe counsels held, for gratifying them;  
And thou (our Counsels President) conclud'st in this extreme  
Of fighting ever; being rul'd by one that thou hast bred;  
One never well, but doing ill; a girle so full of head,  
That, though all other Gods obey, her mad moods full command  
By thy indulgence; nor by sword, nor any touch of hand  
Correcting her; thy reason is, she is a sparke of thee;  
And therefore she may kindle rage, in men, gainst Gods; and she  
May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods, that are (besides) thy seed:  
First in the palms height *Cyprius*; then runnes the impious deed  
On my hurt person: and could lifegive way to death in me;  
Or had my feet not fetcht me off; heaps of mortallitie  
Had kept me comfort. *Jupiter*, with a contracted brow  
Thus answer'd *Mars*: Thou many minds, inconstant changling thou;  
Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods  
(Inhabiting the flarrie hill) I hate: no periods  
Being set to thy contentions, brawls, fights, and pitching fields;  
Iust of thy mother *Iunus* moods; stiffe neckt, and never yeilds,  
Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbear offence,

The combat of Mars and Diomed.

Mars hurt by Diomed.

Mars fled to heaven.

Mars to Jupiter.

Jupiter to Mars.

Though

Though to her sonne, this wound I know, tells of her insolence;  
But I will prove more naturall, thou shalt be cur'd, because  
Thou com'st of me: but hadst thou beene so close to sacred lawes,  
Being borne to any other God, thou hadst beene at some distance  
Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driven.

This said, he gave his wound in charge to *Pan*, who applied  
Such soveraigne medicines, that as soone, the paine was qualified,  
And he recur'd; as nourishing milke, when summer is put in,  
Runnes all in heapes of tough thicke curd, though in his nature thinne:  
Even so soone, his wounds parted sides, ranne close in his recure,  
For he (all deathlesse) could not long, the paine of death endure.  
Then *Hebe* bath'd, and put on him, fresh garments, and he sat  
Exulting by his Sire againe, in top of all his state;  
So (having from the spoiles of men, made his desire remove)  
*Imo* and *Pallas* rascend, the starrie Court of love.

*The end of the fifth Booke.*

slide out  
the

THE



## THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He gods now leaving an indifferent field,  
The Greekes prevails, the slaughter'd Trojans yield;  
Hector (by Hellenus advice) retires  
In haste to Troy; and Hecuba, desires  
To pray Minerva, to remove from fight  
The sonne of Tydeus, her affected knight;  
And vow to her (for favour of such price)  
Twelve Oxen should be slain in sacrifice.  
In meane space, Glaucus and Tydides meete;  
And either other, with remembrance greet  
Of old love twist their fathers; which inclines  
Their hearts to friendship; who change armes for signes  
Of a continu'd love for eithers life.  
Hector, in his returne, meets with his wife,  
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,  
He prophesies the fall of Ilium.

### Another Argument.

In Zeta, Hector Prophesies;  
Prayes for his sonne: will sacrifice.

**T**He stern fight freed of all the gods; conquest, with doubtfull wings  
Flew on their lances, every way, the restless field she flings,  
Betwixt the floods of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd  
All their affaires at Ilium, and round about them thin'd.

The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular side,  
Was *Aiex*, sonne of *Telamon*: who like a bulwarke plide  
The Greekes protection, and of Troy, the knotty orders brake:  
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd them how to make  
Way to their conquest: he did wound the strongest men of Thrace,  
The tallest, and the biggest set, (*Enfforian Acamas* : )  
His lance fell on his caske plum'd top, in stooping, the fell head  
Drove through his forehead to his jawes; his eyes Night shadowed.

*Tydides* slue *Tenibranides*, *Axilon*, that did dwell  
In faire Arisbas well-built towres, he had of wealth a Well,  
And yet was kinde and bountifull: he would a traveller pray  
To be his guest; his friendly house stood in the broad high way;  
In which, he all forts nobly us'd: yet none of them would stand  
Twixt him and death; but both himselfe, and he that had command  
Of his faire horse, *Califon*, fell livelesse on the ground,  
*Enryalus*, *Opheltius*, and *Dresus* dead did wound,

*Tydides, alias  
Diomed (being  
son to Tydeus.)*

Nor

Nor ended there his fierce course, which he againe begins,  
And ran to it successfully, upon a pair of twins,  
*Ætymus*, and bold *Pedafus*, whom good *Bucclion*,  
(That first cald father, though base borne, renown'd *Laomedon*)  
On *Nais* A barbarous, a Nymph that (as she fled  
Her curled flockes) *Bucclion* woo'd, and mixt in love and bed.  
Both these were spoild of armes, and life, by *Meisfiades*.

Then *Polypates*, for sterne death, *Astiasus* did seile:

*Vylsus* blue *Percosius*; *Tencer*, *Arcatön*:  
*Antiochus* (old *Nefors* joy) *Ablerus*: the great sonne  
Of *Atreus*, and king of men, *Elatus*, whose abode  
He held at upper *Pedafus*, where *Satnius* river flow'd.  
The great Heroe *Leisus*, staid *Philacus* in flight,  
From further life: *Enripilus*, *Melanthius* rest of flight.)

The brother to the king of men, *Adrestus* tooke alive,  
Whose horse, (affrighted with the sight) their driver now did drive,  
Amongst the low-growne *Tamisk* trees, and at an arme of one  
The chariot in the draught-tree brake, the horse brake loose, and ron  
The same way others fled, contending all to towne:  
Himselfe close at the chariot wheele, upon his face was throwne,  
And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust: *Arrides* inwards drave,  
And (holding at his breast his lance) *Adrestus* sought to save  
His head, by losing of his feet, and trusting to his knees:  
On which, the same parts of the king, he hugs, and offers fees  
Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt:  
Take me alive, O *Atreus* sonne, and take a worthy weight  
Of brasse, elaborate iron, and gold: a heape of precious things  
Are in my fathers riches hid, which (when your servant brings  
Newes of my safety to his cares) he largely will divide

With your rare bounties: *Atreus* sonne thought this the better side,  
And meant to take it, being about to send him safe to flee:  
Which when (farre off) his brother saw, he wing'd his royall feet,  
And came in threatening, crying out, O soft heart! what's the cause  
Thou spar'st these men thus? have not they observ'd these gentle lawes  
Of milde humanitie to thee, with mighty argument,  
Why thou shouldst dealer thus? In thy house! and with all president  
Of honor'd guest rites entertain'd? not one of them shall flye,  
A bitter end for it, from heaven, and much lesse (dotingly)  
Scape our revengefull fingers: all, even th'infant in the wombe  
Shall tast of what they merited, and have no other tombe,  
Then razed Iliön, nor their race have more fruit, then the dust.  
This just cause turn'd his brothers mind, who violently thrust  
The prisoner from him, in whose guts, the King of men imprest  
His alien lance, which (pitching downe his foot upon the brest  
Of him that upwards fell) he drew, then *Nefor* spake to all:

O friends and household men of *Mars*, let not your pursuit fall  
With those ye sell, for present spoile, nor (like the king of men)  
Let any scape unfild: but on, dispatch them all, and then

This is  
the end.

Agamemnon to  
Menelaus.

Nefor to the  
Greekes.

Ye

Ye shall have time enough to spoile. This made for strong their chace,  
That all the Trojans had beene hots'd, and never turn'd a face,  
Had not the *Priamist Helenus* (an Augure most of name)  
Will'd *Heitor*, and *Aeneas* thus: *Heitor*! *Aeneas*! same!  
Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weightie burthen lies  
Of Troy and Lycia, (being both, of noblest faculties,  
For counsell, strength of hand, and apt, to take chance at her best,  
In every turne she makes) stand fast, and faster not the rest  
(By any way searcht out for scape) to come within the porte:  
Lest (fled into their wives kinde armes) they there be made the sports  
Of the pursuing enemy: exert and force your hands  
To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands  
(Though in a hard condition) to make the other stay:  
*Heitor*, goe thou to Iliön, and our Queene mother pray,  
To take the richest robe she hath, the same that's chiefly deare  
To her Court fancie: with which Lemme, (assembling more to her,  
Of Troyes chiefe Matrons) I shall goe, (for feare of all our fates)  
To *Pallas* temple: take the key, unlockt the leavie gates,  
Enter, and reach the highest towre, where her *Palladium* stands,  
And on it put the precious velle, with pure, and reverend hands:  
And vow to her (besides the gift) a sacrificing stroke  
Of twelve fat Heifers of a yeere, that never felt the yoke:  
(Most answering to her maiden state) if she will pittie us,  
Our towne, our wives, our youngest joyes: and (him that plagues them thus?)  
Take from the conflict; *Diomed*, that Furie in a sight,  
That true sonne of great *Tydem*, that cunning Lord of Flight:  
Whom I esteeme the strongest Greeke: for we have never had  
*Achilles* (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddess bred)  
Like him, his furie flies so high, and all mens wraths commands.

*Heitor* intends his brothers will, but first through all his bands,  
He made quick way, encouraging, and all (to feare) affraid:  
All turn'd their heads and made Greece turne. Slaughter stood full dismaid  
On their parts, for they thought some God, fallen from the vauit of starres,  
Was rusht into the Iliöns aide, they made such dreadfull warres.

Thus *Heitor*, toying in the waves, and thrusting backe the flood  
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: So, so, now runs your blood  
In his right current, Forwards now, Trojans? and farre cald friends?  
A while hold out, till for successe, to this your brave attēds,  
I haste to Iliön, and procure our Counsellours and wives  
To pray, and offer *Hecatombs*, for their statts in our liues.

Then faire-helm'd *Heitor* turn'd to Troy, and (as he trode the field)  
The blacke Bulls hide, that at his backe he wore about his shield,  
(In the extreme circumferey was with his gate so rockt,  
That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

And now betwixt the hoffs were met, *Hippolachus* braue sonne  
*Glancus*, who (in his very looke) hope of some wonder wonne:  
And little *Tydem* mightie beere, who seeing such a man  
Offer the field, (for small blowes) with wondrous words began.

Helenus to He.  
Nefor and Aeneas.

Heitor to the  
Trojans.

How Heitor left  
the field.

The encounter of  
Diomed and  
Glancus.

Di. n. h. 10  
C. 1. 1. 1.

What art thou (strongst of mortall men) that putt'st so farre before?  
Whom these fights never shew'd mine eyes? they have beene evermore  
Sonnes of unhappy parents borne, that came within the length  
Of this *Adiuvra*-guided lance, and durst close with the strength  
That she inspires in me. If heaven be thy divine abode,  
And thou a Deitie, thus inform'd, no more, with any god  
Will I change lances: the strong sonne of *Drius* did not live  
Long after such a conflict dar'd, who godlesly did drive  
*Nisus* Nurfes through the hill, made sacred to his name,  
And call'd *Nisus*: with a goade he punct each furious dame,  
And made them every one cast downe their greene and leavie speares:  
This, t' homicide *Lycurgus* did, and those ungodly feares,  
He put the Froes in, scild their god. Even *Bacchus* he did drive  
From his *Nisus*, who was faine (with huge exclaymes) to dive  
Into the Ocean: *Tethis* there, in her bright bolome took  
The flying Deitie, who forsook *Lycurgus* threats, he shooke:  
For which, the freely living gods, so highly were incens'd,  
That *Saturnus* great sonne strooke him blinde, and with his life dispen'd:  
But small time after: all becaue th' immortals lou'd him not:  
Nor lou'd him; since he striv'd with them: and this end hath begot  
Feare in my powers to fight with heaven: but if the fruits of earth  
Nourish thy body, and thy life, be of our humane birth,  
Come neare, that thou maist soone arrive, on that life-bounding shore,  
To which I see thee hoist such saile. Why dost thou so explore,  
(Said *Glauco*) of what race I am? when like the race of leaves

*Glauco* his wor-  
thy answer to  
Dionysius and his  
pious daughter  
even from S-  
syphus.

The race of man is, that deserves, no question, nor receiveth  
My being any other breath: The wind in Autumne throwes  
The earth with old leavies, then the Spring, the woods with new endowes:  
And so death scatters men on earth: so life puts out againe  
Mans leavie issue: but my race, if (like the course of men)

Thou seekst in more particular termes: tis this, (to many knowne)  
In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands a walled towne

Ephyre, where the Mansion house, of *Sisyphus* did stand,  
Of *Sisyphus* *Helides*, most wife of all the land:  
*Glauco* was sonne to him, and he begat *Bellerophon*,  
Whose body heaven indued with strength, and put a beauty on:  
Exceeding lovely: *Pratus* yet, his cause of loue did hate,  
And banish'd him the towne, he might: he ruld the argue state:  
The vertue of the one, *Love* plac'd beneath the others powre.  
His exile grew, since he deny'd, to be the Paramour  
Of faire *Anteia*, *Pratus* wife, who felt a raging fire  
Of secret loue to him: but he, whom wisdom did inspire  
As well as prudence (one of them, advising him to shunne  
The danger of a Princesse loue: the other, not to runne  
Within the danger of the gods: the act being simply ill)  
Still entertaining thoughts divine, subdu'd the earthly still.  
She (rul'd by neither of his wies) preferd her lust to both,  
And (false to *Pratus*) would seeme true, with this abhor'd untroth,

The Historie of  
Bellerophon.

Pratus

*Pratus*? or die thy selfe (said she) or let *Bellerophon* die;  
He urg'd dishonour to thy bed: which since I did denie,  
He thought his violence should grant, and sought by force.  
The King, incens'd with her report, resolv'd upon her course;  
But doubting, how it should be runne: he shun'd his death direct;  
(Holding a way to neare, not safe) and plotted the effect,  
By sending him with letters scald (that, opened, touch his life)  
To *Rheus* King of Lycia, and father to his wife.  
He went, and happily he went: the Gods walkt all his way.  
And being arriv'd in Lycia, where *Xanthus* doth display  
The silver ensignes of his waves: the King of that brode land  
Receiv'd him with a wondrous fice, and honourable hand.  
Nine dayes he feasted him, and killd, an Oxe in every day,  
In thankfull sacrifice to heaven, for his faire guest; whose stay,  
With rose fingers, brought the world, the teath wel-welcomd morn:  
And then the King did move to see, the letters he had borne  
From his lou'd sonne in law; which scene, he wrought thus their contents:  
*Chymara* the invincible, he sent him to convince:  
Spring from no man, but meere divine, a Lyons shape before;  
Behinde, a dragons, in the midst, a Goats shaggy'd forme she bore;  
And flames of ferencie, flew from her breath and eyes:  
Yet her he slue, his confidence, in sacred prodigies  
Renderd him victor. Then he gave his second conquest way,  
Against the famous *Solyms*, when (he himselfe would say  
Reporting it) he enterd on, a passing vigorous fight.  
His third huge labour he approv'd, against a womans spight  
That filld a field of Amazons: he overcame them all.  
Then set they on him *Deceit*, when *Foras* had such a fall;  
An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lycia bred,  
Was lodg'd for him, whom he lodg'd sure: they never rais'd a head.  
His deeds thus shewing him deriv'd, from some Celestiall race,  
The King detain'd, and made amends, with doing him the grace  
Of his faire daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a dowre)  
Gave halfe his kingdom; and to this, the Lycians on did powre  
More then was given to any King: a goodly planted field,  
In some parts, thicke of groves, and woods: the rest, rich crops did yeeld.  
This field, the Lycians futrly (of future wandrings there  
And other errors of their Prince, in the unhappy Rere  
Of his sad life) the Errant call'd: the Princesse brought him forth  
Three children (whose ends griev'd him more, the more they were of worth)  
*Isander*, and *Hippolochus*, and faire *Leodomy*:  
With whom, even *Isapater* himselfe, left heaven it selfe, to lye;  
And had by her the man at armes, *Sarpedon*, call'd divine.  
The Gods then left him (left a man should in their glories shine)  
And set against him, for his sonne, *Isander*, (in a strife,  
Against the valiant *Solyms*) *Mars* rest of light and life,  
*Leodamia* (being envied, of all the Goddes)

The golden-bridle-handling Queene, the maiden Patroneffe,  
I a

*Bellerophon*  
here. Ad. Eras.  
This long speech  
many Critics  
take as untime-  
ly, being (as they  
take it) in the  
heat of fight.  
Her Pity: (a  
late whorng)  
being ever ag-  
ainst Homer,  
whose ignorance  
in this, I cannot  
but see, and  
prove to you: for  
(besides the au-  
thors) &; aff-  
of a Poet, to say  
and quaten his  
Poem was in these  
episodes, sometimes  
beyond the ca-  
pacity of their  
actions) the  
Critics: moves not  
how far: his fore-  
runner prevents  
his own it as far:  
and sets downe  
his speech, as the  
judges and  
stars: & turning  
of the Trojan  
field, set on a  
little before by  
Hector; and what  
so severely, it  
made an admi-  
ring fit and among  
the Grecians, &  
therein gave fit  
time for their  
great capacities  
to utter their  
admiration:  
the whole field  
in that part be-  
ing to stand like  
their Command-  
ers. And then  
how full of deco-  
ration this gallant  
flow and speech  
was to (sound a  
disbanding, &  
leave easily to  
sub, and let our  
Criticks go  
cavill,  
Sarpedon move.

Slue



Sue with an arrow : and for this, he wandred evermore  
Alone through his Aleian field; and fed upon the core  
Of his sad bosome : flying all the loth'd comforts of men.  
Yet had he one surviv'd to him, of those three children;  
*Hippolochus*, the root of me : who sent me here with charge,  
That I should alwayes bear me well, and my deserts enlarge  
Beyond the vulgar : left I shamd, my race, that farre exteld  
All that *Ephyra*s famous towers, or ample *Lycia* held.  
This is my stocke, and this am I. This cheard *Tyides* heart,  
Who pitcht his speare downe; leand, and talkt, in this affectionate part.

named a few  
minutes.

Certeſſe (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art  
A guest of mine, right Ancetor; King *Oeneus* twentie dayes  
Detain'd, with feasts, *Bellerophon*, whom all the world did praise:  
Betwixt whom, mutual gifts were given; my *Grandfire* gave to thine,  
A girdle of Phœnician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine  
Thine gave a two-neckt luge of gold, which though I use not here,  
Yet still it is my gemme at home. But if our fathers were  
Familiar; or each other knew, I know not, since my fire  
Left me a child, at siege of Thebes: where he left his lifes fire.  
But let us prove our *Grandfires* sonnes, and be each others guests:  
To *Lycia* when I come, do thou receive thy friend with feasts:  
*Peloponnesus*, with the like, shall thy withr presence greet;  
Meaneſpace, shunne we each other here, though in the preſſe we meet:  
There are now of *Troy* beside, and men enough renownd,  
To right my powres, whom ever heaven shall let my lance confound:  
So are there of the *Greeks* for thee: kill who thou canst: and now  
For signe of amitie twixt us, and that all these may know

\* Diomedes  
reaches Menes  
admitts him, the  
text with his  
words only I  
alter of all Ho-  
mers original,  
since Plutarch  
againſt the Sto-  
ics, excuſes his  
being ſold in  
Greece, ſpeaks  
of his ſervice con-  
raging my at-  
tention, which I  
use for the deſed  
and for the Re-  
ſolution of the free  
exchange is  
Greece, con-  
rary to others  
that for the ſup-  
ple ſold in  
the ancient  
the ſervice into  
the ſervice, pro-  
the ſervice, pro-  
the ſervice, pro-  
the ſervice, pro-  
the ſervice, pro-

We glory in th' hospitious rites, our *Grandfires* did commend,  
Change we our armes before them all. From horſe then Both deſcend,  
Joyn hands, give faith, and take; and then did *Jupiter* \* elate  
The minde of *Glaukus*: who to ſhew his reverence to the ſtate  
Of vertue in his *Grandfires* heart, and gratulate beſide  
The offer of ſo great a friend: exchange d (in that good price)  
Curts of gold for thoſe of braſſe, that did on *Diomed* ſhine:  
One of an hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.  
By this, had *Hektor* reacht the ports of *Scæa*, and the tow'r's  
About him ſtockt the wives of *Troy*, the children, paramours,  
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loves.  
He ſtood not then to answer them; but ſaid, It now behoves  
Ye ſhould go all t' implore the aide of heaven in a diſtreſſe  
Of great effect, and imminent. Then halted he acceſſe  
To *Prisms* goodly builded Court; which round about was runne  
With walking porches, galleries, to keepe off raine and Sunne;  
Within of one ſide, on a row, of ſundrie colour'd ſtones,  
Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for *Prisms* fiftie ſonnes:  
And for as faire fort of their wives; and in the oppoſite view  
Twelve lodgings of like ſtone, like height, were likewiſe built arow;  
Where, with their faire and vertuous wives, twelve *Princes*, ſonnes in law,

To

To honourable *Prisms*, lay: And here met *Hecabe*  
(The loving mother) her great ſonne, and wiſh her, needs muſt be  
The faireſt of her female race, ſhe bright *Laudice*.  
The *Queene* gript hard her *Hektor*s hand, and ſaid; O wortheſt ſonne,  
Why leav'ſt thou field? iſt not becauſe the curſed nation  
Afflict our countie-men and friends? they are their monies that move  
Thy minde to come and liſt thy hands (in his high towre) to *Iove*:  
But ſtay a little, that my ſelfe, may ſetch our ſweeteſt wine,  
To offer firſt to *Jupiter*: then that theſe joynts of thine  
May be refreſht: for (woe is me) how thou art toyld and ſpent!  
Thou for our cities generall ſtate; thou, for our friends farre ſent,  
Muſt now the preſſe of fight indure: now ſolitude to call  
Vpon the name of *Jupiter*: thou only for us all.

Hecabe is  
Hektor.

But wiſe will ſomething comfort thee: for to a man diſmaid,  
With carefull ſpirits, or too much, with labour overlaid,  
Wine brings much reliefe, ſtrengthening much the body and the mind

Hektor is  
Hecabe.

The great *Helme* mover thus receiv'd, the antheſiſe of his kinde;  
My royall mother, bring no wiſe, leſt rather iſt impaire,  
Then helpe my ſtrength, and make my minde, forgetfull of th' affaire  
Committed to it. And (to poure it out in ſacrifice)

I feare, with unwaſht hands to ſerve the pure liv'd Deities,  
Nor iſt it lawfull, thus imbrac'd with blood and duſt, to prove  
The will of heaven: or offer vowes, to cleave-compelling *Iove*.  
I onely come to uſe your paines (aſſembling other Dames,  
Matrons, and women honour'd moſt, with high and vertuous names)  
With wine and odors; and a robe, moſt ample, moſt of price;  
And which iſt deareſt in your love, to offer ſacrifice,  
In *Pallas* temple: and to put the precious robe ye bring.  
On her *Palladium*, vowing all, twiſe *Oxen* of a yeare,  
Whole necks were never wrung with yokes; ſhall pay her Grace their lives;  
If ſhe will pittie our ſing'd ſonnes; pittie our ſelves, our wives;  
Pittie our children; and remote from ſacred *Ilion*,  
The dreadfull ſouldier *Diomed*; and when your ſelves are gone  
About this worke, my ſelfe will goe, to call into the field,  
(If he will heare me) *Hektor*s love, whom would the earth would yeeld,  
And headlong take into her gulf, even quicke before mine eyes:  
For then my heart, I hope, would caſt her load of miſeries;  
Borne for the plague he hath bequeir'd borne, and bred to the deſace  
(By great *Olympius*) of *Troy*, our Sire, and all our race.

This ſaid, grane *Hecabe* went home, and ſent her maids about  
To bid the *Maids*: ſhe her ſelfe, deſcended, and ſearcht out  
(Within a place that becauſt of perfumes) the richeſt robe ſhe had:  
Which lay with many rich ones once, muſt curiouſly made  
By women of *Sydonia*; which *Pero* brought from thence,  
Sayling the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,  
In which he brought home *Hektor*s robe, transferred ſo farre,  
(That was the undermoſt) the robe, iſt glitter'd like a ſtarre;  
And with it, went ſhe to the Fane, with many Ladies more:

13

Amongſt

Amongst whom, faire cheeke *Theano*, unlockt the folded dore;  
Chaste *Theano*, *Antenor's* wife, and of *Cisseus* race,  
Sister to *Hebe*, both borne to that great King of *Thrace*.  
Her, th'Ilions made *Minervus* Priest; and her they followed all,  
Up to the Temples highest towre; where, on their knees they fall;  
Lift up their hands, and fill the Fane with Ladies pious cries.

*Theano* Minister  
was Priest, and  
*Antenor's* wife,  
prays to *Pallas*.

Then lovely *Theano* tooke the veile, and with it she implies  
The great *Palladium*, praying thus: Goddess of most renowne?  
In all the heaven of Goddesses: great guardian of our towne?  
Reuerend *Minerva*? breake the lance of *Diomed*, cease his grace;  
Giue him to fall in shamefull sight, headlong, and on his face,  
Before our ports of *Ilion*; that instantly we may,  
Twelve unyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple slay  
To thy sole honor; take their bloods, and banish our offence;  
Accept *Troies* zeale; her wines, and saue our infants innocence.

She praid, but *Pallas* would not grant. Meane space was *Hector* come  
Where *Alexanders* lodgings were; that many a goodly roome  
Had, built in them by Architects, of *Troies* most curious sort;  
And were no lodgings, but a house; nor no house, but a Court;  
Or had all these containd in them; and all within a towre,  
Next *Hectors* lodgings and the Kings. The lord of heauens chiefe powre,  
(*Hector*) here entred. In his hand, a goodly lance he bore,  
Ten cubits long; the brazen head went shining in before,  
Helpt with a burnisht ring of gold; he found his brother then  
Amongst the women; yet prepar'd, to goe amongst the men:  
For in their chamber he was set, trimming his armes, his shield,  
His cures, and was trying how his crooked bow would yeeld  
To his straight armes; amongst her maids was set the Argive *Queen*,  
Commanding them in choicest workes. When *Hectors* eye had seene  
His brother thus accompanied; and that he could not beare  
The very touching of his armes, but where the women were;  
And when the time so needed men: right cunningly he chid,  
That he might doe it bitterly; his cowardise he hid  
(That simply made him so retir'd) beneath an anger faind,  
In him, by *Hector*; for the hate, the citizens sustaine.

*Hector* discom-  
bats, the coward-  
ise he finds in  
*Prius*, turning  
it, as if he chid  
him for his en-  
ger as the *Tro-  
ians* for haui-  
ng him being con-  
quered by *Alex-  
ander*; when it  
is for his effem-  
inate: which is  
all pious brast-  
call in my trans-  
lation.

Against *him*, for the foile he tooke in their causes; and againe,  
For all their generall foiles in his. So *Hector* seemes to plaine  
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardise;  
As that were it that shelterd him in his effeminacies;  
And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fight:  
For which he chid thus. Wretched man! so timelesse is thy sight,  
That tis not honest; and their hate is just, gainst which it bends:  
Warre burns about the towne for thee; for thee our slaughterd friends  
Besiege *Troy* with their carkasses, on whose heapes our high wals  
Are overlookt by enemies: the sad sounds of their fells  
Without, are echo'd with the cries of wives and babes within;  
And all for thee: and yet for them, thy honor cannot win  
Head of thine anger: thou shouldst need, no spirit to stirre up thine,

But

But thine should set the rest on fire; and with a rage diuine  
Chastise impartiall the best, that impiously forbears:  
Come forth, lest thy faire towres and *Troy*, be burn'd about thine eares.

*Prius* acknowledg'd (as before) all just that *Hector* spake;  
Allowing iustice, though it were for his iniustice sake:  
And where his brother put a wrath, upon him by his art;  
He takes it (for his honours sake) as sprung out of his heart:  
And rather would have anger seeme his fault, then cowardise:  
And thus he answer'd: Since with right you ioynd checke with aduise,  
And I heare you; giue equall eare, It is not any spleene  
Against the Towne (as you conceive) that makes me so unseene;  
But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest,  
(Within my selfe) I live so close: and yet, since men might wrest  
My sad retreat, like you; my wife (with her aduice inclinde  
This my addression to the field; which was mine owne free minde,  
As well as th'instance of her words: for though the soyle were mine,  
Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turnes: stay then this halft of thine,  
But till I arme; and I am made, a comfort for thee; straight;  
Or go, leaue take thy haste. *Helen* stood at receipt,  
And tooke up all great *Hectors* powers, attend her heauie words;  
By which had *Prius* no reply; this vent her griefe affords:

*Helen* vs'd all  
complaint to  
H. *Hector*.

Brother (if I may call you so, that had beene better borne  
A dogge, then such a horrid Dame, as all men curse and scorne;  
A mischief maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day  
That first gave light to me, had beene a whirlwinde in my way,  
And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage  
Of earths most farre-remouing seas; ere I should thus engage  
The deare lives of so many friends: yet since the Gods have beene  
Helpeless fore-seers of my plagues, they might have likewise seene  
That he they put in yoke with me, to beare out their award,  
Had beene a man of much more spirit; and, or had noblier dar'd  
To shield mine honour with his deede, or with his might had knowne  
Much better the upbraids of men; that so he might have shewne  
(More like a man) some fence of griefe, for both my shame and his:  
But he is senseless, nor conceives, what any manhood is;  
Nor now, nor ever after will: and therefore haings, I feare,  
A plague about him. But come neare; good brother, rest you here,  
Who (of the world of men) stands charg'd, with most unrest for me;  
(Vile wretch) and for my Lovers wrongs; on whom a destinie  
So bitter is impos'd by *Ioue*, that all succeeding times  
Will put to our un-ended shame; in all mens mouthes our crimes.

He answer'd: *Helen*, do not seek to make me fit with thee:  
I must not stay, though well I know thy honour'd love of me:  
My minde calls forth to aid our friends; in whom my absence breeds  
Longings to see me: for whose sakes, importune thou no deede,  
This man by all means, that your care may make his owne make hast;  
And meete me in the open towne, that all may see at last;  
He minds his lover: I my selfe will now go home, and see

*Hector* to *Helen*.

My household, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me.  
 For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall ever more  
 Returne, and see them; or to earth, her right in me restore  
 The Gods may stoupe me by the Greeks. This said, he went to see  
 The vertuous Princeſſe, his true wife, white arm'd *Andromache*.  
 She (with her infant sonne, and maide) was climbd the towre, about  
 The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.  
*Heſtor*, not finding her at home, was going forth, retir'd;  
 Stood in the gate; her woman call'd; and curiously enquir'd,  
 Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see  
 His sisters, or his brothers wives? or whether she should be  
 At Temple with the other Dames, t'implore *Minerva's* ruth;  
 Her woman answer'd; since he askt, and urg'd so much the truth;  
 The truth was, she was neither gone to see his brothers wives,  
 His sisters, nor t'implore the ruth of *Pallas* on their lives;  
 But (the advertiſe of the bane, Troy suffer'd; and how vast  
 Conquest had made her selfe for Greece) like one distraught, made haſt  
 To ample *Ilion* with her sonne, and Nurſe; and all the way  
 Mourn'd, and disſol'd in teares for him. Then *Heſtor* made no ſtay;  
 But trod her path, and through the ſtreets (magnificently built)  
 All the great Citie paſt, and came, where (ſeeing how blond was ſpilt)  
*Andromache* might ſee him come; who made as he would paſſe  
 The ports without ſaluting her, not knowing where ſhe was:  
 She, with his ſight, made breathleſſe haſt to meet him: ſhe, whoſe grace  
 Brought him withall ſo great a dowre; ſhe that of all the race  
 Of King *Ætion*, onely liv'd: *Ætion*, whoſe houſe ſtood  
 Beneath the mountaine *Placius*, cuiron'd with the wood  
 Of Theban Hippoplace, being Court, to the Cilician land:  
 She ranne to *Heſtor*, and with her (tender of heart and hand)  
 Her ſonne, borne in his Nurſes armes: when like a heavenly ſigne,  
 Compact of many golden ſtarres, the Princely childe did ſhine;  
 Whom *Heſtor* call'd *Scamandrius*; but whom the towne did name  
*Aſanax*; becauſe his fire, did onely prop the ſame.  
*Heſtor* (though griefe bereft his ſpeech,) yet ſmil'd upon his ioy:  
*Andromache* cride out, mixt hands, and to the ſtrength of Troy,  
 Thus wept forth her affection: O nobleſt in deſire;  
 Thy minde, inflam'd with others good, will ſet thy life on fire:  
 Nor piertliſt thou thy ſonne, nor wife, who muſt thy widow be,  
 If now thou iſſue: all the field will onely runne on thee.  
 Better my ſhoulders underwent the earth, then thy deſcent;  
 For then would earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the blacke increaſe  
 Of griefes (like Greeks on *Ilion*) Alas, what one ſurvives  
 To be my refuge? one blacke day, bereft ſeven brothers lives,  
 By ſterne *Achilles*; by his hand, my father breath'd his laſt:  
 His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, ſackt by him, and laid waſt;  
 The royall bodie yet he left unſpoild: Religion charm'd  
 That act of ſpoyle; and all in fire, he burn'd him compleate arm'd;  
 Built over him a royall tombe: and to the monument

*Andromache  
paſſion to Heſtor*

*Thebes a moſt  
rich city of Cilicia*

He

He left of him; Th'*Oreades* (that are the high deſcent  
 Of *Ægæa*-bearing *Jupiter*) another of their owne  
 Did adde to it, and ſet it round with Elms; by which is ſhowac  
 (In theirs) the barrenneſſe of death: yet might it ſerve beſide  
 To ſhelter the ſaid Monument from all the ruſſinous pride  
 Of ſtormes and tempeſts, uſe to hurt, things of that noble kinde:  
 The ſhort life yet, my mother liv'd, he ſav'd; and ſerv'd his minde  
 With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough eſteem'd;  
 He kept her priſoner, whom ſmall time, but much more wealth redeem'd:  
 And thein ſylvaine Hippoplace, Cilicia rul'd againe;  
 But ſooner was over-rul'd by death: *Dianas* chaſt diſdaine  
 Gave her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all theſe gone from me,  
 Thou amply renderſt all, thy life, makes ſtill my father be;  
 My mother; brothers: and beſides, thou art my husband too;  
 Moſt lov'd, moſt worthy. Pitié then (deare love) and do not go;  
 For thou gone, all theſe go againe: pitie our common joy,  
 Left (of a fathers patronage, the bulwarke of all Troy)  
 Thou leav'ſt him a poore widdowes charge; ſtay, ſtay then, in this Towre,  
 And call up to the wilde Figge-tree, all thy retrayd powre:  
 For there the wall is eaſieſt ſcal'd, and ſureſt for ſurpriſe;  
 And there, th' *Aiaces*, *Idomen*, th' *Atrides*, *Diomed*, thrice  
 Have both ſurvail'd, and made attempt; I know not, if induc'd  
 By ſome wiſe Augure; or the fact was naturally inſuf'd  
 Into their wits, or courages. To this, great *Heſtor* ſaid;  
 Be well aſſur'd wife, all theſe things, in my kinde cares are waid:  
 But what a ſhame, and ſcare it is, to thinke how Troy would ſcorne  
 (Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-train'd gownes adorne)  
 That I ſhould cowardly ſlie off? The ſpirit I firſt did breath,  
 Did never teach me that, much leſſe, ſince the contempt of death  
 Was ſett'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthy was;  
 Whoſe office is, to lead in fight, and give no danger paſſe  
 Without improvement. In this fire muſt *Heſtors* triall ſhine;  
 Here muſt his countrey, father, friends, be (in him) made divine.  
 And ſuch a ſtormy day ſhall come, in minde and ſoule I know,  
 When ſacred Troy ſhall ſhed her towres, for teares of overthrow;  
 When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, ſhall in thoſe teares be drownd.  
 But neither Troyes poſteritie, ſo much my ſoule doth wound:  
*Priam*, nor *Hecuba* her ſelfe, nor all my brothers woes  
 (Who though ſo many, and ſo good, muſt all be food for foes)  
 As thy ſad ſtate, when ſome rude Greeke ſhall leade thee weeping hence;  
 Theſe three dayes clouded; and a night, of captive violence  
 Lodging thy temples: out of which, thine eyes muſt never ſee;  
 But ſpin the Greeke wives, webs of taſke; and their Fetch-water be,  
 To Argos, from Meſſides, or cleare Hyperias ſpring:  
 Which (howſoever thou abhorſt) Fate's ſuch a ſwearith thing,  
 She will be miſtriſſe; whoſe curſt hands, when they ſhall cruſh out cries  
 From thy oppreſſions, (being beheld by other enemies)  
 Thus they will nourish thy extremes. This dame was *Heſtors* wife,

*Heſtor to An-  
dromache.*

*The names of  
two ſons, ſons  
of which, one is  
Theſſaly, the o-  
ther near Argos:  
or according to  
others, in Pel-  
loponneſus or La-  
cedæmon.*

A

A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthiest life  
Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull wounds,  
To misse the man, that to thy bands, could giue such narrow bounds:  
But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solide heape of night  
Shall interpose, and stop mine cares, against thy plaints, and plighr.

This said, he reacht to take his sonne: who (of his armes afraid;  
And then the horse-haire plume, with which, he was so overlaid,  
Nodded so horribly) he clingd backe to his Nurse, and cride.  
Laughter affected his great Sire; who doft, and laid aside  
His fearfull Helme; that on the earth, cast round about it, light;  
Then tooke and kist his louing sonne, and (ballancing his weight  
In dancing him) these louing vowes, to liuing *Love* he vsde,  
And all the other bench of Gods: O you that haue insulde  
Soule to this Infant; now set downe, this blessing on his starre:  
Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equall his strength in warre;  
And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeeld  
His facts this fame; (when rich in spoyle, he leaues the conquer'd field  
Sowne with his slaughters.) These high deeds, exceed his fathers worth:  
And let this eccho'd praise supply, the comforts to come forth  
Of his kinde mother, with my life. This said; th' Heroicke Sire  
Gaue him his mother; whose faire eyes, fresh streames of loves salt fire;  
Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to heare, the last of *Hectors* speech  
In which his vowes compride the summe, of all he did beseech  
In her with comfort. So she tooke, into her odorous breast,  
Her husbands gift; who (mou'd to see her heart so much oppress)  
He dried her teares; and thus desir'd: Afflict me not (deare wife)  
With these vaine griefes; He doth not lye, that can dissonne my life  
And this firme bosome; but my Fate; and Fate, whose wings can flie?  
Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls: once borne, the best must dye:  
Go home, and set thy hufwifrie, on these extremes of thought;  
And drive warre from them with thy maids; keepe them from doing nought:  
These will be nothing; leaue the cares of warre to men, and me;  
In whom (of all the *Ilion* race) they take their high'st degree:

On went his helme; his Prince's home, halfe cold with kindly feares;  
When every feare turnd backe her looks; and every looke shed teares.  
Fo-slaughtering *Hectors* house, soone reacht, her many women there  
Wept all to see hers in his life, great *Hectors* funerals were;  
Neuer lookt any eye of theirs, to see their Lord safe home,  
Scapt from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was *Paris* come  
From his high towres; who made no stay, when once he had put on  
His richest armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon  
Sparkled with luster of his armes; his long-ebd spirits, now slowd  
The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a faire Steed, proud  
With full-given mangers; long tied up, and now (his head-stall broke)  
He breakes from stable, runnes the field, and with an ample stroke  
Measures the center; neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head:  
About his boulders, shakes his Crest; and where he hath bene fed,  
Or in some calme floud walke; or (stung, with his high plighr) he flies

Amongst

Amongst his femals, strength put forth, his beantie beautifies.  
And like Lifes mirror, beares his gate: so *Paris* from the towre  
Of lofty Pergamus came forth, he shewd a Sun-like powre  
In cariage of his goodly parts, addrest now to the strife,  
And found his noble brother nere, the place he left his wife,  
Him (thus respected) he salutes, Right worthy, I have feare  
That your so serious haste to field, my stay hath made forbear,  
And that I come not, as you wish. He answerd, Honourd man,  
Be confident, for not my selfe, nor any others can  
Reprove in thee, the worke of fight, at least, not any such,  
As is an equall iudge of things: for thou hast strength as much  
As serues to execute a minde, very important: But  
Thy strength; too readily flies off: enough will is not put  
To thy abilitie. My heart is in my minds strife, sad,  
When Troy (out of her much distresse, she and her friends have had  
By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblenesse in mine cares:  
But come, hereafter we shall calme these hard conceits of theirs,  
When (from their ports the foe expulst) high *Love* to them hath given  
With peace, and us free sacrifice, to all the powers of heaven.

*Paris to Hector.**Hector to Paris.**The end of the sixth Booke.*

THE



# THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**H**ector, by Hellenus advice dath seek  
Adventurous combat on the boldest Greeke.  
Nine Greeks stand up, Acceptants every one,  
But let selest strong Ajax Telamon.  
Both, with high honor, stand in important fight,  
Till Heralds part them by approach night.  
Lastly, they grave the dead: the Greeks erect  
A mightie wall, their Navie to protect;  
Which awgers Neptune. Iove, by haplesse signes,  
In depth of night, succeeding woes divines.

## Another Argument.

In Eta, Priams strongest sonne  
Combats with Ajax Telamon.

*These next four  
lookes have not  
my last head: &  
because the rest  
(for a time) will  
be sufficient to  
employ your cur-  
sures, suspend  
them of these:  
I have not the  
other.*

**T**his said, brave Hektor through the ports, with Troyes bane-bringing  
Made issue to th'insatiate field, resolv'd to fervent fight. (Knight,  
And as the weather-weilder sends, to Sea-men prosperous gales,  
When with their fallow-polisht Oares, long lifted from their fals,  
Their wearied armes, dissolv'd with toyle, can scarce strike one stroke more;  
Like those sweet winds appear'd these Lords, to Troians tir'd before.  
Then fell they to the workes of death: by Paris valour fell  
King *Aeneas* haplesse sonne, that did in Arna dwell,  
(*Monestibus*) whose renown'd Sire, a Club did ever beare,  
And of *Philomedusa* gat (that had her eyes so cleare)  
This slaughterd issue: Hectors dart, strooke *Eioneus* dead;  
Beneath his good Steele caske, it pierc'd above his gorget stead.  
*Glancus* (*Hyppolochus* his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,  
*Iphionus*-*Dexiades*, with Iodaine Iavelin slew,  
As he was mounting to his horse: his shoulders tooke the speare,  
And ere he fate, in tumbling downe, his powers dissolv'd were.

When gray-cyd *Pallas* had perciv'd the Greekes so fall in fight,  
From high Olympus top the stoopt, and did on *Ilium* light.

*Apollo* (to encounter her) to Pergamus did flye,

From whence he (looking to the field) with Troians victorie.

At *Ioves* broad Beech these godheads met, and first *Ioves* sonne objects,  
Why, burning in contention thus, doe thy extreme affayts  
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to overthrow

*Pallas to the  
Grecian syd:  
Apollo to the  
Troian.*

*Apollo to Pallas*

The

The doubtfull victory of fight, and give the Greeks the day?  
Thou never pittiest perishing Troy: yet now let me perswade,  
That this day no more mortall wounds, may either side invade.  
Hereafter, till the end of Troy; they shall apply the fight,  
Since your immortal wils resolve to overturne it quite.

*Pallas* replide, it likes me well; for this came I from heaven:  
But to make either army cease, what order shall be given?  
He said, we will direct the spirit that burnes in Hectors brest,  
To challenge any Greeke to wounds, with single powers imprest.  
Which Greeks (admiring) will accept; and make some one stand out,  
So stout a challenge to receive, with a defence as stout:  
It is confirmd; and *Hellenus* (King *Priams* loved seed)  
By Augurie, discern'd th'event, that these two powers decreed.  
And (greeting Hektor) askt him this: Wilt thou be once advis'de?  
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is evenly prisd;  
Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to cease this publike fight,  
And what Greeke beares the greatest minde, to single strokes excite:  
I promise thee that yet thy soule shall not descend to fates,  
So heard I thy survivall cast, by the celestiall States.

Hektor with glad allowance gave his brothers counsell care,  
And (trouncing both the hoasts) advanc'd, just in the midst, his speare.  
The Troians instantly surcease, the Greeks *Atrides* staid:  
The God that beares the silver Bow, and warres triumphant Maide,  
On *Ioves* Beech, like two Vultures sat, pleas'd to behold both parts,  
Flow in, to heare; so sternly arm'd, with huge shields, helmes and darts.  
And such fresh horror as you see, driven through the wrinkled waves  
By rising *Zephyre*, under whom, the sea grows blacke, and raves:  
Such did the hasty gathering troupes, of both hoasts make, to heare;  
Whose tumult settl'd, twixt them both, thus spake the challenger:  
Heare Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong minde (diffus'd)  
Through all my spirits) commands me speake; *Saturninus* hath not usde  
His promist favour for our truce, (but studying both our ils)  
Will never cease, till *Mars*, by you, his ravenous stomacke fils  
With ruin'd Troy, or we consume your mighty Sea-borne fleet.  
Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voyce meete,  
Amongst you all, whose breast includes the most impulsive minde,  
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest designde.  
Before whom thus I call high *Iove* to witnesse of our strife,  
If he, with home-thrust iron can reach the exposure of my life,  
(Spoyling my armes) let him at will, convey them to his tent,  
But let my body be return'd, that Troyes two-text descent  
May waste it in the funerals Pile: if I can slaughter him,  
(*Apollo* honouring me so much) He spoyle his conquerd lim,  
And beare his armes to *Ilium*, where in *Apollo*s shrine  
He hang them, as my trophies due: his body He resigne  
To be dispos'd by his friends, in flame funerals,  
And honourd with erected tombe, where *Hellefontus* fals  
Into Egæum, and doth reach, even to your nauall rode,

*Pallas to Apollo's  
His reply.*

*Hellenus  
Priams sonne,  
and a voyce  
to Hektor.*

*The combat pre-  
pared.*

*Simile.*

*Hektor, to his  
hoast.*

K

That

That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their period,  
Survivors, failing the blacke sea, may thus his name renew :

*Epitaphium per  
anticipationem.*

This is his monument, whose blood, long since, did faces embrew,  
Whom, passing farre in fortitude, illustrious *Hector* slew.  
This shall posteritie report, and my fame never dye.

This said, dumbe silence seiz'd them all, they shamed to deny,  
And fear'd to undertake. At last, did *Meneleus* speake,

*Meneleus clides*

Checke their remisse, and so sigh'd, as if his heart would breake,  
Aye me, but onely threatening Greeks, not worthy Grecian names :

*O viri virgines,  
neque enim  
plunges in  
sua imitator.*

This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames;  
If *Hector's* honourable proofe, be entertain'd by none,

But you are earth and water all, which (symboliz'd in one)

Have fram'd your faint unfire spirits: ye sit without your hearts,

Grossly inglorious: but my selfe, will use acceptive darts,

And arme against him, though you thinke, I arme gainst too much ods:

But conquits garlands hang aloft, amongst th'immortal gods.

He arm'd, and gladly would have fought: but (*Meneleus*) then,

By *Hector's* farre more strength, thy soule, had fled th'abodes of men;

Had not the Kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt refrain'd,

And even the King of men himselfe, that in such compasse reign'd,

Who tooke him by the bold right hand, and sternly pluckt him backe:

Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou leest thy wilfull wracke:

Containethough it despite thee much, nor for this strife engage

Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all feare t'courage:

Yea whom *Achilles* himselfe, in men-renewing warre,

Makes doubt encounter, whose huge strength, surpasseth thine by farre;

Sit thou then by thy regiment, some other Greeke will rise

(Though he be dreadlesse, and no warre, will his desires suffice,

That makes this challenge to our strength) our valours to avow:

To whom, if he can scape with life, he will be glad to bow.

This drew his brother from his will, who yielded, knowing it true,

And his glad souldiers tooke his armes, when *Nestor* did pursue

The same reproofe he set on foot, and thus supplide his turne:

What huge indignitie is this! how will our country mourne!

Old *Peleus* that good King will weepe: that worthy Councillor,

That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for

All men of name that went to Troy, with joy he did enquire

Their valour and their towardnesse: and I made him admire:

But that ye all feare *Hector* now, if his grave eares shall heare,

How will he lift his hands to heaven, and pray that death may beare

His griev'd soule into the deepe! O would to heavens great King,

*Minerva* and the god of light, that now my youthfull spring

Did flourish in my willing vines, as when at *Phae* towres,

About the streames of *Iardanus*, my gather'd Pylean powres,

And dart-employed Arcadians fought, neere raging *Celadon*:

Amongst whom, first of all stood forth, great *Ereuthalion*,

Whoth' armes of *Areithon* wore (brave *Areithon*)

And (since he still fought with a club) surnamed *Clavigerus*,

*Nestor to the  
Greekes.*

*Minerva  
refers with in-  
ter annos,  
Sicula enim,  
etc.*

All men, and faire-girt Ladies both, for honour cald him so:

He fought not with a keepe-off speare, or with a farre shot bow;

But with a masse club of iron, he brake through armed bands:

And yet *Lycaeus* was his death, but not with force of hands;

With sleight (encountering in a lane, where his club wanted way)

He thrust him through his spacious waste, who fell, and upwards lay;

In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did despoyle;

Which iron, *Mars* bestowd on him: and thole, in *Mars* his toile,

*Lycaeus* ever after wore; but when he aged grew,

Enforc't to keepe his peacefull house, their use he did renew,

On mightie *Ereuthalions* lims; his souldier, loved well;

And with these armes he challeng'd all that did in Armes excell:

All shooke, and stood dismayd, none durst, his adverse champion make;

Yet this fame forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake

To fight with all his confidence; though yongest enemy

Of all the armie we conduct; yet I fought with him, I;

*Minerva* made me so renown'd; and that most tall strong Peere

I slue; his bigge bulke lay on earth, extended here and there;

As it were covetous to spread, the center every where.

O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers as sound;

Soone should bold *Hector* be impugnd: yet you that most are crown'd

With fortitude, of all our host; even you, me thinke are slow;

Not free, and set on fire with lust; t'encounter such a foe.

With this, nine royall Princes rose, *Atrides* for the first;

Then *Diomed*: th' *Aiases* then, that did th' encounter thirst:

King *Idamen* and his comforts; *Mars*-like *Meriones*;

*Evemons* sonne, *Euripilus*; and *Andromonides*;

Whom all the Grecians *Thoon* cald; sprong of *Andromons* blood;

And wife *Vlysses*; every one, propos'd, for combat stood.

Againc *Gercinius Nestor* spake; Let lots be drawne by all,

His hand shall helpe the wel-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;

And to his with shall he be helpt, if he escape with life,

The harmful danger-breathing fit, of his adventurous strife.

Each mark his lot, and cast it in, to *Agamemnon's* caske;

The souldiers pray'd, held up their hands, and this of *Iove* did aske,

(With eyes advanc't to heaven) O *Iove*, so leade the Herald's hand,

That *Ajax* or great *Tydeus* sonne, may our wisht champion stand:

Or else the King himselfe, that rules, the rich Mycenaean land.

This said, old *Nestor* mixt the lots: the formost lot survaid,

With *Ajax Telamon* was sign'd; as all the souldiers praid,

One of the Herald's drew it forth, who brought and shew'd it round,

Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renown'd:

None knowing it; every man denide: but when he forth did passe,

To him which markt, and cast it in, which famous *Ajax* was,

He stretcht his hand, and into it, the Herald port the lot,

Who (viewing it) th'inscription knew; the Duke denied not;

But joyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;

And said, (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my soule is sweet;

*Nine Princes  
stand up to  
draw Hector.*

*Ajax advised by  
Nestor for the  
encounter.*

*Diomed said to  
Ajax.*

For now I hope my fame shall rise, in noble *Heftors* fall.  
But whilst I arme my selfe, do you, on great *Saturnius* call;  
But silently, or to your selves, that not a Trojan heare:  
Or openly (if you thinke good) since none alive we feare;  
None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,  
At least for plaine fierce twinge of strength, or want of skill in fight:  
For I will well prove that my birth, and breed in Salamine,  
Was not all consecrate to meat, or meere effects of wine.

This said, the well-given souldiers prayd; up went to heaven their cyne,  
O *Iove*, that *Ida* doest protect, most happie, most divine;  
Send victory to *Ajax* side; fame, grace, his goodly lim:  
Or (if thy love, bleste *Heftors* life, and thou hast care of him)  
Bestow on both, like power, like fame. This said, in bright armes shone  
The good strong *Ajax*: who, when all his warre attire was on,

Marcht like the hugely figur'd *Mars*, when angry *Iupiter*,  
With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre  
Wreak full contention; and comes on, with presence full of feare;  
So th' Achive rampire, *Telamon*, did twixt the hosts appeare:  
Smild; yet of terrible aspect, on earth with ample pace,  
He boldly stalkt, and shooke aloft, his dart, with deadly grace.  
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shooke the joynts  
Of all the Trojans; *Heftors* selfe felt thoughts, with horrid points,  
Tempt his bold bolome: but he now must make no counterfright;  
Nor (with his honour) now refuse, that had provokt the fight.

*Ajax* came neare; and like a towre, his shield his bolome bard,  
The right side brasse, and seven Ox-hides, within it quilted hard:  
Old *Tychinus* the best currier, that did in Hyla dwell,  
Did frame it for exceeding prooffe, and wrought it wondrous well.  
With this stood he to *Heftor* close, and with this Brave began:  
Now *Heftor* thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,  
What other leaders arme our host, besides great *Thetis* sonne:  
Who, with his hardie Lyons heart, hath armies overrunne.  
But helyes at our crooke sterd fier, a Rivall with our King  
In height of spirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,  
Coequall with *Achides*; all able to sustaine  
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

The Helme-grac't *Heftor* answer'd him; Renowned *Telamon*,  
Prince of the Souldiers came from Greece; assay not me like one,  
Yong and immartiall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;  
I have the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame  
Of every slaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;  
I know the left, and every sway of my securefull targe;  
I triumph in the crueltie, of fixed combat fight,  
And manage horse to all designs; I thinke then with good right,  
I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,  
Without being taxed with a vauit, borne out with empty shoes.  
But (being a souldier so renownd) I will not worke on thee,  
With least advantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me;

And

And so with privitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive:  
But at thy best (even open strength) if my endeavours thrive.

Thus sent he his long javelin forth; it strooke his foes huge shield,  
Neere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eighth it held.  
Sixe folds th' untamed dart strooke through, and in the seventh tough hide,  
The point was cheekt: then *Ajax* threw: his angry Lance did glide  
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, shirt of maile,  
And did his manly stomachs mouth, with dangerous taint affaile:  
But in the bowing of himselfe, blacke death too short did strike;  
Then both to plucke their javelins forth, encountred Lion-like;  
Whose bloody violence is increas'd, by that raw food they eate:  
Or Bores, whose strength, wilde nourishment, doth make so wondrous great.

Againe, *Priamides* did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,  
Yet pierc't not through the upper plate, the head reflected was:  
But *Ajax* (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,  
And stayd bold *Heftor* rushing in, the Lance held way outright,  
And hurt his necke, out gush't the blood: yet *Heftor* cast not so,  
But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did back wards go)  
Blacke, sharpe, and big, layd in the field: the sevenfold targe it smit,  
Full on the bosse; and round about, the brasse did ring with it.  
But *Ajax* a farre greater stone, lift up, and (wreathing round,  
With all his body layd to it) he sent it forth to wound.

And gave unmeasur'd force to it; the round stone broke within  
His ruddled target: his low'd knees, to languish did begin;  
And he leand, stretcht out on his shield; but *Phobus* rais'd him straight,  
Then had they layd on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight,  
Vnlesse the Heralds (messengers of gods and godlike men)  
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then  
Imperiall scepters: then the one (*Idomus*, grave and wife)  
Said to them; Now no more my sonnes: the Sovereigne of the skies  
Doth love you both; both souldiers are, all witnesse with good right,  
But now night layes her mace on earth, tis good to obey the night.

*Idomus* (*Telamon* replide,) to *Heftor* speake, not me:  
He that cald all our Achive Peeres, to station fight, twas he,  
If he first cease, I gladly yeeld: great *Heftor* then began:

*Ajax*, since *Iove* to thy big forme, made thee so strong a man,  
And gave thee skill to use thy strength; so much, that for thy speare,  
Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let us fight for bare:  
Hereafter we shall warre againe, till *Iove* our Herald be,  
And grace with conquest, which he will, heavens yeeld to night, and we.  
Go thou and comfort all thy Fleet; all friends and men of thine,  
As I in Troy my favourers, who in the Fane divine  
Have offerd Orisons for me; and come, let us impart  
Some ensignes of our strife, to these, each others suppled harts  
That men of Troy and Greece may say, thus their high quarrell ends:  
Those that encountering, were such foes, are now (being separate) friends.  
He gave a sword, whose handle was, with silver studs through driven,  
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By *Telamon* was given.

K 3

A

*Ajax* carried, &  
his shield, &  
in suite of op-  
position to the  
trojans.

The shield of *A-  
jax*, like a tower

Tychinus the cur-  
rier.

Hime illud.

*Domus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

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*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

*Idomus* & *Idomus*

The combat.

*Ajax* fragment.

*Heftor* broke  
on his knees.

*Ajax* to *Idomus*.

*Heftor* to *Ajax*.

*Heftor* gives *A-  
jax* a sword;  
*Ajax*, *Heftor* a  
spear. Both  
which gifts were  
afterward cause  
of both their  
deaths.

A faire well glossed purple waste. Thus *Hektor* went to Troy,  
 And after him a multitude, fill'd with his fancies joy;  
 Despairing he could ever scape the puissant fortitude  
 And unimpeached *Aias* hands. The Greekes like joy renude,  
 For their reputed victory, and brought him to the King;  
 Who to the great *Saturnides*, preferd an offering:  
 An Ox that fed on five faire springs; they fleyd and quarrted him,  
 And then (in pieces cut) on spits, they roasted every lim:  
 Which neatly drest, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feast:  
 All had enough; but *Telamon*, the King fed past the rest,  
 With good large pieces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid,  
*Nestor* (whose counsels late were best) vowes new, and first he said:  
*Atrides*, and my other Lords, a sort of Greekes are dead,  
 Whose blacke blond neare *Scamanders* fireame, inhumane *Mars* hath sled:  
 Their soules to hell defended are: it fits thee then our King,  
 To make our souldiers cease from warre; and by the dayes first spring,  
 Let us our selves, assembled all, the bodies beare to fire,  
 With Mules and Oxen neare our fleet; that when we home retire,  
 Each man may carry, to the sonnes, of fathers slaughterd here,  
 Their honourd bones: one tombe for all, for ever let us reare,  
 Circling the pile without the field: at which we will erect  
 Walls, and a raveling, that may save, our fleet and us protect.  
 And in them let us fashion gates, solid and bard about,  
 Through which our horse and chariots, may well get in and out.  
 Without all, let us dig a dike, so deepe it may avale  
 Our forces gainst the charge of horse, and foot, that come t'assail:  
 And thus th'attempts, that I see swell in Troys proud heart, shall faile.

The King do his advice approve: so Troy doth Court consent,  
 At *Priams* gate, in th'illion towre, fearfull and turbulent:  
 Amongst all, wife *Antenor* spake: Troians and Dardan friends;  
 And Peeres assistants, give good care, to what my care commands  
 To your consents, for all our good: resolve, let us restore  
 The Argive *Hellen*, with her wealth, to him she had before:  
 We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuse,  
 No good event can I expect, of all the warres we use.

He ceast, and *Alexander* spake, husband to th' Argive Queene;  
*Antenor*, to mine eares thy words, harsh and ungracious beene:  
 Thou canst use better if thou wilt: but if these truly sit  
 Thy serious thoughts; the gods, with age, have rest thy graver wit:  
 To war-like Troians I will speake, I clearly doe deny  
 To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth, Ile render willingly,  
 What ever I from *Argos* brought; and vow to make it more;  
 Which I have ready in my house, if peace I may restore.

*Priam*, surnam'd *Dardaniades* (godlike in counsels grave)  
 In his sonnes favour well advide, this resolution gave;  
 My royall friends of every state, there is sufficient done,  
 For this late counsell we have cald, in th'offer of my sonne;  
 Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be set,

*Atrides* for  
 victory.  
*Virgil* imit.

*Convivium* a  
 sacrifice.  
*Nestor* to the  
 Greeke.

*Antenor*'s coun-  
 sell to the Tro-  
 ians.

*Priam* replies.

*Priam* to the  
 Troians:

And every court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth we  
 The high rais'd battlements of Troy, *Idem* shall be sent  
 To th' Argive fleet, and *Atrides* sonnes, t'unfold my sonnes intent,  
 From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will) obtaine  
 Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume our souldiers slaine:  
 And after, our most fatall warre, let us importune still,  
 Till *Iove* the conquest have dispos'd, to his unconquer'd will.

All heard, and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,  
 That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall.

*Idem* in the morning went, and th' Achive Peeres did finde  
 In counsell at *Atrides* ship: his audience was assign'd:  
 And in the midst of all the Kings, the vocall Herald said:

*Atrides* my renowned King, and other kings his aide,  
 Propose by me, in their commands, the offers *Pari* makes,  
 (From whose joy all our woes proceed) he Princely undertakes  
 That all the wealth be brought from Greece (would he had died before)  
 He will (with other added wealth) for your amends restore:  
 But famous *Menelaus* wife, he still meanes to enjoy,  
 Though he be urg'd the contrary, by all the Peeres of Troy.  
 And this besides, I have in charge, that if it please you all,  
 They with both sides may cease from warre, that rites of funerall  
 May on their bodies be perform'd, that in the fields lye slaine:  
 And after to the will of Fate, renew the fight againe.

All silence held at first: at last, *Tydid* made reply:  
 Let no man take the wealth, or Dame; for now a child's weak eye  
 May see the imminent blacke end of *Priams* Emperie.

This sentence quicke, and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire:  
 Then said the King, Herald, thou heart'st, in him, the voice entire  
 Of all our Peeres, to answer thee, for that of *Priams* sonne:  
 But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne  
 To satisfie thy King therein, without the slenderest gaine  
 Made of their spoyled carcases; but freely (being slaine)  
 They shall be all consum'd with fire: to witnesse which, I cite  
 High thundring *Iove*, that is the king, of *Iunus* beds delight.

With this, he held his scepter up, to all the skie thron'd powers:  
 And grave *Idem* did returne to sacred Ilions towres,  
 Where Ilions, and Dardanians did still their counsels plie,  
 Expecting his returne: he came, and told his Legacie.  
 All, whirlwinde like, assembled thence: some, bodies to transport,  
 Some to hew trees: On th'other part, the Argives did exhort  
 Their Souldiers to the same affaires: then did the new fir'd Sunne  
 Smit the broad fields, ascending heaven, and th' Ocean smooth did runne:  
 When Greece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know:  
 Then wast they off their blood and dust, and did warme teares bestow  
 Vpon the slaughterd, and in Carres, conveyd them from the field:  
*Priam* commanded none should mourne, but in still silence yeeld  
 Their honor'd carcases to fire, and onely grieve in heart.  
 All burnd: to Troy, Troys friends retire: to fleet, the Grecian part:

*Idem* to the  
 Grecian fleet.

*Idem* to the  
 Greeks.

*Diomed* to *Priam*

*Ag. memnon* to  
*Idem*.



Yet doubtfull night obscur'd the earth, the day did not appeare:  
When round about the funerall pyle, the Grecians gather'd were;  
The pyle they circled with a tombe, and by it rais'd a wall,  
High rowres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midst of all  
They built strong gates, through which the horse, and chariots passage had:  
Without the rampire a broad dike, long and profound they made,  
On which they Pallefados pitch'd; and thus the Grecians wrought.  
Their huge works in so little time, were to perfection brought,  
I hat all Gods, by the Lightner set, the frame thereof admir'd,  
Mongst whom, the earthquake-making God, this of their King enquir'd,  
Father of Gods, will any man, of all earths grassie sphere,  
Aske any of the Gods consents, to any actions there,  
If thou wilt see the flag-haired Greeks, with headstrong labours frame  
So huge a worke, and not t'ous, due offerings first enflame?  
As farre as white *Auroras* dewes, are sprinkled through the aire,  
Fame will renowe the hands of Greece, for this divine affaie:  
Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sunne and I did raise,  
For King *Laomedon* (bright Troy) and this will beare the praise.

*Replaine to  
Iupiter.*

*I use to Neptune*

*The justification  
that in the  
twelfth Booke is  
raz'd.*

*A fleet of wine  
of a thousand  
runnes, sent by  
Euneus King of  
Lemnos, Iasons  
sonne.*

*Iove* was extremely mou'd with him, and said, What words are these,  
Thou mightie shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?  
Some other God, of farre lesse power, might hold conceits dismaid,  
With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well afraid;  
For it will glorifie thy name, as farre as light extends:  
Since, when these Greekes shall se againe their native soile and friends,  
(The bulwarke batter'd) thou maist quite devoure it with thy waves,  
And cover (with thy fruitlesse sands) this fatal shore of graves:  
That what their fierie industries, have so divinely wrought,  
In raising it: in razing it, thy power will prove it naught.

Thus spake the Gods among themselves: set was the fervent Sunne;  
And now the great worke of the Greeks was absolutely done.  
Then flue they Oxen in their tents, and strength with food reviv'd;  
When out of *Lemnos* a great fleet of odorous wine arriv'd;  
Sent by *Euneus*, *Iasons* sonne, borne of *Hyppobole*.  
The fleet contain'd a thousand tunne: which must transported be  
To *Atræus* sonnes, as he gave charge; whose merchandise it was.  
The Greeks bought wine for shining Steele, and some for sounding brasse,  
Some for Oxehides, for Oxen some, and some for prisoners.  
A sumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the Peeres,  
And faire-hair'd Greeks consum'd in feast: so Trojans, and their aide.  
And all the night *Iove* thunder loud: pale feare all thoughts dismay'd.  
While they were gluttonous in earth, *Iove* wrought their banes in heaven:  
They pow'd full cups upon the ground; and were to offerings driven,  
In stead of quaffings: and to drinke, none durst attempt, before  
In solemne sacrifice they did almightie *Iove* adore.  
Then to their rests they all repair'd: bold zeale there feare bereav'd:  
And sudden sleeps refreshing gift, securely they receiv'd.

*The end of the seventh Booke.*

THE



## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**VV** Hen Iove to all the Gods had given command,  
That none, to either host, should helpfull stand;  
To *Ida* he descends: and sees from thence  
*Juno* and *Pallas* baste the Greeks defence:  
Whose purpose, his command by him given,  
Doth intervent; then came the silent Even;  
When *Hector* charge fires should consume the night.  
Left Greeks in darknesseooke suspected flight.

### Another Argument.

*In Theta Gods a Counsell have,  
Troyes conquest, glorious Hectors Brave.*

**T** He cheerfull Ladie of the light, deckt in her saffron robe,  
Disperst her beames through evry part of this enflowred globe,  
When thundering *Iove* a Court of Gods, assembled by his will,  
In top of all the topfall heights, that crowne th' Olympian hill.

He spake, and all the Gods gave eare: Heare how I stand inclinde;  
That God nor Goddesse may attempt, t'infringe my soveraigne minde;  
But all give suffrage, that wish speed, I may these discords end.  
What God soever I shall finde, endeavour to defend  
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven, he (tham'd) shall reascend;  
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile call him downe as deepe  
As *Tartarus* (the brood of night) where *Barathrum* doth steepe  
Torment in his profoundest finks; where is the floore of brasse,  
And gates of iron; the place, for depth, as farre doth bell surpass,  
As heaven (for height) exceeds the earth; then shall he know from thence,  
How much my power pass all the Gods, hath soveraigne eminence.  
Indanger is the whales and see: let downe our golden chaine;  
And, at it, let all Deities, their utmost strengths constrain,  
To draw me to the earth from heaven: you neuer shall prevaile,  
Though with your most contention, ye dare my state assaile:  
But when my will shall be dispos'd, to draw you all to me;  
Even with the earth it selfe, and seas, ye shall enforced be.  
Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,  
And by it eury thing shall hang, by my command inclinde:  
So much I am supreme to Gods; to men supreme as much.  
The Gods sat silent, and admir'd; his dreadfull speech was such.

*Paiz, brasts of  
the Morning.*

*gone to the bench  
of Deities.*

*Virgil makes  
this discourse his  
plot, addes  
But patet in  
preceptis, in-  
tum tendit;  
sub umbras,  
&c. Hectors  
golden chaine.*

As

At last, his blue cyd daughter spake, O great *Saturnides*,  
 O Father, O heavens highest King, well know we the excess  
 Of thy great power, compar'd withall yet the bold *Greeks* estate  
 We needs must mourne, since they must fall, beneath so hard a fate:  
 For if thy grave command enioyne, we will abstaine from fight:  
 But to afford them such advice, as may relieve their plight,  
 We will (with thy consent) be bold; that all may not sustaine  
 The fearfull burthen of thy wrath, and with their flames be slaine.  
 He smil'd, and said; Be confident, thou art below'd of me:  
 I speake not this with serious thoughts, but will be kinde to thee.  
 This said, his brasse hough winged horse, he did to chariot binde,  
 Whose crest was fring'd with manes of gold, and golden garments shin'd.  
 On his rich shoulders, in his hand, he tooke a golden scourge,  
 Divinely fashion'd, and with blowes, their willing speed did urge,  
 Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven; to *Ida* then he came,  
 Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse of beasts untame;  
 Where (on the mountaine *Gargarus*) men did a Fane erect  
 To his high name, and altars sweet, and there his horse he checkt;  
 Dissolv'd them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jete  
 He cover'd them, and on the top, tooke his triumphant seat;  
 Beholding *Priams* famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece,  
 The *Greeks* tooke breakfast speedily, and arm'd at every pece:  
 So *Trojans*; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:  
 Dire need enforc't them to avert, their wives and childrens harmes.  
 All gates flew open, all the host, did issue, foot and horse,  
 In mightie tumult: strait one place, adjoyn'd each adverse force: (pos'd:  
 Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength op-  
 The bosse pik't targets were thrust on, and thunder'd as they clos'd  
 In mightie tumult; grone for grone, and breath for breath did breath:  
 Of men then slaine, and to be slaine; earth flow'd with fruits of death.  
 While the faire mornings beaute held, and day increast in height;  
 Their Javelins mutually made death, transport an equal freight:  
 But when the hot Meridian point, bright *Phœbus* did ascend,  
 Then *Jove* his golden Ballances did equally extend:  
 And of long rest conferring death, put in two bitter fates  
 For *Troy* and *Greece* he held the midst: the day of finall dates  
 Fell on the *Greeks*: the *Greeks* hard lots, sunke to the flowrie ground.  
 The *Trojans* leapt as high as heaven, then did the claps resound,  
 Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt, amongst each *Grecian* troop:  
 The fight amaz'd them; pallid feare made boldest stomachs stoop.  
 Then *Idomen* durst not abide; *Atrides* went his way,  
 And both th' *Aiaces*: *Nestor* yet, against his will did stay  
 (That grave Protector of the *Greeks*) for *Paris* with a dart  
 Enrag'd one of his chariot horse; he smote the upper part  
 Of all his skull, even where the haire, that made his foretop, sprung;  
 The hurt was deadly, and the paine, so sore the courier stung,  
 (Pierc't to the braine) he stamp't and plung'd: one on another beares:  
 Entangled round about the beames; then *Nestor* cup the geres

With

With his new drawne authentique sword; meane while the fire horse  
 Of *Hektor* brake into the preasse, with their bold rulers force:  
 Then good old *Nestor* had bene slaine, had *Diomed* not espied;  
 Who to *Vlysses*, as he fled, importunately cried;  
 Thou, that in counsels dost abound, O *Laertiades*,  
 Why flyest thou? why thus cowardlike, thrust thou the honourd preasse;  
 Take heed thy backe take not a dart: stay, let us both intend  
 To drive this cruell enemy, from our deare aged friend.

He spake; but warie *Ithacus*, would finde no patient care:  
 But fled forth right, even to the fleet: yet though he single were,  
 Brave *Diomed* mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the steeds  
 Of old *Neleides*, whose estate, thus kingly he areeds:

O father, with these youths in fight, thou art unequal place,  
 Thy willing sinewes are unknit, graveage pursues thee fast,  
 And thy unruly horse are slow; my chariot therefore use,  
 And trie how ready *Trojan* horse, can sic him that pursues,  
 Pursue the flier, and every way, performe the varied fight:  
 I forc't them from *Ancises* sonne, well skill in cause of fight:  
 Then let my Squire leade hence thy horse: mine thou shalt guard, whilst I  
 (By thee advanc't) assay the fight, that *Hektor* selle may try  
 If my lance dote with the defects, that faile best mindes in age,  
 Or finde the palsey in my hands, that doth my life engage.

This, noble *Nestor* did accept, and *Diomed* two friends,  
*Eurymedon*, that valour loves, and *Sthenelus*, ascends,  
 Old *Nestors* coach: of *Diomed* horse, *Nestor* the charge sustains,  
 And *Tydem* sonne tooke place of fight, *Neleides* held the reins,  
 And scour'd the horse, who swiftly ran, direct in *Hektor* face,  
 Whom fierce *Tydid* bravely charg'd: but, he turn'd from the chace,  
 His javeline *Eniopus* smit, mighty *Theban* sonne,  
 And was great *Hektor* chariotere, it through his breast did runne,  
 Neare to his pappe; he fell to earth, backe flew his frighted horse,  
 His strength and soule were both dissolv'd. *Hektor* had deepe remorse  
 Of his mishap: yet left he him, and for another sought:  
 Nor long his steeds did want a guide: for straight good fortune brought  
 Bold *Archeptolemus*, whose life, did from *Phryis* spring:  
 He made him take the reins and mount, then soules were set on wing:  
 Then high exploits were undergone, then *Trojans* in their wals  
 Had bene infolded like meeke lambs, had *Jove* winkt at their falls,  
 Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings sic  
 Into the earth, before the horse, that *Nestor* did apply.  
 A dreadfull flash burnt through the aire, that savour'd sulphure-like,  
 Which downe before the chariot, the dazled horse did strike:  
 The faire reins fell from *Nestors* hand, who did (in feare) intreat  
 Renownd *Tydid*, into flight, to turne his furies heate.  
 For knowest thou not, said he, our aide is not supplide from *Jove*?  
 This day he will give fame to *Troy*, which when it fits his love,  
 We shall enjoy, let no man tempt his unresist will,  
 Though he exceed in gifts of strength: for he exceeds him still.

Diomed to Vlysses.

Vlysses flies, and Diomed alone stays to the rescue of Nestor.

Diomed charges Hektor.

Nestor is Diomed.

Father

When (replied the King) 'tis true: but both my heart and soule  
 Are most extremely griev'd to thinke how *Hektor* will controule  
 My valour with his vants in Troy: that I was terror-sicke  
 With his approach: which when he boasts, let earth deuoure me quick.  
 Ah warlike *Tydeus* sonne (said he) what needlesse words are these?  
 Though *Hektor* should report thee faint, and amorous of thy ease,  
 The Troians nor the Trojan wifes, would neuer giue him trust,  
 Whose youthfull husbands thy free hand, hath smotherd so in dust:  
 This said, he turn'd his one-hou'd horse, to flight, and troope did take;  
 When *Alexander* and his men with shouts, did greedy pursuit make,  
 And pour'd on darts, that made aire sigh: then *Hektor* did exclaime,  
 O *Tydeus* sonne, the Kings of Greece doe most renowne thy name  
 With highest place, feasts, and full cups, who now will doe thee shame:  
 Thou shalt be like a woman vsd, and they will say, Depart  
 Immortall minion, since to stand, *Hektor* thou hast no hart.  
 Nor canst thou scale our turrets tops, nor leade the wines to fleet  
 Of valiant men, that wiselike fear't, my aduersle charge to meet.  
 This, two waies moun'd him, still to flye, or turne his horse and fight:  
 Thrife thrust he forward to assault, and euery time the fright  
 Of *Ioues* fell thunder draue him backe: which he propold for signe  
 (To shew the change of victory) Troians should victors thine.  
 Then *Hektor* comforted his men; All my aduentrous friends,  
 Be men, and of your famous strength, thinke of the honourd ends:  
 I know, beneuolent *Iupiter*; did by his becke prolesse  
 Conquest, and high renowne to me; and to the Greekes distresse.  
 O fooles, to raise such silly sorts, not worth the least account,  
 Nor able to resist our force, with ease our horse may mount,  
 Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their fleet I reach,  
 Let memory to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:  
 For, I will all their ships inflame, with whose infestive smoke  
 (Feare-shrunk and hidden neere their keels) the conquered Greeks shall choke.  
 Then cherisht he his famous horse: O *Xanthus*, now, said he,  
 And thou *Podargus*: *Aethon*, to, and *Lampus*, deare to me;  
 Make me some worthy recompence, for so much choice of meate,  
 Given you by faire *Andromache*, bread of the purest wheate,  
 And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wished cheare;  
 Still seruing you before my selfe (her husband yong and deare:)  
 Pursue and use your swiftest speed, that we may take for prize  
 The shield of old *Neleides*, which Fame lifts to the skies,  
 Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of massie gold:  
 And frow the shoulders let us take, of *Diomed* the bold,  
 The royall curace *Vulcan* wrought, with art so exquisite.  
 These if we make our sacred spoyle, I doubt not, but this Night,  
 Euen to their nauie to enforce, the Greekes vnturned flight.  
 This *Iuno* took in high disdain, and made *Olympus* shake,  
 As she but sird within her throne, and thus to *Neptune* spake;  
 O *Neptune*, what a spite is this! thou God so huge in power,  
 Afflicts it not thy honour'd heart, to see rude spoile deuoure

These

These Greekes that haue in *Helice*, and *Aege*, offred thee  
 So many and so wealthy gifts, let them the victors be;  
 If we that are the aids of Greece, would beate home these of Troy,  
 And hinder broad-eyed *Ioue* proud will, it would abate his joy.  
 He (angry) told her, she was rash, and he would not be one,  
 Of all the rest, should striue with *Ioue*, whose power was matcht by none:  
 Whiles they conferd thus, all the space; the trench containd before,  
 (From that part of the fort that flankt, the nauie-anchoring shore)  
 Was filld with horse and targateers, who therof refuge came,  
 By *Mars*-swift *Hektor*s power engagde; *Ioue* gave his strength the fame:  
 And he with spoilefull fire had burnt the fleet: if *Iuno*s grace  
 had not inspirde the King himselfe, to run from place to place,  
 And stir up euery souldiers power, to some illustrious deed;  
 First visiting their leaders tents, his ample purple weed  
 He wore, to shew all who he was; and did his station take  
 At wise *Polytes* sable bartes, that did the battell make  
 Of all the fleet; from whence his speech, might with more ease be driuen  
 To *Ajax* and *Achilles* ships, to whose chiefe charge were giuen  
 The Vanguard and the Rereguard both; both for their force of hand,  
 And trusty bosomes. There arriv'd, thus urg'd he to withstand  
 Th'insulting Troians; O what shame, ye emptie hearted Lords,  
 Is this to your admired formes? where are your glorious words?  
 In *Lemnos* vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?  
 We are the strongest men (ye said) we will command the most,  
 Eating most flesh of high boord beeces, and drinking cups full crownd;  
 And euery man a hundred foes, two hundred will confound;  
 Now all our strength, dar'd to our worst, one *Hektor* cannot tame,  
 Who presently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame.  
 O Father *Ioue*, hath euer yet, thy most unsuffred hand  
 Afflicted, with such spoyle of soules, the King of any land?  
 And taken so much fame from him? when I did neuer faile  
 (Since under most unhappy starres, this fleet was under saile)  
 Thy glorious altars, I protest; but above all the gods,  
 Have burnt fat thighs of beeces to thee, and praid to raze th'abodes  
 Of rape-defending lions; yet grant (almighty *Ioue*)  
 One fauour, that we may at least, with life from hence remove:  
 Not under such inglorious hands, the hands of death employ,  
 And where Troy should be stoopt by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy.  
 To this even weeping King, did *Ioue*, remorsefull audience giue,  
 And shooke great heauen to him, for signe, his men and he should liue:  
 Then quickly cast he off his hawke, the Eagle prince of aire,  
 That perfects his unsupported vowes, who leidd in her repaire  
 A sucking hinde calfe; which she trust, in her enforce seeres,  
 And by *Ioues* altar let it fall, amongst th'amazed Peeres,  
 Where the religious Achive Kings, with sacrifice did please  
 The author of all Oracles, diuine *Saturnides*.  
 Now when they knew the bird of *Ioue*, they turn'd couragious head:  
 When none (though many Kings put on) could make his vaunt, he led

L

Tydides

My name to Iuno

Agamemnon at  
last in raving  
his arris.Agamemnon  
expression of  
the Greeke.Apostrophe ad  
Jouem.Ioue casts off his  
Eagle on the  
Greeks right  
hand, that is  
a trade-calle.

*Diomed*, *Tyades* to renew'd assault: or issued first the dike,  
 Or first did fight: but tarre the first, stone dead his lance did strike  
*Arm'd Argelaus*, by descent, surnam'd *Phradmonides*;  
 He turn'd his ready horse to flight; and *Diomed's* lance did seize  
 His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and lookt out at his breast;  
 He fell, and his armes rang his fall. Th' *Atrides* next addrest  
 Themselfes to fight; th' *Aiaces* next, with vehement strength endude:  
*Idomeneus* and his friend, stout *Merion*, next perfuse:  
 And after these *Euripelus*, *Euemons* honor'd race:  
 The ninth, with backward wreathed bow, had little *Teucer* place;  
*He still fought under Ajax shield*; who sometimes held it by,  
 And then he lookt his object out, and let his arrow flye:  
 And whomsoever in the preasse, he wounded, him he sluc,  
 Then under *Ajax* seven-fold shield, he presently withdrew:  
 He far'd like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run  
 For succour, when he knowes full well, he some throw'd turne hath done.  
 What Troians then were to their deaths, by *Teucers* shafts imprest:  
*Haplesse Orsiloebus* was first; *Ormenus*, *Ophleest*,  
*Dector*, and hardy *Cronius*, and *Lycophoon* divines  
 And *Amopaon*, that did spring, from *Polyemus* line,  
 And *Menalippus*: all on heapes, he tumbled to the ground.  
 The King rejoyc'd to see his shafts, the Phrygian ranks confound:  
 Who straight came neare, and spake to him; O *Teucer* lovely man,  
 Strike still so sure, and be a grace to every Grecian;  
 And to thy father *Telamon*, who tooke thee kindly home,  
 (Although not by his wife, his sonne) and gave thee foster roome;  
 Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remov'd,  
 Make good fame reach; and to thy selfe, I vow what shall be prov'd:  
 If he that dreadfull *Egis* beares, and *Pallas* grant to me  
 Th' expugnance of well-built Troy, I first will honour thee,  
 Next to my selfe with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:  
 A three-foot vessell, that for grace, in sacred Fanes doth stand:  
 Or two horse and a chariot, or else a lovely Dame,  
 That may ascend on bed with thee, and amplify thy name.  
*Teucer* right nobly answerd him: Why (most illustrious King)  
 I being thus forward of my selfe, dost thou adjoyne a thing?  
 Without which, all the power I have, I cease not to employ:  
 For, from the place where we repulst the Troians towards Troy,  
 I all the purple field have strew'd, with one or other slaine:  
 Eight shafts I shot, with long Steele heads, of which not one in vaine;  
 All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres constraint:  
 Yet this wild dog, with all my ayme, I have no power to taint.  
 This said, another arrow forth from his stiffe string he sent,  
 At *Heclor*, whom he long'd to wound, but still amisse it went:  
 His shaft smit faire *Gorgythion*, of *Priamus* princely race,  
 Who in *Epina* was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)  
 By *Cassianira*; that, for forme, was like celestiall breed.  
 And as a crimson Poppie flower, furcharged with his seed,

And

And vernall humours falling thicke, declines his heave brow;  
 So, of one side, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:  
 Yet *Teucer* would another shaft at *Heclor*: life dispose;  
 So faire, he such a marke would hit: but still besides it goes;  
*Apollo* did avert the shaft: but *Heclors* chariotere  
 Bold *Archeptolemus* he smit, as he was rushing neere  
 To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horse backe did flie,  
 And there, were both his strength and soule, exile eternally.  
 Huge griefe, for *Heclors* slaughter'd friend, pinche in his mightie mindle:  
 Yet was he forc't to leave him there, and his void place resign'd  
 To his sad brother, that was by; *Cebriones*: whole care  
 Receiving *Heclors* charge, he straight the weightie reines did beare;  
 And *Heclor* from his shining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,  
 To wreake his friend on *Teucers* hand; and up he took a stone,  
 With which he at the Archer ranne, who, from his quiver, drew  
 A sharp-pilde shaft, and knockt it sure: but, in great *Heclor*, flew  
 With such fell speed, that in his draught, he his right shoulder strooke,  
 Where twixt his necke and breast, the ioynt, his native closure took:  
 The wound was wondrous full of death, his firing in sunder flees,  
 His nummed hand fell strengthlesse downe, and he upon his knees.  
*Ajax* neglected not to aid, his brother thus deprest;  
 But came and fast him with his shield; and two more friends addrest  
 To be his aide, tooke him to feet, *Merisimus*, *Echion* sonne,  
 And gay *Alestor*: *Teucer* sigh'd, for all his service done.

Then did *Olympian*, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers revive;  
 Who to their trenches once againe, the troubled Greeks did drive.  
*Heclor* brought terror with his strength, and euer fought before.  
 As when some highly stomackt hound, that hunts a Sylvan Bore,  
 Or Kingly Lion, lowes the hanch, and pincheth oft behinde,  
 Bold of his feet, and still observes the game, to turne inclind,  
 Not utterly dissolv'd in flight. So *Heclor* did pursue,  
 And whosoever was the last, he euer did subdue.  
 They fled, but when they had their dike, and *Palladas* doles past,  
 (A number of them put to sword) at ships they laid at last:  
 Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and cyes,  
 Advanc't to all the Gods, their plagues, wrung from them open cries.  
*Heclor* with his foure rich-man'd horse, assailing alwayes rode;  
 The eyes of *Gorgon* burnt in him, and warres vermilion God.  
 The Goddess that all Goddesses (for frowne armes) our shin'd,  
 Thus spake to *Pallas*; to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd.

O *Pallas*, what a griefe is this? is all our succour past  
 To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last?  
 Even now, when one mans violence, must make them perish all,  
 In satisfaction of a Fate, so full of funeral?  
*Heclor* *Priamides* now raues, no more to be endur'd.  
 That hath already on the Greeks, so many harmes inur'd.

The Azure Goddess answerd her; This man had surely found  
 His fortitude and life dissolv'd, euen on his fathers ground,

L 2

Virg. in Pallada  
sim. sua est.Heclor with a  
stone at Teucer.Heclors terrible  
aspect.

Teucer to Pallas.

By

By Grecian valour; if my Sire, infested with ill moods,  
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too jealous of their bloods:  
And ever, an unjust repulse, stands to my willing powres;  
Little remembering what I did, in all the desperate houres  
Of his affected *Hercules*: I ever rescued him,  
In labours of *Enrithemus*, untoucht in life or lim,  
When he (heaven knows) with drowned eyes, lookt up for help to heaven:  
Which euer at command of *Iove*, was by my suppliance given.  
But had my wisdom reacht so farre, to know of this event,  
When to the solid ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,  
To hale out hatefull *Plutoes* dogge, from darksome *Erebus*,  
He had not scape the streames of *Syx*, so deepe and dangerous:  
Yet *Iove* hates me, and shews his loue, in doing *Thetis* will,  
That kist his knees, and strok't his chin; praid, and importun'd still,  
That he would honour with his aide, her citie-raizing sonne,  
Displeasde *Achilles*: and for him, our friends are thus undone.  
But time shall come againe, when he (to do his friends some aid)  
Will call me his *Glaucopides*; his swyes and blew eyd maid.  
Then harness thou thy horse for me, that his bright Pallace gates  
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:

And I will trie if *Priams* sonne, will still maintaine his cheare,  
When in the crimson paths of *warre*, I dreadfully appeare;  
For some proud Trojan shall be sure, to nourish dogges and fowls;  
And paue the shore with fat and flesh, depriv'd of liues and fowles.

*Iuno* prepar'd her horse, whose manes, Ribands of gold calact.

*Pallas* her partie coloured robe; on her bright shoulders cast,  
Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in threntrie of her Sire:

Then put she on her ample breast, her under-arming tirc,  
And on it her celestiall armes: the chariot streight she takes,  
With her huge heauie violent lance, with which the slaughter makes  
Of armies, fatal to her wrath: *Saturnia* whipe her horse,

And heauen gates, guarded by the *Howres*, op't by their proper force:

Through which they flew. Whom when *Iove* saw (set neare th' *Idalian* spring)

Highly displeasde: he *Iris* cald, that hath the golden wings,

And said; Flie *Iris*, turne them backe, let them not come at me:

Our meetings (seuerally disposd) will nothing gracious be.

Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, Ile shiner their proud steeds:

Hurle downe themselves, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,

In ten whole yeares they shall not heale, the wounds I will impresse

With horrid thunder, that my maid may know, when to addresse

Armes against her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,

T'is but her use to interrupt, what euer I intend.

*Iris*, with this, left *Idas* hills, and up t' *Olympus* flew,

Met (neare heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.

What course intend you? why are you, wrapt with your fancies storme?

*Iove* likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will performe,

To crush in pieces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,

Hurle downe your selves, your chariot breake: and those impossioned strokes

His

His wounding chander shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,  
In ten full Springs ye shall not cure: that she that tames proud hearts  
(Thy selfe, *Minerva*) may be taught, to know for what, and when,  
Thou dost against thy father fight; for sometimes children  
May with discretion plant themselves, against their fathers wils;  
But not where humors onely rule, in workes beyond their skills.  
For, *Iuno*, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;  
For, 'tis his use to crosse his will, her impudence is such:

The habite of offence in this, the onely doth contract,  
And so grieues or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact:  
But thou most griev'st him (dogged Dame) whom he rebukes in time,  
Left silence should pervert thy will, and pride too highly clime  
In thy bold bosome (desperate girl) officiously thou dare  
Lift thy unweildie lance gainst *Iove*, as thy pretences are.

She left them, and *Saturnia* said, Ay me thou seed of *Iove*,

By my advice we will no more, unfit contention move  
With *Iupiter* for mortall men; of whom, let this man dye,  
And that man live, who ever he pursues with destinie:  
And let him (plotting all events) dispose of either host,  
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most.

Thus turn'd the backe, and to the *Howres*, her rich man'd horse resign'd,  
Who them t'immortall mangers bound, the chariot they inclin'd  
Beneath the Christall wals of heaven, and they in golden thrones  
Conforted other Deities, replete with passions.

*Iove*, in his bright wheeld chariot, his fire horse now beats,

Vp to *Olympus*; and aspir'd the gods eternall fears:

Great *Neptunne* loos'd his horse, his Carre, upon the altar plac't,

And heavenly-linnen Coverings, did round about it cast.

The farre-fer us'd his throne of gold: the vast *Olympus* shooke

Beneath his feet, his wife, and maid, apart their places tooke;

Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts, and said,

Why doe you thus torment your selves: you need not sit dismaid

With the long labours you have us'd, in your victorious fight,

Destroying Trojans: gainst whose lives, you heape such high despight:

Ye should have held your glorious course, for be assur'd, as farre

As all my powres (by all meanes urg'd) could have sustaind the warre:

Not all the host of Deities, should have requir'd my hand

From vowd inflictions on the Greeks: much lesse, you two withstand.

But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there,

Had all your goodly lineaments, posselt with shaking fears;

And never had your chariot borne, their charge to heaven againe:

But thunder should have smit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.

Both Goddesses let fall their chins, upon their *Iovian* breasts,

Set next to *Iove*, contriving still, afflicted Troyes unrests:

*Pallas* for anger could not speake, *Saturnia*, contrary,

Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold reply;

Nor to be suffred *Iupiter*, what needst thou still enforce

Thy matchlesse power? we know it well: But we must yeeld remorse

*Facile facit  
quod semper  
facit.*

*Iuno to Pallas.*

*Jove to Iuno  
and Pallas.  
Surprised.*

To them that yeeld us sacrifice: nor needst thou thus deride  
Our kinde obedience, nor our griefes, but beare our powers applide  
To iust protection of the Greeks, that anger tombe not all  
In Troyes foule gulfe of perjurie, and let them stand, should fall,

Hector to Paris.

Grieve not (said *Ioue*) at all done yet: for if thy faire eyes please,  
This next red morning they shall see the great *Saturnides*  
Bring more destruction to the Greeks: and *Hector* shall not cease,  
Till he have rowled from the Fleet, swift-foot *Aeacides*:  
In that day, when before their ships, for his *Patroclus* slaine,  
The Greeks in great distresse shall fight, for so the Fates ordaine.  
I weigh not thy displeased spleene, though to th'extremest bounds  
Of earth and seas it carry thee; where endlesse night confounds  
*Iapet*, and my dejected Sire, who sit so farre beneath;  
They never see the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,  
Neare to profoundest *Tartarus*: nor thither if thou went,  
Would I take pittie of thy moods, since none more impudent.

Hector to his friends.

To this, the nothing did reply: and now *Sols* glorious light  
Fell to the sea, and to the land, drew up the drowfie night:  
The Troians grieved at *Phaebus* fall, which all the Greeks desir'd:  
And fable night (so often wilst) to earths firme throne aspir'd.

*Hector* (intending to consult) neare to the gulfie floud  
Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure, and exempt from bloud,  
The Troians forces: from their horse, all lighted, and did heare  
Th'Oration *Ioue*-lord *Hector* made; who held a goodly speare,  
Eleven full cubits long; the head was brasse, and did reflect  
A wanton light before him still, it round about was deckt  
With strong hoops of new burnisht gold. On this he leand, and said:

Hector to his friends.

Heare me my worthy friends of Troy, and you our honor aid:  
A little since, I had conceit, we should have made retreat,  
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greekes escape;  
But darknesse hath prevented us, and sa'd, with speciall grace,  
These Achives, and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let us then render place,  
To sacred Night, our suppers dresse; and from our chariot free  
Our faire-man'd horse, and meate them well: then let there convoid be,  
From forth the citie presently, Oxen, and well fed sheepe;  
Sweet wine, and bread, and fell much wood, that all night we may keepe  
Plenty of fires, even till the light bring forth the lovely morne;  
And let their brightnesse glasse the skies, that night may not suborne  
The Greekes escape, if they, for flight: the seas broad backe would take  
At least they may not part with ease, but as retire they make,  
Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,  
Made with a shaft or sharped speare, and others feare to come,  
With charge of lamentable warre, gainst souldiers bred in Troy.  
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices employ,  
To warne the youth, yet short of warre, and time white fathers, past,  
That in our god-built towres they see, strong courts of guard be plac't,  
About the wals, and let our Dames, yet flourishing in yeares,  
That (having beauties to keepe pure) are most inclin'd to feares,

Paris to Paris.

(Since

(Since darknesse in distressefull times, more dreadfull is then light)  
Make losie fires in every house: and thus, the dangerous night,  
Held with strong watch; if th'emie have ambuscadoes laid  
Neare to our wals (and therefore seeme, in sight the more dismaid,  
Intending a surpris, while we, are all without the towne)  
They every way shall be impugn'd, to every mans renowne.  
Performe all this brave Trojan friends: what now I have to say,  
Is all exprest; the chearfull morne, shall other things display;  
It is my glory (putting trust, in *Ioue*, and other Gods)  
That I shall now expulse these dogges, fares sent to our abodes;  
Who bring ofents of destinie, and blacke their threatening fleet.  
But this night let us hold strong guards: to morrow we will meet  
(With fierce-made warre) before their ships; and Ile make knowne to all,  
If strong *Tydid*, from their ships can drive me to their wall,  
Or I can pierce him with my sword; and force his bloudie spoyle;  
The withed morne shall shew his power, if he can shunne his foyle,  
I running on him with my Lance, I thinke when day ascends,  
He shall lye wounded with the first, and by him many friends.  
O that I were as sure to live, immortal, and sustaine  
No frailties, with increasing yeares, but evermore remaine  
Ador'd like *Pallas*, or the Sunne; as all doubts dye in me,  
That heavens next light shall be the last, the Greeks shall ever see.

This speech all Troians did applaud; who from their traces loside  
Their sweating horse; which severally with headstals they repose,  
And fastned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,  
Fat sheepe and oxen, instantly; bread, wine; and hewed downe  
Huge store of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly skie,  
Their suppers savour; to the which, they sat delightfully,  
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shine;  
As when about the silver Moone, when ayre is free from winde,  
And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beames, high prospects, and the brows  
Of all steepie hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shewes;  
And euen the lowly vallies joy, to glitter in their sight,  
When the unmeasur'd firmament, bursts to disclofe her light,  
And all the signes in heaven are seene, that glad the shepherds heart;  
So many fires disclofe their beames, made by the Trojan part,  
Before the face of *Iliou*; and her bright turrets shew'd.  
A thousand courts of guard kept fires; and cuery guard allow'd  
Fiftie stout men, by whom their horse, cate oates, and hard white come,  
And all did wilfully expect, the silver-throned morne;

Igne Troian.  
rum affro p.  
lin.

The end of the eighth Booke.



## THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**O Agamemnon (*arguing hopelesse flight*)  
Stand Diomed, and Nestor opposite;  
By Nestors counsell, Legats are dismiss'd,  
To Thetis sonne, who still denies t'assist.

### Another Argument.

*Iota sings the Ambassie,  
And great Achilles herne reprie.*



O held the Trojans sleepes guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:  
The feeble confort of cold feare (strangely insulde from heaven)  
Griefe, not to be endur'd, did wound all Greeks of greatest worth:  
And as two lateral-fied winds (the West wind and the North)

Meete at the Thracian seas blacke breast; ioyne in a sudden bloure;  
Tumble together the darke waves, and powre upon the shore  
A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:  
So *Ioue* and Troy did drive the Greeks, and all their minds confound:  
But *Agamemnon* most of all, was tortur'd at his heart,  
Who to the voycefull Heralds went, and bad them cite, apart,  
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclaime;  
In which he labourd with the first: and all together came.  
They sadly fate; the King arose, and pour'd out teares as fast  
As from a loftie rocke, a spring, doth his blacke waters cast:  
And deeply sighing, thus bespake, the Achives; O my friends,  
Princes and leaders of the Greeks; heavens aduerse King extends  
His wrath, with too much detriment, to my so iust designs;  
Since he hath often promist me, and bound it with the signe  
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands should race,  
And safe returne: yet now ingag'd, he plagues us with disgrace;  
When all our trust to him hath drawne, so much blood from our friends.  
My glory, nor my brothers wreake, were the propos'd ends,  
For which he drew you to these toyles; but your whole countries shame,  
Which had bene huge, to beare the rape of so diuine a Dame,  
Made in despite of our revenge: and yet not that had mov'd  
Our powres to these designs, if *Ioue*, had not our drifts approv'd;  
Which since we see he did for blood, tis desperate fight in us  
To strive with him; then let us flie: tis flight he urgeth thus.

*Agamemnon to  
the Greeks.*

Long

Long time still silence held them all; as last did *Diomed* rise:  
*Atrides*, I am first must crosse thy indiscreet aduise,  
As may become me, being a King, in this our martiall court.  
Be not displeas'd then: for thy selfe, didst broadly misreport  
In open field my fortitude, and said me faint and weak;  
Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth any rites to breake,  
That appertain'd thy publicke rule: yet all the Greeks knew well  
(Of every age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst reſell  
My valour first of all the host, as of a man disdain'd:  
So now, with fit occasion giuen, I first blame thee afraid.  
Inconstant *Saturnes* forme hath giuen, inconstant spirits to thee,  
And with a scepter over all, an imminent degree:  
But with a scepters soveraigne grace, the chiefe powre, Fortitude,  
(To bridle thee) he thought not best, thy breast should be endure.  
Vnhappie King, think it thou the Greeks are such a silly fort,  
And so excessive impotent, as thy weak words import?  
If thy minde moues thee to be gone; the way is open, go:  
Mycenian ships enow ride neare, that brought thee to this wo;  
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stirre, till Troy be overcome,  
With full cyrcion; or if not, but (doters of their home)  
Will put on wings to flie with thee; my selfe and *Sthenelus*  
Will fight, till (trusting smouring *Ioue*) we bring home Troy with us.  
This, all applauded, and admir'd, the spirit of *Diomed*;  
When *Nestor* (rising from the rest) his speech thus seconded:  
*Tydidēs*, thou art (questionlesse) our strongest Greeke, in warre,  
And gravest in thy counsels too, of all tharequall are  
In place with thee, and stand on strength; Nor is there any one  
Can blame, or contradict thy speech: And yet thou hast not gone  
So farre, but we must further go; th' art young, and well mightst be  
My yongest sonne, though still I yeeld, thy words hath high degree  
Of wisdom in them to our King; since well they did become  
Their right in question, and refuse, inglorious going home;  
But I (well knowne thy senior farre) will speake, and handle all  
Yet to purpose: which none shall checke; no not our Generall.  
A hater of societie, unkind, and wilde is he,  
That loves intestine warre; being stuf with manlesse crueltie:  
And therefore in perswading peace, and home flight, we the lesse  
May blame our Generall; as one loath to wrap in more distress  
His loued souldiers: but because they bravely are resolu'd  
To cast liues after toyles, before, they part in shame involu'd;  
Provide we for our honour stay, obey blacke night, and fall  
Now to our suppers; then appoint, our guards without the wall,  
And in the bottome of the dike, which guards I with may stand  
Of our brane youth. And (*Atrides* sonne) since thou art in command  
Before our other Kings, be first, in thy commands exact:  
It well becomes thee; since tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;  
And in the royall right of things is no impair to thee;  
Nor shall it stand with lesse then right, that they invited be

*Diomed to Agamemnon: and  
sakes fit time to  
explore his wrong  
done by Agamemnon in the  
fourth Booke.*

*Nestor appeares  
Diomed's coun-  
sell, and goes  
farther.*

To

To supper by thee; all thy tents, are amply stor'd with wine,  
 Brought daily in Greeke ships from Thrace; and to this grace of thine  
 All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to wait;  
 And many meeting there; thou maist heare every mans conceit,  
 And take the best: it much concernes all Greeks to use advise  
 Of gravest nature; since, so neare, our ships, our enemies  
 Have lighted such a sort of fires: with which, what man is joy'd?  
 Looke, how all beare themselves this night, so live, or be destroy'd.

Seven Captaines  
 of the watch, and  
 their names.

All heard, and follow'd his advice: there was appointed then  
 Seven Captaines of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.  
 The first was famous *Troilus*, advisfull *Nestors* sonne;

*Scalaphus* and *Talmen*, and mightie *Merions*;  
*Alphareus* and *Deiopyrus*, and lovely *Lycomed*;  
 Old *Creons* joy: These seven bold Lords, an hundred souldiers led  
 In every sever'd company; and every man his pike:  
 Some placed on the rampires top, and some amidst the dike:  
 All fires made; and their suppers tooke: *Atrides* to his tent  
 Invited all the Peeres of Greece; and food sufficient  
 Appoyde before them; and the Peeres appoyde their hands to it.  
 Hunger and thirst being quickly quencht, to counsell still they sit.  
 And first spake *Nestor*, who they thought, of late, advis'd so well,  
 A father grave, and rightly wise, who thus his tale did tell.

*Nestor* to *Aga-*  
*memnon*.

Most high *Atrides*, since in thee I have intent to end,  
 From thee will I begin my speech, to whom *Iove* doth commend  
 The Empire of so many men, and puts into thy hand  
 A Scepter, and establisheth lawes, that thou mayst well command  
 And counsell all men under thee. It therefore doth behove  
 Thy selfe to speake most, since of all, thy speeches most will move;  
 And yet to heare as well as speake: and then performe as well  
 A free just counsell; in thee still, must sicke, what others tell.  
 For me; what in my judgement stands, the most convenient  
 I will advise; and am assur'd, advice more competent  
 Shall not be given: the generall proofe that hath before beene made  
 Of what I speake, confirms me still, and now may well perwade,  
 Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (most royall King)  
 Even from the tent, *Achilles* love, didst violently bring,  
 Against my counsell, urging thee, by all meanes to relent:  
 But you (obeying your high minde) would venture the event,  
 Dishonouring our ablest Greeke, a man th'immortals grace:  
 Again, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace  
 Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:

*Agamemnon* to  
*Nestor*.

Both which, kinde words and pleasing gifts, must make his vertues yeeld;  
 O father (answered the King) my wrongs thou tell'st me right;  
 Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man must stand in fight  
 For our whole armie; him I wrong'd, him *Iove* loves from his heart:  
 He shewes it in thus honouring him; who living thus apart,  
 Proues us but number: for his want, makes all our weaknesse scene:  
 Yet after my confest offence, soothing my humorous spleene,

He

Gifts offered to  
*Achilles*.

He sweeten his affects againe, with presents infinite,  
 Which (to approve my firme intent) He openly recite,  
 Seven sacred Tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,  
 Twenty bright caldrons, twelve yong horse, well shap'd, and well controld,  
 And victors too; for they have wonne the prize at many a race:  
 That man should not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace  
 Hath added to my treasury, nor feeble sweet golds defect.  
 Seven Lesbian Ladies he shall have, that were the most select,  
 And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne  
 Of famous Lesbos) I did chuse, who wonne the chiefe renowne,  
 For beauty from their whole faire sexe, amongst whom He resigne  
 Faire *Brytis*, and I deeply sweare (for any fact of mine  
 That may discourage her receipt) she is untoucht, and rests  
 As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if *Iove* to our requests  
 Vouchsafes performance, and afford, the worke for which we waite;  
 Of winning Troy) with brasse and gold, he shall his naue freight;  
 And (entering when we be at spoyle) that princely hand of his  
 Shall chuse him twenty Trojan Dames, excepting *Tyndarus*,  
 The fairest Pergamus infolds: and if we make retreat  
 To *Argos* (cald of all the world, the Naui, or chiefe seat)  
 He shall become my sonne in law, and I will honour him.  
 Euen as *Orestes*, my sole sonne, that doth in honours swim.  
 Three daughters in my wel-built court, unmarried are, and faire;  
*Laudice*, *Chrysothemis*, that hath the golden haire,  
 And *Iphianassa*: of all three, the worthiest let him take  
 All joynturelesse, to *Peleus* Court: I will her joynture make,  
 And that so great, as neuer yet, did any maide preferre;  
 Seven cities right magnificent, I will bestow on her:  
*Enope*, and *Cardamile*, Hyra for herbes renown'd;  
 The faire *Æpea*, *Pedafus*, that doth with grapes abound:  
*Antæa*, girded with Greene meades: *Phera*, firm'd Divine,  
 All whose bright turrets, on the seas, in sandy *Pylos* shine:  
 Th'inhabitants in flocks and herds, are wondrous confluent;  
 Who like a god will honour him, and him with gifts present,  
 And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate,  
 All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:  
 Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghosts,  
 To be unru'd, implacable, and seeke the blood of hostis,  
 Whom therefore men doe much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me,  
 I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeeres then he.

Brave King (said *Nestor*) these rich gifts, must make him needs relent:  
 Chuse then fit legates instantly, to greet him at his Tent;  
 But stay, admit my choise of them, and let them strait be gone:  
*Iove*-loved *Phanix* shall be chiefe, then *Ajax Telamon*,  
 And Prince *Phylis*, and on them, let these two heralds wait,  
 Grave *Odin* and *Euribates*. Come Lords, take water strait,  
 Make pure your hands, and with sweet words, appease *Achilles* mind,  
 Which we will pray, the king of gods, may gently make inclin'd.

*Nestor* makes  
 choise of *Am-*  
*bassadors* o.  
*Achilles*.

Al



All lik't his speech, and on their hands, the Heralds water shed :  
 The youths, crown'd cups of sacred wine, to all distributed :  
 But, having sacrific'd and drunk, to every mans content,  
 (With many notes by *Nessus* given) the Legats forward went :  
 With courtship in fit gestures vs'd, he did prepare them well,  
 But most *Ulysses*, for his grace, did not so much excell:  
 Such rites becom Ambassadors: and *Nessus* urg'd these,  
 That their most honours might reflect, on *Æacides*.  
 They went along the shore, and praid, the God that earth doth binde  
 In brackish chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mighty mind.

*Achilles* as his  
 charge.

*Achilles* love of  
 Musick.  
 How he sings  
 the deeds of  
 Heroes.

*Achilles* gentle  
 receive *Ulysses*,  
 and, &c.

The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him set  
 Delighted with his solemne harpe, which curiously was fret  
 With workes conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't  
 His lofty necke, was silver twilt: this (when his hand laid waste  
*Actæon* citie) he did chuse, as his especiall prife,  
 And (louing sacred musicke well) made it his exercise:  
 To it he sung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead,  
 And his true minde, that practise said, sweet contemplation fed.  
 With him alone, and opposite, all silent sat his friend,  
 Attentive, and beholding him, who now his song did end.  
 Th' Ambassadors did forwards preasse, renown'd *Ulysses* led,  
 And stood in view: their sodaine sight, his admiration bred;  
 Who with his Harpe and all arose: so did *Mentius* sonne  
 When he beheld them: their receipt, *Achilles* thus begun.  
 Health to my Lords, right welcome men, assure your selues you be,  
 Though some necessitie I know, doth make you visite me,  
 Incens't with just cause gainst the Greeks. This said, a severall seate  
 With purple cushions he set forth, and did their case intreate :  
 And said, Now friend, our greatest bolle, with wine unmixe, and neate;  
 Appose these Lords; and of the depth, let every man make proofe :  
 These are my best-esteem'd friends, and underneath my roofe.

*Principles* p's-  
 serv'd minde  
 should, as alibi.

*Patroclus* did his deare friends will, and he that did desire  
 To cheare the Lords (come faine from fight) set on a blasing fire,  
 A great brasie pot, and into it, a chine of mutton put,  
 And fat Goates flesh: *Automedon*, held, while he pieces cut  
 To roast and boyle, right cunningly: then of a well fed wine,  
 A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine;  
 His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once past,  
 He laid the spit low, neare the coales, to make it browne at last :  
 Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and tooke it from the racks :  
 This roasted and on dresser set, his friend *Patroclus* takes  
 Bread in faire baskets; which set on, *Achilles* brought the meat,  
 And to diuine *Ithacus*, tooke his oppos'd seate  
 Upon the bench: then did he will his friend to sacrifices,  
 Who cast sweet incense in the fire, to all the Deities.  
 Thus fell they to their ready food: hunger and thirst allaid,  
*Alex* to *Phenix* made a signe, as if too long they staid,  
 Before they told their Legacie. *Ulysses* saw him wink,

*arrives before*  
 meat.

And

And (filling the great bowle with wine) did so *Achilles* drinke.

Health to *Achilles*, but our plights stand not in need of meate,  
 Who late sapt at *Atrides* tent, though for thy love we cate  
 Of many things, whereof a part would make a compleat feast :  
 Nor can we joy in these kinde rites, that have our hearts oppress't  
 (O Prince) with feare of utter spoile: tis made a question now  
 If we can save our fleet or not, unless thy selfe endow  
 Thy powers with wonted fortitude: now Troy and her consorts,  
 Bold of thy want, have pitcht their tents close to our fleet and forts;  
 And made a firmament of fires, and now no more they say  
 Will they be prison'd in their wals, but force their violent way  
 Euen to our ships; and *Iove* himselfe, hath with his lightnings shoud  
 Their bold adventures happy signes; and *Hector* growes so proud  
 Of his huge strength, borne out by *Iove*, that fearfully he raues;  
 Presuming neither men nor gods, can interrupt his braues.  
 Wilde rage inuades him, and he prays, that soone the sacred morne  
 Would light his furie; boasting then, our streamers shall be torne,  
 And all our nauall ornaments, fall by his conquering stroke;  
 Our ships shall burne, and we our selues, lye stiff in the smoke.  
 And I am seriously afraid, heaven will performe his threats,  
 And that tis fatal to us all, farre from our native seats  
 To perish in victorious Troy: but rise, though it be late,  
 Deliuer the afflicted Greekes from Troyes tumultuous hate.  
 It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no strength can suffice  
 To remedy th'affected threats of our calamities;  
 Consider these affaires in time, while thou maist use thy powre,  
 And haue the grace to turne from Greece, fates unrecovered houre.  
 O friend? thou knowest, thy royall Sire, forwardward should be done;  
 That day he sent thee from his Court, to honour *Atræus* sonne :  
 My sonne (said he) the victory, let *Iove* and *Pallas* use  
 At their high pleasures; but doe thou, no honour'd meanes refuse  
 That may advance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mighty mind,  
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be fastiously inclin'd,  
 Construing mischiefs, be to same, and generall good profess;  
 The more will all sorts honour thee; Benignitie is best.  
 Thus charg'd thy fire, which thou forgett: yet now those thoughts appeale  
 That torture thy great spirit with wrath: which if thou wilt surceale,  
 The King will merit it with gifts; and if thou wilt giue care)  
 He tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sittest angry here.  
 Seuen Tripods that no fire must touch, twise ten pans fit for flame:  
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelue horse, that euer overcame,  
 And brought huge prizes from the field, with swiftnesse of their feet:  
 That man should beare no poore account, nor wants gold quickning sweet,  
 That had but what he won with them: seuen worthiest Lesbian Dames,  
 Renown'd for skill in houswifrie, and beare the soueraigne fames,  
 For beauty, from their generall sexe; which at thy ouerthrow  
 Of wel-built Lesbos he did chuse, and these he will bestow;  
 And with these, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his state since then)

*Ulysses* & *Achilles*.

M

He

He sweares he toucht not, as faire Dames use to be toucht by men.  
 All these are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,  
 By helpe of gods, this wealthy towne, thy ships shall burthen make  
 Of gold and brasse at thy desires, when we the spoyle divide.  
 And twenty beautilous Trojan Dames, thou shalt select beside,  
 (Next *Helen*) the most beautifull; and (when return'd we be  
 To Argos) be his sonne in law: for he will honour thee  
 Like his *Orestes*, his sole sonne, maintaine in height of blisse.  
 Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire *Chrysothemis*,  
*Ladice*, and *Iphianesse*, of all the fairest take  
 To *Peleus* thy grave fathers Court, and never joynture make:  
 He will the joynture make himselfe, so great, as never Sire  
 Gave to his daughters nuptials: seven cities left entire;  
*Cardamile*, and *Eope*, and *Hyla* full of flowers,  
*Anthea*, for sweet meadowes prais'd, add *Phera*, deckt with towers,  
 The bright *Epea*, *Pedassus*, that doth god *Bacchus* please,  
 All on the sandy *Pylos* loyle, are seated neere the seas:  
 Th'inhabitants, in droves and flocks, exceeding wealthy be,  
 Who like a god with worthy gifts, will gladly honour thee;  
 And tribute of especiall rate, to thy high scepter pay:  
 All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay.  
 But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifts may repress,  
 Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in such extreme distresse;  
 Who with religion honour thee: and to their desperate ill,  
 Thou shalt triumphant glory bring, and *Heitor* thou maist kill,  
 When pride makes him encounter thee: fild with a banefull sprite,  
 Who vaunts, our whole fleet brought not one, equall to him in fight.

*Asides an fiers  
 Pheos Or. 120.*

Swift-foot *Achides* replide: Divine *Laertes* sonne,  
 'Tis requisite I should be short, and shew what place hath wonne  
 Thy serious speech: affirming nought but what you shall approve  
 Establisht in my settled heart; that in the rest I move  
 No murmur nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,  
 Who holds not in his words and thoughts, one indistinguish't troth.  
 What fits the freeness of my mind, my speech shall make displaid;  
 Nor *Atreus* sonne, nor all the Greekes shall winne me to their aid:  
 Their suit is wretchedly enforc't to free their owne despair;  
 And my life never shall be hir'd, with thanklesse desperate praies:  
 For never had I benefit, that ever foild the foe;  
 Even there hath he that keeps his tent, and he to field doth go  
 With equall honour cowards die, and men most valiant:  
 The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vaunt.  
 No overplus I ever found, when with my minds most strife.  
 To doe them good, to dangerous fight I have expos'd my life.  
 But even as to unfeather'd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,  
 Which when she hath bestow'd, her selfe hath nothing left to eat:  
 So when my broken sleepes have drawne, the nights 'extremest length,  
 And ended many bloody daies, with still-employed strength,  
 To guard their weaknesse: and preserve, their wives contents infract;

And

I have beene robd before their eyes; twelve cities I have sackt,  
 Assaild by sea; eleven by land, while this sieg held at Troy:  
 And of all these, that was most deare, and most might crown the joy  
 Of *Agamemnon*, he enjoyd; who here behinde remain'd:  
 Which when he tooke, a few he gave, and many things retaind:  
 Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gave, who hold them fast;  
 Yet mine he forceth; only I, fit with my losse disgrac't.  
 But so he gaine a lovely Dame, to be his beds delight,  
 It is enough; for what cause else, do Greeks and Trojans fight?  
 Why brought he hither such an host? was it not for a Dame?  
 For faire-hair'd *Helen* and doth love, alone the hearts inflame  
 Of the *Atrides* to their wives, of all the men that moue?  
 Every discreet and honest minde cares for his private love,  
 As much as they: as I my selfe, lou'd *Brisis* as my life,  
 Although my captiue; and bad will, to take her for my wife.  
 Whom, since he forc't, precluding me; in vaine he shall prolong  
 Hopes to appeale me, that know well the deepnesse of my wrong.  
 But good *Vlyssa*, with thy selfe, and all you other Kings,  
 Let him take stomacke to repell Troyes fierie threatnings:  
 Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,  
 Cut a dike by it, pitcht with pales, broad, and of deepe import:  
 And cannot all these helps repress, this kil-man *Heitor* fight?  
 When I was arm'd among the Greeks, he would not offer fight  
 Without the shadow of his wals; but to the Scaran ports,  
 Or to the holy Beech of *Iove*, come backt with his comforts;  
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;  
 And to make new proofe of our powers, the doubt is not so great.  
 To morrow then with sacrifice, perform'd 'imperiall *Iove*  
 And all the Gods, Ile lance my fleet, and all my men remove;  
 Which (if thou wilt use to thy fight, or think 't it worth respect)  
 In forehead of the morne thine eyes shall see with failes erect  
 Amidst the silbie Hellepont, helpt with laborious oars:  
 And if the sea-god send free saile, the fruitfull Phian shores  
 Within three dayes we shall attaine; where I have store of prise,  
 Left, when with prejudice I came to these indignities;  
 There have I gold as well as here, and store of ruddie brasse,  
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and Steele as bright as glasse;  
 These will I take as I retire, as shares I firmly save;  
 Though *Agamemnon* be so base to take the gifts he gave:  
 Tell him all this, and openly, I on your honors charge,  
 That others may take shame to heare his lusts command so large:  
 And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceive,  
 (Being di'd in endlesse impudence) that man may learne to leave  
 His trust and Empire: but alas, though like a Wolfe he be,  
 Shamelesse and rude; he durst not take my prise, and looke on me.  
 I never will partake his works, nor counsels, as before;  
 He once deceiv'd and injur'd me, and he shall never more  
 Tye my affections with his words; enough is the increafe

M 2

Of

Of one successe in his deceits; which let him ioy in peace,  
 And beare it to a wretched end; wife *Ioue* hath rest his braine,  
 To bring him plagues; and these his gifts, I (as my foes) disdain:  
 Even in the nummesse of calme death, I will revengefull be,  
 Though ten or twentie times so much, he would bestow on me:  
 All he hath here, or any where; or *Orchomen* contains,  
 To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remains  
 In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies,  
 Whole wals containe an hundred ports, of so admir'd a size,  
 Two hundred souldiers may afront, with horse and chariots passe.  
 Nor, would he amplifie all this, like sand, or dust, or grasse;  
 Shou'd he reclaim me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines,  
 That with his contumely burnd, like poyson in my veins.  
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend  
 With golden *Venus* for her forme; or if she did transcend  
 Blew-eyed *Minerva* for her works: let him a Greeke select  
 Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect  
 My safetie to my fathers court, he shall chuse me a wife.  
 Many faire Achive Princesses of unimpeached life,  
 In Heileand in Pthia live, whose Sires do cities hold,  
 Of whom I can have, whom I will. And more, an hundred fold.  
 My true minde in my country likes, to take a lawfull wife,  
 Then in another nation; and there delight my life  
 With those goods that my father got, much rather then die here.  
 Not all the wealth of wel-buile Troy, possit when peace was there:  
 All that *Apollo*s marble Fane, in stony Pythos holds,  
 I value equall with the life, that my free breast infolds:  
 Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, crest-deckt horse, though lost, may come againe:  
 But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe  
 Our humane soule, away it flies; and once againe, never more  
 To her fraile mansion any man, can her lost powres restore.  
 And therefore since my mother-queene (sam'd for her silver feet)  
 Told me two fates about my death, in my direction meet:  
 The one, that if I here remaine, t'assist our victorie,  
 My safe returne shall never live, my fame shall never die:  
 If my returne obtaine successe, much of my fame decayes,  
 But death shall linger his approach, and I live many dayes.  
 This being reveal'd, were foolish pride, t'abridge my life for praise.  
 Then with my selfe I will advise, others to hoise their saile;  
 For, gainst the height of Lion, you never shall prevaile:  
*Ioue* with his hand protecteth it, and makes the souldiers bold.  
 This tell the King in cury part: for so graue Legats shoud;  
 That they may better counsell use, to save their fleet and friends  
 By their owne valours; since this course, drownd in my eager ends.  
*Phenix* may in my tent repose; and in the morne, steere course  
 For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile use no force.  
 All wondred at his sterne reply; and *Phenix* full of feares,  
 His words would be more weakke then just, supplide their wants with teares.

If

If thy returne incline thee thus, (*Peleus* renowned joy)  
 And thou wilt let our ships be burnd, with harmefull fire of Troy,  
 Since thou art angry, O my sonne; how shall I after be  
 Alone in these extremes of death, relinquish'd by thee?  
 I, whom thy royall father sent, as orderer of thy force,  
 When to *Strides* from his Court, he left thee, for this course;  
 Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didst not so abound;  
 Nor hadst the habite of discourte, that makes men so renownd:  
 In all which, I was set by him, t'instru't thee as my sonne,  
 That thou mightst speake when speech was fit, and do, when deeds were don;  
 Not fit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to move:  
 I would not then be left by thee; deare sonne, begot in love,  
 No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time  
 Caru'd in my bosome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime  
 Of manly youth, as when at first, I left sweet *Hellas* shore  
 Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore;  
 Who was the faire *Amyntor* cald, sumam'd *Ormenides* pleafe:  
 And for a faire-haired harlots sake, that his affects could pleafe,  
 Contemnd my mother his true wife; who casleffe urg'd me  
 To use his harlot *Chytia*, and still would clasp my knee  
 To doe her will; that so my Sire might turne his love to hate  
 Of that lewd Dame; converting it, to comfort her estate.  
 At last, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,  
 And reconcile my fathers love; who straight suspicious stood,  
 Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies praide  
 No Dame might love, nor bring me feed: the Deities obayd  
 That governe hell: infernall *Ioue*, and sterne *Proserpine*.  
 Then durst I in no longer date, with my sterne father be:  
 Yet did my friends, and neare allies: inclose me with desires  
 Not to depart. kild sheepe, bores, beeves; rost them at solemne fires.  
 And from my fathers runs we drunke exceeding store of wine.  
 Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,  
 One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,  
 Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,  
 I brake my chambers thicke fram'd dores, and through the hals guard pass,  
 Vnsene of any man or maid. Through Greece, then rich, and vast,  
 I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe; and came to *Peleus* Court,  
 Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious sort  
 As any Sire his onely sonne; borne when his strength is spent,  
 And blest with great possessions, to leave to his descent.  
 He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command commend:  
 I dwelt in th' utmost region, rich *Pthia* doth extend,  
 And governd the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,  
 O thou that like the gods art fram'd: since (dearest to my heart)  
 I us'd thee so, thou lov'dst none else; nor any where wouldst eate,  
 Till I had crown'd my knee with thee, and caru'd thee tenderest meate,  
 And given thee wine so much, for love, that in thy infancie,  
 (Which still discretion must protect, and a continuall eye)

M<sub>3</sub>

My

Phenix Oratio  
to Achilles.Moretum  
oliverum, quide  
praterius hien  
ter tunc mian  
a se.The fire and  
war in  
court of  
Achilles

My bosome lovingly sustain'd; the wine thine could not beare:  
 Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;  
 Much have I suffred for thy love, much labour'd, wish'd much;  
 Thinking since I must have no heire, (the gods decrees are such)  
 I would adopt my selfe my heire: to thee my heart did give  
 What any Sire could give his sonne, in thee I hop't to live:  
 O mitigate thy mighty spirits: it fits not one that moves  
 The hearts of all, to live unmov'd, and succore hates, for loves:  
 The gods themselves are flexible, whose vertues, honors, powers,  
 Are more then thine: yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.  
 Perfumes, benigne devotions, favors of offerings bornd,  
 And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turnd,  
 By men that pray to them; whose faith, their sinnes have falsified:  
 For, prayers are daughters of great *Iove*; lame, wrinkled, ruddie cyd,  
 And ever following injury, who (strong and found of feet)  
 Flies through the world, afflicting men: beleeving prayers, yet  
 (To all that love that seed of *Iove*) the certaine blessing get  
 To have *Iove* heare, and helpe them too: but if he shall refuse,  
 And stand inflexible to them, they flye to *Iove*, and use  
 Their powers against him; that the wrongs he doth to them, may fall  
 On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he failes to call.  
 Then great *Achilles* honour thou, this sacred seed of *Iove*,  
 And yeeld to them; since other men of greatest minds they move:  
 If *Agamemnon* would not give the selfe same gifts he vowes,  
 But offer other afterwards; and in his still bent browes  
 Entombe his honour and his word; I would not thus exhort  
 (With wrath appeasde) thy aide to Greece, though plagu'd in heaviest fort:  
 But, much he presently will give, and after, yeeld the rest:  
 T'assure which, he hath sent to thee, the men thou lovest best,  
 And most renown'd of all the host, that they might soften thee:  
 Then let not both their paines and prayers, lost and despised be.  
 Before which, none could reprehend, the tumult of thy heart:  
 But now to rest inxpiate, were much too rude a part.  
 Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more displeasde,  
 (To their high fames) with gifts and prayers, they have beene still appeasde.  
 For instance, I remember well, a fact perform'd of old,  
 Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets warres did hold  
 With the well-fought *Etolians*; where mutuall lives had end  
 About the citie *Calidon*; th' *Etolians* did defend  
 Their flourishing country, which to spoyle, the Curets did contend.  
*Diana* with the golden throne (with *Oeneus* much incens'd,  
 Since with his plenteous lands first fruits, she was not reverenc'd;  
 Yet other gods, with Hecatombes, had feasts, and the alone,  
 (Great *Ioves* bright daughter) left unscrud, or by oblivion,  
 Or undue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart she swore:  
 And she enrag'd, excited much: she sent a Sylvan Bore  
 From their Greene groves, with wounding tuskes, who usually did spoile  
 King *Oeneus* fields: his lofty woods, laid prostrate on the soile;

Prayers, born  
 in suffering  
 and  
 they follow  
 injury  
 and  
 they follow  
 injury  
 and  
 they follow  
 injury

Another narra-  
 tion, de bello  
 Aetioe

Agamemnon

Rent

Rent by the roots, trees fresh, adorn'd, with fragrant apple flowrs:  
 Which *Meleager* (*Oeneus* sonne) flue with assembled powrs  
 Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds; from many Cities brought:  
 For, such he was, that with few lives, his death could not be bought.  
 Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funeral piles applide  
 Yet (slaine at last) the Goddesses stir'd, about his head, and hide  
 A wondrous tumult; and a warre, betwixt the Curets wrought  
 And brave *Etolians*. All the while, fierce *Meleager* fought,  
 Illward the Curets: neare the wals, none durst advance his crest  
 Though they were many: but when wrath inflamde his haucie breast,  
 (Which oft the firme minde of the wife, with passion doth infect)  
 Since twixt his mother Queene and him, arose a deadly strife;  
 He left the Court, and privately, liv'd with his lawful wife:  
 Faire *Cleopatra*, semall birth, of bright *Marpissus* paine,  
 And of *Ideus*, who, of all, terrestriall men, did raigne  
 (At that time) king of fortitude; and, for *Marpissus* sake,  
 Gainst wanton *Phaebus*, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,  
 Since he had ravish'd her, his joy; whom her friends, after, gave  
 The surname of *Alcyone*; because they could not save  
 Their daughter from *Alcyones* Fate: in *Cleopatra* armes  
 Lay *Meleager*, feeding on, his anger for the harmes  
 His mother praid might fall on him; who, for her brother slaine  
 By *Meleager*, griev'd, and praid, the Gods to wreake her paine,  
 Withall the horroure could be pourd, upon her furious birth:  
 Still knockt she with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,  
 To urge sterne *Pluto* and his Queene, t'incline their vengefull cares;  
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast, dewd with her sient tears  
 To make them massacre her sonne; whose wrath enrag'd her thus.  
*Erynnis* (wandering through the ayre) heard, out of *Erebus*,  
 Prayrs, fit for her unpleasde minde; yet *Meleager* lay,  
 Obscurd in furie; then the bruit of the tumultuous fray,  
 Rung through the turrets as they scald, then came the *Etolian* Peeres,  
 To *Meleager* with low suits, to rise and free their feares:  
 Then sent they the chiefe Priests of Gods, with offered gifts t'atone  
 His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-sol'd *Calidon*,  
 Of the most fat and yeeldie soyle, what with an hundred steares,  
 Might in an hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,  
 And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire.  
 Then to his lustie chamber-doore, attends his royall Sire  
 With ruthfull plaints: shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries;  
 His mother then, and all intreat: yet still more stiff he lyes:  
 His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd; yet none impression tooke,  
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke  
 With the invading enemy: who now forc't dreadfull way  
 Along the citie: then his wife (in pittifull dismay)  
 Befought him weeping: telling him, the miseries sustaind  
 By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemy had gaind;  
 Men slaughterd, children bondslaves made, sweet Ladies forc't with lust:

M 4

Fires

Fires climbing towres, and turning them to heaps of fruitlesse dust.  
These dangers softned his Steele heart: up the stout Prince arose,  
Indude his bodie with rich armes, and freed th'Ætolians woes:  
His smother'd anger giving ayre, which gifts did not all wage,  
But his owne perill. And because, he did not disingage  
Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost. But for my sake (deare friend)  
Be not thou bent to see our plights, to these extremes descend,  
Ere thou assist us; be not so, by thy ill angel, turn'd  
From thine owne honour: it were shame, to see our navie burn'd,  
And then come with thy timelesse aide. For offer'd presents come,  
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celestiall roome.  
But if without these gifts thou fight, forc't by thy private woe,  
Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles to  
Phoenix

Achilles answer'd the last part, of his oration, thus:  
Phoenix, renown'd and reverend, the honors urge on us  
We need not; *Iove* doth honour me, and to my lastie fees,  
And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees.  
Then do not thou, with teares and woes, impassion my affeets,  
Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fit it the respects  
Of thy vow'd love, to honour him, that hath dishonour'd me;  
Lest such loose kindnesse lose his heart, that yet is firme to thee.  
It were thy praise to hurt, with me, the hurter of my state;  
Since halfe my honour and my Realme, thou maist participate.  
Let these Lords then returne th'event; and do thou here repose,  
And when darke sleepe breakes with the day, our counsels shall disclose  
The course of our returne or stay. This said, he with his eye  
Made to his friend, a covert signe, to hasten instantly  
A good soft bed, that the old Prince, soone as the Peere were gone,  
Might take his rest; when souldier-like, brave *Aiax Telamon*  
Spake to *Ulysses*, as with thought, *Achilles* was not worth  
The high direction of his speech; that stood so sternly forth,  
Vnmov'd with th'other Orators: and spake, not to appeale  
*Pelides* wrath, but to depart: his arguments were these:

Aiax (souldier-  
like) speech and  
reason.

High-issued *Laertiades*? let us insist no more  
On his perswasion; I perceive the world would end before  
Our speeches end, in this affaire: we must with utmost haste  
Returne his answer, though but bad: the Peeres are elsewhere plac'd,  
And will not rise till we returne; great *Thetis* sonne hath stor'd  
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;  
Rude that he is; nor his friends love, respects, do what they can:  
Wherein past all, we honour'd him. O unremorsefull man!  
Another for his brother slaine, another for his sonne,  
Accepts of satisfaction: and he the deed hath done  
Lives in belov'd societie, long after his amends;  
To which his foes high heart for gifts, with patience condescends:  
But theea wilde and cruell spirit, the Gods for plague have given,  
And for one gitle; of whose faire sexe, we come to offer seven,  
The most exempt for excellence, and many a better prize:

Then

Then put a sweet minde in thy breast, respect thy owne allies,  
Though others make thee not remisse: a multitude we are,  
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our supremest care  
Is to be most familiar, and hold most loue with thee,  
Of all the Greeks, how great an host, focus here there be.

Achilles to Aiax

He answer'd, Noble *Telamon*, Prince of our souldiers here:  
Out of thy heart I know thou speakest, and as thou holdst me deare:  
But still as often as I think, how rudely I was us'd,  
And like a stranger for all rites, fit for our good, refuse:  
My heart doth swell against the man, that durst be so profane  
To violate his sacred place: not for my private bane,  
But since wrack't vertues generall lawes, he shamelesse did infringe:  
For whose sake I will loose the reines, and give mine anger swinge,  
Without my wisedomes least impeach. He is a foole, and base,  
That pitties vice plagu'd minds, when paine, not love of right giues place.  
And therefore tell your King, my Lords, my just wrath will not care  
For all his cares: before my tents, and navie charged are  
By warlike *Hector*; making way, through flocks of Grecian lues,  
Enlightned by their naual fire: but when his rage arrives  
About my tent, and sable barke, I doubt not but to shield  
Them and my selfe: and make him flie, the there-from bounded field.

This said, each one but kist the cup, and to the ships retir'd,  
*Ulysses* first. *Patroclus* then, the men and maids requir'd  
To make grave *Phoenix* bed with speed, and see he nothing lacks:  
They strait obeyd, and thereon laid, the subtile fruit of flax,  
And warme sheep-sels for covering: and there the old man slept,  
Attending till the golden Morne, her usuall station kept.  
*Achilles* lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought;  
And that faire Ladie by his side, that he from Lesbos brought,  
Bright *Diomedes*, *Phorbos* feed: *Patroclus* did embrace  
The beauteous *Iphis*, given to him, when his bold friend did raze  
The loſtic Syrus, that was kept, in *Enyeion* hold.

Agamemnon to  
Ulysses.

Now at the tent of *Atreus* sonne, each man with cups of gold  
Receiv'd th'Ambassadors return'd; all clusterd neare to know  
What newes they brought: which first the King, would have *Ulysses* show.  
Say most praise-worthy *Ithacus*; the Grecians great renowne,  
Will he defend us: or not yet, will his proud stomacke downe?  
*Ulysses* made reply: Not yet, will he be appeased be,

Ulysses to Agamemnon.

But grows more wrathfull, prizing light, thy offer'd gifts and thees;  
And wils thee to consult with us, and take some other course  
To save our armie and our fleet: and sayes, with all his force,  
The morne shall light him on his way, to *Phibias* wilhed foile:  
For never shall high-seated Troy, be sackt with all our toile:  
*Iove* holds his hand twixt us and it: the souldiers gather heart.  
Thus he replies: which *Aiax* here, can equally impart,  
And both these Heralds: *Phoenix* stayes, for so was his desire  
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.  
All wondred he should be so sterne: at last bold *Diomed* spake:

Would

Printed to sig.  
M. 161. 7.

Would God, *Atrides*, thy request, were yet to undertake;  
And all thy gifts unofferd him, he's proud enough beside:  
But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride.  
But let us suffer him to stay, or go at his desire:  
Fight when his stomacke serves him best; or when *Love* shall inspire:  
Meane while our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest  
After our food: strength lives by both; and vertue is their guest.  
Then, when the rose-finger'd *Morne*, holds out her silver light,  
Bring forth thy host, encourage all; and be thou first in fight.  
The Kings admitt'd the fortitude, that so divinely mov'd  
The skilful horseman *Diomed*; and his advice approv'd:  
Then with their nightly sacrifice, each tooke his severall tent,  
Where all receiv'd the soveraigne gifts, soft *Somnus* did present.

*The end of the ninth Booke.*

THE



## THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**H*A*t *Atrides* watching, wake the other *Pierres* :  
And (in the Fort, consulting of their feares)  
Two Kings they send, most stout, and honor'd most,  
For royall skowts, into the Trojan host :  
Who meeting *Dolon* (*Hectors* bribed Spie)  
Take him; and learne how all the *Quarters* lye.  
He told them, in the *Thracian* regiment  
Of rich King *Rhefus*, and his royall Tent;  
Striving for safety; but they end his strife,  
And rid poore *Dolon* of a dangerous life.  
Then with digressive wyles, they use their force  
On *Rhefus* life, and take his snowie horse.

### Another Argument.

*Kappa* the Night exploits applies;  
*Rhefus* and *Dolons* tragedies.

**T**H*e* other Princes at their slaps, soft finger'd sleepe did binde,  
But not the Generall; *Somnus* filkes, bound not his laboring minde,  
That turn'd, and return'd, many thoughts: And as quicke lightning's flie  
From well-deckt *Joves* soveraigne, out of the thickned skie,  
Preparing some exceeding raine, or haile, the fruit of cold :  
Or downe like *Snow*, that sodainly makes all the fields looke old;  
Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his enfulphur'd hand  
In dazling flashes, pour'd from clouds, on any punish'd land :  
So from *Atrides* troubled heart, through his darke sorrowes, flew  
Redoubled sighes: his intraines shooke, as often as his view  
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the *Phrygian* shade,  
And heard the founds of files, and shawmes, and tumults souldiers made.  
But when he saw his fleet and host, kneele to his care and love,  
He rent his haire up by the roots, as sacrifice to *Love* :  
Burnt in his fire sighes, still breath'd out of his royall heart,  
And first thought good, to *Nestors* care, his sorrowes to impart:  
Tr trye if royall diligence, with his approv'd advice,  
Might fashion counsels, to prevent their threatned miseries.  
So up he rose, attir'd himselfe, and to his strong feet tid'd  
Rich shooes, and cast upon his backe, a ruddy Lyons hide,  
So ample, it his ankles reacht: then tooke his royall spear,  
Like him was *Menelaus* pierc't, with an industrious feare,

*Agamemnon*  
cast.  
7. host are the  
lightnings be-  
fore snow, &c.  
that Scavgers  
Crucies to un-  
warily tax-  
etly cause the  
placelless, as  
in the 3. booke  
Annotations, &c.

*Agamemnon*  
before rising in  
the night.  
He wearing  
Lyons hide

Nor

*Menelaus a  
Leopards*

Nor far sweet slumber on his eyes; left bitter Fates should quite  
The Greekes high fauours, that for him, resolu'd such endlesse fight!  
And first a freckled Panters hide, hid his broad backe athwart:  
His head, his brazen helme did arme, his able hand his dart;  
Then made he all his haste to raise, his brothers head as rare,  
That he who most exceld in rule, might helpe t'effect his care.  
He found him at his ships crooke sterne, adorning him with armes,  
VWho joyd to see his brothers spirits awak't without alarms:  
Well weighing th'importance of the time. And first the younger spake:

*Menelaus to  
Agamemnon.*

Why brother, are ye arming thus? is it to undertake  
The sending of some ventrous Greeke: t'explore the foes intent?  
Alas I greatly feare, not one will giue that worke consent,  
Expold alone to all the feares that flow in gloomy night:

He that doth this, must know death well, in which ends euery fright.

*Agamemnon to  
Menelaus.*

Brother (said he) in these affaires, we both must use aduice;  
*Love* is against us, and accepts great *Hectors* sacrifice,  
For I haue neuer seene, nor heard, in one day, and by one,  
So many high attempts well urg'd, as *Hectors* power hath done  
Against the haplesse sons of Greece: being chiefly deare to *Love*,  
And without cause, being neither fruit of any Goddesse loue,  
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare the deepensse of his hand,  
Ere it be rac't out of our thoughts, will many yeeres withstand.  
But brother, hie thee to thy ships, and *Idomen* discale  
With warlike *Aiax*: I will haste to graue *Neleides*,  
Exhorting him to rise, and giue the sacred watch command,  
For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;  
And now his sonne, their capitaine is, and *Idomen* good friend  
Bold *Merion*, to whose discharge, we did that charge commend.

*Directions for  
command in  
wars extremity.*

Commandst thou then (his brothers askt) that I shall tarry here  
Attending thy resolu'd approach, or else the message beare,  
And quickly make returne to thee? He answered: Rather stay,  
Lest otherwise we faile to meet: for many a different way  
Lies through our labyrinthian host; speake euer as you goe,  
Command strong watch, from Sire to sonne, urge all t'obserue the foe,  
Familiarly, and with their praise, exciting euery eye,  
Not with unseason'd violence, of proud authority:  
We must our patience exercise, and worke, our selues with them,  
*Love* in our births combin'd such care, to eithers Diadem.

*Hectors armes,  
and resolution  
to use them.*

Thus he dismiss'd him, knowing well, his charge before he went,  
Himselfe to *Nestor*, whom he found in bed within his tent:  
By him, his damaske curets hung, his shield, a paire of darts,  
His shining caske, his arming waste: in these he led the hearts  
Of his apt souldiers to sharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares.  
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchfull cares  
Vntimely feet told some approach: he tooke his lance in hand,  
And spake to him, Ho, what art thou? that walk'st at midnight? stand,  
Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'st thou any Peere?  
Speake, come not silent towards me: say what intendst thou heere?

*Agamemnon to  
Nestor.*

He answered, O *Neleides*, graue honour of our host:  
Tis *Agamemnon* thou maist know, whom *Love* afflicteth most  
Of all the wretched men that liue; and will, whilst any breath  
Giues motion to my toyled limbs, and beares me up from death.  
I walke the round thus, since sweet sleepe cannot inclose mine eyes,  
Nor shut those Organs care breakes ope, for our calamities.  
My feare is vehement for the Greekes: my heart (the fount of beate)  
With his extreme affects, made cold; without my breast doth beate:  
And therefore are my sinewes strooke with trembling: euery part  
Of what my friends may feele, hath act, in my disperd heart.  
But if thou thinkest of any course may to our good redound,  
(Since neither thou thy selfe canst sleepe) come, walke with me the round.  
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euery guard:  
Lest watching long, and wearinesse, with labouring so hard,  
Drowne their oppressed memories, of what they haue in charge.  
The libetie we giue the foe, (alas) is ouer large,  
Their campe is almost mixt with ours, and we haue forth no spies,  
To learne their drifts; who may perchance, this night intend surpris.

*Nestor to Agamemnon.*

Graue *Nestor* answered: Worthy King, let good hearts beare our ill:  
*Love* is not bound to perfect all, this buie *Hectors* will;  
But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much dismayd  
With feare, lest our distresse incite *Achilles* to our aid:  
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.  
But I will gladly follow thee, and stirre up more beside:  
*Tydidēs*, famous for his lance; *Vlysses*, *Telamon*,  
And bold *Phyleas* valiant heire: or else if any one  
Would haste to call King *Idomen*, and *Aiax*, since their saile  
Lye so remou'd; with much good speed, it might our haste auail.  
But (though he be our honor'd friend,) thy brother I will blame,  
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame  
He should commit all paines to thee, that should himselfe employ,  
Past all our Princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;  
And be so farre from needing spurres, to these his due respects,  
He should apply our spirits himselfe, with pray'rs, and urg'd affects.  
Necessitie (a law to lawes, and not to be endur'd)  
Makes prooue of all his faculties; not found, if not inur'd.

*Agamemnon  
excuse of his  
tribune.*

Good father (said the King) sometimes, you know I haue desir'd  
You would improue his negligence, too oft to ease retir'd:  
Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine,  
But with obseruing my estate, he thinks, he should abstaine  
Till I commanded, knowing my place: unwilling to assume,  
For being my brother, any thing might proue he did presume.  
But now he rose before me farre, and came, t'auoid delays:  
And I haue sent him for the man, your selfe desir'd to raise:  
Come, we shall finde them at the guards, we plac't before the fort:  
Forthither my direction was, they should with speed report.

Why now (said *Nestor*) none will grudge, nor his iust rule withstand;  
Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming trusse, faire shoes upon his feet,  
 About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,  
 Of purple, large, and full of folds, curl'd with a warme full nap;  
 A garment that gainst cold in nights, did fouldiers use to wrap:  
 Then tooke he his strong lance in hand, made sharpe with proved Steele,  
 And went along the Grecian fleet. First at *Phylles* keele,  
 He cald; to breake the sicken fumes, that did his senses bind:  
 The voyce through th' Organs of his eares, straight rung about his mind.  
 Forth came *Phylles*, asking him; Why stirre ye thus so late?  
 Sustaine we such enforce cause? He answered, our estate  
 Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthy friend,  
 And come, let us excite one more, to counsell of some end  
 To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shield,  
 And both tooke course to *Diomed*, they found him laid in field,  
 Iarre from his tent: his armour by, about him was dispread  
 A ring of fouldiers; every man his shield beneath his head:  
 His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground:  
 The point, that bristled the darke earth, cast a reflection ray,  
 Like pallid lightnings throwne from *Jove*; thus this *Heroe* lay,  
 And under him a big Ox hide: his royall head had stay  
 On Arras hangings, rolled up: whereon he slept so fast,  
 That *Nestor* stir'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast  
 In such deepe sleepe, in such deepe woes. And askt him why he spent  
 All night in sleepe, or did not heare the Trojans neere his tent?  
 Their Campe drawne close upon their dike, small space-twixt foes and foes?  
 He, starting up, said, Strange old man, that never tak'st repose;  
 Thou art too patient of our toyle, have we not men more yong,  
 To be employd from King to King? thine age hath too much wrong.  
 Said like a King, replied the Sire: for I have sonnes renowned,  
 As there are many other men, might goe this toilsome round:  
 But you must see, imperious *Ned*, hath all at her command:  
 Now on the eager razors edge, for life or death we stand.  
 Then goe (thou art the yonger man,) and if thou love my ease,  
 Call swift-foot *Aiax* up thy selfe, and yong *Phylleides*.  
 This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow Lyons hide,  
 Big, and reacht earth, then tooke his speare, and *Nestors* will applide:  
 Rai'd the *Heroes*, brought them both. All met, the round they went,  
 And found not any Captaine there asleepe or negligent:  
 But waking, and in armes, give eare to every lowest sound.  
 And as keene dogs keepe sleepe in Cotes, or folds of hurdles bound:  
 And grin at every breach of ayre, envious of all that moves:  
 Still listning when the ravenous beast stalks through the hilly groves:  
 Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mighty tumults make,  
 Sleepe wanting weight to close one winke: so did the Captaines wake,  
 That kept the watch the whole sad night: all with intente care  
 Converted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare  
 If they were stirring to surpris: which *Nestor* joyd to see.

Why so (deare sons) maintaine your watch, sleepe not a winke (said he)

Rather

Rather then make your fames the scorn of Trojan perjurie.

This said, he formost past the dike, the others seconded;  
 Even all the Kings that had beene cald, to counsell, from the bed:  
 And with them went *Meriones*, and *Nestors* famous sonne:  
 For both were cald by all the Kings, to consultation.  
 Beyond the dike they chulde a place, neare as they could from bloud;  
 Where yet appear'd the fals of some, and whence (the crimson floud  
 Of Grecian lives being powr'd on earth, by *Hectors* furious chafe)  
 He made retreat, when night repour'd grim darknesse in his face.  
 There lay they downe, and *Nestor* spake: O friends remains not one,  
 That will relie on his bold minde, and view the campe alone,  
 Of the proud Trojans: to approve, if any stragling mate  
 He can surpris neare th' utmost tents; or learne the brieve estate  
 Of their intentions for the time, and mixe like one of them  
 With their outguards, expiscating, if the renown'd extreme,  
 They force on us, will serve their turnes; with glory to retire,  
 Or still encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,  
 And make a brave retreat untoucht; and this would winne him fame  
 Of all men caniped with heaven; and every man of name  
 In all this host shall honour him, with an enriching meed;  
 A blacke Ewe and her sucking Lambe (rewards that now exceed  
 All other best possessions, in all mens choice requests)  
 And still be bidden by our Kings, to kinde and royall feasts.

All reverence! one anothers worth; and none would silence breake,  
 Left worst should take best place of speech: at last did *Diomed* speake:

*Nestor*, thou ask'st if no man here, have heart so well inclin'd  
 To worke this stratageme on Troy: yes, I have such a minde:  
 Yet if some other Prince would joyne; more probable will be  
 The strengthened hope of our exploit: two may together see  
 (One going before another still) lie danger every way;  
 One spirit upon another works; and takes with firmer stay  
 The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his comre,  
 Yet might he well distrust himselfe, which th' other might enforce.

This offer evrie man assum'd, all would with *Diomed* go:

The two *Aices*, *Merion*, and *Meneclaus* too:  
 But *Nestors* sonne enforce it much, and hardie *Ithacus*,  
 Who had to every ventrous deed, a minde as venturous:

Amongst all these thus spake the King; *Tydeides*, most below'd;  
 Chulfe thy associate worthily; a man the most approv'd  
 For sale and strength in these extremes. Many thou seest stand forth:  
 But chulfe not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;  
 Left with thy nicerespect of right, to any mans degree,  
 Thou wrongst thy venture, chusing one least fit to joyne with thee,  
 Although perhaps a greater King: this spake he with suspect,  
 That *Diomed* (for honours sake) his brother would select.

Then said *Tydeides*; Since thou gi'st, my judgement leave to chulfe,  
 How can it so much truth forget, *Phylles*: to refuse?

That beares a minde so most exempt, and vigorous in th' effect

N 2

*Nestor* to the  
Grecians.

*Nestor* to the  
Grecian Princes

*Diomed* to  
*Nestor*.

The great coun-  
sell of Agamem-  
non to *Diomed*.

*Diomed* to the  
of *Phylles*.

Of



On high labours, and a man, *Pallas* doth most respect?  
We shall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine.  
He sets strength in so true a course, with counsels so divine.

*Phylis to the  
Merion*

*Phylis* loth to be esteem'd a lover of his praise,  
With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:  
And said; *Tydidēs*, praise me not, more then free truth will beare,  
Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks, that give judicial care.  
But come, the morning hasts; the starres are forward in their course,  
Two parts of night are past, the third is left t'employ our force.

*Thrasymedes to  
Diomed*

Now borrowed they for haste some arms: bold *Thrasymedes* lent  
Adventurous *Diomed* his sword (his owne was at his tent)  
His shield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,  
And said a murrion; archers heads it used to invest.

*Meriones* lent *Itharus*, his quiver and his bow;  
His helme fashion'd of a hide: the workman did bestow  
Much labour in it, quilting it, with bow-strings, and without,  
With snowier tuskes of white-mouth'd Bores, t'was armed round about  
Right cunningly: and in the midst, an arming cap was plac'd,  
That with the sixt ends of the tusks, his head might not be rack't.  
This (long since) by *Autolycus*, was brought from Elcon,  
When he laid waste *Amyntors* house, that was *Ormenus* sonne.

*Molus to ex  
plaine Merion*

In Scandia, to *Cytherius*, furnam'd *Amphydamas*,  
*Autolycus* did give this helme: he, when he scasted was  
By honour'd *Molus*, gave it him, as present of a guest:  
*Molus* to his sonne *Merion*, did make it his bequest.  
With this *Ulysses* arm'd his head; and thus they (both address)  
Tooke leave of all the other Kings: to them a glad ostent,  
(As they were entring on their way) *Minerva* did present:  
A Henshaw consecrate to her; which they could ill discern  
Through fable night: but by her change, they knew it was a Herne.

*Ulysses to the  
Pallas*

*Ulysses* joy'd, and thus invok't: Heare me great seed of love,  
That ever dost my labours grace, with presence of thy love:  
And all my motions dost attend; still love me (sacred Dame)  
Especially in this exploit, and so protect our fame,  
We both may safely make retreat, and thriftily employ  
Our boldnesse in some great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.

*Diomed to  
Pallas*

Then praid illustrate *Diomed*: Vouchsafe me likewise care,  
O thou unconquer'd Queene of armes: be with thy favours neare;  
As to my royall fathers steps, thou wentst a bountious guide,  
When th' Achives, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would have pacifide,  
Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and left them at the flood  
Of great *Elopus*, whose retreat, thou mad'st to swim in blood  
Of his enamour'd enemies: and if thou so protect  
My bold endeavours; to thy name, an Heifer, most select,  
That never yet was tam'd with yoke, broad fronted, one year old;  
He burne in zealous sacrifice, and set the hornes in gold.

The Goddesse heard, and both the Kings, their dreadlesse passage bore,  
Through slaughter, slaughter'd carkasses; amnes; and discolor'd gore.

Nor

Nor *Hector* let his Princes sleepe, but all to counsell call'd:  
And askt, What one is here will vow, and keepe it unappald,  
To have a gift fit for his deed, a chariot and two horse,  
That passe for speed the rest of Greece? what one dares take this course,  
For his renowne (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe,  
And learne if still they hold their guards? or with this overthrow  
Determine flight, as being too weak, to hold us longer warre?

*Hector to the  
Troians*

All silent stood, at last stood forth one *Dolan*, that did dare  
This dangerous worke; *Emmedes* heire, a Herald much renown'd:  
This *Dolan* did in gold and brasse, exceedingly abound;  
But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet passing swift to run:  
Amongst five sisters he was left, *Emmedes* onely son:  
And he told *Hector*, his free heart would undertake t'explore  
The Greeks intentions; but (said he) thou shalt be sworne before,  
By this thy scepter, that the horse of great *Ecides*  
And his strong chariot, bound with brasse, thou wilt (before all these)  
Resigne me as my valours prize: and so I rest unmov'd  
To be thy spie, and not returne before I have approv'd  
(By venturing to *Atrides* ship, where their consults are held)  
If they resolve still to resist, or flee as quide expeld.

*Dolan offers to  
be ex-plorer*

He put his scepter in his hand, and caide the thunders God  
(*Saturnius* husband) to his oath, those horse should not be ro'd  
By any other man then he, but he for ever joy  
(To his renowne) their services, for his good done to Troy.  
Thus swore he, and forswore himselfe; yet made bafe *Dolan* bold:  
Who on his shoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold  
A white wolves hide, and with a helme of Weasels skins did arme  
His weasels head; then tooke his dart, and never turn'd to harme  
The Greeks with their related drifts: but being past the troopes  
Of horse and foot, he promptly runs; and as he runs he stoopes  
To undermine *Achilles* horse; *Ulysses* straight did see,  
And said to *Diomed*, this man makes footing towards thee,  
Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be us'd as spie,  
Bent to our fleet; or come to rob the slaughter'd enimie.  
But let us suffer him to come a little further on;

*Dolan forswore  
to Dolon*

*Dolan argues*

*Ulysses to Di-  
med*

And then pursue him. If it chance, that we be overgone  
By his more swiftnesse; urge him still to run upon our fleet,  
And (lest he scape vs to the towne) still let thy Iaveline meet  
With all his offers of retreat. Thus slept they from the plaine  
Amongst the slaughter'd carkasses, *Dolan* came on amaine,  
Suspecting nothing; but once past, as farre as Mules outdraw  
Oxen at pious, being both put on, neither admitted law,  
To plow a deepe foild furrow forth, so farre was *Dolan* past,  
Then they pursude, which he perceiv'd, and staid his speedlesse hait;  
Subtly supposing *Hector* sent to countermand his spie:  
But in a Javelins throw or lesse, he knew them enimie.  
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursude like wind.  
As when a brace of Greyhounds are laid in with Hare or Hind;

*Simile*

N 3

Close-

Cloſe-mouth'd; and ſkil'd to make the beſt of their induſtrious courſe,  
Serve eithers turne, and ſet on hard, loſe neither ground nor force.  
So conſtantly did *Tydeus* ſonne, and his towne-razing *Peere*,  
Purſue this ſpie; ſtill turning him, as he was winding neare  
His covert: till he almoſt mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

*Diomed to Dolon.*

Then *Pallas* prompted *Diomed*, left his due worths reward  
Should becompaird, if any man did want he firſt did ſneath  
His ſword in him, and he be cald, but ſecond in his death:  
Then ſpake he (threatning with his lance) or ſlay, or this comes on,  
And long thou canſt not run, before thou be by death out-gone.

*Dolon ſurprize and offer.*

This ſaid he threw his ſaveline forth: which miſt, (as *Diomed* would)  
Above his right arme making way, the pile ſtucke in the mould:  
He ſtaid and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.  
They came in blowing, ſeid him faſt, he, weeping offered  
A wealthy ranſome for his life, and told them he had braſſe,  
Much gold, and iron, that fit for uſe, in many labours was,  
From whole rich heapes his father would a wondrous portion give,  
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his ſonne did live.

*Tydeus to Dolon.*

*Phyſes* bad him cheare his heart. Thinke not of death, ſaid he,  
But tell us true, why taunſt thou forth when others ſleeping be?  
Is it to ſpoyle the carkafſes? or art thou choicely ſent  
To explore our drifts! or of thy ſelfe, ſeek'ſt thou ſome wiſht event?

*Dolon's answer.*

He trembling anſwerd: Much reward did *Heſtors* oath propoſe,  
And urg'd me much againſt my will, to endeavour to diſcloſe,  
If you determin'd ſtill to ſtay, or bent your courſe for flight,  
As all diſmaid with your late foile, and wearied with the fight:  
For which exploit, *Pelides* horſe, and chariot he did ſwear  
I onely ever ſhould enjoy. *Phyſes* ſmil'd to heare

*Phyſes to Dolon*

So baſe a ſwaine have any hope, ſo high a priſe to aſpire,  
And ſaid, his labors did affect, a great and precious hire:  
And that the horſe *Pelides* rein'd, no mortall hand could uſe  
But he himſelfe, whoſe matchleſſe life, a Goddeſſe did produce!  
But tell us, and report but truth, where leſtſt thou *Heſtor* now?  
Where are his armes? his famous horſe? on whom doth he beſtow  
The watches charge? where ſleepe the Kings? intend they ſtill to lye-  
Thus neare encamp't? or turne ſuffic'd with their late victory?

*Dolon's relation.*

All this, ſaid he, I'll tell moſt true. At Iſus monement  
*Heſtor* with all our Princes ſits, to adviſe of this event;  
Who chuſe that place remov'd, to ſhun the rude confuſed ſounds  
The common ſouldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,  
Whereof (brave Lord) thou mak'ſt demand; none orderly we keepe:  
The Trojans that have rooſes to ſave, onely abandon ſleepe,  
And privately without command, each other they exhort  
To make prevention of the worſt; and in this ſlender ſort  
Is watch and guard maintain'd wth us. Th'auxiliary bands  
Sleep ſoundly, and commit their cares into the Trojans hands;  
For they have neither wives with them, nor children to protect;  
The leſſe thy need to care, the more, they ſuccour dull neglect.

But

But tell me (ſaid wife *Ithacus*) are all theſe forcine powers  
Appointed quarters by themſelves, or elſe commixt with yours?

*Ithacus.*

And this (ſaid *Dolon*) too (my Lords) I'll ſeriously unfold.  
The *Pæons* with the crooked bowes, and *Cæres*, quarters hold  
Next to the ſea, the *Leleges*, and *Cæcons* joynd with them,  
And brave *Pelaſgians*; *Thimbers* made, remov'd ſore from the ſtreame,  
Is quarter to the *Licians*; the loſſie *Miſian* force;  
The *Phrygians* and *Meonians*, that fight with armed horſe.  
But what need theſe particulars? if ye intend ſurpriſe  
Of any in our Trojan campe; the Thracian quarter lies  
Vmoſt of all, and uncommixt with Thracian regiments,  
That keepe the voluntary watch: new pitch'd are all their tents:  
King *Rheſus*, *Eioneus* ſonne, commands them; who hath ſteeds  
More white then ſnow, huge, and well ſhap'd; their fire pace exceeds  
The winds in ſwiftneſſe: theſe I ſaw: his Chariot is with gold  
And pallid ſilver richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.  
His great and golden armour is not ſit a man ſhould weare;  
But for immortal ſoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly beare  
Your happie priſoner to your fleet: or leave him here faſt bound  
Till your well urg'd and rich returns, prove my relation ſound.

*Dolon.*

*Phrygiens.*

*Tydid*es dreſſfully replide: Thinke not of paſſage thus,  
Though of right acceptable newes, thou haſt advertide us;  
Our hands are holds more ſtrict then ſo: and ſhould we ſet thee free  
For offerd ranſome, for this ſcape, thou ſtill would'ſt ſcouting be  
About our ſhips; or do uſe ſcath, in plaine oppoſed armes;  
But if I take thy life, no way, can we repent thy harmes.

*Diomed's Reme-  
mber to Dolon:*

With this, as *Dolon* reacht his hand to uſe a ſuppliant's part,  
And ſtroke the beard of *Diomed*, he ſtrooke his necke athwart,  
With his forc't ſword; and both the nerves he did in ſunder wound;  
And ſuddenly his head, deceiv'd, fell ſpeaking on the ground:  
His welſe helme they tooke, his bow, his wolves ſkinne, and his lance;  
Which to *Minerva*, *Ithacus*, did zealouſly advance  
With liſted arme into the aire; and to her thus he ſpake;

*Dolon's ſeugh-  
er by Diomed.*

Goddeſſe, triumph in thine owne ſpoyle; to thee we firſt will make  
Our invocations, of all powers, thre a'd on th'Olympian hill;  
Now to the Thracians, and their horſe, and beds, conſect uſ ſtill.  
With this, he hung them up aloft, upon a Tamrick bow,  
As eyefull Trophies: and the ſprigs that did about it grow,  
He pruned from the leavie armes, to make it eaſier view'd.  
When they ſhould haſtily retire, and be perhaps purſued.  
Forth went they, through blacke bloud and armes, and preſently aſpir'd  
The guardleſſe Thracian regiment, faſt bound with ſleepe, and tir'd:  
Their armes lay by, and triple ranks, they as they ſlept did keepe.  
As they ſhould watch and guard their King, who, in a fatal ſleepe,  
Lay in the miſt; their chariot horſe, as they coach fellows were,  
Fed by them, and the famous ſteed that did their Generall beare,  
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich chariot tyed.  
*Phyſes* ſaw them firſt, and ſaid, *Tydid*es, I have ſpyed

*Phyſes to Di-  
omed.*

The horse that *Dolon* (whom we slue) assur'd us we should see:  
 Now use thy strength; now idle armes are most unfit for thee:  
 Kill thou the horse; or kill the guards; and leave the horse to me.  
*Minerva* with the Azure eyes, breath'd strength into her King,  
 Who hid the tent with mixed death: the foules, he set on wing,  
 Blued in grones, and made ayre swell, into her stormie flood:  
 Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with blood.  
 As when a hungry Lyon flies with purpose to devour  
 On flocks unkept, and on their lues doth freely use his power:  
 So *Tydeus* sonne assaild the foe; twelve foules before him flew,  
*Phyfes* waited on his sword; and euer as he flew,  
 He drew them by their strengthlesse heeles, out of the horses sight;  
 That when he was to leade them forth, they should not with affright  
 Bogle, nor snore, in treading on the bloody carkasses;

*Diomedes* slayd  
*these* horses King  
 of Thrace

For being new come, they were vnuse to such sterne sights as these.  
 Through foure ranks now did *Diomed* the King himselte attaine;  
 Who (snoring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his souldiers laine.  
 An ill dreame by *Minerva* sent, that night stood by his head,  
 Which was *Oenides* royall sonne, unconquer'd *Diomed*.

Meane while *Phyfes* loofd his horse; tooke all their reines in hand,  
 And led them forth; but *Tydeus* sonne did in contention stand  
 With his great minde, to do some deed of more audacitie;  
 If he should take the chariot, where his rich armes did lie,  
 And draw it by the beame away, or beare it on his backe;  
 Or if of more dull Thracian lues, he should their bosomes sacke.

*Minerua*  
*Diomed*

In this contention with himselte, *Minerua* did suggest,  
 And bad him thinke of his retreat; lest from their temptred rest,  
 Some other God should stirre the foe, and send him backe dismayd.

He knew the voyce; tooke horse, and fled; the Trojans heavenly aid  
 (*Apollo* with the siluer bow) stood no blinde sentinel  
 To their secure and drowlie host; but did discover well  
*Minerua* following *Diomed*; and angrie with his act,  
 The mightie host of *Ilium*, he entred, and awak't  
 The coulen germane of the King, a counsellour of Thrace,  
*Hypocoön*; who when he rose, and saw the desert place  
 Where *Rhesus* horse did use to stand, and th'other dismall harmes,  
 Men strugling with the pangs of death; he shriekt out thicke alarmes;  
 Caid *Rhesus*? *Rhesus*? but in vaine: then still, arme, arme, he cride:  
 The noise and tumult was extreme, on euery startled side  
 Of Troyes huge host; from whence in throngs all gather'd, and admir'd,  
 Who could performe such harmfull facts, and yet be safe retir'd.

*Arms* a-  
 bout the  
 tent

Now, coming where they slue the scout, *Phyfes* staid the steeds  
*Tydes* lighted, and the spoiles (hung on the *Tamricke* reeds)  
 He tooke and gaue to *Ithacus*; and up he got againe;  
 Then flew they joyfull to their fleet: *Nestor* did first attaine  
 The founds the horse hooves strooke throughaire, and said; My royall Peeres?  
 Do I but dote? or say I true? me thinks about mine cares  
 The founds of running horses beat. O would to God they were

*Phyfes* to the  
 Greekes

Our

Our friends thus soone returnd with spoyles: but I have heartie feare,  
 Lest this high tumult of the foe doth their distresse intend.  
 He scarce had spoke, when they were come: Both did from horse descend,  
 All, with embraces and sweet words, to heaven their worth did raise.  
 Then *Nestor* spake; Great *Ithacus*, even heapt with Grecian praise;  
 How have you made these horse your prize? pierc't you the dangerous host,  
 Where such gemmes stand? or did some God your high attempts accost.  
 And honour'd you with this reward? why, they be like the Rayes  
 The Sunne effuseth. I have mixt with Troians all my dayes;  
 And now, I hope you will not say, I alwayes lye abroad  
 Though an old fouldier I confesse: yet did all Troy afford  
 Never the like to any fence, that euer I posselt;  
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest:  
 For be that shadows heaven with clouds, loves both, as his delights:  
 And he that supples earth with blood, can not forbear your fights.

*Phyfes* answerd, Honord Sire, the willing Gods can give  
 Horse much more worth, then these men yeeld, since in more power they liue:  
 These horse are of the Thracian breed; their King *Tydes* slue,  
 And twelve of his most trusted guard: and of that meaner crew  
 A skowt for thirteenth man we kild, whom *Heitor* sent to spie  
 The whole estate of our designs, if bent to fight or flie.

*Phyfes* is  
 right

Thus (followed with whole troops of friends) they with applauses pass  
 The spacious dike, and in the tent, of *Diomed* they place  
 The horse without contention, as his deservings meed.  
 Which (with his other horse set up) on yellow wheat did feed.  
 Poore *Dolons* spoiles *Phyfes* had; who shar'd them on his sterne,  
 As trophies vow'd to her that sent the good-aboding Herne.

Then entred they the meere maine sea, to cleanse their honourd sweat  
 From off their feet, their thighs and necks; and when their vehement heat  
 Was calm'd, and their swolne hearts refresh'd; more curious baths they us'd,  
 Where odorous and dissolving Oyles, they through their lims diffus'd.  
 Then, taking breakfast, a big boule, filld with the purest wine,  
 They offerd to the maiden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The end of the tenth Booke.

THE



# THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**trides and his other Peeres of name,  
Leade forth their men; whom Eris doth inflame.  
Hector (by Iris charge) takes deadly breath;  
Hekles Agamemnon plies the work of death:  
Who with the first beares his imperiall head.  
Himselfe, Vlysses, and King Dioineth,  
Euripylus, and Asculapius sonne,  
(Enforc't with wounds) the furious skirmish shunne.  
With marshall fight, when great Achilles viewes,  
A little his desire of fight renews:  
And forth he send his friend, to bring him word  
From old Nektides, what wounded Lord  
He in his chariot from the skirmish brought:  
Which was Machaon. Nestor then besought  
He would perswade his friend to weake their harmes,  
Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

## Another Argument.

Lambda presents the Generall,  
In fight the worthiest man of all.



**A**trides, out of restfull bed, did from bright Tython rise,  
To bring each deathlesse essence light, and use, to mortall eyes;  
When Iove sent Eris to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand  
Sterne signes of her designs for warre: she tooke her horrid stand  
Vpon Vlysses huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,  
Amidst the flect, from whence her sounds, might ring on every side;  
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th'authors of their smarts;  
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navies utmost parts.

The red-eyd Goddesse seated there, thunder th'Orthian song,  
High, and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;  
Her vrfc with spirits invincible, did all their breaths inspire;  
Blew out all darknesse from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;  
And presently was bitter warre, more sweet a thousand times  
Then any choise in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.

Atrides summon'd all to armes; to armes himselfe dispolde:  
First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with silver buttons clofde;  
Then with rich Curace arm'd his breast, which Cyniras bestow'd  
To gratifie his royall guests, for even to Cyprus flow'd

Thun-

Th'unbounded fame of those designs, the Greekes proposde for Troy,  
And therefore gave he him those armes, and wisht his purpose joy.  
Ten rowes of azure mixt with blacke: twelve golden like the Sunne:  
Twice ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour runne.  
Three Serpents to the gorget crept, that like three raine-bowes shind,  
Such as by Iove are fixt in clouds, when wonders are divin'd.  
About his shoulders hung his sword, whereof the hollow hilt  
Was fashion'd all with shining barres, exceeding richly gilt:  
The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers grac't:  
Then tooke he up his weighty shield, that round about him cast  
Defensive shadowes: ten bright zones, of gold, affecting brasce  
Were driven about it; and of tin (as full of glosse as glasse)  
Sweld twenty bosses out of it: in center of them all,  
One of blacke mettall had engraven (full of extreame appall)  
An ugly Gorgon, compassed with terror and with feare:  
At it, a silver Bawdricke hung, with which he usde to beare  
(Wound on his arme) his ample shield, and in it there was wouen  
An azure Dragon, curl'd in folds, from whose one necke, was cloven  
Three heads contorted in an orbe: then plac't he on his head  
His four-plum'd caske, and in his hands, two darts he managed,  
Arm'd with bright Steele, that blaz'd to heaven: then Iuno and the maid  
That conquers Empires, trumpets serv'd, to summon out their aide,  
In honour of the Generall: and on a fable cloud  
(To bring them furious to the field) late thundring out aloud.

Then all enjoynd their charioteers, to ranke their chariot horse  
Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot; whose front they did reinforce  
With some horse troupes: the battell then was all of Charioteers,  
Lin'd with light horse: but Iupiter, disturb'd this forme with feares;  
And from ayres upper region, did bloudy vapours raine;  
For sad ostent, much noble life, should ere their times be flaine.  
The Trojan host, at Ilium tombe, was in Basalia led  
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchises fecd,  
Who God-like was esteem'd in Troy; by grave Antenor's race,  
Divine Aeneas, Polybus, unmarried Acamas,  
Proportion'd like the states of heaven: in front of all the field,  
Troyes great Pyramides did beare, his alwaies equall shield,  
Still plying th'ordering of his power, And as amidst the skie  
We sometimes see an ominous starre, blaze cleare and dreadfully,  
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appeare againe:  
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vantage-guard, shining plaine,  
Then in the rere-guard hid himselfe, and labour'd every where,  
To order and encourage all: his armour was so cleare,  
And he applide each place so fast, that like a lightning throwne  
Out of the shield of Iupiter, in every eye he shone.  
And as upon a rich mans crop, of barley or of wheate,  
(Oppolde for switnesse at their worke,) a fort of reapers sweate,  
Beare downe the furrowes speedily, and thicke their handfals fall:  
So at the joyning of the hostes, ran slaughter through them all;

None

None stoopt to any fainting thought, of foule inglorious flight,  
But equal bore they up their heads, and far'd like wolves in fight:  
Sterne *Erís*, with such weeping fights, joye't to feed her eyes,  
Who onely shew'd her selfe in field, of all the Deities.  
The other in Olympus tops, late silent, and repin'd,  
That *Iove* to doe the Trojans grace, should beare so fixt a mind.  
He car'd not, but (enthron'd apart) triumphant sat in sway  
Of his free power; and from his seat, tooke pleasure to display  
The citie so adorn'd with towres, the sea with vessels filld;  
The splendor of resplendent armes, the killer and the kild.  
As long as bright *Aurora* rul'd, and sacred day increast,  
So long their darts made mutuall wounds, and neither had the best:  
But when in hill environ'd vales, the timber-feller takes  
A sharpe set stomacke to his meate, and dinner ready makes,  
His sinewes fainting, and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull;  
Time of accustom'd ease arriv'd, his hands with labour full:  
Then by their valours *Greeks* brake through, the *Troian* ranks, and chear'd  
Their generall Squadrons through the host: then first of all appear'd  
The person of the King himselfe, and then the Troians lost

*Byenor*, by his royall charge, a leader in the host:  
Who being slaine, his chariotere (*Oileus*) did alight,  
And stood in skirmish with the King, the King did deadly smite  
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne,  
Enforcing passage to his braine, quite through the hardned pan;  
His braine mixt with his clotted bloud, his body strew'd the ground:

There left he them, and presently he other objects found;  
*Iffus* and *Antiphus*, two sonnes King *Priam* did beget;  
One lawfull, th' other wantonly; both in one chariot met  
Their royall foe, the baster borne, *Iffus* was chariotere,  
And famous *Antiphus* did fight: both which, King *Peleus* heire,  
(Whilome in *Ida* keeping flocks) did deprehend and bind  
With pliant Officers, and for prize, them to their Sire resign'd.  
*Atrides* with his well aim'd lance, smote *Iffus* on the breast  
Above the nipple; and his sword, a mortall wound imprest  
Beneath the eare of *Antiphus*: downe from their horse they fell.  
The King had seene the youths before, and now did know them well,  
Remembering them the prisoners, of wile *Aesides*,  
Who brought them to the fable fleet, from *Ida* foodie leas.

And as a Lyon having found the furrow of a Hind,  
Where she hath calv'd two little twins; at will and ease doth grind  
Their joynts snatcht in his hollow jaws, and crusheth into mist  
Their tender lives, their dam (though neare) notable to resist,  
But shooke with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the Oaken chace  
From that fell savage, drown'd in sweat, and seekes some covert place:  
So when with most unmatched strength, the Grecian Generall bent  
Gainst these two Princes, none durst ayd, their native Kings descent,  
But fled themselves before the Greeks, and where these two were slaine,  
*Pylander* and *Hypolochus*, (not able to retrain

Their

Their head-strong horse, the filken reines, being from their hands let fall)  
Were brought by their unruly guides, before the Generall.

*Antimachus* beget them both; *Antimachus* that tooke  
Rich gifts, and gold of *Hellen* love, and would by no means brooke  
Just restitution should be made, of *Menelaus* wealth,  
Bereft him, with his ravisher *Queen*, by *Alexanders* stealth.  
*Atrides*, Lyon-like did charge his sonnes, who on their knees  
Fell from their chariot, and besought, regard to their degrees;  
Who, being *Antimachus* his sonnes, their father would afford  
A worthy rancome for their lives, who in his house did hoord  
Much hidden treasure; brass, and gold, and Steele, wrought wondrous choice.  
Thus wept they, using smoothing terms; and heard this rugged voice  
Breath'd from the murthering King: If you be of the breed  
Of stout *Antimachus*, that staid the honourable deed  
The other Peeres of *Ilium*, in counsell had decreed,  
To render *Hellen* and her weakly; and would have basely slaine  
My brother and wife *Ithacus*, Ambassadors t'attaine  
The most due motion: now receive wreake for his shamefull part.  
This said, in poore *Pylanders* breast, he fixt his weakfull dart;  
Who upward spread th' oppressed earth: his brother croucht for dread,  
And as he lay, the angry King cut off his armes and head,  
And let him like a football lye, for every man to spurne.  
Then to th' extremest heate of fight, he did his valour turne,  
And led a multitude of *Greeks*, where foot did foot subdue,  
Horse slaughterd horse, *Neer* featherd flight, the batterd center flew  
In clouds of dust about their eares, rais'd from the horses hooves,  
That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as *Ioves*.

The King (perswading speedy chace) gaue his perswasions way  
With his owne valour, slaughtering still; as in a stormy day,  
In thicke-set woods a ravenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire;  
The shaken trees, and by the rootes doth toss them into aire:  
Even so beneath *Atrides* sword, flew up Troyes flying hieles:  
Their horse drew emptie chariots, and fought their chundering wheels  
Some fresh directions through the field, where least the pursuit drives:  
Thicke fell the Troians, much more sweet to Vultures, then their wives.

Then *Iove* drew *Helios* from the darts, from dust, from death and blood,  
And from the tumult: still the King, firme to the pursuit stood;  
Till at old *Ilium* monument, in midst of all the field,  
They reacht the wild Figtree, and long'd to make their towne their shield.  
Yet there they rested not, the king still cride; Pursue, pursue,  
And all his unreproued hands, did bloud and dust embue.  
But when they came to *Scarus* ports, and to the Beech of *Iove*,  
There made they stand; there every eye, fixt on each other, strove  
Who should outlooke his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled.  
And as a Lyon, when the night becomes most deafe and dead,  
Inuades Oxe herds, affrighting all, that he of one may wreake  
His dreadfull hunger; and his necke, he first of all doth breake;  
Then laps his bloud and entrailes up: so *Agamemnon* plide

O

The

The manage of the Trojan chace, and still the last man did,  
The other fled, a number fell by his imperall hand:  
Some groveling downwards from their horse: some upwards strew'd the sand.  
High was the furie of his lance: but having beat them close  
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Sire did now againe repose  
On fountaine flowing *Idas* tops, being newly slid from heaven,  
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence his charge was given  
To *Isis* with the golden wings: *Thammasia*, she (said he)  
And tell Troyes *Hector*, that as long, as he inrag'd shall see  
The souldier-loving *Aireus* sonne, amongst the formost fight,  
Depopulating troupes of men: so long he must excite  
Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes advance.  
But when he wounded takes his horse, attain'd with thast or lance:  
Then will I fill his arme with death, even till he reach the fleet,  
And peacefull night treads busie day, beneath her sacred feet.

The wind-foot swift *Thammasia*, obeyd and ufd her wings  
To famous *Iliou*, from the mount, enchaste with silver springs:  
And found in his bright chariot, the hardy Trojan Knight:  
To whom she spake the words of *Love*, and vanish from his sight,  
He leapt upon the sounding earth, and thooke his lengthfull dart,  
And every where he breath'd exhort, and stir'd up every heart:  
A dreadfull fight he set on foot, his souldiers straight turn'd head:  
The Greekes stood firme, in both the hoasts, the field was perfected.  
But *Agamemnon* forme'st still, did all his side exceed,  
And would not be the first in name, unless the first in deed.

Now sing faire Presidents of verse, that in the heavens embowre,  
Who first encountred with the King, of all the adverse powre:  
*Iphydamas*, *Antenor* sonne, ample and bigly set,  
Brought up in pasture-springing-Thrace, that doth soft sleepe beget:  
In grave *Cisseus* noble house, that was his mothers Sire,  
(Faith *Teano*) and when his breast was heightned with the fire  
Of gaisome youth; his grand-Sire gave his daughter to his love:  
Who straight his bridall chamber left, *Fame*, with affection strove,  
And made him furnish twelve faire ships, to lend faire Troy his hand.  
His ships he in *Percepe* left, and came to Troy by land:

And now he tryed the fame of Greece, encountering with the King,  
Who threw his royall lance and mist: *Iphydamas* did sling,  
And strooke him on the arming waste, beneath his coate of brasse,  
Which forc't him stay upon his arme, so violent it was:  
Yet pierc't it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazic head  
Tried hardnesse with his silver waste, it turn'd againe like lead.  
He follow'd, grasping the ground end: but with a Lyons wile,  
That wrests away a hunters staffe; he caught it by the pile,  
And pluckt it from the casters hand, whom with his sword he strooke  
Beneath the eare, and with his wound, his timelesse death he tooke:  
He fell and slept an iron sleepe; wretched young man, he did  
Farre from his newly-married wife, in aide of forraine pride,  
And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was her joynture great:

Love to Ili  
Iliad

Iphydamas slain  
Agamemnon

An

An hundred Oxen gave he her, and vow'd in his retreat  
Two thousand head of sleepe and Goats, of which he store did leave:  
Much gave he of his loves first-fruits, and nothing did receive.

When *Coon* (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,  
And elder brother of the slaine) beheld this tragedie:  
Deepe sorrow sat upon his eyes, and (standing laterally,  
And to the Generall undiscern'd) his lavelin he set sic:  
That twist his elbow and his wrist, transfixt his armelesse arme:  
The bright head shin'd on th'other side. The unexpected harme  
Imprest some horror in the King: yet so he cast not fight,  
But rusht on *Coon* with his lance, who made what haste he might  
(Seising his slaughter'd brothers foot) to draw him from the field,  
And cald the ablest to his aide; when under his round shield  
The Kings brasse lavelin, as he drew, did strike him helpelesse dead:  
Who made *Iphydamas* the blocke, and cut off *Coon*'s head.

Thus under great *Atreides* arme, *Antenor*'s issue thriv'd,  
And to suffice precisest fate, to *Plato*'s mansion div'd.  
He with his lance, sword, mightie stones, pour'd his Heroicke wrecke  
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake  
Through his cleft veines: but when the wound, was quite exhaust and crude;  
The eager anguish did approve his Princely fortitude.  
As when most sharpe and bitter pangs, distract a labouring Dame,  
Which the divine *Iubia*, that rule the painfull frame  
Of humane child-birth poure on her: *Thetis* that are  
The daughters of *Saturnus*: with whose extreme repaire  
The woman in her travell strives, to take the worst it gives:  
With thought it must be, tis loves fruit, the end for which she lives;  
The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redound:  
So *Agamemnon* did sustaine, the torment of his wound.  
Then tooke he chariot, and to Fleet, bad haste his chariotere;  
But first pour'd out his highest voice, to purchase every care:

Princes and Leaders of the *Greeks*, brave friends, now from our fleet  
Do you expell this boytious sway: *Love* will not let me meet  
Illustrate *Hector*, nor give leave, that I shall end the day  
In fight against the *Iliou* power: my wound is in my way.

This said, his readie chariotere, did scourge his spiritfull horse,  
That freely to the fable fleet, perform'd their sicre course:  
To beare their wounded Sovereigne, apart the Marriall thrust,  
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with foame, and snowing on the dust.

When *Hector* heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends:  
*Troians*, *Dardanians*, *Lycians*, all my close-fighting friends,  
Thinke what it is to be renown'd: be souldiers all of name:  
Our strongest enemy is gone; *Love* vows to doe fame:  
Then in the *Grecian* faces drive, your one-hov'd violent steeds,  
And farre above their best, be best, and glorifie your deeds.

Thus as a dog given Hunter sets, upon a brace of Bores,  
His white-toothd hounds, puffs, blows, breaths terms, & on his emprete pores  
All his wilde art to make them pinch; so *Hector* urg'd his host

Agamemnon to the Greek  
Priests.

Hector to the  
Troians.

O 2

To

To charge the Greeks, and he himselfe, most bold, and active most:

He brake into the heat of fight: as when a tempest raves,  
Swoops from the clouds, and all on heaps, doth cusse the purple waves?  
Who then was first, and last, he kild, when *Love* did grace his deed,

*Assus*, and *Antinous*; *Orys*, and *Clytus* seed:

Prince *Dolops*, and the honor'd Site, of sweet *Baryalus*;

(*Opheltes*) *Agelaus* next, and strong *Hippantus*:

*Orus*, *Effymnus*, all of name. The common souldiers fell,

As when the hollow flood of aire, in *Zephires* cheeks doth swell,

And sparleth all the gather'd clouds, while *Neius* power did draw;

Wraps waves in waves, hurle up the squath, beat with a vehement flaw:

So were the common souldiers wrackt, in troops, by *Hectors* hand.

Then ruine had inforc't such works, as no Greeks could withstand:

Then in their fleet they had bene hous'd, had not *Lacries* sonne

Stir'd up the spirit of *Diomed*, with this impression.

*Tydes*, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are?

Stand by me (dearest in my love) were horrible impaire

For our two valours to endure, a customaric fight,

To leave our navie still ingag'd, and but by fits to fight.

He answerd, I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine:

But our delight to prove us men, will prove but short and vaine;

For *Love* makes Trojans instruments; and virtually then,

Wields armes himselfe: our crosse affaires, are not twixt men and men.

This said, *Thimbrans* with his lance, he tumbled from his horce;

Nearc his left nipple wounding him: *Physes* did enforce

Faire *Molion*, minion to this King, that *Diomed* subdues:

Both sent they thence, till they return'd: who now the King pursue

And furrow'd through the thickned troops: As when two chaced Bores

Turne head gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores:

So (turn'd from flight) the forward Kings, shew'd Trojans backward death:

Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils, to get great *Hector* breath.

Thenooke they horce and chariot, from two bold citie foes,

*Merops* *Percosius* mightie sonnes: their father could disclofe,

Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not give consent

To their egression to these warres: yet wilfully they went

For Fates, that order fable death, enforce their tragedies:

*Tydes* slue them with his lance, and made their armes his prize.

*Hyporochus*, and *Hypodamus*, *Physes* rest of light:

But *Love*, that out of *Ida* lookt, then equalike the fight;

A Grecian for a Trojan then, paid tribute to the Fates;

Yet royall *Diomed* slue one, even in those even debates,

That was of name more then herselfe; *Peans* renowned sonne,

The Prince *Agastrophus*, his lance, into his hip did runne;

His Squire detain'd his horce apart, that hinder'd him to flie;

Which he repented at his heart; yet did his feet applie,

His scape with all the speed they had, alongst the foremost bands;

And there his loved life dissolv'd. This, *Hector* understands,

And rusht with clamor on the King, right soundly seconded

With

With troupes of Trojans: which perceiv'd, by famous *Diomed*,

The deepe conceit of *Love*s high will, stifed his royall haire,

Who spake to neare-fought *Ithacbus*; the fate of this affaire

is bent to us: come let us stand, and bound his violence.

Thus threw he his long javelin forth, which smote his heads defence

Fuill on the top, yet pierc't no skin; brasse tooke repulse with brasse,

His helme (with three folds made, and sharpe) the gift of *Phabus* was.

The blow made *Hector* take the troupe; sunke him upon his hand,

And strooke him blinde: the King pursude before the foremost band,

His darts recovery: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:

By which time, *Hector* was reviv'd, and taking horce againe,

Was farre commixt within his strength, and fled his darksome grave.

He followed with his trusty lance, and this elusive Brave:

Once more be thankfull to thy heeles, (proud dog) for thy escape:

Mischiefc fate nere thy bosome now; and now another rape

Hath thy *Apollo* made of thee, to whom thou well maist pray.

When through the singing of our darts, thou findest such guarded way:

But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest houre,

If with like favour any God, be fautor of my powre:

Meane while, some other shall repay what I suspend in thee.

This said, he set the wretched soule, of *Peans* issue free;

Whom his late wound, not fully slue: but *Priams* amorous birth,

Against *Tydes* bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth,

Part of the ruinated tombe, for honor'd *Iliu* built:

And as the Curace of the slaine (engraven and richly gilt)

*Tydes* from his breast had spoild, and from his shoulders rast

His target and his solide helme, he shot, and his keene shaft

(That never flew from him in vaine) did naile upon the ground

The Kings right foot: the spleenfull knight laugh'd sweetly at the wound,

Crept from his covert, and triumph: Now art thou maim'd, said he,

And would to God my happy hand had fo much honor'd me,

To haue infixt it in thy breast, as deepe as in thy foot,

Euen to th'expulure of thy soule: then blest had bene my shoote

Of all the Trojans: who had then breath'd from their long unresce,

Who feare thee as the braying Goats abhorre the king of beasts.

Vndanted *Diomed* replide: You Braver, with your bow,

You slick-hair'd lout: you that hunt and scere at wenchcs so:

Durst thou but stand in armes with me, thy silly archerie

Would giue thee little cause to vaunt, as little suffer I

In this same tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid:

As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,

Had toucht my foot: a cowards Steele hath neuer any edge:

But mine (cassure it sharpe) still layes dead carkasses in pledges;

Touch it, it renders liuelesse straight: it strikes the fingers ends

Of haplesse widowes in their checks, and children blind of friends:

The subject of it makes earth red, and aire with sighes inflames:

And leaues lims more embrac't with birds, then with enamour'd Dames.

Lance-fam'd *Physes* now came in, and slept before the King,

Kneeld opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager paine did sting  
Through all his body: straight he tooke his royall chariot there,  
And with direction to the fleet, did charge his charioteere.

Now was *Vlysses* desolate, feare made no friend remaine:  
He thus spake to his mighty mind: What doth my fate sustaine?  
If I should flye this ods in feare, that thus comes clustring on,  
Twere high dishonour: yet twere worse to be surpris'd alone:  
Tis *Love* that drives the rest to flight, but that's a faint excuse,  
Why doe I tempt my minde so much? pale cowards fight refuse.  
He that affects renowne in warre, must like a rocke be fixt,  
Wound, or be wounded: valours truth puts no respect betwixt.

In this contention with himselfe, in flew the shade bands  
Of targateers, who sieg'd him round, with mischief-filled hands.  
As when a crew of gallants watch the wild muse of a Bore,  
Their dogs put after in full cry, he rusbethon before:  
Whers, with his lather-making jaws, his crooked tuskes for bloud:  
And (holding firme his usuall haunts) breakes through the deepned wood.  
They charging, though his hot approach be never lo abhord:  
So, to assaile the *Love-lov'd* Greeke, the *Ilions* did accord,  
And he made through them: first he hurt, upon his shoulder blade,  
*Deiops*, a blamelesse man at armes: then sent to endlesse shade  
*Thoon* and *Enomus*: and strooke the strong *Chersidamas*,  
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of brasse:  
Who fell, and crawl'd upon the earth, with his sustaining palmes,  
And left the fight: nor yet his lance, lest dealing Martiall almes:  
But *Socus* brother by both sides, yong *Carops* did impresse:  
Then Princely *Socus* to his aide, made brotherly accesse,  
And (comming neere) spake in his charge; O great *Laertes* sonne,  
Insatiate in flye stratagems, and labours never done:  
This houre, or thou shalt boast to kill the two *Hypasides*,  
And prize their armes, or fall thy selfe, in my resolv'd accesse.

This said, he threw quite through his shield, his fell and well-driven lance:  
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,  
Plowing the flesh alongst his sides: but *Pallas* did repell  
All inward passage to his life. *Vlysses* knowing well  
The wound undeadly, (seeing backe, his foot to forme his stand)  
Thus spake to *Socus*: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand:  
That stay'st my victory on Troy: and where thy charge was made  
In doubtfull terms (or this or that) this shall thy life invade.

This frighted *Socus* to retreat, and in his faint reverse,  
The lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did pierce:  
Downe fell he founding, and the King, thus playd with his misface:

O *Socus*, you that make by birth, the two *Hypasides*:  
Now may your house and you perceive, death can outlie the flyer:  
Ah wretch, thou canst not scape my vowes: old *Hypasus* thy Sire,  
Nor thy well honored mothers hands; in both which lyes thy worth,  
Shall close thy wretched eyes in death; but Vultures dig them forth,  
And hide them with their darksome wings: but when *Vlysses* dies,

Divineſt

Divineſt *Greeks* shall tombe my corse, with all their obsequies.

Now from his bodie and his shield, the violent lance he drew,  
That Princely *Socus* had infixt: which drawne, a crimson dew  
Fell from his bosome on the earth: the wound did dare him fore.  
And when the furious *Troians* saw, *Vlysses* forced gore:  
(Encouraging themselves in groſſe) all his destruction vow'd;  
Then he retir'd, and summon'd aide: thrise showed he allow'd,  
(As did denote a man ingag'd) thrise *Menelaus* eare  
Observ'd his aid-suggesting voice: and *Ajax* being neare,  
He told him of *Vlysses* showts, as if he were encloude  
From all assistance: and adviſe, their aids might be disposed  
Against the King that circled him: left, charg'd with troopes alone  
(Though valiant) he might be oppress'd, whom *Greece* fo built upon.

Held, and *Ajax* seconded: they found their *Love-lov'd* King  
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie *Lucerns* cling  
About a goodly painted Hart, hurt with an hunters bow,  
Whose scape, his nimble feet inforce, whilst his warme bloud doth flow,  
And his light knees have power to move: but (maſtred of his wound,  
Emboſt within a shade hill) the *Lucerns* charge him round,  
And tearc his flesh; when instantly, fortune sends in the powres  
Of some sterne Lion, with whose fight, they flie, and he devours:  
So charg'd the *Ilions* *Ithacus*, many and mightie men:  
But then made *Menelaus* in, and horrid *Ajax* then,  
Bearing a target like a tower: close was his violent stand,  
And every way the foe disperſt; when, by the royall hand,  
Kinde *Menelaus* led away, the hurt *Laertes* sonne,  
Till his faire squire had brought his horse: victorious *Telamon*  
Still plied the foe, and put to sword, a yong *Priamides*;  
*Doriclus*, *Priams* bastard sonne: then did his lance impresse  
*Pandocus*, and strong *Pyraſus*; *Lyander* and *Palertes*,  
As when a torrent from the hills, (wolve with *Saturnian* showres,  
Fals on the fields; beares blasted Oaks, and witherd roſine flowres,  
Loose weeds, and all disperſed filth, into the Oceans force:  
So matchlesse *Ajax* beat the field, and slaughtered men and horse.  
Yet had not *Hector* heard of this, who fought on the left wing  
Of all the host, neare those sweet herbes, *Scamanders* flood doth spring:  
Where many foreheads trode the ground, and where the kirmilh burn'd  
Neare *Nestor*, and King *Idomen*, where *Hector* over-turn'd  
The Grecian squadrons; authoring, high service with his lance,  
And skilfull manadge of his horse: nor yet the discrepance  
He made in death betwixt the hosts, had made the *Greeks* retire,  
If faire-haired *Hellens* second spoile; had not repress't the fire  
Of bold *Machaons* fortitude, who with a three-forkt head  
In his right shoulder wounded him: then had the *Grecians* dread,  
Left in his strength declin'd, the foe, should slaughter their hurt friend:  
Then *Cretes* King urg'd *Neleides*, his chariot to ascend,  
And getting neare him, take him in, and beare him to their tents;  
A Surgeon is to be preſerv'd, with physicke ornaments.

*Ajax and Me-  
nelaus in the  
ſcene a P. 151.*

Before



Before a multitude: his life, gives hurllives native bounds,  
With sweet insperion of fit balmes, and perfect search of wounds.

Thus spake the royall *Idomen*: *Nelcides* obeyd,  
And to his chariot presently, the wounded Greeke convoid  
The sonne of *Esculapins*, the great Phytition:  
To fleet they flew. *Cebriones* perceiv'd the slaughter done  
By *Aiax* on the other troops, and spake to *Hektor* thus:

Whiles we encounter Grecians here, sterne *Telamonius*  
Is yonder raging, turning up in heapes our horse and men:  
I know him by his spacious shield: let us turne chariot then.  
Where both of horse and foot the fight, most hotly is propos'd;  
In mutuall slaughters: hark, their throats, from cries are never clost.

This said, with his thrill scourge he strooke the horse that fast ensude;  
Stung with his lathes, tossing shields, and carkasses imbrude:  
The chariot tree was drown'd in blond, and th'arches by the seat,  
Disperpled from the horses hoves, and from the wheele bands beat.  
Great *Hektor* long'd to breake the ranks, and startle their close fight:  
Who horribly amaz'd the Greeks, and plyed their sudden fright  
With busie weapons, ever wind, his lance, sword, weightie stones:  
Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreadfull *Telamons*,  
With whom he wisely shund foule blowes: but *Iove* (that weighs above  
All humane powrs) to *Aiax* breast, divine repressions drove,  
And made him thin, who shund himselfe: he cast from fight amaz'd:  
Cast on his backe his seven-fold shield, and round about him gaz'd,  
Like one turn'd wilde; lookt on himselfe in his distract retreat:  
Knee before knee did scarcely move: as when from heards of Neate  
Whole threaves of Bores and mungrials chase, a Lion skulking neare,  
Loth he should taint the wel-pris'd fat, of any stall-fed steere,  
Consuming all the night in watch; he (greedie of his prey)  
Of thrusting on, is oft thrust off: so thicke the javelins play  
On his bold charges, and so hot, the burning fire-brands shine,  
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;  
And early his great heart retires: so *Aiax* from the foe,  
For feare their fleet should be inflam'd: gainst his swolne heart did go.

Another simile  
expressing the  
number of *Aiax*'s  
retreat.

As when a dull mill asse comes neare a goodly field of corne  
Kept from the birds by childrens cries; the boyes are overborne  
By his insensible approach, and simply he will eate:  
About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beat;  
And still the selfe providing Asse, doth with their weaknesse beare,  
Not stirring till his panch befull; and scarcely then will steere.

So the huge sonne of *Telamon*, amongst the Troians fard,  
Bore showes of darts upon his shield, yet scorn'd to flie, as scard;  
And so kept softly on his way; nor would he mend his pace  
For all their violent pursuits, that still did arme the chase  
With singing lances: but at last, when their Cur-like presumes,  
More urg'd, the more forborne; his spirits did ratifie their fumes,  
And he revokt his active strength, turn'd head, and did repell  
The horse troopes that were new made in: wixt whom the fight grew fell;

At

And by degrees he stole retreat, yet with such puissant stay  
That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armies sway  
He stood, and from strong hands receiv'd, sharpe javelins on his shield,  
Where many *stroke*, throwne on before; many fell short in field,  
Ere the white bodie they could reach; and *stroke*, as telling how  
They purpos'd to have pierc'd his flesh: his perill pierc'd now  
The eyes of Prince *Euryпилus*, *Evemons* famous sonne;  
Who came close on; and with his dart strooke Duke *Apisaon*,  
Whose surname was *Phanfiades*; even to the concrete bloud  
That makes the liver on the earth, our gulfst his vitall bloud.  
*Euryпилus* made in, and caid his shoulders of his armes:  
Which *Paris* seeing, he drew his bow, and wreakt in part the harmes  
Of his good friend *Phanfiades*: his arrow he let flie,  
That smote *Euryпилus* and brake in his attained thigh:  
Then took he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the siers cride;

*Euryпилus* to the  
Greeks.

Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks, stand, and repulse the tide  
Of this our honour-wracking chase; *Aiax* is drown'd in darts,  
I feare past scape: turne honour'd friends, help out his ventrous parts.  
Thus spake the wounded *Greeks*; the sound cast on their backs their shields,  
And raise their darts to whose reliefe, *Aiax* his person yields:  
Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retire:  
And thus both hosts indifferent joynd, the fight grew hot as fire.

Now had *Nelcides* sweating floods, brought him, and his hurt friend  
Amongst their fleet; *Asides*, that wisely did intend  
(Standing afterne his tall neckt ship) how deepe the skirmish drew  
Amongst the *Greeks*; and wish what ruth, the infection grew:  
Saw *Nestor* bring *Macchaon* hurt, and from within did call  
His friend *Patroclus*; who like *Mars*, in forme celestiall  
Came forth with first sound of his voyce (first spring of his decay)  
And askt his Princely friends desire; Deare friend, said he, this day  
I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to swarme about my knees;  
I see unsuffred Need imployd, in their extremities.

*Asides* to *Patroclus*.

Go sweet *Patroclus* and enquire, of old *Nelcides*,  
Whom he brought wounded from the fight; by his backe parts, I guesse  
It is *Macchaon*: but his face, I could not well descric,  
They past me in such earnest speed. *Patroclus* presently  
Obeyd his friend, and ran to know. They now defended were,  
And *Nestors* squire, *Eurymides*, the horses did ungare:  
Themselves stood neare the extremest shore, to let the gentle aire  
Dry up their sweat, then to the tent; where *Hecamed* the faire  
Set chaires, and for the wounded Prince, a potion did prepare.

This *Hecamed*, by wars hard fate, fell to old *Nestors* share,  
When *Thetis* soune sackt *Tenedos*: She was the Princely seed  
Of worthy King *Arifynous*, and by the *Greeks* decreed  
The prize of *Nestor*: since all men, in counsell he surpass.  
First, a faire table the appoisd, of which, the feet were gract  
With blewish mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the same the put  
A brasse fruit dish, in which the serv'd, a wholesome Onion cut,

For

For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought;  
And bread, the fruit of sacred meale: then to the boord she brought  
A right faire cup, with gold studs driven; which *Nestor* did transfer  
From *Pylus*; on whole swelling sides, foure handles fixed were;  
And upon every handle sate, a paire of doves of gold,  
Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold  
The antique body: and withall, fo weightie was the cup,  
That being propold brim full of wine, one scarce could lif it up:  
Yet *Nestor* drunke in it with ease, spite of his yeares respect.  
In this the Goddesse-like faire Dame, a potion did confect  
With good old wine of *Pramnus*; and scrapt into the wine  
Cheefemade of Goats milke; and on it, spersht flow'r exceeding fine:  
In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she prepar'd,  
And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old *Nestor* shar'd.

Thus physically quench't they thirst, and then their spirits reviv'd  
With pleasant conference. And now, *Patroclus* being arriv'd,  
Made stay at th'entrie of the tent: old *Nestor* seeing it,  
Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and saide would have him sit.  
He set that curtesie aside; excusing it with haste;  
Since his much to be reverenc't friend, sent him to know who past  
(Wounded with him in chariot) so swiftly through the shore,  
Whom now, said he, I see and know, and now can stay no more:  
You know good father, our great friend, is apt to take offence:  
Whole fierie temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.

*Nestor to Pa-  
tronus.*

He answerd, When will *Peleus* sonne, some royall pittie show

On his thus wounded countenmen? Ah, is he yet to know  
How much affliction tyres our host? how our especiall aide  
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laid?

*Phyllis, Diomed, our King, Euryalus, Machaon:*

All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion  
Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Doth he reserve his eye

Till our fleet burne, and we our selves, one after other dye?

Alas, my forces are not now, as in my yonger life.

Oh would to God I had that strength, I used in the strife

Betwixt us and the *Elians*, for Oxen to be driven;

When *Iunoni*us lostie soule, was by my valour given

As sacrifice to destinie; *Hippocleus* strong sonne,

That dwelt in *Elis*, and fought first, in our contention,

We forrag'd (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boot,

And he, in rescue of his Herds, fell breathlesse at my foot.

All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great;

Twice five and twentie flocks of sheepe; as many herds of neat,

As many goats, and nassie swine; an hundred fiftie mares

All forrell, most with sucking foals; and these soone-monied wares,

We drave into *Neicum* towne, faire *Pylus*; all by night.

My fathers heart was glad to see, so much good fortune quite

The forward minde of his young sonne, that us'd my youth in deeds.

And would not smother it in moods. Now drew the Suns bright steeds

Light

Light from the hills; our heralds now, accited all that were  
Endamag'd by the *Elians*, our Princes did appeare;  
Our boote was parted; many men, th' *Epeians* much did owe,  
That (being our neighbors) they did spoyle; afflictions did so flow  
On us poore *Pylans* though but few. In brake great *Hercules*  
To our sad confines of late yeates, and wholly did suppress:  
Our haplesse Princes twice five sonnes, renowned *Neleus* bred,  
Onely my selfe am left of all: the rest subdu'd and dead.

And this was it that made so proud, the late *Epeian* bands:  
On their neere neighbors, being oppress'd, so lay injurious hands:  
A heard of Oxen for himselfe, a mighty flocke of sheepe,  
My Sire selecte, and made choice of shepheards for their keep:  
And from the generall spoyle, he cull'd three hundred of the best:

The *Elians* ought him infinite, most plagues of all the rest.

Foure wager-winning horse he lost, and chariots intervented

Being led to an appointed race: The prize that was presented,

Was a religious threefoot steed: *Agas* was the King

That did detain them, and dismiss their keeper forrowning

For his lov'd charge; lost with foule words. Then both for words and deeds

My Sire being wrathfully incens'd, thus justly happroceeds

To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthie prize:

And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subjects to suffice;

That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due:

Thus for the publike good we shar'd. Then we to temples drue

Our complete cures: and to heaven, we thank full rights did burne

For our rich conquest. The third day, ensuing our returne,

The *Elians* flew on us in heapes: their generall Leaders were

The two *Moliones*, two boyes, untrained in the feare

Of horrid warre, or use of strength. A certaine Citie shines

Vpon a lofty Prominent; and in th' extreme confines

Of sandy *Pylus*, seated where *Alpheus* floud doth run,

And call'd *Troyessa*: this they sieg'd, and gladly would have won:

But (having past through all our fields, *Minerva* as our spie,

Fell from *Olympus* in the night, and arm'd us instantly:

Nor mustred the unwilling men, nor unprepar'd for force

My Sire yet would not let me arme, but hid away my horse,

Esteeming me no souldier yet: yet shid I nothing lesse

Amongst our Gallants, though on foot, *Minerva* mightinesse

Led me to fight, and made me beare a souldiers worthy name.

There is a floud fals into sea, and his crookt course doth frame

Close to *Arena*, and is call'd bright *Myrius* stream:

There made we halt: and there the Sun cast many a glorious beame

On our bright armours; horse and foot, insepar'd together there:

Then marcht we on: By fierie noone, we saw the sacred cleare

Of great *Alpheus*; where to *Iove*, we did faire sacrifice:

And to the azure God that rules the under-liquid skies:

We offerd up a solemne Bull, a bull of *Alpheus* name,

And to the blew eyd maid we burn'd, a heifer never tame.

Now

Now was it night, we slept, and slept, about the flood in armes,  
 The foe laid hard siege to our towne, and shooke it with alarmes:  
 But for preuention of their spleenes, a mighty worke of warre  
 Appeard behind them. For as soone as *Phabus* fierie Centre  
 Cast nights foule darknes from his wheeles (innokeing *renewed Ioue*,  
 And the unconquerd made his birth) we did theuent approve,  
 And gaue them battell: first of all, I slue (the armie saw)  
 The mighty souldier *Mulius*, *Augeus* sonne in law,  
 And spoyld him of his one-bou'd horse: his elder daughter was  
 Bright *Agamede*, that for skill, in simples did surpass:  
 And knew as many kinde of drugs, as earths broad center bred:  
 Him charg'd I with my brasse arm'd lance, the dust receiu'd him dead:  
 I (leaping to his chariot) amongst the formost prest:  
 And the great hearted *Elyant*, fled frighted, seeing their best  
 And losit fouldier taken downe, the Generall of their horse:  
 I follow'd like a blacke whirlwind, and did for prize enforce  
 Full fittie chariots, currey one furnisht with two arm'd men;  
 Who eate the earth, slaine with my lance; and I had slaughterd then  
 The two young boyes, *Atolomer*, if their world circling Sire,  
 (Great *Neptunus*) had not fast thei' liues; and couered their retire  
 With unpierc'd clouds: then *Ioue* bestow'd a haughtie victorie  
 Vpon us *Pyleans*. For so long we did the chase apply,  
 Slaughtring and making spoyle of armes; till sweet *Buphrasius* soile,  
*Alejius*, and *Olenia*, were fam'd with our recoile.  
 For there *Minerua* turn'd our powen, and there the last I slew;  
 As when our battell joyn'd, the first: the *Pyleans* then withdrew  
 To *Pylos* from *Buphrasius*. Of all the Immortals then,  
 They most thank't *Ioue* for victorie, *Nestor*, the most of men.  
 Such was I euer, if I were, employd with other Peeres,  
 And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my yeeres.  
 But Great *Achilles* onely joyes, habitable of act  
 In his braue Prime, and doth not daine r'impair it where tis lackt.  
 No doubt he will extremely mourne, long after that blacke houre,  
 Wherein our ruine shall be wrought, and rue his ruthlesse powre:  
 O friend, my memorie revives, the charge *Meneisius* gaue  
 Thy towardnesse, when thou fests forth, to keepe out of the grave  
 Our wounded honour; I my selfe, and wife *Phyllis* were  
 Within the roome, where every word, then spoken we did heare:  
 For we were come to *Peleus* Court, as we did mustering passe  
 Through rich *Achaia*, where thy Sire, renown'd *Meneisius* was,  
 Thy selfe and great *Asacides*, when *Peleus* the King  
 To thunder-loving *Ioue* did burne an Oxe for offering,  
 In his Court-yard: a Cup of gold, crown'd with red wine he held  
 On th'holy Incentorie pour'd. You, when the Oxe was feld,  
 Were dressing his diuided lims, we in the Portall stood.  
*Achilles* seeing us come so neare, his honourable blood  
 Was strooke with a respectiue shame, rose,ooke us by the hands,  
 Brought us both in, and made us sit, and vs'd his kinde commands,

For

For seemely hospitable rights; which quickly were appo'd.  
 Then (after needfulnesse of food) I first of all disclo'd  
 The royall cause of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,  
 To comfort our renown'd designs: both straight did condescend;  
 Your fathers knew it, gave consent, and grave instruction  
 To both your valours. *Peleus* charg'd his most unequald sonne,  
 To governe his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest  
 In honour, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings blest  
 With deare aduices from thy Sire. My loved sonne, said he,  
*Achilles* by his grace of birth, superiour is to thee,  
 And for his force more excellent; yet thou more ripe in yeares:  
 Then with sound counsels (ages fruits) employ his honord yeares,  
 Command and over-rule his moods; his nature will obey  
 In any charge discreetly given, that doth his good assay.

Thus charg'd thy Sire, which thou forgett'st, yet now at last approve  
 (With forced reference of the) th'attraction of his love.  
 Who knowes if sacred influence may blest thy goodintent,  
 And eate with thy gracious words, even to his full consent?  
 The admonition of a friend, is sweet and vehement.  
 If any Oracle he shun, or if his mother *Queene*  
 Hath brought him some instinct from *Ioue*, that fortifies his spleene;  
 Let him resigne command to thee, of all his *Myrmidons*,  
 And yeld by that meanes some repulse to our confusions;  
 Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his resembled forme  
 May haply make thee thought him selfe, and calme this hostile storme:  
 That so a little we may ease our ouercharg'd hands;  
 Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands  
 Beneath his labours; and your charge being fierce, and freshly given,  
 They easly from our tents and fleet, may to their wals be driven.

This mov'd the good *Patroclus* mind, who made his utmost haste,  
 To informe his friend, and at the fleet of *Ithacus* he past,  
 (At which their markets were dispos'd, counsels and martiall courts,  
 And where to th'Altars of the gods, they made diuine resorts)  
 He met renown'd *Eurypilus*, *Evememus* noble sonne,  
 Halting; his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweate did run  
 Downe from his shoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound  
 Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet still his minde was found:  
 His sight, in kinde *Patroclus* breast, to sacred pittie turn'd,  
 And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;  
 Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes dejected Kings:  
 Was it your fates to nourish beasts, and serve the outcast wings  
 Of savage Vultures here in Troy? Tell me, *Evememus* fame  
 Doe yet the Greekes withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?  
 Or are they hopelesse throwne to death, by his resistlesse lance?  
 Diuine *Patroclus* (he replide) no more can Greece advance  
 Defensive weapons, but to fleet, they headlong must retire:  
 For those that to this houre have held our fleet from hostile fire,  
 And are the bulwarks of our host, lye wounded at their tents;

And

And Troyes unvanquishable powre, still as it toyles, augments.  
But take me to thy blacke sternd ship, save me, and from thy thigh  
Cut out this arrow, and the bloud that is ingor'd and drye,  
Wash with warme water from the wound: then gentle salves apply,  
Which thou knowest best; thy Princely friend hath taught thee surgerie;  
Whom (of all Centaures the most just) *Chiron* did institute:

Thus to thy honourable hands, my case I prosecute,  
Since our Physitians cannot helpe: *Machon* at his tent  
Needs a Physitian himselve, being Leach and patient:  
And *Podalirius* in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines.  
Strong *Menetades* replide, How shall I ease thy paines?

What shall we doe *Eurypilus*? I am to use all haste,  
To signifie to *Thetis* sonne, occurrents that have past  
At *Nestors* honourable sute, but be that worke atchiev'd,  
When this is done, I will not leave thy torments unreliev'd.

This said, athwart his backe he cast, beneath his breast, his arme,  
And nobly helpe him to his tent: his servants seeing his harme,  
Dispread Ox-hides upon the earth, wheron *Machon* lay:  
*Patroclus* cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearly wash away  
With luke-warme water the blacke bloud: then twist his hands he bruide  
A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infus'd  
Into the greene well-cleaned wound, the paines he felt before  
Were well, and instantly allaid, the wound did bleed no more.

*The end of the eleventh Booke.*

THE



## THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Trojans at the trench, their powres engage,  
Though greeted by a bird, of bad presage.  
In five parts they divide, their powre, to shale,  
And Prince Sarpedon forceth downe the pale;  
Great Hector from the Ports, tears out a stone,  
And with so dead a strength, he sets it gone  
At those broad gates the Grecians made to guard  
Their tents and ships: that, broken, and unward,  
They yield way to his power; when all contend  
To reach the ships: which all at last ascend.

### Another Argument.

My, works the Trojans all the grace,  
And doth the Grecian Fort desface.

**P***atroclus*, thus employ'd in cure, of hurt *Eurypilus*  
Both hostes are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;  
One, alwayes labouring to expell; the other to invade: (made  
Nor could the broad dike of the *Greeks*, nor that strong wall they  
To guard their fleet, be long untract; because it was not rais'd,  
By grave direction of the Gods; nor were their Deities prais'd  
(When they began) with Hecatombes, that then they might be sure  
(Their strength being season'd wel with heavens) it should have force to endure,  
And so, the safeguard of their fleet, and all their treasure there  
Infalibly had beene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarks were  
Not only without powre of checke, to their assailing foe  
(Even now, as soone as they were built) but apt to overthrow:  
Such, as in very little time, shall burie all their fight,  
And thought, that ever they were made: as long as the despight  
Of great *Æneas* held up, and *Hector* went not downe:  
And that by those two means stood safe, King *Priams* sacred towne:  
So long their rampire had some use (though now it gave some way)  
But when *Troyes* best men sufferd Fate, and many *Greeks* did pay  
Deare for their sufferance; then the rest, home to their countrey turn'd,  
The tenth yeare of their warres at *Troy*, and *Troy* was sackt and burn'd.  
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres employ  
To ruine their worke, and left lesse, of that then they, of *Troy*.  
*Neptune* and *Phæbus* tumbld downe, from the *Idalian* hills,  
An inundation of all floods, that thence the broad sea fills

*Neptune and  
Phæbus tum-  
bl'd downe the Gre-  
cian rampire.*

The names of  
the furious chiefs  
of Troy.

On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together rorde,  
*Rhesus, Hecaparnus, Rhodius, Scamander* (the adorde).  
*Carisus, Simois, Eneion, Egeus*: of them all  
*Apollo* open'd the tough mouthes, and made their lastie fall  
Ravall the dustie champion, where many a helme and shield,  
And halfe-god race of men were strew'd: and that all these might yeeld  
Full tribute to the heavenly worke: *Neptune* and *Phaebus* wun  
*Iove* to unburthen the blacke wombes, of clouds (sild by the Sunne)  
And poure them into all their streames, that quickly they might cnd  
The huge wall swimming to the Sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend  
To nights, in tempests; and when all, their utmost depth had made,  
*Iove, Phaebus, Neptune*, all came downe, and all in state did wade  
To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,  
Wrought with his trident, and the stones, trunks, roots of trees he tore  
Out of the rampire: tost them all, into the Hellespont;  
Even all the proud toile of the *Greeks*, with which they durst confront  
The to-be-shunned Deities: and not a stone remain'd,  
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plain'd.  
Which done, againe the Gods turn'd backe, the silver-flowing floods,  
By that vast channell, through whose vaults, they pour'd abroad their broods;  
And cover'd all the ample shore, againe with dustie sand:  
And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand  
Was emptied of stones and darts, contending to invade;  
Where *Clamor* spent so high a throat; and where the fell blows made  
The new-built wooden turrets grone. And here the *Greeks* were pent,  
Tam'd with the iron whip of *Iove*: that terrors vehement  
Shooke over them by *Hector's* hand, who was (in every thought)  
The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlwinde fought,  
As frelsh, as in his moras first charge. And as a savage Bore  
Or Lion, hunted long; at last, with hounds and hunters store,  
Is compact round; they charge him close: and stand (as in a towre  
They had incha't him) pouring on, of darts an iron showre:  
His glorious heart yet, nought appall, and forcing forth his way:  
Here overthrows a troope, and there; a running ring doth stay  
His utter passage: when againe, that stay he overthrows,  
And then the whole field frees his rage: so *Hector* wearies blows,  
Runnes out his charge upon the Fort: and all his force would force  
To passe the dike. Which being so deepe, they could not get their horse  
To venter on: but trample, snore, and on the very brink,  
To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off: nor would a humane think  
The passage safe; or if it were, twas lesse safe for retreat,  
The dike being every where so deepe; and (where twas least deep) set  
With stakes exceeding thicke, sharpe, strong, that horse could never passe;  
Much lesse their chariots, after them: yet for the foot there was  
Some hopefull service, which they wilt. *Polydamus* then spake;

*Polydamus*  
sund some will to  
it stor.

*Hector*, and all our friends of *Troy*, we indiscreetly make  
Offer of passage with our horse: ye see the stakes, the wall,  
Impossible for horse to take: nor can men fight at all,

The place being streight, and much more apt, to let us take our bane,  
Then give the enemy: and yet, if *Iove* decree the wane  
Of Grecian glory utterly: and to bereave their hearts,  
That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts:  
I would with all speed, with th' assault: that ugly shame might shed  
(Thus farre from home) these Grecians blouds. But if they once turne he:  
And fall on us from their fleet, when in so deepea dike  
We shall lye struggling; not a man of all the host is like  
To live, and carry backe the newes: and therefore be it thus:  
Here leave we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let us  
Hold close together, and attend the grace of *Hectors* guide,  
And then they shall not beare our charge, our conquest shall be di'de  
In their lives purples. This advice pleas'd *Hector*, for twas found:  
Who first obey'd it, and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground:  
And then all left their chariots, when he was seene to leade;  
Rushing about him, and gave up, each chariot and speed  
To their directors to be kept, in all prodict of warre:  
There, and on that side of the dike. And thus the rest prepare  
Their onset: In five regiments, they all their power divide:  
Each regiment allow'd three Chieffes; of all which, even the pride,  
Serv'd in great *Hectors* Regiment: for all were set on fire  
(Their passage beaten through the wall) with hazardous desire,  
That they might once but fight at fleet. With *Hector*, Captaines were,  
*Polydamus*, and *Cebriones*, who was his chariotere:  
But *Hector* found that place a worfe. Chieffes of the second band,  
Were *Paris*, and *Alcaibom*, *Agemor*. The command  
The third strong Phalanx had, was given, to th' Augure *Hellenus*,  
*Deiphobus*, that God-like man, and mightie *Asius*;  
Even *Asius Hectorides*, that from *Arisbarode*  
The huge bay horse, and had his house, where river *Sellis* flowde.  
The fourth charge, good *Aeneas* led, and with him were combinde  
*Archelochus*, and *Acamas* (*Antenors* dearest kinde)  
And excellent at every fight. The fifth brave companie,  
*Sarpedon* had to charge; who chuse, for his commands supplie;  
*Asteropaeus* great in armes, and *Glaucus*, for both these  
Were best of all men, but him selfe: but he was fellowlesse.

Thus fitted with their well wrought shields, downe the steep dike they go:  
And (thirstie of the wals assault) beleeve in overthrow:  
Not doubting but with headlong falls, to tumble downe the *Greeks*  
From their blacke navie: in which trust, all on; and no man seeks  
To crosse *Polydamus* advice, with any other course,  
But *Asius Hyrsacides*, who (proud of his bay horse)  
Would not forsake them; nor his man, that was their manager,  
(Foole that he was) but all to flecte: and little knew how neare  
An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he never more  
Must looke on lofty *Iliou*. but lookes, and all, before,  
Put on th'all-covering mist of Fate, and then did hang upon  
The lance of great *Deucalides*: he fatally rush'd on

The left hand way; by which the Greekes, with horse and charior,  
Came usually from field to fleet: close to the gates he got,  
Which both unbard and ope he found, that so the easier might  
An entry be for any friend, that was behind in flight;  
Yet not much easier for a foe: because there was a guard  
Maintaind upon it, past his thought; who still put for it hard,  
Eagerly shewing: and with him, were five more friends of name,  
That would not leave him, though none else would hunt that way for fame  
(In their free choice) but he himselfe, *Orestes*, *Lamachus*,  
And *Acamas*, *Asides*, *Thoön*, *Genonauus*,  
Were those that followed *Asius*: within the gates they found  
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renownd  
Of the right valiant *Lapithes*, deriv'd their high descent.  
Pierce *Leontes* was the one, like *Mars* in detriment;  
The other mighty *Polepat*, the great *Piribomus* sonne.  
These stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun,  
The charge of *Asius* and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,  
Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the ayrie strokes  
Of winde and weather, standing firme, gainst every seasons spight:  
Yet they poure on continued shovts, and beare their shields upright:  
When in the meane space *Polypet*, and *Leonteus* heard  
Their souldiers to the fleets defence: but when the rest had heard  
The Trojans in attempt to skale, Clamor and sight did flow.  
Amongst the Grecians: and then (the rest dismayd) these two  
Met *Asius* entring, thrust him backe, and fought before their dores:  
Nor far'd they then like Okes, that stood, but as a brace of Bores  
Cought in their owne bred bill, that heare a sort of hunters shovt,  
And haunds in hot traile comming on; then from their dens breake out,  
Traverse their force, and suffer not, in wildnesse of their way,  
About them any plant to stand: but thickets, offering slay,  
Breake through, and rend up by the roots; wher gnalbes into aire,  
Which *Tumult* fits, with shovts, hounds, horns, and all the hot affaire  
Beates at their bosomes: so their armes, rung with assailing blowes;  
And to they stird them in repulse, fight well assur'd that those  
Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew  
They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fames; and therefore threw  
Stones from the wals and towres, as thicke, as when a drift winde shakes  
Blacke clouds in pieces, and plucks snow, in great and plumie flakes,  
From their soft bosomes, till the ground be wholly cloth'd in white;  
So earth was hid with stones and darts: darts from the Trojan fight,  
Stones from the Greekes, that on the helmes and bosse Trojan shields  
Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd great *Asius*, who now yeelds  
Sighes, beates his thighes: and in a rage, his fault to *Iove* applies.  
O *Iove* (said he) now cleare thou shew'st, thou art a friend to lyes;  
Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good,  
To all their ruines: which I thought, could never be withstood,  
Yet they, as yellow Walpes, or Bees (that having made their nest  
The gasping cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast,

Each made I  
thought I should  
was and be

Asius here is  
drawn by his  
bow, for it,

Asius here  
is, for it,

Hunters

Hunters come hot and hungrie in; and dig for honey-comes:  
They lie upon them, strike and sting: and from their hollow homes  
Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruit, and brood:  
No more will these be from their port, but either lose their blood  
(Although but two, against all us) or be our prisoners made;  
All this, to do his action grace, could not firme *Iove* persuade,  
Who for the generall councill stood; and (gainst his singular brave)  
Bestow'd on *Hector* that dayes fame. Yet he, and these behave  
Themselves thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,  
And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts,  
Rag'd in contention twixt both hosts: it were no easie thing,  
(Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing.  
The Trojans fought not of themselves, a fire from heaven was throwne  
That ranne amongst them, through the wall, meere added to their owne.  
The Greeks held not their owne: weak griefe, went with her wither'd hand,  
And dipt it deeply in their spirits, since they could not command  
Their forces to abide the field, whom harsh *Necessitie*  
(To save those ships should bring them home) and their good sorts supply  
Drave to the expulsive fight they made; and this might floope them more  
Then *Need* it selfe could elevate: for even Gods did deplore  
Their dire estates, and all the Gods, that were their aids in warre: (for,  
Who (though they could not cleare their plights) yet were their friends that  
Still to uphold the better sort: for then did *Polepat* passe  
A lance at *Damafus*, whose helme, was made with cheeks of brasse,  
Yet had not proofe enough; the pyle, drave through it, and his skull;  
His braine in blood drown'd; and the man, so late so spiritfull,  
Fell now quite spirit-lesse to earth. So emptied he the veines  
Of *Pylon*, and *Ormenus* lives: and then *Leonteus* gaines  
The lifes end of *Hippomachus*, *Antimachus* his sonne;  
His lance fell at his girdle stead, and with his end, begun  
Another end: *Leonteus*, left him, and through the preate  
(His keene sword drawne) ranne desperately, upon *Antibates*;  
And livelesse tumbled him to earth. Nor could all these lives quench  
His fierie spirit, that his flame, in *Aeneas* blood did drench,  
And rag'd up, even to *Lamens*, and young *Orestes* life;  
All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of strife.  
Whose faire armes while the victors spoyld; the youth of *Ilium*  
(Of which there serv'd the most and best) still boldly built upon  
The wisdome of *Polydamas*, and *Hectors* marchlesse strength;  
And follow'd, filld with wondrous spirit, with wish, and hope at length  
(The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet. But (having past the dike,  
And willing now, to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike  
Their hearts with some deliberate slay: A high, slowne, Eag'le forde  
On their troops left hand, and sustaind, a Dragon all engorde,  
In her strong feres, of wondrous size, and yet had no such cbecke  
In life and spirit, but still she fought; and turning backe her necke  
So stung the Eagles gorge, that downe, she cast her fervent prey,  
Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the winds, her way;

Crying with anguish. When they saw, a branded Serpent (sprawle  
so full amongst them; from above, and from *Ioves* fowle let fall:  
They took it an oſtent from him; flood frighted; and their cauſe  
*Polydamas* thought juſt, and ſpake; *Heſtor*, you know, applauſe  
Of humour hath beene farre from me; nor fits it, or in warre,  
Or in affaires of Court, a man, imploid in publick care,  
To blanch things further than their truth, or flatter any powre:  
And therefore for that ſimple courſe, your ſtrength hath oft beene ſowre  
To me in counſels: yet againe, what ſaews in my thoughts beſt,  
I muſt diſcover: let us ceaſſe, and make their flight our reſt  
For this dayes honour; and not now, attempt the Grecian fleet;  
For this (I feare) will be th'event; the prodigie doth meet  
So full with our affaire in hand. As this high flying fowle,  
Vpon the left wing of our hoſt (implying our controulwe)  
Hov'rd above us; and did truſſe, within her golden feres  
A Serpent ſo embrew'd, and bigge, which yet (in all her feares)  
Kept life, and fervent ſpirit to fight, and wrought her owne releaſe;  
Nor did the Eagles Ayrie, feed: So though we thus farre preaſe  
Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps, may overturne their wall,  
Our high minds ayming at their fleet; and that we much appall  
Their truſſed ſpirits; yet are they, ſo Serpent-like diſpoſd  
That they will fight, though in our feres; and will at length be loſd  
With all our out-cries; and the life of many a Trojan breſt,  
Shall with the Eagle flie, before, we carry to our neſt  
Them, or their navie: thus expounds, the Augure this oſtent;  
Whoſe depth he knows; & theſe ſhould feare. *Heſtor*, with countenance bent  
Thus anſwerd him, *Polydamas*, your depth in augurie  
I like not; and know paſſing well, thou doſt not ſatiſſie  
Thy ſelfe in this opinion; or if thou think'ſt it true,  
Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to adviſe, and urge that as our due,  
That breakes our duties; and to *Iove*, whoſe vow and ſigne to me  
Is paſt directly for our ſpeed; yet light-wing'd birds muſt be  
(By thy aduice) our Oracles, whoſe feathers little ſtay  
My ſerious actions: What care I, if this, or th'other way  
Their wilde wings ſway them: if the right, on which the Sunne doth rife,  
On, to the left hand, where he ſets? Tis *Iove* high counſell flies  
With thoſe wings that ſhall beare up us; *Ioves*, that both earth and heauen,  
Both men and Gods ſuſtaines and rules; One augurie is given  
To order all men, beſt of all; fight for thy countries right.  
But why fear'ſt thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight  
Strew all men here about the fleet, yet thou needſt never feare  
To beare their Fates; thy warie heart, will never truſt thee, where  
An enemies look is; and yet fight; for, if thou dar'ſt abſtaine,  
Or whiſper into any care, an abſtinance ſo vaine  
As thou adviſeſt; never feare, that any foe ſhall take  
Thy life from thee, for tis this lance. This ſaid, all forwards make,  
Himſelfe the firſt: yet before him, exulting *Clamor* flew;  
And thunder loving *Jupiter*, from loſtic *Ida* blew

A ſtorme that ulberd their aſſault, and made them charge like him:  
It drave directly on the fleet, a duſt ſo fierce and dim,  
That it amaz'd the Grecians: but was a grace divine,  
To *Heſtor* and his following troops, who wholly did encline  
To him, being now in grace with *Iove*: and ſo put boldly on  
To raze the rampire: in whole height, they fiercely ſet upon  
The Parrapets, and pul'd them downe, rac'd every ſermoſt fight;  
And all the Butterſeſſes of ſtone, that held their towres upright;  
They tore away, with Crows of Iron, and hop't to ruine all.

The Greeks yet flood, and ſtill repair'd, the foreſights of their wall  
With hides of Oxen, and from thence, they pour'd downe ſtones in ſhowres  
Vpon the underminers heads. Within the ſermoſt towres,  
Both the *Aſſes* had command; who anſwer'd every part,  
Th'auſalters, and their ſouldiers; reſreſt, and put in heart  
Repairing valour as their wall: ſpake ſome faire, ſome reprov'd;  
Who ever made not good his place: and thus they all forts mov'd;

O countymen, now need in aid, would have excell'd be ſpent:  
The excellent muſt be admir'd, the meaneſt excellent;  
The worſt, do well: in changing warre, all ſhould not be alike,  
Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, leſt *Heſtor* ſtrike  
Your minds with frights, as cares with threats: forward be all your hands,  
Urge one another: this doubt downe, that now betwixt us ſtands,  
*Iove* will go with us to their wals. To this effect, alowd  
Spake both the Princes: and as high (with this) th'expulſion flow'd.  
And as in Winter time, when *Iove*, his cold ſharpe javelins throws  
Amongſt us mortals; and is mov'd, to white earth with his ſnows:  
(The winds aſleepe) he freely poures, till higheſt Prominents,  
Hill tops, low meddows, and the fields, that crowne with moſt contents  
The toiles of men: ſea ports, and ſhores, are hid, and every place,  
But floods (that ſnows faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace)  
So both ſides cover'd earth with ſtones, ſo both for life contend,  
To ſhew their ſharpeſſe: through the war, upore ſtood up an end.  
Nor had great *Heſtor* and his friends, the rampire over-runne,  
If heavens great Counſellor, high *Iove*, had not inflamd his ſonne  
*Sarpedon* (like the forreſts king, when he on Oxen flies)  
Againſt the Grecians: his round targe, he to his arme applies  
Braſſe-leav'd without: and all within, thicke Ox-hides quilted hard:  
The verge nail'd round with rods of gold, and with two darts prepar'd;  
He leads his people: as ye ſee, a mountaine Lion ſare,  
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high minde makes him dare;  
Aſſault upon the whole full fold: though guarded never ſo  
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogges; away he will not go,  
But venture on; and either ſnatch, a prey, or be a prey:  
So ſar'd divine *Sarpedons* minde, reſolv'd to force his way  
Through all the foreſights, and the walk: yet ſince he did not ſee  
Others as great as he, in name, as great in minde as he:  
He ſpake to *Glaucus*: *Glaucus*, ſay, why are we honor'd more  
Then other men of *Lycia*, in place? with greater ſtore

*Sarpedon ſpeeth  
to Glaucus, ne-  
ver equals by  
any (in this  
kind) of aid that  
heere is ſeen.*

Of meats and cups: with goodlier roofes: delightfome gardens: walks?  
More lands, and better? fo much wealth, that Court and countrey talks  
Of us, and our poffeffions; and every way we go,  
Gaze on us as we were their Gods! this where we dwell, is fo:  
The fhores of *Xanthus* ring of this; and fhall not we exceed,  
As much in merit, as in noife? Come be we great in deed  
As well as looke; fhine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;  
That fo our neat-arm'd *Lycians*, may fay; See, thefe are right  
Our Kings, our Rulers; thefe deferue, to eat, and drinke the beft;  
Thefe governe not inglorioufly: thefe, thus exceed the reft,  
Do more then they command to do. O friend, if keeping backe  
Would keepe backe age from us, and death; and that we might not wracke  
In this lifes humane fea at all: but that deferring now  
We fhund death euer; nor would I, halfe this vaime valour fhew,  
Nor glorifica folly fo, to with thee to advance:  
But fince we muft go, though not here, and that, befides the chance  
Propofd now, there are infinites, of other fort in death,  
Which (neither to be fled nor fcape) a man muft finke beneath:  
Come, trie we, if this fort be ours: and either render thus,  
Glorie to others, or make them, refigne the like to us.

*Sarpedon and  
Glaucon charge  
together.*

This motion, *Glaucon* fhifted not, but (without words) obeyd;  
Fore-right went both, a mightie troope, of *Lycians* follow'd.  
Which, by *Meneftheus* obferu'd; his haire flood up on end,  
For at the towre where he had charge, he faw *Calanthis* bend  
Her horrid browes in their approach. He threw his looks about  
The whole fights neare, to fee what Chiefe, might helpe the miferic out  
Of his poore fouldiers: and beheld, where both th' *Aiacs* fought,  
And *Teucer*, newly come from fleet: whom it would profit nought  
To call, fince tumult on their helmes, fhields, and upon the ports  
Laid fuch lowd claps; for every way, defences of all forts  
Were addin, as *Troy* tooke a way; and *Glaucon* flew fo high  
Her wings ftrooke heauen, and drown'd all voice. The two Dukes yet fo nigh  
And at the offer of affault; he to th' *Aiacs* lent

*This fent to the  
Aiacs for aide  
by Meneftheus.*

*Thoon* the Herald, with this charge: Runne to the regiment  
Of both th' *Aiacs*, and call both; for both were better here,  
Since here will slaughter, instantly; be more enforc'd then there.  
The *Lycian* Captaines this way make, who in the fights of ftand,  
Have often fhew'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand  
Be there more needfull then I hope, at leaft afford us fome,  
Let *Ajax Telamonius*, and th' Archer *Teucer* come.

The Herald halted, and arriv'd; and both th' *Aiacs* told,  
That *Petene* noble fonne defir'd, their little labour would  
Employ it felfe in fuccouring him. Both their fupplies were beft;  
Since death affaid his quarter moft: for on it fiercely preft  
The well-prov'd mightie *Lycian* Chiefe. Yet if the fervice there  
Allow'd not both, he praid that one, part of his charge would beare;  
And that was *Ajax Telamon*, with whom he wifht would come,  
The Archer *Teucer*. *Telamon*, left instantly his roome

To

To ftroge *Lycmedes*, and willd, *Ajax Oileades*  
With him to make up his fupply, and fill with courages  
The Grecian hearts till his returne, which fhould be instantly  
When he had well reliev'd his friend. With this, the companie  
Of *Teucer* he tooke to his aide: *Teucer*, that did defend  
(As *Ajax* did) from *Telamon*: with thefe two did attend  
*Pandion*, that bore *Teucers* bow. When to *Meneftheus* towre  
They came, alongh the wall; they found him, and his heartend powre  
Toying in making ftroge their fort. The *Lycian* Princes fet  
Blacke whirlwind-like, with both their powers, upon the Parapet.  
*Ajax*, and all, refistd them. *Glaucon* amongst them rofe:  
The slaughter, *Ajax* led, who firft, the laft deare fight did clofe  
Of ftroge *Epicles*, that was friend to *Ioves* great *Lycian* fonne.  
Amongh the high munition heape, a mighty marble ftone  
Lay higheft, neare the Pinnacle; a ftone of fuch a paile,  
That one of this times ftrogeft men, with both hands, could not raife:  
Yet this did *Ajax* rowle, and throw; and all in fberds did drive  
*Epicles* foure-topt caske and skull; who (as ye fee one dinc  
In fome deepe river) left his height, life left his bones withall.  
*Teucer* fhod *Glaucon* (ruffing up, yet higher on the wall)  
Where naked he difcernd his arme, and made him ftale retreat  
From that hot fervice; loft fome Greeke, with an infulting threat,  
(Beholding it) might fright the reft. *Sarpedon* much was griev'd  
At *Glaucon* parting, yet fought on; and his great heart reliev'd  
A little with *Alcmaon* blond, furnam'd *Theftorides*,  
Whofe life he hurld out with his lance; which following through the preafe,  
He drew from him. Downe from the towre, *Alcmaon* dead it ftrooke;  
His faire armes ringing out his death. Then fierce *Sarpedon* tooke  
In his ftroge hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite:  
The wall ftript naked, and broad way for entry and full fight,  
He made the many. Againft him, *Ajax* and *Teucer* made;  
*Teucer*, the rich belt on his braft, did with a haft invade:  
But *Jupiter* averted death; who would not fee his fonne  
Die at the tails of th' *Achive* fhips: *Ajax* did fetch his run,  
And (with his lance) ftrooke through the targe of that brave *Lycian* King;  
Yet kept he it from further paffe; nor did it any thing  
Dimmy his minde, although his men flood off from that high way,  
His valour made them; which he kept, and hopt that ftrogy day  
Should ever make his glory cleare. His mens fault thus he blam'd;  
O *Lycians*, why are your hot fpirits fo quickly difflam'd?  
Suppofe me ableft of you all: tis hard for me alone,  
To ruine fuch a wall as this; and make Confufion,  
Way to their Navie; lend your hands. What many can difpatch,  
One cannot thinke: the noble worke of many, hath no match.  
The wife kings juft rebuke did ftrike a reverence to his will  
Through all his fouldiers; all flood in; and gainft all th' *Achives* ftill  
Made ftroge their Squadrons; infomuch, that to the adverfe fide,  
The worke fhew'd mightie; and the wall, then twas within defcride,

*Glaucon mount-  
ed by Teucer.*

*Sarpedon receiv-  
ed by Glaucon.*

*Sarpedon to his  
fouldiers.*

*Telamon's re-  
fuge to his fouldiers.*

No



No easie service, yet the Greekes could neither free the wall  
Of these braue *Lycians*, that held firme the place they first did scale:  
Nor could the *Lycians* from their fort, the sturdy *Grecians* drive,  
Nor reach their fleet. But as two men, about the limies strue  
Of land that toucheth in the fields their measures in their hands,  
They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffly stands,  
That so farre is his right in law, both hugely set on fire  
About a passing little ground: so greedily aspire  
Both these foes, to their severall ends, and all exhant their most  
About the very battlements (for yet no more was lost.)

With sword and fire they vext for them, their targets hugely round,  
With Oxchides lin'd; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound  
The sterne Steele gaue, for that one prize; whereof though some receiv'd  
Their portions on their naked backs; yet others were breaue'd  
Of braue liues, face turn'd, through their shields: towres, bulwarks euery where  
Were freckled with the blood of men; nor yet the Greekes did beare  
Bafe back-turn'd faces; nor their foes, would therefore be out-fact.  
But as a Spinster poore and iust, ye sometimes see strait lac't  
About the weighing of her web, who (carefull) hauing charge,  
For which she would prouide some meanes, is loth to be too large  
In giuing, or in taking weight, but euer with her hand,  
Is doing with the weights and wood, till both in iust poise stand:  
So cunely stood it with these foes, till *Heitor* gaue  
The turning of the scales, who first, against the rampire drave,  
And spake so loud that all might heare: O stand not at the pale  
(Braue Trojan friends) but mend your hands: up, and breake through the wall.  
And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heapes  
Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In meane space, *Heitor* leapes  
Vpon the port, from whose out-part, he tore a massie stone  
Thicke downwards, upward edg'd; it was so huge an one  
That two vast \*yeomen of most strength (such as the times beget)  
Could not from earth lift to a Cart: yet he did brandish it  
Alone (*Saturnius* made it light:) and swinging it as nought,  
He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought,  
And kept the Port: two fold they were, and with two rafters bard,  
High, and strong lockt: he rais'd the stone, bent to the hurle so hard,  
And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke;  
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake:  
The hinges peeces meale flew, and through the fiercest little rocke  
Thundred a passage; with his weight, th inwall his breast did knocke:  
And in ruine *Heitor*, fierce and grimme as any stormy night;  
His braile armes, round about his breast, reflected terrible light.  
Each arme held up, held each a dart: his presence cald up all  
The dreadfull spirits his being held, that to the threatned wall  
None but the gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;  
And thus he look't backe, cald in all: all fir'd their courages,  
And in they flow'd: the *Grecians* fled, their fleet now, and their freight  
Aske all their rescue: Greece went downe, Tumult was at his height:

The end of the twelfth Booke.



## THE XIII BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**N**EPTUNE (in pity of the Greekes hard plight)  
Like Calchas, both th' *Aiaces*, doth excite,  
And others; to repell the charging foe.  
*Idomeneus* bravely doth beflow  
His kingly forces; and doth sacrifice  
Odrysion to the Destinies;  
With diuers others. *Faire* *Deiphobus*,  
And his propheticke brother *Hellenus*  
Are wounded. But the great *Priamides*,  
(Gathering his forces) hartens their adresse  
Against the enemy; and then the field,  
A mighty death on either side doth yeeld.

### Another Argument.

The Greekes with Troyes bold power dismayd,  
Are chear'd by Neptunes secret aide.

**I**ove helping *Heitor*, and his host; thus close to th' *Achive* fleet,  
He let them then their own strengths try, & season there their sweet  
With ceaselesse toils, and grieuances. For now he turn'd his face,  
Lookt downe, and view'd the far-off land, of welrode men in Thrace.  
Of the renown'd, milk-nourish men, the *Hippemolgians*,  
Long-liv'd, most iust, and innocent. And close-fought *Myrians*:  
Not turn'd he any more to Troy, his ever-shining eyes:  
Because he thought, not any one of all the Deities,  
(When his care left th' indifferent field) would aide on either side.  
But this securitie in *Iove*, the great Sea-Roller *Ipide*,  
Who sat aloft, on th' utmost top, of shade *Samos* brace,  
And view'd the light. His chosen seat stood in so brave a place,  
That *Priamides* citie, th' *Achive* ships, all *Ide* did appeare,  
To his full view; who from the sea, was therefore seated there.  
He took much ruth, to see the Greekes, by Troy, sustaine such ill,  
And (mightily incenst with *Iove*) swoopt strait from that steepe hill,  
That shooke as he flew off so hard, his parting prest the height.  
The woods, and all the great hills neare, trembled beneath the weight  
Of his immortall moving feet: three steps he onely took,  
Before he far-off *Aegae* reacht; but with the fourth, it shooke  
With his dread entrie. In the depth of the seas, he did hold  
His bright and glorious pallace built, of never-rusting gold;  
And there arriv'd, he put in Coach, his beazen-footed steeds,

Neptunes gro-  
pees.

The home of Neptune.

All golden man'd, and pac't with wings; and all in golden weeds  
He cloth'd himselfe: The golden kourge, (most elegantly done)  
He tooke, and mounted to his chariot, and thence he began  
To drive his chariot through the waves. From which every way  
The whales exulted under him; and knew their King: the Sea  
For joy did open; and his horse, so swift, and lightly flew:  
The under axeltree of brasse, no drop of water drew.  
And thus these deathlesse Couriers brought their king to th' *Achive* ships:

Geographical.

Twixt th' *Imber* Cliffs, and *Tenedos*, a certaine *Caverne* creeps  
Into the deepe seas gulphic breast, and there th' earth shaker staid  
His forward steeds: tooke them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid  
In reach before them. Their brasse hooves begirt with gives of gold  
Not to be broken, nor dissolv'd; to make them firmly hold  
A fit attendance on their King. Who went to th' *Achive* host,  
Which (like to tempests, or wild flames) the clustering *Trojans* tost;  
Insatiably valorous, in *Hectors* like command;  
High founding, and resounding thours: for *Hope* cheer'd every hand,  
To make the Greeke fleet now their prize, and all the *Greekes* destroy.  
But *Neptune* circler of the earthy with fresh heart did employ  
The *Grecian* hands. In strength of voyce, and body, he did take  
*Calchas* resemblance, and (of all) th' *Aiaces* first bespake;  
Who of themselves were free enough: *Aiaces*? you alone

Neptune to the Aiaces.

Sustaine the common good of *Greece*, in ever putting on  
The memory of Fortitude: and flying shamefull Flight.  
Elsewhere, the desperate hands of *Troy* could give me no affright;  
The brave *Greekes* have withstood their worst: but this our mighty wall  
Being thus transcended by their powre; grave Feare doth much appall  
My carefull spirits, lest we feele some fatall mischief here;  
Where *Hector* raging like a flame, doth in his charge appeare,  
And boasts himselfe the best gods sonne. Be you conceited so,  
And fire so, more then humane spirits; that God may seeme to doe  
In your deeds: and with such thoughts cheer'd others to such exert,  
And such resistance: these great minds, will in as great a fort,  
Strengthen your bodies, and force checke, to all great *Hectors* charge,  
Though nere so spirit-like; and though *Iove* still, (past himselfe) enlarge  
His sacred actions. Thus he toucht, with his fork't scepters point,  
The breasts of both, fill'd both their spirits, and made up every joynt  
With powre responsive: when hawk-like, swift, and set sharpe to flye,  
That fiercely stooping from a rocke, inaccessible and hie,  
Cuts through a field, and sets a fowle, (not being of her kinde)  
Hard, and gets ground still: *Neptune* so, left these two; others mind  
Beyond themselves rais'd. Of both which, *Oileus* first discern'd  
The masking Deitie: and said, *Ajax*? some god hath wagg'd  
Our powres to fight, and save our fleet. He put on him the new  
Of th' *Augure Calchas*: by his pace (in leaving us) I knew  
(Without all question) twas a god: the gods are easily knowne:  
And in my tender breast I feele a greater spirit blowne,  
To execute affaires of fight: I finde my hands so free

Simile.

Ajax Oileus to Ajax Telamonius.

The two Aiaces to one another.

To all high motion, and my feet, seeme feather'd under me.  
This, *Telamonius* thus receiv'd: So, to my thoughts, my hands  
Burne with desire to tosse my lance; each foot beneath me stands  
Bare on bright fire, to use his speed: my heart is rais'd to hie,  
That to encounter *Hectors* felix, I long insatiately:

While these thus talkt, as, over-joy'd, with study for the fight,  
(Which God had stir'd up in their spirits) the same God did excite  
The *Greekes* that were behind at fleet, refreshing their free hearts  
And joynts; being even dissolv'd with toile. And (seeing the desprate parts  
Play'd by the *Trojans*, past their wall) *Griefe* strooke them; and their eyes  
Sweat teares from under their sad lids: their instant destinies  
Never supposing they could scape. But *Neptune* stepping in,  
With ease stir'd up the able troopes; and did at first begin  
With *Tencer*, and *Peneleus*; th' *Heroe Leitus*;  
*Deipirus*, *Meriones*, and yong *Antilocheus*:

All expert in the deeds of armes: O youths of *Greece* (said he)  
What change is this? In your brave fight, I only lookt to see  
Our fleets whole safetie; and if you, neglect the harmfull field;  
Now shines the day, when *Greece* to *Troy*, must all her honours yeeld.  
O griefe! so great a miracle, and horrible to fight,  
As now I see; I never thought, could have prophand the light:  
The *Trojans* brave us at our ships, that have bene heretofore,  
Like faint and fearfull *Deere* in woods, distract'd evermore  
With every sound: and yet scape not, but prove the torae up fare  
Of *Lynxes*, *Wolves*, and *Leopards*; as never borne to warre:  
Nor durst these *Trojans* at first siege, in any least degree,  
Expect your strength; or stand one shoocke, of *Grecian* Chivalrie.  
Yet now, farre from their walls they dare, fight at our fleet maintaine:  
All by our Generals cowardise, that doth infect his men;  
Who (still) at odds with him) for that, will needs themselves neglect;  
And suffer *Slaughter* in their ships. Suppose there was defect  
(Beyond all question) in our King, to wrong *Aiacides*.

And he, for his particular wreake, from all assistance cease:  
We must not cease to assist our selves. Forgive our Generall then;  
And quickly too: apt to forgive, are all good minded men.  
Yet you (quite void of their good minds) give good, in you quite lost,  
For ill in others: though ye be, the worstiest of your host.  
As old as I am, I would scorn, to fight with one that flies,  
Or leaves the fight, as you do now. The Generall slothfull lies,  
And you (though slothfull too) maintaine, with him, a fight off plene.  
Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye rotten minded men.  
In this, ye adde an ill thars worse, then all your sloths dislikes.  
But as I know, to all your hearts, my reprehension strikes;  
So thither let just shame strike too; for while you stand fill here,  
A mightie fight (warms at your fleet, great *Hector* rageth there,  
Hath burst the long barre and the gates. Thus *Neptune* row'd these men;  
And round about th' *Aiaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,  
Their station firme; whom *Ajax* himselfe (had he amongst them gone)

Ajax to his Greekes.

Ajax to his men.

To

Q 2

Could

Could not disparage; nor *Ioies* Maide, that sets men fiercer on:  
For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th'advance  
Of *Hektor* and his men to full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;  
Shields, thickned with oppos'd shields, targets to targets nail'd:  
Helmets stucke to helmets; and man to man, grew, they so close assaid:  
Plum'd casks, were hang'd in cithers plumes: all joynd so close their stands;  
Their lances stood, thrust out so thicke, by such all-daring hands.  
All bent their firme breasts to the point; and made sad fight their joy  
Of both: *Troy* all in heaps strooke first, and *Hektor* first of *Troy*.  
And as a round peece of a rocke, which with a Winters flood  
Is from his top torne; when a shewre, powr'd from a burthen cloud,  
Hath broke the naturall bond it held, within the rough steepe rocke;  
And jumping, it flies downe the woods, resounding every shooke;  
And on, unchecked, it headlong leaps, till in a plaine it stay:  
And then (though never so impeld) it flits not any way.  
So *Hektor*, hereto throated threats, to go to sea in blood,  
And reach the *Grecian* ships and tents; without being once withstood:  
But when he fell into the strengths, the *Grecians* did maintaine,  
And that they fought upon the square, he stood as fetter'd then.  
And so, the adverse sonnes of *Greece*, laid on with swords and darts,  
(Whose both ends hurt) that they repeld, his worst; and he converts  
His threats, by all means, to retreats; yet, made as he retir'd  
Onely rencourage those behind; and thus those men inspir'd:

*Troians? Dardanians? Lycians?* all war-like friends, stand close;  
The *Greeks* can never beare me long, though towre-like they oppose;  
This lance (be sure) will be their spoile: if, even the best of Gods,  
(High-thundering *Janus* husband) stirs, my spirit with true abodes.

With this, all strengths and minds he mov'd; but yong *Deiphobus*,  
(Old *Priams* sonne) amongst them all, was chiefly vertuous.

He bore before him his round shield; tript lightly through the press;  
At all parts cover'd with his shield: And him *Meriones*  
Charg'd with a glittering dart, that rooke, his bul-hide orbic shield,  
Yet pierc'd it not, but in the top, it selfe did peece-meale yeeld.

*Deiphobus* thrust forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends  
Of strong *Meriones* his lance, who now turn'd to his friends;  
The great Heroe, scorning much, by such a chance to part  
With lance and conquest: forth he went, to fetch another dart  
Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the *Clamor* heightned there  
Was most unmeasur'd; *Tenser* first, did sleth the *Messacre*.

And slue a goodly man at armes, the souldier *Imbrius*,  
The sonne of *Mentor*, rich in horse; he dwelt at *Pedafus*  
Before the sonnes of *Greece* sieg'd *Troy*; from whence he married  
*Medesiclé*, one that sprung, of *Priams* bastard bed.  
But when the *Greece* ships (double oar'd) arriv'd at *Ilion*,  
To *Ilion* he return'd, and prov'd, beyond comparison  
Amongst the *Troians*; he was lodg'd, with *Priam*, who held deare  
His naturall sonnes no more then him; yet him, beneath the care  
The sonne of *Telamon* attain'd, and drew his lance: He fell

As when an *Ath* on some hill top, (it selfe topt wondrous well)  
The Steele hews downe, and he presents his yong leanes to the spoyle:  
So fell he, and his faire armes groo'd, which *Tenser* long'd to spoyle,  
And in he ran, and *Hektor* in, who lent a shining Lance  
At *Tenser*, who (beholding it) slipt by, and gawit chance  
On *Athors* sonne, *Amphimachus*, whose breast it strooke; and in  
Flew *Hektor*, at his sounding fall, with full intent to win  
The tempting helmet from his head; but *Ajax* with a dart,  
Reacht *Hektor* at his rushing in, yet toucht not any part  
About his body; it was hid quite through with horrid brasse,  
The bosse yet of his targe it tooke, whole firme stuffe staid the passe,  
And he turn'd safe from both the trunks: both which the *Grecians* bore  
From off the field; *Amphimachus*, *Meneftheus* did restore,  
And *Stichius*, to th' *Achaian* strength: th' *Aiaces* (that were pleas'd  
Still most, with most hot services) on *Troian Imbrius* seald:  
And, as from sharply-bitten hounds, a brace of Lyons force  
A new flaine Goate, and through the woods, beare in their jawes the corse  
Aloft, lift up into the aire, fo, up into the skies  
Bore both th' *Aiaces*, *Imbrius*, and made his armes their prize.

Yet (not content) *Oileader*, intrag'd to see there dead  
His much belov'd *Amphimachus*, he hew'd off *Imbrius* head,  
Which (swinging round) bowle-like he rost, amongst the *Troian* prease,  
And full at *Hektors* feet it fell. *Amphimachus* decale  
(Being nephew to the god of waues) much vext the Deities mind,  
And to the ships and tents he marcht: yet more, to make inclinde  
The *Grecians*, to the *Trojan* bane. In hastning to which end,  
*Idomeneus* met with him, returning from a friend,  
Whose hamme late hurt, his men brought off, and having given command  
To his Physicians for his cure, (much fir'd to put his hand  
To *Troyes* repulse) he left his tent. Him (like *Andremons* sonne,  
Prince *Thoon*, that in *Pleuron* rulde, and losty *Calidon*,  
Th' *Etolian* powres, and like a god, was of his subjects lou'd)  
*Neptunus* encountred: and but this, his forward spirit mov'd.  
*Idomeneus*, Prince of *Crete*: O whether now are fled  
Those threats in thee, with which the rest, the *Troians* menaced?

*O Thoon* (he replide) no one of all our host stands now  
In any question of reprooff (as I am let to know)  
And why is my intelligence false? We all know how to fight,  
And (Feare disanimating none) all doe our knowledge right.  
Nor can our harmes accuse our sloth, not one from worke we misse:  
The great god onely workes our ill, whose pleasure now it is,  
That farre from home, in hostile fields, and with inglorious fate,  
Some *Greekes* should perish. Burdoe thou, O *Thoon* (that of late  
Hast prov'd a souldier, and was wont, where thou hast Sloth beheld,  
To chide it, and exhort to paines) now hate to be repeld,  
And set on all men. He replied, I would to heaven, that he  
Who ever this day doth abstaine from battell willingly,  
May never turne his face from *Troy*, but here become the prey,

And scorne of dogs. Come then, take armes, and let our kinde assay  
 Ioyne both our forces; though but two, yet being both combinde,  
 The worke of many single hands, we may performe; we finde  
 That Vertue coaugmented thrives, in men of little minde:  
 But we have singly marcht the great. This said, the god again  
 (With all his conflicts) visited, the ventrous fight of men.  
 The King turnd to his tent; rich armes put on his breast, and took  
 Two darts in hand, and forth he flew; his haste on made him look  
 Much like a fierie Meteor, with which, *Iovus* sulphuric hand  
 Opes heaven, and hurles about the aire, brighte flashes, showing aland  
 Abodes; that ever run before, tempest, and plagues to men:  
 So, in his swift pace, shew'd his armes: he was encountered then  
 By his good friend *Meriones*, yet neare his tent; to whom  
 Thus spake the powre of *Idomen*: What reason makes thee come,  
 (Thou sonne of *Molus*, my most lov'd) thus leaving fight alone?  
 Is't for some wound? the Iavelins head, (still sticking in the bone)  
 Desist thou ease of? Bring't thou newes? or what is it that brings  
 Thy presence hither? Beasur'd, my spirit needs no stings  
 To this hot conflict. Of my selfe thou seest I come, and loth  
 For any tents love, to deserre the hateful taint of *Sloth*.

He answerd, Onely for a dart, he that retreat did make,  
 (Were any left him at his tent:) for, that he had, he brake  
 On proud *Deiphobus* his shield. Is one dart all? (said he)  
 Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in my tent they be;  
 They stand there shining by the wals: I tooke them as my prize  
 From those false Trojans I have slaine. And this is not the guile  
 Of one that loves his tent, or fights, a farre off with his foe:  
 But since I love fight, therefore doth my martiall starre bestow  
 (Besides those darts) helmes, targets boist, and corselets bright as day.

So I (said *Merion*) at my tent, and fable barke, may say,  
 I many Trojan spoiles retaine: but now, not neare they be,  
 To serve me for my present use; and therefore aske I thee.  
 Not that I lacke a fortitude to store me with my owne:  
 For ever in the formost fights, that render men renoune,  
 I fight, when any fight doth stirre, and this perhaps, may well  
 Be hid to others, but thou knowst, and I to thee appeale.

I know (replideth the King) how much, thou weightst in every worth,  
 What needst thou therefore utter this? If we should now chuse forth  
 The worthiest men for ambushes in all our fleet and host:  
 (So ambushes are services that tryemens vertues most,  
 Since there, the fearefull and the firme, will, as they are, appeare:  
 The fearefull altering still his hue, and rests not any where;  
 Nor is his spirit capable, of th'ambush constancie,  
 But riseth, changeth still his place, and croucheth curiously  
 On his bent hanches; halfe his height, scarce scene above the ground.  
 For feare to be scene, yet must see: his heart with many a bownd,  
 Offering to leape out of his breast, (and ever fearing death)  
 The collesse of it makes him gnash, and halfe shakes out his teeth.

Where

Where men of valour, neither feare, nor ever change their looks,  
 From lodging th'ambush till is ris'd: but since there must be strokes,  
 Wills to be quickly in their midde; thy strength and hand in these,  
 Who should reprove? For if, farre off, or fighting in the prease,  
 Thou shouldst be wounded, I am sure, the dart that gave the wound  
 Should not be drawne out of thy backe, or make thy necke the ground;  
 But meet thy belly, or thy breast; in thrusting further yet  
 When thou art furthest, till the first, and before him thou get.  
 But on; like children, let not us, stand bragging thus, but do;  
 Let some heare, and past measure chide, that we stand still and wooe.  
 Go, chuse a better dart, and make, *Mars* yeeld a better chance.

This said, *Mars* (swift *Meriones*, with haste, a brazen lance  
 Tooke from his tent; and overtooke (most carefull of the wars)  
*Idomeneus*. And such two, in field, as harmfull *Mars*,  
 And *Terror*, his beloved sonne, that without terror fights;  
 And is of such strength, that in warre, the fiercest he affrights;  
 When, out of *Thrace*, they both take armes, against th'*Epheiran* bands;  
 Or gainst the great foal'd *Phlogians*: not favour their owne hands,  
 But give the grace to others still. In such sort to the fight,  
 Marcht these two managers of men; in armour full of sight.

And first spake *Merion*: On which part (sonne of *Denealion*)  
 Serves thy minde to invade the fight? is't best to set upon  
 The *Trojans* in our battels aide, the right or left hand wing,  
 For all parts I suppose employd. To this the *Cretan* King,  
 Thus answerd: In our navies midde, are others that assist,  
 The two *Asses*, *Tancer* too; with *Isafus*, the expertest  
 Of all the *Grecians*, and though small, is great in fights of stand.  
 And these (though huge he be of strength) will serve to fill the hand  
 Of *Hectors* life, that *Priam*'s selfe, that *Anders* for blows:  
 It shall be cald a deed of height, for him (even suffering throws  
 For knocks still) to out labour them: and (bettering their tough hands)  
 Enflame our fleet: if *Iovus* himselfe, call not his fier-brands  
 Amongst our navie; that assure, no man can bring to field:  
 Great *Ajax Telamonius*, to none alive will yeeld,  
 That yeelds to death; and whole life makes, *Ceres* nutritious  
 That can be cut with any iron, or pass with nightish stones.  
 Not to *Anders* himselfe, he yeelds for combats set,  
 Though cleare he must give place for pace, and free swinge of his feet.  
 Since then, the battell (being our place, of most care) is made good  
 By his high valour; let our aid, for all powres be withstood,  
 That charge the left wing: and to that, let us direct our course,  
 Where quickly seele we this hot foe, or make him seele our force.

This orderd, swift *Meriones*, went, and forewent his King;  
 Till both arriv'd, where one enjoynd: when in the *Greeks* left wing,  
 The *Trojans* saw the *Cretan* King, like fire in fortitude;  
 And his attendant in bright armes, so gloriously invade,  
 Both chearing the smiter troops: all at the King addrest,  
 And to the skirmish as their sternes, on both parts were increast:

Q 4

That

That, as from hollow bustling winds, engendred stormes arise,  
When dust doth chiefly clog the wayes, which up into the skies  
The wanton tempest ravisheth; begetting *Nights of Day*;  
So came together both the foes both lusted to assay,  
And worke with quicke Steele, either death. Mans fierce *Corruptresse Fights*  
Set up her bristles in the field, with lances long and light,  
Which thicke, fell foule on either face: the splendor of the Steele,  
In new skow'd cures, radiant casks, and burnisht shields, did seele  
Th'affailers eyes up. He sustain'd, a huge spirit that was glad  
To see that labour, or in foule, that stood not stricken sad.

Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old *Saturns* mightie sonnes,  
Afflicted these heroique men, with huge oppressions.  
*Jove* honouring *Asides* (to let the *Greeks* still tie  
Their want without him) would bestow (yet still) the victorie  
On *Hector*, and the *Troian* powre; yet for *Asides*,  
And honour of his mother *Queene*, great *Goddesse of the seas*,  
He would not let proud *Ilion* see, the *Greeks* quite destroyed:  
And therefore from the hoarie deepe, he suffer'd so imployd  
Great *Neptune* in the *Grecian* aide, who griev'd for them, and storm'd  
Extremely at his brother *Jove*. Yet both, one *Goddesse* form'd,  
And one foile bred: but *Jupiter*, precedence tooke in birth,  
And had more\* knowledge: for which cause, the other came not forth  
Of his wet kingdome, but with care, of not being scene excite  
The *Grecian* host, and like a man, appear'd, and made the fight.  
So these Gods made mens valours great; but equall them with warre  
As harmful, as their hearts were good; and stretcht those chains as farre  
On both sides as their lims could beare: in which they were involv'd  
Past brea.h, or loosing; that their knees, might therefore be dissolv'd.  
Then, though a halfe gray man he were, *Cretes* soveraigne did excite  
The *Greeks* to blows; and flew upon, the *Troians*, even to flight:  
For he, in sight of all the host, *Othryoneus* flew,  
That from *Cabejus*, with the fame, of those warres, thither drew  
His new-come forces, and requir'd, without respect of dowre,  
*Cassandra*, fair'st of *Priams* race, assuring with his powre,  
A mightie labour: to expell, in their despite from *Troy*,  
The sonnes of *Greece*. The King did vow (that done) he should enjoy  
His goodliest daughter. He (in trust, of that faire purchase) fought,  
And at him threw the *Cretan* King, a lance, that singl'd out  
This great assumer; whom it strooke, just in his navels stead,  
His brazen cures helping nought, resign'd him to the dead.  
Then did the conquerour exclaime, and thus insulted then:  
*Othryoneus*, I will praise, beyond all mortall men,  
Thy living vertues; if thou wilt, now perfect the brave vow  
Thou mad'st to *Priam*, for the wife, he promis'd to bestow.  
And where he should have kept his word, there we assure thee here,  
To give thee for thy Princely wife, the fairest, and most deare,  
Of our great Generals female race, which from his *Argive* hall,  
We all will wait upon to *Troy*; if with our aids, and all,

Thou wilt but raze this well-built towne. Come therefore, follow me,  
That in our ships we may conclude, this royall match with thee:  
He be no jot worse then my word. With that he tooke his feet,  
And dragg'd him through the fervent fight; In which, did *Asius* meet  
The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on foot before  
His horse, that on his shoulders breath'd; so closely evermore  
His coachman led them to his Lord: who held a huge desire  
To strike the King, but he strooke first; and underneath his chin,  
At his throats height, through throter fide, his eager lance drave in;  
And downe he bull'd, like an Oake, a Poplar, or a Pine,  
Hewne downe for shipwood, and so lay: his fall did fo decline  
The spirit of his chariotere; that left he should incense  
The victor to empaire his spoile, he durst not drive from thence  
His horse and chariot: and so pleas'd, with that respective part  
*Antilochus*, that for his feare, he reacht him with a dart,  
About his bellies midst; and downe, his sad corse fell beneath  
The richly-built chariot, there labouring out his breath.  
The horse *Antilochus* tooke off; when (griev'd for this event)  
*Deiphobus* drew passing neare, and at the victor sent  
A thinning javelin; which he saw, and thund; with gathering round  
His body, in his all-round shield; at whose top, with a sound,  
It overslew; yet seising there, it did not idly flie  
From him that wing'd it; his strong hand, kill'd drave it mortally  
On Prince *Hypenor*; it did pierce, his liver, underneath  
The veines it passeth: his thrunk knees, submitted him to death.  
And then did lov'd *Deiphobus*, miraculously vant:  
Now *Asius* lies not unreveng'd, nor doth his spirit want  
The joy I wish it; though it be, now entering the strong gate  
Of mightie *Pluto*: since this hand, hath sent him downe a mate.

This glorie in him griev'd the *Greeks*, and chiefly the great minde  
Of martiall *Antilochus*; whom (though to griefe inclin'd)  
He left not yet his friend, but ranne, and hid him with his shield;  
And to him came two lovely friends, that freed him from the field:  
*Meisemus*, sonne of *Echimus*; and the right nobly borne  
*Alastar*, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourne.  
*Idomeneus* funke not yet, but held his nerves entire  
His minde much lesse deficient, being led with firme desire  
To hide more *Troians* in dim night, or sink himselfe, in guard  
Of his lov'd countrimen. And then, *Alcathous* prepar'd  
Worke for his valour; offering fate, his owne destruction.  
A great Heroe, and had grace, to be the loved sonne  
Of *Asides*, sonne in law, to Prince *Aeneas* Sire;  
*Hippodamia* marrying: who most enflam'd the fire  
Of her deare parents love; and tooke, precedence in her birth,  
Of all their daughters; and as much, exceeded in her worth  
(For beauty answer'd with her minde; and both, with huswifric)  
All the faire beantie of yong Dames, that us'd her companie;  
And therefore (being the worthiest Dame) the worthiest man did wed

Thou

Of

Of ample *Troy*. Him *Neptune* stoop't, beneath the royall force  
Of *Idomen*; his sparkling eyes, deluding; and the course  
Of his illustrious lineaments, so, out of nature bound,  
That backe, nor forward, he could stirre, but (as he grew to ground)  
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mov'd, nor fear'd:  
When strait the royall *Cretans* dart, in his mid breast appear'd,  
It brake the cures that were prooffe, to every other dart,  
Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance, stucke flaking in his heart:  
His heart with panting made it shake. But *Mars* did now remit  
The greatnesse of it, and the King, now quitting the bragge fit  
Of glory in *Deiphobus*, thus terribly exclaim'd:

*Idomenus* to  
*Deiphobus*.

*Deiphobus*, now may we thinke, that we are evenly sam'd,  
That three for one have sent to *Dū*. But come, change blows with me;  
Thy vaunts for him thou slew't were vaine: Come wretch, that thou maist see  
What issue *love* hath; *Iovē* begot, *Minos*, the strength of *Crete*:  
*Minos* begot *Dencalion*; *Deucalion* did beget  
Me *Idomen* now *Cretas* King, that here my ships have brought,  
To bring thy selfe, thy father, friends, all *Ilians* pompe to nought.

*Deiphobus* at two wayes stood, in doubt to call some one  
(With some retreat) to be his aide, or trie the chance alone.  
At last, the first seem'd best to him; and backe he went to call,  
*Anchises* sonne to friend; who stood, in troope the last of all,  
Where still he serv'd: which made him still, incense against the King,  
That, being amongst his best, their Peere, he grac't not any thing  
His wrong'd deserts. *Deiphobus*, spake to him, standing neare:

*Ant* is avide,  
long, and dis-  
tantly Prd.

T. him *Deiphobus*  
can.

*Aeneas*? Prince of *Troians*? if any touch appeare  
Of glory in thee: thou must now, assist thy sisters Lord,  
And one, that to thy tenderest youth, did carefull guard afford,  
*Alcathous*, whom *Cretas* King, hath chiefly laine to thee;  
His right most challenging thy hand: come therefore follow me.

Sim. h.

Thus much excited his good minde, and set his heart on fire,  
Against the *Cretan*: who child-like, dissolv'd not in his ire,  
But stood him firme: As when, in hills, a strength-relying Bore,  
Alone, and hearing hunters come (whom *Tumult* flies before)  
Vp thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets fire on his red eyes,  
And in his brave prepar'd repulse, doth dogs and men despise.  
So stood the famous for his lance; nor found the coming charge  
That resolute *Aeneas* brought, yet (since the ods was large)

*Idomenus* calls  
his friends to aid

He cald, with good right, to his aide, war-skild *Ascalaphus*,  
*Aspharctus*, *Meriones*, the strong *Deiopyrus*,  
And *Nestors* honorable sonne: Come neare, my friends (said he)  
And adde your aids to me alone: *Peare* taints me worthily,  
Though firme I stand, and shew it not: *Aeneas* great in fight,  
And one, that beares youth in his flower (that beares the greatest might)  
Comes on, with ayme, direct at me: had I his youthfull lim  
To beare my minde, he should yeeld *Fame*, or I would yeeld it him.

*Aeneas* yet a  
youth, as *Virgil*  
makes him.

This said, all held, in many foules, one readie helpfull minde,  
Clapt their sides and shoulders, and stood close. *Aeneas* (not inclin

With

With more presumption than the King) cald aid as well as he:  
Divine *Agenor*, *Helen* love, who follow'd instantly.  
And all their forces following them: as after Bell-weather  
The whole flocks follow to their drinke; which fight the shepheard cheares.  
Nor was *Aeneas* joy lesse mov'd, to see such troupes attend  
His honor'd person; and all these fought close about his friend.  
But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed  
The blood of either; *Idomen* and *Cythereas* feed.

*Aeneas* and *Idomenus* in  
conflict.

*Aeneas* first bestow'd his lance, which thro' the seeing, stand;  
And that (throwne from an idle hand) stucke trembling in the ground.  
But *Idomen* (discharg'd at him) had no such vaine success,  
Which *Oenoneus* contrails found, in which it did impresse  
His sharpe pile to his fall: his palms tore his returning earth.  
*Idomenus* strait stept in, and pinckt his lavelin forth,  
But could not (spoyl his goodly armes, they prest him so with darts.  
And now the long toyle of the fight, had spent his vigorous parts,  
And made them lesse apt to avoid the foe that should advance;  
Or (when himselfe advanc't againe) to run and fetch his Lance.  
And therefore in fustie fights of hand, he spent the cruell day:  
When coming softly from the flaine) *Deiphobus* gave way  
To his bright lavelin at the King, whom he could never brooke,  
But then he lost his carry too: his lance yet, deadly tooke

*Ascalaphus* the  
sonne of *Mars*  
slaine by *Aeneas*.

*Ascalaphus*, the sonne of *Mars*, quite through his shoulder flew  
The violent head, and downe he fell. Nor yet by all means knew  
Wide throated *Mars*, his sonne was laine: but in *Olympus* top,  
Sad canapied with golden clouds. *Iovē* counsell had shut up  
Both him and all the other gods, from that times equall task,  
Which now about *Ascalaphus*, *Strife* set: his shining caske  
*Deiphobus* had forc't from him: but instantly leapt in  
*Mars*-switt *Meriones*, and strooke, with his long lavelin,  
The right arme of *Deiphobus*, which made his hand let fall  
The sharp toppe helmer: the prest earth, rebounding therewithall.  
When, Vulture-like, *Meriones* pulst in againe, and drew  
(From out the low parts of his arme) his lavelin, and then flew  
Backe to his friends. *Deiphobus* (saint with the blouds excess)  
Falne from his wound was carefully convoid out of the presse,  
By his kinde brother, by both sides, (*Polites*) till they gat  
His horse and chariot, that were still set fit for his retreat:  
And bore him now so *Ilion*. The rest fought fiercely on,  
And set a mighty fight on foot. When next, *Anchises* sonne,  
*Aspharctus* *Caletorides* (that ran upon him) stroke  
Lust in the throat with his keene Lance, and sent his head forsooke

*Deiphobus*  
wound by  
*Meriones*.

His upright carriage: and his shield; his helme, and all with him  
Fell to the earth: where ruinous death made prize of every lim.  
*Antilochus* (discovering well, that *Thous* heart tooke checke)  
Let flye, and cut the hollow veine, that runs up to his necke,  
Along his backe part, quite in twaine: downe in the dust he fell,  
Vpwards, and with extended hands, bad all the world fare well.

*Ani-*

*Antiochus* rusht nimble in, and (looking round) made prize  
 Of his faire armes, in which affaire, his round set enemies  
 Let flie their lances, thundring on his advanced targe,  
 But could not get his flesh: the god that shakes the earth, tooke charge  
 Of *Nesters* sonne, and kept him safe: who neuer was away,  
 But still amongst the thickest foes, his busie lance did play;  
 Oblerving ever when he might, tar-off, or neare, offend;  
 And watching *Asius* sonne, in preale, he spide him, and did send  
 (Close comming on) a dart at him, that smote in midst his shield,  
 In which, the sharpe head of the lance, the blew-hair'd god made yeld,  
 Not pleas'd to yeld his pupils life, in whose shield, halfe the dart  
 Stucke like a truncheon, burn'd with fire; on earth lay th'other part.  
 He seeing no better end of all, retir'd; in feare of worse,  
 Burhim, *Meriones* pursude, and his lance found full course  
 To th'others life: it wounded him betwixt the privie parts  
 And navill, where (to wretched men, that wars most violent smart  
 Mult undergoe) wounds chiefly vex. His dart, *Meriones*  
 Pursude, and *Adamas* so striv'd with it, and his mischance,  
 As doth a Bullocke puffe and storme; whom in disdain'd bands,  
 The upland heardsmen strive to cast: so (saile beneath the hands  
 Of his sterne foe) *Asides* did thrugge, pant, and rave,  
 But no long time; for when the Lance was pluckt out, up he gaue  
 His tortur'd soule. Then *Troyes* turne came; when with a Thracian sword  
 The temples of *Deiopyræ*, did *Hellenus* afford  
 So huge a blow, it strooke all light out of his cloudy eyes,  
 And cleft his helmet, with a Greeke, (there fighting) made his prize,  
 (It fell so full beneath his feet.) *Atrides* grient to see  
 That fight; and (threatning) shooke a lance at *Hellenus*, and he  
 A bow, halfe drew at him; at once, out flew both shaft and lance:  
 The shaft, *Atrides* cures strooke, and farre away did glance:  
*Atrides* dart, of *Hellenus*, the thrust out bow-hand strooke,  
 And through the hand, stucke in the bow; *Agenors* hand did plucke  
 From forth the nailed prisoner, the Iavelin quickly out;  
 And fairely with a little wooll, cawrapping round about  
 The wounded hand, within a scarf, he bore it, which his Squire  
 Had ready for him: yet the wound would needes he should retire.  
*Pisander* to reuenge his hurt, right on the King ran he,  
 A bloody fate suggestt him, to let him run on thee  
 O \* *Menelaus*, that he might, by thee, in dangerous warre,  
 Be done to death. Both comming on, *Atrides* Lance did erre:  
*Pisander* strooke *Atrides* shield, that brake at point, the dart  
 Not running through, yet he rejoyc't, as playing a victors part.  
*Atrides* (drawing his faire sword) upon *Pisander* flew:  
*Pisander*, from beneath his shield; his goodly weapon drew,  
 Two-edg'd, with right sharpe Steele, and long, the handle Olive tree,  
 Well polish't; and to blowes they goe; upon the top strooke he  
*Atrides* horse, hair'd featherd helme; *Atrides* on his brow  
 (About th'extreme part of the nose) laid such a heauie blow,

Simile.

Hellenus wound.

\* Scipio.

That

That all the bones crafft under it, and out his eyes did drop  
 Before his feet, in bloody dust; he after, and thrunk up  
 His dying body: which the foot of his triumphing foe  
 Opened; and stood upon his breast, and off his armes did goe:  
 This insultation usde the while: At length forsake our fleet,  
 (Thus ye fassie Trojans) to whom warre, never enough is sweet:  
 Nor want ye more impieties; with which ye have abuse  
 Me, (ye bold dogs) that your chiefe friends, so honourably usde:  
 Nor feare you hospitable love, that lets such thunders goe:  
 But build upon't, he will unbuild your towres, that clamber so;  
 For ravishing my goods, and wife, in flowre of all her yeares,  
 And without cause; nay when that faire and liberall hand of hers  
 Had usde you to most lovingly; and now againe ye would  
 Cast fire into our fleet, and kill our Princes if ye could.  
 Go too, one day you will be curb'd (though never so ye thirst  
 Rude warre) by warre. O Father love, they say thou art the first  
 In wisdom, of all gods and men; yet all this comes from thee,  
 And still thou gratifiest these men, how lewd so ere they be,  
 Though never they be cloy'd with sinnes: nor can belatiue  
 (As good men should) with this vile warre. Satietic of state,  
 Satietic of sleepe and love, Satietic of ease,  
 Of musick, dancing, can finde place, yet harsh warre still must please  
 Past all these pleasures, even past these. They will be cloy'd with these  
 Before their warre joyes: never warre, gives Troy fatieties.

Hellenus must  
ridiculous as in  
saints.

This said, the bloody armes were off, and to his souldiers throwne,  
 He mixing in first fight againe: and then *Harpalion*,  
 (Kinde King *Pylemens* sonne) gave charge; who, to those warres of Troy,  
 His loved father followed; nor ever did enjoy  
 His countries fight againe, he strooke the targe of *Atræus* sonne,  
 Full in the midst, his favclins Steele, yet had no power to runne  
 The target through: nor had himselfe, the heart to fetch his lance,  
 But tooke him to his strength, and cast on every side a glance,  
 Lest any his deare sides should dart: but *Atræus* as he fled,  
 Sent after him a brazen Lance, that ranne his eager head,  
 Through his right hippe, and all along the bladders region,  
 Beneath the bone; it sett'd him, and set his spirit gone,  
 Amongst the hands of his best friends; and like a worrne he lay,  
 Stretcht on the earth, with his blacke blood, embred and flow'd away,  
 His corse the *Paplagonians* did sadly waite upon,  
 (Respos'd in his rich chariot) to sacred *Ilion*.  
 The King his father following, dissolv'd in kindly teares,  
 And no wreake sought for his slaine sonne. But, at his slaughterers  
 Incens'd *Paris* spent a Lance (since he had becne a guest  
 To many *Paplagonians*) and through the preasse it prest.  
 There was a certaine Auguresonne, that did for wealth excell,  
 And yet was honest; he was borne, and did at Corinth dwell:  
 Who (though he knew his harmefull fate) would needs his ship ascend,  
 His father (*Polydus*) oft, would tell him that his end

Hellenus says  
Harpalion.

R

Would

Would either seise him at his houle, upon a sharpe discale,  
Or else amongst the Grecian ships, by Trojans slaine. Both these  
Together he desir'd to shun; but the discale (at last,  
And lingring death in it) he left, and warres quicke stroke embract:  
The Lance betwixt his care and cheeke, ran in; and drave the minde  
Of both those bitter fortunes out: *Night* strooke his whole powres blinde.

Thus fought they like the spirit of fire, nor *Love-lovd Hector* knew  
How in the fleets left wing, the Greekes his downe-put souldiers slew  
Almost to victorie: the God that shakes the earth, so well  
Helpt with his owne strength, and the Greekes so fiercely did impell.  
Yet *Hector* made the first place good, where both the ports and wall,  
(The thicke ranke of the Greeke shields broke) he entred, and did skall,  
Where on the gray seas shore, were drawne (the wall being there) but sleight)  
*Proteus* ships, and those of *Ajax*, where the fight  
Of man and horse were sharpest set. There the Boeotian band,

By Iones (for Iones  
was the intent  
of the combat)

Long-rob'd *Iones*, *Loerians*, and (brave men of their hands)  
The *Phibian*, and *Epeian* troupes, did spritfully assaile  
The god like *Hector* rushing in, and yet could not prevaile  
To his repulse, though choicest men of Athens there made head:  
Amongst whom, was *Menestheus* chiefe, whom *Phidias* followed:  
*Stichius* and *Bias*, huge in strength. The *Epeian* troupes were led  
By *Meges*, and *Philides* cares, *Amphion*, *Dracius*.

The names of the  
Captives, as  
the fight at  
the wall, and  
their souldiers,

Before the *Phibians*, *Medon* marcht, and *Menepolemus*;  
And these (with the Boeotian powres) bore up the fleets defence.  
*Oileus*, by his brothers side, stood close, and would not thence  
For any moment of that time: but as through fallow fields,  
Blacke Oxen draw a well-joyn'd plough, and either, evenly yeelds  
His thrifite labour; all heads coucht so close to earth, they plow  
The fallow with their hornes, till out the sweate begins to flow;  
The stretcht yokes cracke, and yet at last, the furrow forth is driven:  
So toughly stood these to their taske, and made their worke as even.

Similar, when in  
the two Ajaxes  
are compared to  
two oxen and  
Oxen.

But *Ajax Telamonius*, had many helpful men,  
That when sweat ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then  
Helpe beare his mighty seven-fold shield: when swift *Oileades*  
The *Loerians* left, and would not make those murthrous fights of preafe;  
Because they wore no bright Steele caskes, nor bristl'd plumcs for show,  
Round shields, nor darts of solid Alb; but with the trusty bow,  
And jacks, well d quilted with soft wooll, they came to Troy, and were  
(In their fit place) as confident as those that fought so neare;  
And reacht their foes so thicke with shafts, that these were they that brake  
The Trojan orders first; and then, the brave arm'd men did make  
Good worke with their close fights before. Behind whom, having shot,  
The *Loerians* hid still; and their foes, all thought of fight forgot,  
With shewes of those farre striking shafts, their eyes were troubled so.  
And then, assur'dly, from the ships, and tents, th'insulting foe,  
Had miserably fled to Troy, had not *Polydamus*

The two Ajaxes  
which Oileus  
Ajax had, were  
all Arcters.

Polydamus to  
Hector.

Thus spake to *Hector*. *Hector* still, impossible tis to passe  
Good counsell upon you: but say, some god prefers thy deeds:

In

In counsels wouldst thou passe us too? In all things none exceeds.  
To some, God gives the power of warre; to some the sleight to dance;  
To some, the art of instruments; some doth for voice advance:  
And that far-seeing God grants some, the wisdom of the minde,  
Which no man can keepe to himselfe: that (though but few can finde)  
Doth profit many, that preserves, the publique weale and state:  
And that, who hath, he best can prize: but, for me, Ile relate  
Onely my censure what's our best. The very crowne of warre  
Doth burne about thee; yet our men, when they have reacht thus farre,  
Suppose their valours crown'd, and cease. A few still stirre their feet,  
And so a few with many fight, persit thinly through the fleet.  
Retire then, leave speech to the rout, and all thy Princes call;  
That here, in counsels of most weight, we may resolve of all.  
If having likelihood to believe, that God will conquest give,  
We shall charge through; or with this grace, make our retreat, and live:  
For (I must needs affirme) I feare, the debt of yesterday  
(Since warre is such a God of change) the *Grecians* now will pay.  
And since th'insatiate man of warre, remains at fleet, if there  
We tempt his safetie: no houre more, his hot soule can forbear.

Polydamus ad-  
vice to Hector.

This found stuffe *Hector* lik't, approv'd, jumpt from his chariot,  
And said, *Polydamus*? make good, this place, and suffer not  
One Prince to passe it; I my selfe, will there go, where you see  
Those friends in skirmish; and returne (when they have heard from me,  
Command, that your advice obeys) with utmost speed: this said,  
With day-bright armes, white plume, white skarfe, his goodly lims arraid,  
He parted from them, like a hill, remoning, all of snow:  
And to the Trojan Peeres and Chiefs, he flew; to let them know  
The counsell of *Polydamus*. All turn'd, and did rejoyce;  
To haste to *Panthus* gentle sonne, being cald by *Hector's* voyce.  
Who (through the foresights making way) lookt for *Deiphobus*;  
King *Hellenus*, *Asiades*, *Hyrtasian*, *Asius*:  
Of whom, some were not to be found, unhurt, or undecast;  
Some onely hurt, and gone from field. As further he addrest,  
He found within the fights left wing, the faire-hair'd *Hellenus* loue,  
By all meanes moving men to blows; which could by no meanes move  
*Hector's* forbearance, his friends misse, so put his powres in storme:  
But thus in wonted terms he chid: You, with the finest forme,  
Impostor, womans man: Where are (in your care mark) all these?  
*Deiphobus*, King *Hellenus*, *Asius Hyrtacides*?  
*Othryoneus*, *Acamas*? now haughtie *Ilium*  
Shakes to his lowest ground worke: now, just ruine falls upon  
Thy head, past rescue. He replyd; *Hector*, why chidst thou now  
When I am guiltlesse? other times, there are for ease I know,  
Then these; for he that brought thee forth, not utterly left me  
Without some portion of thy spirit, to make me brother thee.  
But since thou first broughtst in thy force, to this our navall fight:  
I, and my friends, have ceaselesse fought, to do thy service right.  
But all those friends thou seek'st are slaine, excepting *Hellenus*,

Hector for his  
gentle forme  
compar'd to a  
hill of snow.

Hector chid the  
Troians.

R 2

Who



(Who parted wounded in his hand) and so *Deiphobus*,  
 yet averted death from them. And now leade thou as farre  
 As thy great heart affects; all we, will second any warre  
 That thou endurest: And I hope, my owne strength is not lost,  
 Though least, Ile fight it to his best; nor further fights the most.

This calm'd hot *Hectors* spleen; and both, turn'd where they saw the face  
 Of warre most fierce: and that was, where, their friends made good the place  
 About renown'd *Polydamas*, and god-like *Polyphes*,  
*Palmus*, *Ascanius*, *Morus*, that, *Hippotion* did beger,  
 And from *Ascanias* wealthie fields, but even the day before  
 Arriv'd at *Troy*; that with their aide, they kindly might restore  
 Some kindnesse they receiv'd from thence: and in fierce fight with these,  
*Phalces* and tall, *Orisbans* stood, and bold *Cebriones*.

And then the doubt that in advice, *Polydamas* disclofd,  
 To fight or flee, *Iove* tooke away, and all to fight dispos'd.  
 And as the floods of troubled aire, to pitchie stormes increase  
 That after thunder sweeps the fields, and ravish up the seas,  
 Encountering with abhorred roares, when the engross'd waves  
 Boile into fumes; and endlessly, one after other raves;

So rank't and guarded, *thillians* marcht; some now, more now, and then  
 More upon more, in shining flecke; now Captaines, then their men.

And *Hector*, likeman-killing *Mars*, advanc't before them all,  
 His huge round target before him, through thick'n'd, like a wall,  
 With hides well coucht, with store of brasse; and on his temples shin'd  
 His bright helme, on which danct his plume: and in this horrid kind,  
 (All hid within his world-like shield) he every troope assaid  
 For entrie; that in his despite, stood firme, and undismaid.  
 Which when he saw, and kept more off; *Ajax* came stalking then,

And thus provokt him: O good man, why fright'st thou thus our men?  
 Come nearer; not *Ares* want in warre, makes us thus navie-bound,  
 But *Ioves* direct scourge, his arm'd hand, makes our hands give you ground:  
 Yet thou hop'st (of thy selfe) our spoyle: but we have likewise hands  
 To hold our owne, as you to spoyle; and ere thy countermands  
 Stand good against our ranckeless fleet; your hugely-people'd towne  
 Our hands shall take in; and her towres, from all their heights pull downe:  
 And I must tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou shalt cry  
 To *Iove*, and all the Gods, to make, thy faire-man'd horses flee  
 More swift then *Falkons*; that their hooves, may rouse the dust, and beare  
 Thy body, hid, to *Hion*. This said, his bold words were  
 Confirm'd, as soone as *Iove*, the high flowne Eagle tooke  
 The right hand of their host, whose wings, high exclamations strooke,  
 From forth the glad breasts of the *Greeks*. Then *Hector* made replye:

Vaine-spoken man, and glorious; what hast thou said? would I  
 As surely were the sonne of *Iove*, and of great *Iuno* borne;  
 Adorn'd like *Pallas*, and the God, that lifts to earth the *Morne*;  
 As this day shall bring harmful light, to all your host; and thou,  
 (If thou dar'st stand this lance) the earth, before the ships shalt strow;  
 Thyosome torne up; and the dogs, with all the fowle of *Troy*.

Be satiate with thy fat and flesh. This said, with shewing joy  
 His first troupes follow'd; and the last, their shows with shows repeld:  
 Greece answerd all, nor could her spirits, from all shew rest conceald.  
 And to so infinite a height, all exclamations strove,  
 They reacht the splendors, stuck about, the unreacht throne of *Iove*.

## COMMENTARIUS.

*a* *Αγανών Ιππομόλγων, &c.* illustrium Hippemolgorum: *Γλαυκόλαρον, &c.* Laete Viscentium, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessius, (who I thinke translated Homer into Hexameters out of Vallas prose) take *αγανών*, the Epithete to *Ιππομόλγων*, for a nation so called, and *Ιππομόλγων* *Γλαυκόλαρον*, *αείοντος*, translates, ut que sine ullis divitijs, equino victitat lacte; imending gens Agavorum: which he takes for these iust men of life likewise, which Homer commends: utterly mistaking *αγανός* signifying preclarus, or illustrius, whose gemmive case plurall is used here: and the word, Epithete to *Ιππομόλγων*, together signifying illustrium Hippemolgorum, and they being bred, and continually fed with milke (which the next word *Γλαυκόλαρον* signifies) Homer calls moist, long-lived, and innocent, in the words *αείοντος* *δινεσσι* *των* *αδράων*. *αείοντος* signifying longevus; ab epitalico, & *αείον* vita. But of some inops, being a compound ex a privat, & *αείον* victus: and from thence had Valla his interpretation: ut que sine ullis divitijs, but where is equino lacte? But not to shew their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach, that men brought up with that gentle, and soft-spirit-begetting-milke, are long lived, and in nature most iust and innocents. Which kinde of food, the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration, De esu carnium, seems to prefer before the food of flesh: where he saith, By this meanes also, Tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides: for, (as amongst the Athenians) first, they put to death the most notorious and vilest Sycophants Epitiedius; so the second & third: then being accustomed to bland, they grew good, like bad: as Niceraus, the Emperour Theramenes, Polemarchus the Philosopher, &c. So at the first, men killed some harmefull beast or other, then some kinde of fowle, some fish; till taught by this, and stirred up with the lust of their pallats, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious Ox, the man clubbing or adorning sheepe, the house guarding cocke, &c. and by little and little cloyed with these warre, and the food of men, men fell to, &c.

*b* *Αἰπὸν δ' αὖ Νάρκας, &c.* Circum autem Aiaces, &c. To indgements of this place, Spondanus calleth all sound indgements to condemnation of one Panzaes a Judge of games on Olympus: whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gamnictor his sonne celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellent to contention, not only for strength and swiftnesse, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this generall contention came Homer, and Hesiodus: who casting downe verses on both parts, and of all measures, (Homer by all consents questionlesse obtaining the garland,) Panzaes bade both recite briefly their best: for which Hesiodus cited these verses: which as well as I could, in haste, I have translated out of the beginning of his second Booke of workes and dayes.

When *Atlas* birth, (the *Pleiades*) arise,  
 Harvest begin; plow, when they leave the skies.

Twife twenty nights and daies, these hide their heads :

The year then turning, leave againe their beds,  
And shew when first to what the harvest Steele.  
This likewise is the fields law, where men dwell  
Neare *Neptunes* Empire: and where farre away,  
The winding vallies, flye the flowing sea,  
And men inhabite the far region.

There, naked plow, sow naked, nak'd cut downe;  
If *Ceres* labours, thou wilt timely use,  
That timely fruits, and timely reueneues,  
Serve thee at all parts, left at any, *Need*  
Send thee to others grudging dores to feed, &c.

*These verses (howsoever Spondanus stands for Homers) in respect of the peace and thrift they represent, are like enough to carry it for Hesiodus, even in these times judgements. Homers verses are these.*

— Thus *Neptune* rowld these men;

And round about th' *Aiacs* did their Phalanxes maintaine,  
Their station firme, whom *Mars* himselfe, (had he amongst them gone)

Could not disparage; nor *Ioues* Maid, that lets men fiercer on.

For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance

Of *Hector* and his men so full, that Lance was lin'd with lance;

Shields thickned with opposed shields; targets to targets nail'd:

Helmets stucke to helmets; and man to man grow; they so close assail'd:

Plum'd caskes were hang'd in eithers plumes: all ioynd to close their stands;

Their lances flood, thrust home so thicke, by such all-daring hands.

All bent their firme breasts to the point, and made sad fight their ioy

Of both: *Troy* all in heapes strooke first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*.

And as a round piece of a rocke, &c.

*Which martiall verses, though they are as high as may be for their place, and end of our Homer: are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places.*

*And nor thinke it the contention of any part times; Homer being affirmed by good Authors, to be a hundred yeeres before Hesiodus: and by all others much the older, Hesiodus being neare in blood to him. And this, for some varietie in your delights, I thought not amisse to insert here.*

*Ξενωδιν, the Commentors translate in this place, funda, most untruly: there being no slings spoken of in all these Iliads; nor any such service used in all these wars, which in my last annotation in this booke, will appeare more apperent. But here, and in this place, to translate the word funda (though most commonly it signifieth some such) is most ridiculous. Ξενωδιν, likewise signifying, ornamentum quoddam muliebri: which therefore I translate a skarffe: a fitter thing to hang his arme in then a sling, and likely that his Squire carried about him, either as a favour of his owne Mistress, or his Masters, or for eithers ornament: skarffes being no unusuall wear for souldiers.*

*Αὐτὰρ ὁ δὲ νῦν, &c. Relinquitis demum sic, &c. At length forsake our fleet, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with cleare notes) of Menelaus ridiculous character. This very beginning of his insultation, (in the manner of it) preparing it, and the simply uttered upbraids of the *Trojans* following, confirming it most ingeniously, First, that the *Trojans* ravished his wife in the flower of her*

yeares,

*yeares, calling her νεκστὴν ἄνθεα, which Spondanus translates virginem uxorem, being here to be translated iuvenilem uxorem: νεκστὴν signifying iuvenilis: but they will have it virginem; because Homer must be taxed, with ignorance of what the next age after *Troys* siege revealed of the age before: in which Thestus is remembered first to have ravish'd Hellen; and that by Thestus, Iphigenia was begotten of her: which being granted, maketh much against Homer (if you marke it) for making Menelaus thinke yet, he married her a virgin (if Spondanus translation should passe.) First, no man being so simple to thinke, that the Poet thinketh alwayes as he maketh others speake: and next, it being no verie strange, or rare credulitie, in men, to beleve they marry maids when they do not. Much more such a man made for the purpose as Menelaus, whose good husbandly imagination of his wives maidenhead at their marriage, I hope answereth at full the most foolish taxation of Homers ignorance: in which a man may wonder at these learned Criticks over-learned wesse: and what ropes of sand they make with their kinde of intelligent knowledge. I meane, in such as abuse the name of Criticks, as many verses do, of Poets: the rest, for their industries, I reverence.*

*But all this time, I lose my collection of Menelaus fillic and ridiculous upbraids here given to the *Trojans*. First (as above said) for ravishing his wife in the flower of her yeares: when should a man play such a part but then? though in deed poore Menelaus had the more wrong or losse in it, and yet Paris the more reason. He addeth then, and without cause for injurie, a most sharpe one in Homer, and in Menelaus as much ridiculous: as though lovers looked for more cause in their love-suits, then the beauties of their beloved: or that men were made cuckold's only for spite, or revenge of some wrong precedent. But indeed, Menelaus true simplicitie in this, to thinke harms should not be done without harmes foregoing (as not in these unsmarting harmes) making him well deserve his Epithite ἀπαιδης. Yet further see how his pure imbecillitie prevaileth: and how by a shred Homer cutteth him out here, ποσειδάωνος ἀνδρῶν, postquam amice tractatus fuisse apud ipsam, after ye had bene kindly entertained at her hands. I hope you will thinke nothing could encourage them more then that. See how he speaketh against her in taking her part: and how ingeniously Homer giveth him still some colour of reason for his senselesse, which colour yet is enough to deceive our Commentors: they find not yet the same figure of our borned. But, they and all Translators, still force his speeches to the best part. Yet further then make we our dissection. And now (saith our Simplician) you would againe shew your iniquities, even to the casting of pernicious fire into our fleet, and killing our Princes if you could. Would any man thinke this is an *Εχέμις*? and such an *Εχέμις* as the *Trojans*? Chide Enemies in armes, for offering to hurt their Enemies? Would you have yet plainer this good Kings simplicitie? But his slaughterers sometimes, and wife words, are those misse our Homer casteth before the eyes of his Readers, that bindeth their prospects, so his more constant and predominant softnesse and simplicitie. Which he doth, imagining his understanding Readers eyes more sharpe, then not to see perviually through them. And yet, would not have these great ones themselves need so subtle flatteries: but that every shadow of their worth might remove all the substance of their worthlesse. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcocke, and yet, lest it prove still too thicke for our sanguine and gentle complexions to shine through, in the next words of his lame reproofe, he cryeth out against Jupiter, saying*

ſipientia (vel circa mentem) ſuperare cæteros homines atque Deos: wherein he affirmeth, that men ſay ſo, building (poore man) even that unknowne ſecret to himſelfe, upon others, and now, I hope, ſheweth himſelfe emptie enough. But, left you ſhould ſay I ſtrive to illuſtrate the *ſun*, and make cleare a thing plaine, beare how darke, and perplex a riddle it ſheweth yet to our good Spondanus, being an excellent ſcholler, and Homers Commentor. Whoſe words upon this ſpeech, are theſe: Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea prædicavit Homerus (intending in Antenors ſpeech, lib. 3. unto which I pray you turne) cuius hic luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem eſt eius hoc loco oratio, ut quiniuriarum ſibi à Trojanis in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua præſentẽ eorumdem in Græcos imperiũ exacerbavit. Primum itaque in Troianos invehitur, & eorum furorẽ tandem aliquando cohibetur iri comminatur. Deinde, per Apollonem, ad Iovem conqueritur, de inexplẽbili pugnandi ardore, quibus Trojanis vehementer inflammantur. Would any man beleevẽ this ſerious blindneſſe in ſo great a ſcholler? Nor is he alone ſo taken in his eyes, but all the reſt, of our moſt prophaned and holy Homers Traducers.

*Ex bene torta ovis lana (or rather, bene torto ovis flore.)* Definitio fundæ (ſaith Spondanus) vel potius periphræſtica deſcriptio. The definition, or rather paraphraſticall deſcription of a ſling: a moſt unſufferable expoſition; not a ſling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the ſervices expreſt in theſe Iliads. It is therefore the true periphræſis of a light kind of armour called a lacke, that all our archers uſed to ſerve in of old; and were ever quilted with wool; and (becauſe *δωρε* ſignifieth as well qui facili motu verſatur & circumagitur, as well as bene vel pulchre tortus) for their lightneſſe and aptneſſe to be worne, partaketh with the word in that ſignification. Beſides, note the words that follow, which are, *ταπτα βειδωρτες, & ωιδωρ βειδωρτες, &c.* frequenter iacientes, and à tergo iacientes, ſhooting, ſtriking, or wounding ſo thicke, and at the backs of the armed men; not hurling: here being no talke of any ſtones, but ſouely *κουεδαίον βείοντες*, conturbabant enim ſagittæ. And when ſaw any man ſlings lined with wool? to keepe their ſtones warme? or to dull their deliverie? and I am ſure they hurled noſt ſhafts out of them. The agreement of the Greeks with our Engliſh, as well in all other their greateſt virtues, as this ſkill with their bows, other places of theſe Annotations ſhall clearly demonſtrate, and give (in my conceits) no liſle honour to our Country.

The end of the thirteenth Booke.

THE



## THE XIII BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Trides, to behold the skirmiſh, brings  
Old Neſtor, and the other wounded king.  
Iuno (receiving of the Cyprian Dame  
Her Ceſton, whence her ſweet enticements came)  
Deſcends to Somnus, and gets him to binde  
The powres of Love with ſleepe, to free her minde.  
Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks, and of the ſee,  
Slaughter inſults a mightie overbrow.  
Ajax, ſo ſore, ſtrikes Hector with a ſtone,  
It makes him ſpit blond, and his ſenſe ſets gone.

### Another Argument.

In with ſleepe, and bed, heavens Queene,  
Even love himſelfe, makes overſeene.

**N**ot wine, nor feaſts, could lay their ſoft chains on old Neſtors eare  
To this high Clamor; who requir'd, Machaons thoughts to beare  
His care in part, about the cauſe, for methinke ſtill (ſaid he)  
The crie increaſes. I muſt needs, the watch towre mount to ſee  
Which way the flood of warre doth drive. Still drinke thou wine, and eate  
Till faire-hair'd Hecamed hath given, a little water heat,  
To cleaſe the quittance from thy wound. This ſaid, the goodly ſhield  
Of war-like Thraſimed, his ſonne (who had his owne in field)  
He tooke; ſnatcht up a mightie lance; and ſo ſtept forth to view  
Cauſe of that Clamor. Inſtantly, th'unworthy cauſe he knew,  
The Grecians wholly put in rout; the Troians rowting ſtill,  
Cloſe at the Greeks backs, their wall rac't: the old man mournd this ill;  
And as, when with unwieldie waves, the great Sea foreceles winds,  
That both wayes murmure, and no way, her certaine current finds,  
But pants and ſwells confuſedly; here goes, and there will ſtay,  
Till on it, aire caſts one firme winde, and then it rols away:  
So ſtood old Neſtor in debate, two thoughts at once on wing  
In his diſcourſe; if firſt to take, direct courſe to the King,  
Or to the multitude in fight. At laſt, he did conclude  
To viſit Agamemnon firſt: meane time both hoſts imbrow'd  
Their ſteele in one anothers blood, nought wroughts their healths but harms:  
Swords, huge ſtones, double-headed darts, ſtill thumping on their armes.  
And now the love-kept Kings, whole wounds, were yet in cure, did meet  
Old Neſtor, Diomed, Iſtacus, and Atreus ſonne, from ſlect,

The Greeks  
(as to the ſecond  
four lines)  
not read as  
one of our Texts.

ſaid.

Bent

Agamemnon,  
Hector and Di-  
omed wounded,  
g. now its be-  
field.

Bent for the fight, which was farre off, the ships being drawne to shore  
On heaps at first, till all their sterns, a wall was rais'd before;  
Which (though not great) it yet suffic'd, to hide them, though their men  
Were something freighted; for whose scope, in forme of battell then,  
They drew them through the spacious shore, one by another still;  
Till all the bosome of the Strand, their fable bulks did fill:  
Even till they tooke up all the space, twixt both the Promontories.  
These Kings (like *Nestor*) in desire, to know for what those cries  
Became so violent; came along (all leaning on their darts)  
To see, though not of power to fight; sad, and suspicious hearts  
Distemp'ring them, and (meeting now, *Nestor*) the King in feare  
Cry'd out, O *Nestor* our renowne? why shew'st thy presence here?  
The harmfull fight abandoned? now *Hector* will make good,  
The threatening vow he made (I feare) that till he had our blood,  
And fir'd our fleet, he never more, would turne to *Ilium*.  
Nor is it long, I see, before, his whole will, will be done.  
O Gods, I now see all the *Greeks*, put on *Achilles* ire,  
Against my honour; no meane left, to keepe our fleet from fire.

Agamemnon to  
Nestor.

Nestor to Ag-  
amemnon.

He answer'd; 'Tis an evident truth, not *love* himselfe can now,  
(With all the thunder in his hands) prevent our overthrow.  
The wall we thought invincible, and trusted more then *love*,  
Is scald, rac't, enter'd, and our powres (driven up) past breathing, prove  
A most inevitable fight: both slaughters so commixt,  
That for your life, you cannot put, your diligent'st thought betwixt  
The *Greeks* and *Treians*; and as close, their throats cleave to the skie.  
Consult we then (if that will serve) for fight, advise not I;  
It fits not wounded men to fight. *Atrides* answer'd him,  
If such a wail, as cost the *Greeks*, so many a tyred lim,

Agamemnon  
replies to Nestor,  
begging fight.

And such a dike be past, and rac't, that (as your selfe said well)  
We all esteemd invincible, and would, past doubt repell  
The world, from both our fleet and us: it doth directly shew,  
That here *love* vows our shames, and deaths. I evermore did know  
His hand from ours, when he help'd us: and now I see as cleare  
That (like the blessed Gods) he holds, our hated enemies deare;  
Supports their armes, and pinnions ours. Conclude then, tis in vaine  
To strive with him. Our ships drawne up, now let us lanch againe,  
And keepe at anchor, till calme *Night*; that then (perhaps) our foes  
May calme their stormes, and in that time, our scape we may dispose:  
"It is not any shame to flie, from ill, although by night:

"Knowe ill, he better does that flies, then he it takes in fight.

Ulysses bitter  
answers to Ag-  
amemnon.

*Ulysses* frown'd on him, and said; Accurst, why talk'st thou thus?  
Would thou hadst led some barbarous host, and not commanded us  
Whom *love* made souldiers from our youth, that age might scorne to flie  
From any charge it undertakes; and every dazeld eye  
The honor'd band of warre might close. Thus wouldst thou leave this towne  
For which our many miseries felt, entitle it our owne?  
Peace, lest some other *Greeke* give care, and heare a sentence such  
As no mans palate should prophane; at least, that knew how much

His owne right weigh'd; and being a Prince, and such a Prince as beares  
Rule of so many *Greekes* as thou. This counsell lothes mine cares,  
Let others toyle in fight and cries, and we lo fight of heeles  
Vpon their very noise, and groanes, to hoise away our keeles:  
Thus we should sit the wish of *Troy*, that being something neare  
The victory, we give it cleare: and we were sure to beare  
A slaughter to the utmost man: for no man will sustaine  
A stroke, the fleets gone; but at that, looke still, and with him slaine:  
And therefore (Prince of men) be sure, thy censure is unfit.

Agamemnon to  
Ulysses.

O *Ithacus* (replied the King) thy bitter tempests smit  
My heart in sunder. At no hand, gainst any Princes will  
Doe I command this; would to God that any man of skill,  
To give a better counsell would; or bold, or younger man:  
My voyce should gladly goe with his. Then *Diomed* began.

Diomed to Ag-  
amemnon and  
Ulysses.

The man not farre is, nor shall aske much labour to bring in,  
That willingly would speake his thoughts, if spoken they might win  
Fit care; and suffer no empaire, that I discover them,  
Being youngest of you: since, my Sir, that heir'd a Diadem,  
May make my speech to *Diadems*, decent enough, though he  
Lyes in his sepulcher at *Thebes*. I boast this pedigree,  
*peribius*, three famous sonnes begot, that in high *Calidon*,  
And *Pleuron* kept, with state of Kings, their habitation.  
*Agrion*, *Melam*, and the third, the horseman *Oeneus*,  
My fathers father, that exceld in actions generous,  
The other two: but these kept home, my father being driven  
With wandring, and adventrous spirits; for so the King of heaven;  
And th'other gods set downe their wils: and he to *Argos* came,  
Where he begun the world, and dwelt; thers marrying a dame,  
One of *Adrastus* female race: He kept a royall house,  
For he had great demeanes, good land, and (being industrious)  
He plant'd many orchard grounds about his house, and bred  
Great store of sheepe. Besides all this, he was well qualited,  
And past all *Argives* for his speare: and these digressive things  
Are such as you may well indure; since (being deriv'd from Kings,  
And Kings not poore, nor vertelless) you cannot hold me base,  
Nor scorne my words: which oft (though true) in meane men, meet disgrace.  
How evr, they are these in short. Let us be seene at fight,  
And yeeld to strong *Necessitie*, though wounded; that our fight  
May set those men on, that of late, have to *Achilles* spleene  
Beene too indulgent, and left blowes; but be we onely scene  
Not come within the reach of darts, lest wound on wound we lay:  
(Which reverend *Nestors* speech implie) and so farre him obay:

Nestor to  
Agamemnon and  
Ulysses.

This counsell gladly all observ'd; went on, *Atrides* led;  
Nor *Neptunus* this advantage lost, but closely followed;  
And like an aged man appear'd, *Atrides*, whose right hand  
He seild, and said; *Atrides*, this doth passing fitly stand  
With *Achilles* wreekfull spirit, that he can stand after me  
His ship; and both in fight and death, the Grecian bane discreene

Since

Since, nor in his breast glowes one sparke of any humane minde,  
 But, be that his owne bane, let God by that losse make him finde  
 How vile a thing he is: for know, the blest gods have not given  
 Thee ever over, but perhaps, the Troians may from heaven  
 Receive that iustice. Nay tis sure, and thou shalt see their fall:  
 Your fleet soone freed, and for sights here, they glad to take their wals.  
 This said, he made knowne who he was and parted with a crie,  
 As if ten thousand men had joynd in battaile then, so hie  
 His throat flew through the host: and so, this great earth-shaking god  
 Chear'd up the Greeke hearts, that they with their paines no period.  
*Saturnia* from *Olympus* top, saw her great brother there,  
 And her great husbands brother too, exciting every where  
 The glorious spirits of the Greekes, which, as the joy'd to see:  
 So (on the fountfull *Idas* top) *Love's* sight did disagree  
 With her contentment, since the fear'd that his hand would descend,  
 And checke the sea-gods practises. And this he did contend  
 How to prevent, which thus seem'd best: to decke her curiously,  
 And visite the *Idalian* hill, that so the *Lightners* eye  
 She might enamour with her looks, and his high temples steepe,  
 (Even to his wisedome) in the kinde, and golden myce of sleepe.  
 So tooke the chamber with her sonne, the god of terrary,  
 With firme doores made, being ioyned close, and with a privy key,  
 That no god could command but *Love*, where (entred) she made fast  
 The shining gates, and then upon her lovely body cast  
*Ambrosia*, that first made it cleare, and after, laid on it  
 An odorous, rich, and sacred oyle, that was so wondrous sweet,  
 That ever, when it was but toucht, it sweetned heaven and earth.  
 Her body being cleand with this, her Tresses she let forth,  
 And combd, (her combe dipt in the oyle) then wrapt them up in curls:  
 And thus (her deathlesse head adorn'd) a heavenly veyle she hurles  
 On her white shoulders; wrought by her that rules in housewiferies,  
 Who wove it full of antique workes, of most divine device.  
 And this, with goodly clasps of go'd, she fastn'd to her breast:  
 Then with a girdle (whose rich sphere, a hundred studs imprest)  
 She girt her small waist. In her eares (tenderly pierc'd) the wore  
 Pearles, great and orient: on her head, a wreath not worn before  
 Cast beames out like the sunne. At last, she to her feet did tie  
 Faire shooes, and thus entire attir'd, she shin'd in open skie:  
 Cald the faire *Paphian* Queene apart, from th'other gods, and said,  
 Lov'd daughter? should I aske a grace, should I, or be obeyd?  
 Or wouldst thou crosse me? being incens'd, since I crosse thee, and take  
 The Greekes part, thy hand helping *Troy*? She answerd, that shall make  
 No difference in a different cause: aske (ancient Deitie)  
 What most contents thee; my minde stands inclin'd as liberally  
 To grant it, as thine owne to aske, provided that it be  
 A favour fit, and in my powre. She (given deceitfully)  
 Thus said; then give me those two powres, with which both men and gods  
 Thou vanquishest, *Love*, and *Desire*. For now, the periods

Of all the many-feeding earth, and the originall  
 Of all the gods, *Oceanus*, and *Tethis*, whom we call  
 Our mother, I am going to greet: they must be in their court,  
 And brought me up; receiving me in most respectfull sort  
 From *Phæa*, when *Love* under earth, and the unfruitfull seas  
 Call *Saturne*. These I goe to see, intending to appeale  
 Jarres growne betwixt them, having long abstaind from speech and bed,  
 Which jarres, could I so reconcile, that in their angers stead  
 I could place love, and so renew their first societie;  
 I should their best lov'd be esteem'd, and honor'd endlessly.

She answerd, Tis not fit nor iust thy will should be denied,  
 Whom *Love* in his imbraces holds. This spoken, she untied,  
 And from her odorous bosome tooke her Ceston, in whose sphere  
 Were all enticements to delight, all *Loves*; all *Longings* were,  
 Kinde conference, Faire speech, whose powre, the wisest doth inflame:  
 This, she resigning to her hands, thus urg'd her by her name.

Receive this bridle, thus faire wrought, and put it twixt thy breasts:  
 Where all things to be done, are done; and whatsoever rests  
 In thy desire, returne with it. The great-cyd *Iuno* smild,  
 And put it twixt her breasts. *Love's* Queene, thus cunningly beguild,  
 To *Love's* court flew. *Saturnia* (straight stooping from heaven height)  
*Pieria*, and *Emathia*, (those countries of delight)  
 Soone reacht, and to the faowy mounts, where Thracian souldiers d'vell,  
 (Approaching) past their tops untoucht. From *Athos* then she fell,  
 Past all the broad sea; and arriv'd in *Lemnos*, at the towres  
 Of god-like *Theas*; where she met the Prince of all mens powres,  
*Deaths* brother, *Sleepe*, whose hand she tooke, and said; thou king of men,  
 Prince of the gods too: if before, thou heardst my suits: againe  
 Give helpful care, and through all times, I offer thanks to thee.  
 Lay slumber on *Love's* fiery eyes: that I may comfort me  
 With his embraces. For which grace, I beg thee with a throne  
 Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done  
 By *Mulciber*: to which, he forg'd a footstool for the ease  
 Of thy soft feet; when wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

*Sweet Sleepe* replyd; *Saturnia*, there lives not any god  
 (Besides *Love*) but I would becalme: I, if it were the flood  
 That fathers all the Deities, the great *Oceanus*.

But *Love* we dare not come more neare, then he commandeth us.  
 Now you command me, as you did, when *Love's* great minded sonne,  
*Aleides* (having sackt the towne of stubborn *Ilium*)  
 Tooke saile from thence; when by your charge, I pour'd about *Love's* mind  
 A pleasing slumber; calming him till thou draw't up the wind,  
 In all his cruelties, to sea; that set his sonne aloare,  
 In *Cos*, farre from all his friends; which (waking) vext so fore  
 The supreme godhead, that he cast the gods about the skie,  
 And me (above them all) he fought: whom he had utterly  
 Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament; if all gods taming *Night*,  
 (Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had suffer'd his despatch,

And not prefer'd me. but his wrath, with my offence dispenc't,  
For feare to offend her; and so ceast, though neuer so incens't:  
And now another such escape, you with I should prepare.

*Iuno to Somnus.* She answerd, what hath thy deepe rest to doe with his deepe care?  
As though *Ioves* love to *Ilian*, in all degrees were such,  
As 'twas to *Hercules* his sonne? and so would storme as much  
For their displeasure, as for his? away, I will remove  
Thy feare, with giving thee the dame, that thou didst ever love;  
One of the faire young Graces borne, divine *Pasibae*.

This started *Somnus* into ioy, who answerd, Swear to me,  
By those inviolable springs, that feed the Stygian lake:  
With one hand touch the nourishing earth; and in the other take  
The marble sea; that all the gods, of the infernall state,  
Which circle *Saturne*, may to us, be witnesses; and rate  
What thou hast vow'd: that with all truth, thou wilt bestow on me,  
The dame (I grant) I ever lov'd, divine *Pasibae*.

*The rest of Iuno to Somnus.* She swore, as he enjoynd in all, and strengthened all his ioyes,  
By naming all th' infernall gods, furnam'd the *Titanoe*.

The oath thus taken, both tooke way, and made their quicke repaire  
To *Ida* from the towne, and *Ile*, all hid in liquid aire.  
At *Leiton* first, they left the sea; and there, the land they trod:  
The fountfull nurse of savages, with all her woods did nod,  
Beneath their feet: there *Somnus* staid, lest *Ioves* bright eye should see,  
And yet (that he might see to *love*) he climb'd the goodliest tree,  
That all th' *Idalian* mountaine bred, and crownd her progenie:  
A firre it was, that shot past aire, and kist the burning skie.  
There fate he hid in his darke armes, and in the shape, withall,  
Of that continuall prating bird, whom all the Deities call  
*Chalcu*; but men *Cymminidus* name. *Saturnia* tript apace,  
Vp to the top of *Gargarus*, and shewd her heavenly face  
To *Jupiter*; who saw, and lov'd, and withas hot a fire,  
(Being curious in her tempting view) as when with first desire,  
(The pleasure of it being stolne) they mixt, in love and bed.  
And (gazing on her still) he said: *Saturnia*, what hath bred

*Jupiter to Iuno.* This baste in thee, from our high court; and whether tends thy gate?  
That void of horse and chariot sit, for thy soveraigne state,  
Thou lackiest here? Her studied fraud, replyd, My journey now  
Leaves state and labours to doe good. And where, in right I owe  
All kindnesse to the Sire of gods; and our good mother Queene,  
That nurs't and kept me curiously, in court, (since both have bene  
Longtime at discord) my desire is to atone their hearts;  
And therefore goe I now to see those earths extreamest parts,  
For whose farre seate, I spar'd my horse, the skaling of this hill,  
And left them at the foot of it: for they must taste their fill  
Of travails with me; that must draw my coach through earth and seas;  
Whose farre intended reach, respect, and care not to displease  
Thy graces: made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave.

The cloud, compelling god, her guile, in this sort did receive;

*Iuno's*

*Iuno*, thou shalt have after leave, but ere so farre thou stray,  
Convert we our kinde thoughts to love; that now, doth every way  
Circle, with victorie, my powres: nor yet with any dame,  
(Woman, or goddesse) did his fires, my bosome for enflame  
As now, with thee: not when it lou'd, the parts so generous  
*Ixions* wife had, that brought forth, the wife *Pyriibomus*;  
Nor when the lovely dame, *Acrifus* daughter stird  
My amorous powres, that *Perseus* bore, to all men else preferd;  
Nor when the dame that *Phenix* got, surpris'd me with her sight;  
Who, the divine fould *Rhadamanth*, and *Minos* brought to light;  
Nor *Semele*, that bore to me, the joy of mortall men,  
The sprightly *Bacchus*; Nor the dame, that *Thebes* renowned then,  
*Alcmena*, that bore *Hercules*; *Ladona*, to renowned,  
Queene *Ceres*, with the golden haire, nor thy faire eyes did wound,  
My entrails to such depth as now, with thirst of amorous case.

The cunning dame seem'd much incens't, and said, what words are these,  
Vnsufferable *Saturnus* sonne? What? here in *Idas* height?  
Desist thou this? how fits it us? or what if in the sight  
Of any god, thy will were pleas'd? that he, the rest might bring  
To witnesse thy incontinence; 'twere a dishonour'd thing.  
I would not shew my face in heaven, and rise from such a bed.  
But if loue be so deare to thee, thou hast a chamber staid,  
Which *Fulcan* purposely contriv'd, with all fit secrecie:  
There sleepest at pleasure. He replyd; I feare not if the eye  
Of either god, or man observe, so thicke a cloud of gold  
Ile cast about us, that the Sunne (whose furthest can behold)  
Shall never finde us. This resolu'd, into his kinde embrace,  
He tooke his wife: beneath them both, faire *Tellus* strew'd the place  
With fresh-sprung herbes, so soft, and thicke, that up aloft it bore  
Their heavenly bodies: with his leaves, did dewy *Latus* strew  
Th' *Elysian* mountaine; Saffron flowers, and *Hyacinths* helpt make  
The sacred bed; and there they slept: when suddenly there brake,  
A golden vapour out of ayre, whence shining dewes did fall;  
In which they wrapt them close, and slept, till *love* was tam'd withall.

Meane space flew *Somnus* to the ships, found *Neptune* out, and said,  
Now, chearfully assist the *Greeks*, and give them glorious head,  
Atleast, a little, while *love* sleeps; of whom through every limbe,  
I pour'd darke sleepe; *Saturnia's* loue, hath so illuded him.

This newes made *Neptune* more secure, in giving *Grecians* heart;  
And through the first sights, thus he stird, the men of most desert.

Yet, *Grecians*: shall we put our ships, and conquest in the hands,  
Of *Priams* Heir, by our sloth? he thinks so, and commands,  
With pride according; all because, *Achilles* keeps away.  
Alas, as we were nought but him? we little need to stay,  
On his assistance, if we would, our owne strengths call to field,  
And mutually maintaine repulse. Come on then, all men yeeld  
To what I order; we that beare, best armes in all our host;  
Whose heads sustaine the brightest helms; whose hands are bristl'd most

*Iuno inflamed with love*  
*Iuno.*

*Iuno modestly to Jove in Italy.*  
*Iuno to Jove.*

*Jupiter to Iuno.*

*The bed of Iuppiter and Iuno.*

*Somnus to Neptune.*

*Neptune to the Greeks.*

With longest lances, let us on: But stay, Ile leade you all;  
Nor thinke I, but great *Heſſors* ſpirits, will ſuffer ſome apall,  
Though they be never ſo inspir'd: the ableſt of us then,  
That on our ſhoulders worſt ſhields beare, exchange with worſer men  
That fight with better. This propoſ'd, all heard it, and obeyd:  
The kings (euen thoſe that ſufferd wounds, *Phyſſes*, *Diomed*,  
And *Agamemnon*) helpe t'inſtru'd, the complete army thus,  
To good, gave good armes; worſe, to worſe; yet none were mutinous.

*Neſtor leads  
the Greekes.*

Thus arm'd with order forth they flew, the great Earth ſhaker led;  
A long ſword in his ſinowy hand, which when he brandiſhed,  
It lightn'd ſtill: there was no law, for him, and it; poore men  
Muſt quake before them. Theſe thus man'd, illuſtrious *Heſſor* then  
His hoſt brought up. The blew-hair'd god, and he, ſtretcht through the preafe  
A grievous fight: when to the ſhips, and tents of *Greece*, the ſeaſ  
Broke looſe, and rag'd. But when they joynd, the dreadfull *Clamor* roſe  
To ſuch a height; as not the ſea, when up, the North-Spirit blows  
Her raging billows; bellows ſo, againſt the beaten ſhore:  
Nor ſuch a ruſtling keeps a fire, driven with violent bore,

*the ſea ſtill*

Through woods that grow againſt a hill: nor fo the ſeruent ſtrokes  
Of almoſt burſtling winds reſounds, againſt a grove of Okes;  
As did the clamor of theſe hoſts, when both the battels cloſd.  
Of all which, noble *Heſſor* firſt, at *Aiax* breſt diſpoſd  
His javelin, ſince ſo right on him, the great-foul'd fouldier bore;  
Nor miſt it, but the bawdricks both, that his brode boſome wore,  
To hang his ſhield and ſword, it ſtrooke; both which, his fleſh preferu'd:  
*Heſſor* (diſdaining that his lance, had thus, as good as ſweru'd)

*Neſtor ſaith.*

Trode to his ſtrength; but going off, great *Aiax* with a ſtone,  
(One, of the many props for ſhips, that there lay traml'd on)  
Strooke his broad breſt, above his ſhield, juſt underneath his throat;  
And thooke him peccemeale. When the ſtone, ſprung backe againe, and ſmote  
Earth, like a whirlwinde gathering duſt, with whirring fiercely round,  
For ſeruour of his unſpent ſtrength, in ſetting on the ground:  
And, as when *Joves* bolt, by the roots, rends from the earth an Oke;

*Neſtor.*

His ſulphure caſting with the blow, a ſtrong, unfavoury ſmoke;  
And on the ſaine plant none dare looke, but with amazed eyes,  
(*Joves* thunder being no laughing game) ſo bowd ſtrong *Heſſors* thyces;  
And ſo, with toſt-up heels he fell: away, his lance he flung,  
His round ſhield follow'd; then his helme, and out his armour rung.

*He ſaith ſome-  
times.*

The *Greekes* then ſhowed, and ranne in, and hop't to hale him off;  
And therefore pow'r'd on darts, in ſtormes, to keepe his aide aloofe;  
But none could hurt the peoples guide; nor ſtirre him from his ground:

*Heſſor ſaith.*

*Sarpedon*, Prince of *Lycia*, and *Glaucus*, ſo renownd,  
Divine *Agenor*, *Tenus* ſonne, and wife *Polydamas*,  
Ruſht to his reſcue, and the reſt: no one, neglective was  
Of *Heſſors* ſatene; all their ſhields, they coucht about him cloſe;  
Raïd him from earth, and (giving him, in their kinde armes repoſe)  
From off the labour, carried him, to his rich chariot,  
And bore him mourning towards *Troy*: but when the flood they got

Of

Of gulphy *Xanthus*, that was got by deathleſſe *Iupiter*,  
There tooke they him from chariot, and all beſprinkled there  
His temples with the ſtreame; he breath'd, lookt up, affaid to riſe,  
And on his knees ſtaid, ſpitting blood: againe then, cloſd his eyes,  
And backe againe his body fell; the maine blow had not done  
Yet with his ſpirit. When the *Greekes* ſaw worthy *Heſſor* gone,  
Then thought they of their work; then charg'd with much more chere the foe  
And then (ſarre firſt) *Oileader*, began the overthrow,  
He darted *Sarnius Enops* ſonne, whom famous *Nais* bore,  
(As ſhe was keeping *Enops* flockes) on *Sarnius rivers* ſhore:  
And ſtrooke him in his bellies rimme, who upwards fell, and raïd  
A mighty ſkirmiſh with his fall: and then *Pantheus* ſeïd  
*Prothenor Arelicides*, with his reveng'd ſull ſpeare,  
On his right ſhoulder, ſtrooke it through, and laid him breathleſſe there.  
For which he inſolently bragd, and cryed out; Not a dart  
From great ſoul'd *Panthus* ſonne, I thinke, ſhall ever vainlier part,  
But ſome *Greekes* boſome it ſhall take, and make him give his gholt.  
This bragge the *Grecians* ſtomackt much, but *Telemachus* moſt,  
Who flood moſt neare *Prothenors* fall: and out he ſent a Lance,  
Which *Panthus* ſonne (declining) ſcap't, yet tooke it to ſad chance,  
*Archelochus*, *Antenors* ſonne, whom heaven did deſtinate  
To that ſterne end, twixt necke and head, the javelin wrought his fate,  
And ran in at the upper ioynt, of all the blacke long bone,  
Cut both the nerves, and ſuch a lode of ſtrength laid *Aiax* on,  
As, that ſmall part he ſeïd, ovtwaid all th'under lims, and ſtrooke  
His heeles up ſo, that head, and face, the earths poſſeſſions tooke,  
When all the low parts ſprung in aire, and thus did *Aiax* quit  
*Pantheus* Brave; Now, *Panthus* ſonne, let thy propheticque wit,  
Conſider, and diſcloſe a truth, if this man doe not weigh  
Even with *Prothenor*? I conceive, no one of you will ſay,  
That either he was baſe himſelfe, or ſprung of any baſe,  
*Antenors* brother, or his ſonne, he ſhould be by his face;  
One of his race, paſt queſtion, his likeneſſe ſhewes he is.

*Polydamas in  
inſolence.*

*Aiax inſults in  
requital of  
Polydamas.*

This ſpake he, knowing it well enough. The *Troians* ſtorm'd at this,  
And then ſue *Acamas* (to ſave his brother yet ingag'd)  
*Beetius*, dragging him to ſpoyle, and thus the *Greekes* inrag'd.

O *Greekes*? even borne to beare our darts, yet ever breathing threats,  
Not alwayes under reares, and toyles, ye ſee our fortune ſweats,  
But ſometimes you drop under death: ſee now your quicke among  
Our dead, inſtranc't with my weake Lance, to prove I haue ere long  
Reveng'd my brother: tis the wiſh of every honeſt man,  
His brother ſlaine in *Mars* his field, may reſt wreake in his Phanc.

This ſird freſh envy in the *Greekes*, but urg'd *Pemeleus* moſt,  
Who burld his Lance at *Acamas*, he ſcap't: nor yet it loſt  
The force he gave it, for it found the ſlocke-rich *Pantheus* ſonne,  
*Ilioneus*, whole deare Sire, (paſt all in *Ilium*)  
Was lov'd of *Hermes*, and enrich, and to him onely bore  
His mother, this now ſlaughterd man. The dart did undergore

S 3

His





like a whirlwinde. I conclude then with this question: What fault is it in me, to furnish and adorne my verse (being his Translator) with translating and adding the truth and fulnesse of his conceits; it being as like to passe my Reader, as his, and therefore necessarie? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I iustly bee said to better Homer? or not to have all my invention, matter and forme from him, though a little I enlarge his forme? Virgil in all places where he is compared and preferred to Homer, doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the second Booke is true, that Virgil hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to Homer by Scaliger, &c. both his invention, matter and forme from him.

*α Οὐταχι? λαιμῶν, &c. vulnecravit ad Iliā; it is translated: and is in the last verses of this Booke, where Menelaus is said to wound Hyperenor. But λαιμῶν, dicitur ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, & ossa quæ ad Iliā pertinent, quod inanis sit, & desiderat. Hip. in lib. 2. c. 1. 2. 3. and therefore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place, and many others, how excellent an Anatomist our Homer was, whose skill in those times, we think, should be a secret:*

The end of the fourteenth Booke of Homer's Iliads.

THE



## THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Love making, and beloved Troy in fight,  
Chides Iuno, and sends Iris to the fight,  
To charge the sea-god, to forsake the field;  
And Phæbus to invade it, with his shield,  
Recovering Hector's broode, and crafted powers:  
To field he goes, and makes new conquerors;  
The Trojans giving now, the Grecians chase,  
Even to their fleet. Then Ajax turns his face,  
And feeds, with many Trojan lives, his ire;  
Who then brought brands to set the fleet on fire.

### Another Argument.

Love sees in, O, his oversight,  
Chides Iuno, Neptune calls from fight.



He Trojans (beat past pale and dike, and numbers prostrate laid)  
All got to chariot, feare-driven all; and fear'd as men dismayd:  
Then Love, on Idas top awakt, rose from Saturnias side,  
Stood up, and lookt upon the warre; and all inverted, spide,  
Since he had scene it, th' Ilians now, in row; the Greeks in fight:  
King Neptune, with his long sword, Chief; great Hector put downe quite,  
Laid flat in field, and with a crowne, of Princes compassed;  
So stopt up, that he scarce could breathe; his minds sound habit fled,  
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not set on  
By one that was the weakest Greeke. But him Love lookt upon  
With eyes of pittie: on his wife, with horrible aspect;  
To whom he said: O thou in ill, most cunning Architect  
All Arts, and comments that exceedt! not onely to enforce  
Hector from fight; but with his men, to shew the Greeks a course.  
I feare (as formerly) so now, these ils have with thy hands,  
Their first fruits sowne, and therefore could, lode all thy lims with bands.  
Forgett thou, when I handd thee up; how to thy feet I tyed  
Two Anvils; golden manacles, on thy false wrists implied,  
And let thee mercilefly hang, from our refined heauen  
Even to earths vapors; all the gods, in great Olympus, giuen  
To mutinies about thee; yet (though all stood staring on)  
None darst dissolue thee; for these hands (had they but seild upon  
Thy friend) had headlong throwne him off, from our star-bearing round,  
Till he had tumb'd out his breath; and peece-meale dash't the ground.

*Jupiter venit  
ex illa Iuno.*

Nor

Nor was my angry spirit calm'd, so soone, for those foule seas,  
On which (inducing Northerne flaws) thou shipwrack'dst *Hercules*,  
And tost him to the *Cœan* shore; that thou shouldst tempt againe  
My wraths importance, when thou seest (besides) how grossly vaine,  
My powres can make thy policies: for from their utmost force,  
I freed my sonne, and set him safe, in *Arges*, nurse of horse.  
These I remember to thy thoughts, that thou maist haue these sleights,  
And know how badly bed-sports thrive, procur'd by base deccits.

*Junos oath in  
charging her selfe  
to Jupiter.*

This frighted the offending *Queene*, who, with this state, excus'd  
Her kinde unkindnesse: Witnesse earth, and heaven, so farre diffus'd  
Thou Flood, whose silent-gliding waves, the under ground doth beare,  
(Which is the great st, and gravest oath, that any god can sweare)  
Thy sacred head; whose secret joyes, that our yong bed gave forth,  
(By which I never rashly swore) that he who shakes the earth,  
Not by my counsell did this wrong, to *Hector* and his host;  
But pitying th'oppressed Greeks, their fleet being nearly lost)  
Reliev'd their hard conditions; yet utterly impeld  
By his free minde: which since I see, is so offensive held,  
To thy high pleasure, I will now, advise him not to tread,  
But where thy tempest-raising feet (O *Jupiter*) shall leade.

*Jupiter charge  
to Juno, and re-  
consolation.*

*Jove* laugh't to heare her so submisive; and said, My faire-cyd love;  
If still thus thou and I were one (in counsels held above)  
*Neptune* would still, in word and fact, be ours, if not in heart;  
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heaven depart,  
To call the excellent in bows, the Rain-bow, and the Sunne,  
That both may visit both the hosts; the Grecian armie, one;  
And that is *Iris*, let her haste, and make the sea-god cease;  
T'assist the Greeks; and to his court, retire from warre, in peace.  
Let *Phœbus* (on the *Troian* party) inspire with wonted powre  
Great *Hectors* spirits: make his thoughts, forget the late sterne houre,  
And all his anguish; setting on, his whole recover'd man  
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold inconstant wane  
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in sight before the fleet  
Of vext *Achilles*; which extreme, will prove the meane to greet  
Thee with thy will: for then the eyes, of great *Eacides*,  
(Made witnesse of the generall ill, that doth so neare him prease)  
Will make his owne particular, looke out, and by degrees  
Abate his wrath, that through himselfe, for no extremities  
Will seeme reflected; yet his friend, may get of him the grace,  
To helpe his country, in his Armes; and he shall make fit place,  
For his full presence with his death; which shall be well fore-runne:  
For I will first renowe his life, with slaughter of my sonne,  
(Divine *Sarpedon*) and his death, great *Hectors* powre shall wreake,  
Ending his ends. Then at once, out shall the furie breake  
Of fierce *Achilles*: and with that, the flight now felt, shall turne;  
And then last, till in wrathfull flames, the long-sig'd Iliion burne.  
*Athenes* counsell shall become, graue meane, to thy will;  
Which no god shall neglect, before, *Achilles* take his fill

Of slaughter, for his slaughter'd friend: even *Hectors* slaughter, throwne  
Vnder his anger; that these facts may then make fully knowne  
My vowes performance, made of late: and with my bowed head,  
Confirm'd to *Troies*, when her armes embrac't my knees, and praid  
That to her citie-racing sonne, I would all honour shew.

This heard, his charge she seem'd to read, and to *Olympus* flew.  
But, as the minde of such a man, that hath a great way gone,  
And either knowing not his way; or then would let alone  
His purpose journey, is distract; and in his vexed minde  
Resolves now not to goe; now goes, still many waies inclin'd:  
So reverend *Juno* headlong flew, and gainst her stomacke striv'd.  
For (being amongst th'immortall gods, in high heaven, soone arriv'd,  
All rising, welcomming with cups, her little absence then)  
She al their courtships overpast, with solemne negligence,  
Save that which faire-checkt *Themis* shew'd, and her kind cup she tooke:  
For first, the ranne and met with her, and askt; What troubled lookt  
She brought to heaven? She thought (for truth) that *Jove* had terrified  
Her spirits strangely, since she went. The faire arm'd *Queene* replie'd:

*Simile.*

*Themis to Jove.*

*Juno's reply.*

That truth may easily be suppos'd, you (goddesse *Themis*) know  
His old feverie and pride; but you bear't out with shew,  
And like the banquets arbiter, amongst th'immortals fare,  
Though well you heare amongst them all, how bad his actions are,  
Nor are all here, nor any where, mortals, nor gods (I feare)  
Entirely pleas'd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here.

Thus tooke the place, displeas'dly; the feast in generall,  
Bewraying privie spleenes at *Jove*, and then (to colour all)  
She laugh't, but meerely from her lips: for, over her blacke browes  
Her still-bent forehead was not cleer'd, yet this her passions throwes,  
Brought forth in spight, being lately school'd; alas, what foolcs are we  
That envie *Jove*? or that by act, word, thought, can fantasie,  
Any resistanceto his will? he sits farre off, nor cares,  
Nor moves, but sayes he knowes his strength, to all degrees compares  
His greatnesse, past all other gods, and that in fortitude,  
And every other godlike powre; he reignes, past all indu'de.  
For which great eminence, all you gods, what ever ill he does  
Sustaine with patience: here is *Mars*, I thinke, not free from woes,  
And yet he beares them like himselfe. The great god had a sonne,  
Whom he himselfe yet iustifies, one that from all men wonne  
Iust surname of their best belov'd, *Ascalaphus*; yet he  
(By *Joves* high grace to *Troy*) is slaine, *Mars* started horribly  
(As *Juno* knew he would) at this, beate, with his hurld out hands,  
His brawnie thighs, cryed out, and said: O you that have commands  
In these high temples, beare with me, if I revenge the death  
Of such a sonne: Ile to the fleet, and though I sinke beneath  
The fate of being shot to hell, by *Joves* fell thunder stone:  
And lie all grim'd amongst the dead, with dust and bloud; my sonne,  
Revenge shall honour. Then he charg'd, Feare and Dismay to joyn  
His horse and chariot: he got armes, that over heaven did shine:

*Juno's persua-  
sion to con-  
sole Mars  
in his grief.*

And then a wrath, more great and grave, in *Iove* had been prepar'd  
Against the gods, then *Iuno* caus'd; if *Pallas* had not car'd  
More for the peace of heaven than *Mars*; who leapt out of her throne,  
Rapt up her helmer, lance, and shield, and made her Phæne porch grove  
With her egression to his stay, and thus his rage defers:

Furious, and foolish? that's undone; halt thou, for nought, thine cares?  
Heardst thou not *Iuno*, being arriv'd from heavens great King but now?  
Or wouldst thou be himselfe should rise (forc'd with thy rage) to show  
The dreadful powre the urg'd in him, so justly being flird?  
Know (thou most impudent and mad) thy wrath had not infer'd  
Mischief to thee, but to us all? his spirit had instantly  
Left both the hosts, and turn'd his hands to uprores in the skie.  
Guilty and guiltlesse, both to wracke in his high rage had gone;  
And therefore (as thou lovest thy selfe) cease furie for thy sonne.  
Another, farre exceeding him, in heart and strength of hand,  
Or is, or will be shortly slaine. It were a worke would stand  
*Iove* in much trouble, to free all from death that would not die.

This threat even nail'd him to his throne, when heavens chiefe Maiestie  
Cald bright *Apollo* from his Phæne; and *Iris* that had place  
Of Internunciess from the gods, to whom the did the grace  
Of *Jupiter*, to this effect: It is *Saturnius* will,  
That both, with utmost speed, should stoape to the Idalian hill,  
To know his further pleasure there. And this let me advise,  
When you arrive, and are in reach of his resplendent eyes:  
His pleasure heard, performe it all, of whatsoever kinde.

Thus mov'd the backe, and us'd her throne. Those two outstript the wind,  
And Ida (all enchain'd with springs) they soone attaind, and found  
Where farre-discerning *Jupiter*, in his repose, had crown'd  
The browes of *Gargarus*, and wrapt an odoriferous cloud  
About his bosome. Comming neare, they stood; nor now he shew'd  
His angry countenance, since so soone, he saw they made th'accesse  
That his lov'd wife enjoyn'd. But first, the faire Ambassadressse,  
He thus command'd; *Iris*, Go, to *Neptune*, and relate  
Our pleasure truly, and at large; command him from the Fate  
Of humane warre; and either greet the gods societie,  
Or the divine sea, make his feare. If proudly he deny,  
Let better counsels be his guides, then such as bid me warre,  
And tempt my charge, though he be strong; for I am stronger farre,  
And elder borne: nor let him dare to boast even state with me,  
Whom all gods else preferre in feare. This said, downe hasted he  
From Idas top to Ilion; and like a mighty snow,  
Or gelide hale, that from the clouds, the Northernne spirit doth blow;  
So fell the windie footed Dame; and found with quicke repaire  
The watry god, to whom the said: God with the fable haire,  
I came from *Aegæa* bearing *Iove*, to bid thee cease from fight.  
And visite heaven, or th'ample seas: which, if in his despight,  
Or disobedience, thou deniest, he threatens thee to come  
(In opposite fight) to field himselfe: and therefore warnes thee home,

His

His hands cshewing, since his powre is farre superiour;  
His birth before thee, and affirms thy loud heart should abhorre  
To vaunt equalitie with him, whom every deity feares.

He answer'd, O unworthy thing! though he be great, he beares  
His tongue too proudly; that our selfe, borne to an equall share  
Of state and freedome, he would force. Three brothers borne, we are,  
To *Saturne*; *Rhea* brought us forth: this *Jupiter* and I,  
And *Pluto*, god of under-grounds. The world indifferently  
Dispos'd betwixt us; every one his kingdome; I, the seas,  
*Pluto* to the blacke lot; *Jupiter* the principalities

Of broad heaven, all the skie and clouds, was sort'd out: the earth  
And high *Olympus*, common are, and due to eithers birth.  
Why then should I be aw'd by him? Content he his great heart,  
With his third portion, and not thinke to amplify his part  
With terrors of his stronger hands, on me, as if I were  
The most ignoble of us all: let him containe in feare,  
His daughters and his sonnes, begot by his owne person: this  
Holds more convenience: they must heare these violent threats of his.

Shall I (said *Iris*) beare from thee, an answer to auster?  
Or wilt thou change it? Changing minde, all noble natures beare:  
And well thou know'st, these greatest borne, the Furies follow still.

He answer'd: *Iris*, thy reply keepe time, and shewes thy skill:  
O tis a most praise-worthy thing, when messengers can tell  
(Besides their messages) such things as fit th' occasion well.  
But this much grieves my heart and soule, that being in powre and state,  
Alwaies his equall, and so fixt by one decree in fate,  
He should to me, as under him, ill language give, and chide;  
Yet now, (though still incens'd) I yeeld, affirming this beside:  
And I enforce it with a threat, that if without consent  
Of me, *Minerva*, *Mercurie*, the Queene of regiment,  
And *Vulcan*, he will either spare high *Ilion*, or not race  
Her turrets to the lowest stone, and (with both these) not grace  
The Greekes, as victors absolute: informe him this from me;  
His pride and my contempt shall live, at endlesse enmitie.

This said, he left the Greekes, and rusht into his watry throne,  
Much mist of all th'heroicke host. When *Iove* discern'd him gone,  
*Apollos* service he employ'd, and said: Lov'd *Phæbus* go  
To *Hector*: now th'earth-shaking god, hath taken sea, and so  
Shrunke from the horrors I denounce, which standing, he, and all  
The under-seated deities, that circle *Saturnes* fall,  
Had heard of me in such a fight, as had gone hard for them.

But both for them and me, tis best, that thus they flye th'extreme.  
That had not past us without sweate. Now then, in thy hands take  
My Adder: fring'd affrighting shield, which with such terror shake,  
That Feare may shake the Greekes to flight: besides this, addethy care  
(O *Phæbus* farre off-shooting god) that this so sickly fare,  
Of famous *Hector* be recurd; and quickly so excite  
His amplest powres, that all the Greekes may grace him with their flight,

T

Even

*Neptune to Iris,  
being sent  
with Jupiter.*

*The verse proper  
to Jupiter  
Neptune and  
Pluto being  
three brothers.*

*Iris to Neptune,  
Neptune agreeing  
to Iris.*

*Indirect to Apollo*

Even to their ships, and *Hellepont*; and then will I devise  
All words and facts againe for Greece, that largely may suffice;  
To breathe them from their instant toiles. Thus from th'Idcan height,  
(Like ayres swift-pigcon, killer, floupt, the far-*shot* god of light,  
*Apollo* visits  
*Heitor*,  
And found great *Hector*, sitting up, not stretcht upon his bed,  
Nor whealing with a stopt-up spirit, not in cold sweates, but fed  
With fresh and comfortable veines: but his minde, all his owne,  
But round about him, all his friends, as well as ever knowne.  
And this was with the minde of *love*, that flew to him before  
*Apollo* came; who (as he saw no signe of any force)

Askt (like a chearefull visitant) why in this sickly kinde,  
(Great *Heitor*) sits thou so apart? can any griefe of minde  
*Heitor* to *Apollo*  
Invade thy fortitude! He spake, but with a feeble voyce,  
O thou, the best of deities! why (since I thus reioyce  
By thy so serious benefit) demandst thou (as in mirth,  
And to my face) if I were ill? for (more then what thy worth  
Must needs take note of) doth not Fame, from all mouthes fill their cares,  
That (as my hand at th' *Achive* fleet, was making massacres  
Of men, whom valiant *Ajax* led) his strength, strooke with a stone,  
All powre of more hurt from my breast? my very soule was gone:  
And once to day I thought to see the house of *Dia* and *Deasb*.

*Apollo* still  
Be strong (said he) for such a spirit, now sends the god of breath;  
From *ayrie Ida*, as shall runne through all Greeke spirits in thee;  
*Apollo* with the golden sword, the cleare farre-seer, see  
Him, who betwixt death and thy life, twixt ruine and those towres;  
Ere this day, oft hath held his shield. Come then, be all thy powres,  
In wonted vigour: let thy knights, with all their horse assay  
The Grecian fleet, my selfe will leade, and scoure so cleare the way,  
That flight shall leave no Greeke a Rub. Thus instantly inspir'd  
Were all his nerves with matchlesse strength; and then his friends he fir'd  
Against their foes, when (to his eyes) his cares confirm'd the god.  
Then, as a goodly headed Hart, or Goat, bred in the wood,  
A rout of country huntsmen chase, with all their hounds in cry,  
The beast yet, or the shade woods, or rocks excessive hie,  
Keepe safe; or our unweildy fates (that even in hunters way)  
Barre them, the poore beasts pulling downe, when straight the clamorous fray,  
Cals out a Lyon, hugely man'd, and his abhorred view  
Turnes headlong in unturning sight (though ventrous) all the crew:  
So hitherto the chasing Greekes, their slaughter dealt by troupes,  
But after *Heitor* was beheld, range here and there, then stoupes  
The boldest courage; then their heeles tooke in their dropping hearts,  
And then spake *Andremonides*, a man of farre-best parts  
Of all th' *Etolians*, skild in darts; strenuous in fights of stand,  
And one of whom, few of the Greekes could get the better hand,  
(For Rhetorique) when they fought with words, with all which, being wise,  
*Heitor* to his friends  
Thus spake he to his Grecian friends: O mischiefe! now mine eyes  
Discerne no little miracle; *Heitor* escap'd from death,  
And all recoverd; when all thought his soule had sunke beneath

The hands of *Ajax*: but some god hath sav'd and freed againe,  
Him that but now dissolv'd the knees of many a Grecian.  
And now I feare will weaken more, for not without the hand  
Of him that thunders, can his powres, thus still the foresights stand;  
Thus still triumphant: heare me then, our troupes in quicke retreat,  
Let's draw up to our fleet, and we, that boast our selves, the Great  
Stand firme, and trie, if these that raise, so high their charging darts,  
May be resisted: I beleeve, even this great heart of hearts,  
Will feare himselfe to be too bold in charging thorow us.

They easily heard him, and obeyd, when all the generous  
They cald t' encounter *Hectors* charge, and turn'd the common men  
Backe to the fleet: and these were they, that bravely furnisht then  
The fierce foresight; th' *Aiacs* both; the worthy Cretan King,  
The *Mars*-like *Meges*, *Merion*, and *Tener*. Vp then, bring  
The Trojan chieftes, their men in heapes; before whom (amply pac't)  
Marcht *Heitor*; and in front of him, *Apollo*, who had cast  
About his bright aspect, a cloud; and did before him beare  
*Ioves* huge and each where shaggy shield; which (to containe in feare  
Offending men) the god (smith gave to *love*, with this he led  
The Trojan forces. The Greekes stood, a fervent clamor spred  
The aire on both sides as they ioyn'd; out flew the shafts and darts,  
Some falling short, but other some, found butts in breasts and hearts.  
As long as *Phabus* held but out, his horrid shield, so long  
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both wayes strong.  
But when the Greekes had seene his face, and who it was that shooke  
The bristled targe, knew by his voyce; then all their strengths forsooke  
Their nerves and mindes; and then looke how a goodly herd of Neat,  
Or wealthy stocke of sheepe, being close, and dreadlesse at their meate,  
In some blacke midnight, sodainly (and not a keeper neere)  
A brace of horrid Beares rush in, and then flye here and there  
The poore affrighted flockes or berds; so every way dispers't  
The heartlesse Grecians: so the sunne, their headstrong chase revert  
To headlong flight, and that day rais'd, with all grace, *Hectors* head.

*Arcesilaw* then he sluc, and *Stichius*; *Stichius* led  
*Beastias* brazen-coted men: the other was the friend  
Of mightie-sould *Menesthenes*. *Aeneas* brought to end,  
*Medon*, and *Iasus*; *Medon* was the brother (though but base)  
Of swift *Oileades*, and dwelt farre from his breeding place,  
In *Phylaca*, the other led th' *Athenian* bands: his Sire  
Was *Spelus*, *Bucolus* his sonne. *Arcesilaw* did exire  
Beneath *Polydamas* his hand. *Polites*, *Echion* flew  
Iust at the ioyning of the hosts. *Agenor* overthrew  
*Clonius*. Bold *Deiobus* felt *Alexanders* Lance,  
It strooke his shoulders upper part, and did his head advance;  
Quite through his breast, as from the fight, he turn'd him for retreat.

While these stood spoyling of the flaine, the Greekes found time to get  
Beyond the dike, and thund'rick pales: all scapes they gladly gain'd,  
Till all had past the utmost wall; Necessitie foraign'd.

He then  
said,

Then *Heitor* cryed out: Take no (poyle, but rush on to the fleet,  
From whole assault (for poyle or flight) if any man I meete,  
He meetes his death: nor in the fire, of holy funeral,  
His brothers or his sisters hands, shall cast (within our wall)  
His lothed body; but without, the throtes of dogges shall grave  
His manlesse lims. This said, the scourge his forward horses drave  
Through every order, and with him, all whipt their chariots on,  
All threateningly, our thundering showts, as earth were overthrowne.

Apoll. leads  
the Trojans.

Before them marcht *Apollo* still, and as he marcht, digd downe,  
(Without all labour) with his feet, the dikes; till, with his owne,  
He filld it to the top; and made way both for man and horse,  
As broad and long as with a Lance (cast out to try ones force)  
A man could measure. Into this they pour'd whole troupes as fast,  
As numerous: *Phabus* still, before, for all their haste,  
Still shaking *Joves* unvalued shield, and held it up to all.  
And then, as he had chokt their dike, he tumbld downe their wall.

Apoll. then  
knows the way  
to the city,  
and may be taken  
by the Greeks, the  
high ft.

And looke how easily any boy, upon the sea-cbd shore,  
Makes with a little sand a toy, and cares for it no more;  
But as he raisd it childishly, so in his wanton vaine,  
Both with his hands and feet, he puls, and spurnes it downe againe.  
So sleight, O *Phabus*, thy hands made, of that huge Grecian toyle,  
And their late stand, so well resolv'd, as easily mad'st recoyle.

Thus stood they driven up at their fleet, where each heard others thought,  
Exhortd, passing humbly prayd: all, all the gods besought,  
(With hands held up to heaven) for helpe, mongt all, the good old man,  
Grave *Nestor* (for his counsels cald the Argives guardian)  
Fell on his aged knees, and prayd, and to the starry host,  
Stretcht out his hands forayd to theirs; of all, thus moving most:

Nestor prayes  
to Jupiter.

O father *Jove*, if ever man, of all our host did burne  
Fat thighs of Oxen or of Sheepe (for grace of safe returne)  
In full Argos; and obtaind the bowing of thy head,  
For promise of his humble prayers: O now remember him,  
(Thou mercerly heavenly) and cleare up the soule browes of this dim  
And cruell day; doe not destroy our zeale for Trojan pride.  
He prayd, and heavens great Counsellor, with store of thunder tride  
His former grace good; and so heard the old mans hearty prayers.  
The Trojans tooke *Joves* signe for them, and pour'd out their affaires  
In much more violence on the Greekes; and thought on nought but fight.

And,

Instead of they  
were run's up by  
Apoll.

And as a huge wave of a sea, swolne to his rudest height,  
Ereakes over both sides of a ship, being all urg'd by the winds,  
For that's it makes the wave so proud: in such a borne-up kind,  
The Trojans overgat the wall, and getting in their horse,  
Fought close at fleet; which now the Greekes ascended for their force:  
Then from their chariots, they with darts, the Greekes with bead-hooks fought  
(Kept still aboard for navall fights) their heads with iron wrought,  
In hookes and pikes, *Achilles* friend, still while he saw the wall  
That stood without their fleet, afford employment for them all,  
Was never absent from the tent of that man-loving Greeke,

Late-hurt

Late-hurt *Eurypilus*, but late, and every way did seeke  
To spend the sharpe time of his wound, with all the ease he could,  
In medicines, and in kinde discourse: but when he might behold  
The Trojans past the wall; the Greekes flight driven, and all in cries;  
Then cride he out, Cast downe his hands, and beate with griefe his thighes:  
Then, O *Eurypilus*, (he cride) now all thy need of me,  
Must beare my absence: now a worke of more necessity,  
Cals hence; and I must haste to call *Achilles* to the field:

Patroclus to  
Eurypilus.

Who knowes, but (God assisting me) my words may make him yeeld?  
The motion of a friend is strong. His secte thus tooke him thence.  
The rest yet stood their enemies firme, but all their violence  
(Though Troy fought there with fewer men) lackt vigor to repell  
Those fewer from their Navies charge; and so, that charge as well  
Lackt force to spoyle their fleet or tents. And as a shipwrights line  
(Disposd by such a hand, as learn'd, from th' Artizan divine,  
The perfect practise of his art) directd or guards so well  
The navall timber then in frame; that all the layd-on Steele,  
Can hew no further then may serve to give the timber th' end,  
Fore-purposd by the skilfull wright: so both hosts did contend  
With such a line, or law applide, to what their Steele would gaine.

A divine sight.

At other ships fought other men, but *Heitor* did maintaine  
His quarrell firme at *Ajax* ships; and so did both employ,  
About one vessell, all their toyle: nor could the one destroy  
The ship with fire; nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone  
The other from so neare his ship, for God bath brought him on.

But now did *Ajax* with a dart: wound deadly in the brest,  
*Calestor*, sonne of *Clytius*, as he with fire addrest  
To burne the vessell; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.

A Ajax fight to  
Calestor.

When *Heitor* saw his sisters sonne lye slaughtered in the sand,  
He cald to all his friends, and prayd, they would not in that freight,  
Forfake his nephew, but maintaine about his corse the fight,  
And save it from the spoyle of Grece. Then sent he out a Lance  
At *Ajax*, in his nephewes wreake; which mist, but made the chance  
On *Lycophron* *Mastorides*, that was the bouthold friend  
Of *Ajax*, borne in Cythera, whom *Ajax* did defend,  
(Being fled to his protection) for killing of a man  
Amongst the god-like Cytherans: the vengefull Javelin ran  
Quite through his head, above his care, as he was standing by  
His Fautor, then afterne his ship, from whence his soule did flye,  
And to the earth his body fell: the haire flood on an end  
On *Ajax*, who to *Tenecer* cald, (his brother) saying: Friend,

Heitor at Ajax.

Heitor killing  
Ajax, his bouthold  
friend.

Our loved confort, whom we brought from Cythera, and grac't,  
So like our father, *Hectors* hand hath made him breathe his last.  
Where then are all thy death-borne haits? and that unvalued bow,  
*Apollo* gave thee? *Tenecer* strait, his brothers thoughts did know,  
Stood neare him, and dispatcht a shaft amongst the Trojan fight:  
It strooke *Pysenor*s goodly sonne, yong *Clytius*, the delight  
Of the renown'd *Polydamus*; the bride in his hand,

As

As he was labouring his horse, to please the high command  
 Of Hector and his Trojan friends; and bring him where the fight  
 Was greatest tumult. But his strife, for honour in their fight,  
 Wrought not what fight or wishes helpt; for turning backe his looke,  
 The hollow of his necke, the shaft came singing on, and strooke,  
 And downe he fell, his horses backe, and hurried through the field  
 The emptie chariot. *Panthus* sonne, made all haste, and withheld  
 Their loose cariers; disposing them to *Protiens* sonne,  
*Aspinus*; with speciall charge, to keepe them ever on,  
 And in his fight: so he againe, amongst the foremost went.

At *Hector* then another shaft, incens'd *Teucer* sent;  
 Which, had it hit him, sure had hurt; and had it hurt him, slaine;  
 And had it slaine him, it had driven all those to Troy againe.

But *Ioves* minde was not sleeping now, it wak't to *Hectors* fame,  
 And *Teucers* infamie; himselfe (in *Teucers* deadly ayme)  
 His well wrought string dislevering, that serv'd his bravest bow;  
 His shaft flew quite another way, his bow the earth did strow.  
 At which, *Teucer* stood amaz'd, and to his brother cride,  
 O prodigie! without all doubt, our Angell doth deride

The counsels of our fight; he brake a string, my hands put on  
 This morning, and was newly made; and well might have set gone  
 A hundred arrowes; and beside, he strooke out of my hand,  
 The bow *Apollo* gave. He said, Then (good friend) doe not stand  
 More on thy archerie, since God (preventer of all grace,  
 D. fir'd by Grecians) sleights it so. Take therefore in the place,  
 A good large Lance; and on thy necke, a target cast, as bright;  
 With which, come fight thy selfe with some, and other some excite;  
 That without labour at the least (though we prove worse men)  
 Troy may not brag itooke our ships: come minde our businesse then.

This said, he hasted to his tent: left there his shafts and bow,  
 And then his double, double shield, did on his shoulders throw,  
 Upon his honord head he plac't his helmet, thickly plum'd,  
 And then his strong and well plac'd lance, in his faire hand assum'd,  
 Return'd, and boldlyooke his place, by his great brothers side.

When *Hector* saw his arrowes broke, out to his friends he cride,  
 O friends! be yet more comforted, I saw the hands of *Iove*,  
 Break the great Grecian archers shafts: tis easie to approve,  
 That *Ioves* powre is direct with men, as well in those let him  
 Upon the sodaine, as in those deprest as sodainly:

And those not put in state at all: as now he takes away  
 Strength from the Greekes, and gives it us; then use it, and assay  
 With joynd hands this approach'd fleet. If any bravely buy  
 His fame or fate, with wounds or death; in *Ioves* name let him die.  
 Who for his country suffers death, sustaine no shamefull thing:  
 If his wife in honour shall survive, his progenie shall spring  
 In endless summers; and their rooves with patrimonie swell;  
 And all this, though with all their freight, the Greeke ships we repell.

The friends thus cheer'd, on th'other part, strong *Ajax* stir'd his friends:

O Greeks (said he) what shame is this, that no man more defends  
 His fame and safety; then to live, and thus be forc't to shrinke:  
 Now either save your fleet, or dye; unless ye vainly thinke  
 That you can live, and they destroy'd? perceives not every care,  
 How *Hector* hartens up his men! and hath his firebrands here,  
 Now ready to enflame our fleet? he doth not bid them dance,  
 That you may take your ease, and see, but to the fight advance.  
 No counsell can serve us but this: to mixe both hands and hearts,  
 And beare up close; tis better much, to expose our utmost parts  
 To one daies certaine life or death; then languish in a warre  
 So base as this; beate to our ships, by our inferiours farre.

Thus row'd he up their spirits and strengths: to work then both sides went.  
 When *Hector*, the *Phoenician* Duke, to fields of darkness sent  
 Fierce *Schedius*, *Perimedes* sonne; which *Ajax* did requite,  
 With slaughter of *Laodamas*, that led the foot to fight,  
 And was *Antenors* famous sonne. *Polydamas* did end  
*Otus*, turnam'd *Cyllenius*; whom *Phydas* made his friend,  
 Being chiefe of the *Epeians* Bands: whose fall, when *Meges* view'd,  
 He let flie at his sellers life; who (shrinking-in) eschew'd  
 The well-aym'd Lance: *Apolloes* will, deny'd that *Panthus* sonne  
 Should fall amongst the foremost fights; the dart, the mid-brest wonne  
 Of *Craffmus*; *Meges* wonne his armes. At *Ateges*, *Dolops* then  
 Bestow'd his lance; he was the sonne of *Lampus*, best of men:  
 And *Lampus*, of *Laomedon*, well skild in strength of minde,  
 He strooke *Phylides* shield quite through, whose curers, better lin'd  
 And hollow'd fitly, sav'd his life: *Phyleus* left him them,  
 Who from *Epirus* brought them home, on that part where the streame  
 Of famous *Seleus* doth runne; *Enphetes* did bestow  
 (Being guest with him) those well-provd armes, to weare against the foe.  
 And now they sav'd his sonne from death. At *Dolops*, *Ateges* threw  
 A speare well pilde; that strooke his caske full in the height; off flew  
 His purple feather, newly made, and in the dust it fell.

While these thus striv'd for victory, and either hope serv'd well,  
*Atrides* came to *Meges* aide, and (hidden with his side)  
 Let loose a javelin at his foe, that through his backe implied  
 His lustie head, even past his breast; the ground receiv'd his weight.

While these made into spoyle his armes, great *Hector* did excite  
 All his allies to quicke revenge; and first he wrought upon  
 Strong *Menalippus* (that was sonne to great *Hycetom*)  
 With some reproofe. Before these warres, he in *Perote* fed  
 Cloven-footed Oxen; but did since, returne where he was bred,  
 Excel'd amongst the *Ilions*, was much of *Priam* lov'd,  
 And in his court kept, as his sonne, him *Hector* thus reprovd.

Thus *Menalippus*, shall our bloud accuse us of neglect?  
 Nor moves it thy lov'd heart (thus urg'd) thy kinsman to protect?  
 Seest thou not, how they leeke his spoyle? Come, follow, now no more  
 Our fight must stand at length, but close: nor leave the close, before  
 We close the latest eye of them; or they, the lowest stone

Tear up, and sacke the citizens of lofty Ilion.

He led he followed like a god: and then must *Ajax* needs  
(As well as *Hector*) cheare his men, and thus their spirits he feeds:

Good friends bring but your selves to seele, the noble slings of shame,  
For what ye suffer, and be men: respect each others fame;

For which, who strives, in shames ill feare; and puts on neare so farre  
Comes oftner off, then stickt engag'd: these fugitives of shame,

Save us ther life, nor get renowne, nor beare more mindes then theepe,

This short speech fir'd them in his aide, his spirit toucht them deepe,  
And turn'd them all before the fleet, into a wall of brasle:

To whose assault, *Iove* stir'd their foes, and yong *Atreides* was  
*Ioves* instrument; who thus set on the yong *Antilochus*:

*Antilochus*, in all our host, there is not one of us

More yong then you, more swift of foot, nor (with both those) so strong.

O would thou wouldst then, (for thou canst) one of this lustie throng,

That thus comes skipping out before, (who ever, any where)

May stickt (for my sake) twixt both hosts, and leave his bold blood there.

He said no sooner, and retir'd, but forth he rusht, before

The foremost fighters, yet his eye did every way explore

For doubt of odds, our flew his Lance: the Troians did abstaine

While he was darting; yet his dart he cast not off in vaine:

For *Menalippus* (that rare sonne) of great *Hyceon*,

(As bravely he put forth to fight) it fiercely flew upon,

And, at the nipple of his breast, his breast and life did part.

And then, much like an eager hound, cast off at some young Hart,

Hurt by the hunters that had left his covert then, but new,

The great in-warre *Antilochus*, (O *Menalippus*) flew

On thy torne bo'some, for thy spoyle. But thy death could not lie

Hid to great *Hector*; who all baste made to thee, and made flye

*Antilochus*; although in warre, he were at all parts skild:

But as some wilde beast, having done, some shrewd turne, (either kild

The heardman, or the heardmans dogge) and skulks away before

The gathered multitude makes in: so *Nestors* sonne forbore,

But after him, with horrid cries, both *Hector* and the rest,

Showres of teare-thirsty Lances pow'd, who having arm'd his breast

With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ships, all Troy,

Like raw flesh-nourisht Lyons rusht, and knew they did employ

Their powres to perfect *Ioves* high will; who still their spirits enflam'd,

And quench't the Grecians; one renown'd, the other often sham'd;

For *Hectors* glory still he stood, and ever went about

To make him cast the fleet such fire, as never should goe out;

Heard *Thetis* soule petition, and wisht in any wise,

The splendor of the burning ships might satiate his eyes.

From him yet the repulse was then, to be on Troy conferrd,

The honour of it given the Greeks; which (thinking on) he stir'd

(With such addition of his spirit) the spirit *Hector* bore,

To burne the fleet; that of it selfe was hot enough before.

But now he far'd like *Mars* himselfe, so brandishing his Lance,

As through the deepe shades of a hill, a raging fire should glance;

Held up to all eyes by a hill, about his lips, a some

Stood, as when th' Ocean is inrag'd; his eyes were overcome

With fervor, and resembl'd flames; set off by his darke browes:

And from his temples, his bright helme, abhorred lightnings throwes.

For *Iove*, from forth the sphere of starres, to his stat put his owne,

And all the blaze of both the holls, confin'd in him alone.

And all this was, since after this, he had not long to live;

This lightning flew before his death: which *Pallas* was to give,

(A small time thence, and now prepar'd) beneath the violence

Of great *Pelides*. In meane time, his present eminence,

Though all things under it; and he, still where he saw the stands

Of greatest strength, and bravest arm'd, there he would prove his hands:

Or no where; offering to breake through. But that past all his powre,

Although his will, \* were past all theirs, they stood him like a towre

Conjoynd so firme: that as a rocke, exceeding high and great,

And standing neare the hoarie sea, beares many a boysterous threat

Of high-voyce windes, and billowes huge, belicht on it by the stormes;

So stood the Greeks great *Hectors* charge, nor stir'd their battellous formes.

He (girt in fire, borne for the fleet) still rusht at every troupe,

And fell upon it like a wave, high raid, that then doth stoupe

Out from the clouds; grows as it stoupes, with stormes, then down doth come

And cusse a ship, when all her sides are hid in brackish foam,

Strong gales still raging in her sailes; her sailers mindes dismayd,

Death being but little from their lives: so *Iove*-like *Hector* fraid,

And plyde the Greeks, who knew not what would chance; for all their guards.

And as the banefull king of beasts, leapt in to Oxen herds,

Fed in the meadowes of a fenne, exceeding great, the beasts

In number infinite; amongst whom, (their herdsmen wanting breasts

To fight with Lyons for the price of a blacke Oxes life.)

He here and there jumpes; first and last, in his bloud-thirsty strife,

Chac't and assaulted; and atlength, downe in the midst goes one,

And all the rest sperst through the fenne: so now, all Greece was gone.

So *Hector* (in a flight from heaven, upon the Grecians cast)

Turn'd all their backs; yet onely one, his deadly lance laid fast:

Brave *Mycenans* *Periphetes*, *Cyprius* dearest sonne;

Who, of the heavens-Queene-lov'd-king, (great *Eurythamus*) wonne

The grace to greet in Ambassie, the strength of *Heracles*

Was farre superiour to his fire; in feere, fight, noblenesse

Of all the vertues, and all those did such a wisedome guide,

As all *Mycena* could not match: and this man dignified,

(Still making greater his renowne) the state of *Priams* sonne.

For his unhappy hastie foot, as he addrest to runne,

Strucke in th' extreme ring of his shield, that to his ankles reacht;

And downe he upwards fell, his fall up from the center fetcht

A huge sound with his head and helme; which *Hector* quickly spide,

Ran in, and in his worthy breast, his Lances head did hide,

And slue about him all his friends, who could not give him aide:

They

As

They griev'd; and of his god-like foe, fled so extreme afraid:

And now amongst the nearest ships, that first were drawn to shore,  
The Greeks were driven; beneath whose sides, behind them, and before,  
And into them they pour'd themselves, and thence were driven againe  
Up to their tents, and there they stood: not daring to maintaine  
Their guards more outward; but betwixt, the bounds of *Fear* and *Shame*,  
Chear'd still each other; when th' old man, that of the Grecian name,  
Was cald the pillar; every man, thus by his parents praid:

O friends, be men, and in your mindes, let others shames be weigh'd,  
Know you have friends besides your selves; possessions, parents, wives,  
As well those that are dead to you, as those ye love with lives;  
All sharing still their good, or bad, with yours: by these I pray,  
That are not present (and the more, should therefore make ye weigh  
Their misse of you, as yours of them) that you will bravely stand  
And this fore't flight, you have sustain'd, at length yet countermend.

Supplies of good words, thus supplide, the deeds and spirits of all;  
And to last, *Minerva* clear'd the cloud that *Love* let fall  
Before their eyes: a mighty light flew beaming every way,  
As well about their ships, as where their darts did honest play:  
Then saw they *Heſtor* great in armes, and his associates,  
As well all those, that then abstaîd, as those that helpt the fates;  
And all their owne fight at the fleet. Nor did it now content  
*Ajax*, to keepe downe like the rest; he; up the hatches went,  
Stalkt here and there; and in his hand, a huge great beedhook held.  
Twelve cubits long, and full of Iron, and as a man well skild

In horse, made to the martiall race; when (of a number more)  
He chuseth faire, and brings them forth to runnethem all before  
Swarms of admiring citizens, amidst their townes high way,  
And (in their full carier) he leapes, from one to one; no stay  
Enforc't on any, nor failes he, in either seate or leape:  
So *Ajax* with his beedhook leapt nimbly from ship to ship,  
As actively, commanding all, them in their men, as well  
As men in them: most terribly, exhorting to repel,  
To save their navie and their tents: But *Heſtor* nothing needs  
To stand on exhortations now, at home, he strives for deeds.

And looke how *Joves* great Queene of birds, (tharpe ser) looks out for prey,  
Knowes foulds that nourish wild. wing'd fowles, and (from her syrie way)  
Beholds where Cranes, Swans, Cormorants, have made their foody fall,  
Darkens the river with her wings, and stoupes amongst them all:  
So *Heſtor* flew amongst the Greeks, directing his command  
(In chiefe) gainst one opposite ship; *Love* with a mighty hand  
Still backing him, and all his men: and then againe there grew  
A bitter conflict at the fleet; you would have said, none drew  
A wearie breath, nor ever would, they laid so freshly on:  
And this was it that fir'd them both, the Greeks did build upon  
No hope, but what the field would yeeld: flight, an impossible course;  
The Troians all hope entertain'd, that sword and fire should force  
Both ships, and lives of all the Greekes, and thus, unlike affects

Bred like strenuitie in both. Great *Heſtor* still directes  
His powres against the first neare ship. 'Twas that faire barke that brought  
*Protesilaus* to those warres; and now, her selfe to nought,  
With many Greeke and Trojan lives all spoyld about her spoyle:  
One slue another desperately, and close the deadly toyle  
Was pitcht on both parts: not a shaft, nor far of striking dart,  
Was usde through all: one fight fell out, of one despitefull hart;  
Swarps axes, twibils, two-hand swords, and speares with two heads borne,  
Were then the weapons; faire short swords, with sanguine hilts still worne,  
Had use in like sort; of which last, ye might have numbers view'd  
Drop with dissolv'd armes from their hands, as many down-right hew'd  
From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twaine:  
And thus the blacke blood flow'd on earth, from souldiers hurt and slaine.

When *Heſtor* once had seisd the ship, he clapt his faire broad hand  
Fast on the sterne, and held it there, and there gave this command:  
Bring fire, and altogether shew; now *Love* hath drawn the veile  
From such a day, as makes amends for all his stormes of haile:  
By whose blest light, we take those ships, that in despite of heaven  
Tooke sea, and brought us worlds of woe: all, since our Peeres were given  
To such a laziness and feare; they would not let me end  
Our lingring bances, and charge thus home, but keepe home, and defend.  
And so they rul'd the men I led; but though *Love* then withheld  
My naturall spirit. now by *Love*, tis freed, and thus impeld.

This more inflam'd them; in so much, that *Ajax* now, no more,  
Kept up, he was so drownd in darts, a little he forbore  
The hatches to a seat beneath, of seven foot long, but thought  
It was impossible to scape; he sate yet, where he fought,  
And hurld out Lances thicke as haile, at all men that assaid  
To fire the ship, with whom he found his hands so overlaid,  
That on his souldiers thus he cryed: O friends, fight alone?  
Expect ye more wals at your backs? townes rampird, here are none;  
No citizens to take ye in, no helpe in any kind,  
We are, I tell you, in Troyes fields; have nought but seas behinde,  
And foes before; farre, farre from Greece, for shame obey commands,  
There is no mercy in the warres, your healths lye in your hands.  
Thus rag'd he, and pour'd out his darts, who ever he espied  
Come neare the v: sell, arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died;  
All that pleas'd *Heſtor*, made him mad: all that his thanks would erue,  
Of which twelve men, his most resolv'd, lay dead before his sterne.

## COMMENTARIVS.

<sup>a</sup> I must here be inforced (for your easier examination) of a simile before, to cite  
the originall word; of it; which of all Homers translators and commentators, have  
become most grossly mistaken; his whole intent and sense in it, utterly falsified. The  
simile illustrates the manner of Iunos parting from Iove, being commanded by him  
to a business so abhorring from her will, is thus:

ὡς δ' ὅτ' αἰὲρ ἐνὶ θυμῷ ἀνέειπε θεῶν παλλῶν  
Τέταρ' Ἀλλὰ τοῦτο, ὅρμαινον ἀνὰ κλισίᾳ νοσῶν  
Εὐρὺ ἑλὼν ἐνδὲ μακροχρόνῳ πεσέμεν  
ὣς καὶ τοῦτο μέγα καὶ ἀνέειπε Πηνελόπεια Πρῶτῃ.



Which is thus converted ad verbum by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando discurrit mens viri, qui per multam  
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus confiderarit,  
Huc iterum vel illuc, cogitarique multa;  
Sic citò properans pervolavit veneranda Iuno.

Which Lauren. Valla in profectus translates.

Subvolavit Iuno in coelum, eadem festinatione, ac celeritate, qua mens prudentis hominis, & qui multum terrarum peragravit, recurrit, cum multa sibi agenda instant, huc se conferat an illuc.

Eobanus Hellus in verse thus:

Tam subito, quam sana viri mens plura scientis,  
Quique peragravit vastæ loca plurima terræ  
Multa movens animo, nunc huc, nunc avolat illuc.

To this purpose likewise the Italian and French copies have it. All understanding Homers intent was (as by the speedinesse of a mans thought or minde) to illustrate Iunos swiftnesse in hastening about the commandment of Iupiter, which was otherwise: viz. to shew the distraction of Iunos minde, in going against her will, and in her despite about loves commandment: which all the history before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to doe anything for the good of the Troians, confirmeth without question. Besides, her morositie, and solemn apparance amongst the gods and goddesses, (which Themis notes in her looks) shewe, if she went willingly, much lesse swiftly about that business. Nor can the illustration of swiftnesse be Homers end in this simile, because he makes the mans minde, to which he resembles her going, stagger, inclining him to goe this way, and that; not resolved which way to goe: which very poorly expresseth swiftnesse, and as properly agrees with the proprietic of a wise man; when he hath undertaken, and gone far in a journey, not to know whether he should goe forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the originall words.

ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος  
ἡ μήν ἰσχυρὸς, ἔστω. Sicut verò quando discurrit vel prorumpit,

vel cum impetu exurgit mens viri, <sup>ἰσχυρὸς</sup> signifying ruo, prorumpo, vel cum impetu exurgo: as having travelled farre on an irksome journey (as Iuno had done for the Greekes, faining to love and Venus, shee was going to visite <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> multa nutrientis fines terræ,) and then knowes not whether he should goe backward or forward, sustaines a vehement discourse with himselfe, on what course to resolve: and next in minde, (which the words <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> ἐπειδὴ ἀδύνατος, expresse being to be understood mentibus amaris, vexatis, or distractis: with a spitefull, sorrowfull, vext, or distracted minde: not mentibus prudentibus, as all most unwisely in this place convert it: though in other places it intimates so much. But here the other holds congruence with the rest of the simile, from which in the wise sence it alhorres: <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> signifying amarus more properly then prudens; being translated prudens merely metaphorically, according to the second deduction: where here it is used more properly according to the first deduction: on which is taken from <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> the Larcher tree, whose gumme is exceeding bitter; and because things irksome and bitter, (as afflictions, crosses, &c.) are means to make men wise, and take need by others harmes: therefore according to the second deduction, <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> is taken for cautus or prudens. But now, that the attention or application seemes to make with their sence of swiftnesse, the words

words in question, <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> being translated by them sic citò properans, it seems to be turned in this place, because of impetu <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup>, so faintly or headlongly driven, flew Iuno. As we often see with a clap of thunder, Doves or other fowles driven headlong from their seats, not in direct flight, but as they would breake their neckes with a kinde of reeling: <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> being derived of <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> or <sup>ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος</sup> signifying impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri: all which most aptly agreeth with Iunos enforced and wrathfull parting from love, and doing his charge distractedly. This for me, if another can give better, let him shew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine Poet thus prophand, which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.

ἡ μήν τις ἰσχυρὸς ὁ δαίμων ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος. Difficile est, it is a hard thing (saith Minerva to Mars, when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his sonne Ascalaphus) for Iove to deliver the generation and birth of all men from death; which Commentors thus understand; There were some men that never died, as Tython the husband of Aurora, Chyron, Glaucus made a sea god, &c. and in holy Writ (as Spondanus pleaseth to mixe them) Enoc and Elias: but because these few were freed from death, Mars must not looke that all others were. But this interpretation (I thinke) will appeare to all men at first sight, both ridiculous and prophane. Homer making Minerva onely iest at Mats here, (as she doth in other places) bidding him not forme that his sonne should be slaine more then better borne, stronger, and worthier men; for Iove should have enough to doe (or it were hard for Iove) to free all men from Death that are unwilling to die. This mine, with the rest: the other others; accept which you please.

The end of the fifteenth Booke.

V

THE



## THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**A**chilles, as Patroclus *suis* doth yeeld  
His armes, and Myrmidons; which brought to field,  
The Troians sile, Patroclus hath the grace  
Of great Sarpedons death, sprung of the race  
Of Iupiter; he having slain the horse  
Of Thetis sonne, (ferce Pedafus) the force  
Of Hector doth revenge the much-rud end  
Of most renown'd Sarpedon, on the friend  
Of Thetides, first, by Euphorbus, harm'd,  
And by Apollos personall powre disarm'd.

### Another Argument.

*In vii.* Patroclus beares the chance  
Of death, imposed by Hectors lance.



Hus fighting for this well-built ship, *Patroclus* all that space  
Stood by his friend, preparing words to win the Greeks his grace,  
With powre of uncontain'd teares: and (like a fountaine pour'd  
In black streams from a lofty rock) the Greeks, so plagu'd, deplor'd.

*Schilles* (ruthfull for his teares) said: Wherefore weepes my friend  
So like a girle, who though she sees her mother cannot tend  
Her child's humours, hangs on her, and would be taken up,  
Still viewing her with teare-drownd eyes, when the hath made her stoope.  
To nothing liker I can shape thy so unseemly teares,  
What causeth them? hath any ill solicited thine cares,  
Befalne my Myrmidons? or newes from loved *Phthia* brought,  
Told onely thee? lest I should grieve, and therefore thus hath wrought  
On thy kinde spirit? *Alors* sonne, the good *Menetius*,  
(Thy father) lives, and *Peleus* (mine) great sonne of *Eacus*,  
Amongst his Myrmidons, whose deaths, in dutie we should mourne,  
Or is it what the Greeks sustaine, that doth thy stomacke turne?  
On whom (for their iniustice sake) plagues are so iustly laide?

Speake man, let both know eithers heart. *Patroclus* (sighing said)  
O *Peleus* sonne, (thou strongest Greeke by all degrees that lives)

Still be not angry, our sad starre such cause of pittie gives.

Our greatest Greeks lye at their ships fore wounded; *Ithacus*,

King *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and good *Eurypius*:

But these, much medicine-knowing men (Physicians) can cure,  
Thou yet unmedicinable still, though thy wound, all indure.

Heaven bleffe my bosome from such wrath, as thou sooth'st as thy blisse;

(Vnprofitable

(Vnprofitably venomous) How shall our progenies,  
Borne in thine age, enioy thine aide? when these friends in thy flowre  
Thou leav'st to such unworthy death? O idle, cruell powre,  
Great *Peleus* never did beget, nor *Thetis* bring forth thee,  
Thou, from the blew sea, and her rocks, deriv'st thy pedigree.  
What so declines thee? if thy minde thus any augurie,  
Related by thy mother Queene, from heavens foreseeing eye,  
And therefore thou forsak'st thy friends, let me goe ease their mones  
With those brave reliques of our host, thy mighty Myrmidons;  
That I may bring to field more light, to conquest then hath beene;  
To which end grace me with thine armes, since any shadow seene  
Of thy resemblance; all the powre of periurd Troy will sile,  
And our so tired friends will breathe: our fresh-set-on supple  
Will easily drive their wearied off. Thus (foolish man) he sa'd  
For his sure death, of all whose speech, *Schilles* first renew'd  
The last part, thus: O worthy friend, what have thy speeches beene?

I shun the fight for Oracles? or what my mother Queene  
Hath told from *Iove*? I take no care nor note of one such thing,  
But this fit anger stings me still, that the insulting king  
Should from his equall take his right, since he exceeds in powre.  
This, (still his wrong) is still my griefe; he tooke my Paramour  
That all men gave: and whom I wonne by vertue of my speare,  
That (for her) overturn'd a Towne. This rape he made of her,  
And usde me like a fugitive, an Inmate in a towne,  
That is no citie libertie, nor capable of their gowne.  
But, beare we this, as out of date, tis past, nor must we still  
Feed anger in our noblest parts; yet thus, I have my will  
As well as our great king of men, for I did ever vow,  
Never to cast off my disdaine, till (as it falls out now)  
Their misse of me, knockt at my fleet, and told me in their cries,  
I was reveng'd, and had my with of all my enemies.  
And so of this repeat enough: take thou my fame-blaz'd armes;  
And my fight-thirstie Myrmidons, leade to these hot armes.  
Whole clouds of Troians circle us with hatefull eminence:  
The Greekes shut in a little shore, a fort of citizens  
Skipping upon them: all because their proud eyes doe not see  
The radiance of my helmet there, whose beames had instantly  
Thrustt backe, and all these ditches filld with carrion of their flesh,  
If *Agamemnon* had beene kinde: where now they fight as fresh,  
As thus farre they had put at ease, and at our tents contend.  
And may, for the repulsive hand of *Diomed* doth not spend  
His raging darts there, that their death could fright out of our fleet:  
Nor from that head of enmitie, can my poore hearers meet  
The voyce of great *Atrides* now: now *Hehors* onely voyce  
Breakes all the ayre about both hosts, and with the very noyse  
Bred by his lowd encouragements, his forces fill the field,  
And fight the poore Achaians downe. But on, put thou my shield  
Betwixt the fire plague and our fleet: rush bravely on, and turne

V

W

Winter could the  
gold of fowls,  
as we see  
now this shun  
der.

Warres tide as headlong on their throates. No more let them aourne  
Our sweet home turning: but observe the charge I lay on thee,  
To each least point, that thy rul'd hand may highly honour me,  
And get such glory from the Greeks, that they may send againe  
My most sweet wench, and gifts to boote; when thou hast cast a raine  
On these sobhead strong citizens, and forc't them from our fleet.

With which grace, if the god of fowls, thy kinde egression greet;  
Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride, to see thy hand  
Raine slaughterd carkasses on earth) to runne forth thy command  
As farre as Iliou; lest the gods that favour Troy, come forth  
To thy encounter; for the Sunne; much loves it; and my worth  
(In what thou sufferst) will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend  
Assume an action of such weight, without me, and transend  
His friends prescription; doe not then affect a further fight,  
Then I may strengthen: let the rest, (when thou hast done this right)  
Performe the rest. \* O would to *Iove*, thou *Pallas*, and thou Sunne,  
That not a man house underneath those towres of Iliou,  
Nor any one of all the Greekes, (how infinite a summe  
Soever, altogether make) might live unovercome:  
But onely we two (scaping death) might have the thundering downe  
Of every stone, flucke in the wals of this so sacred towne.

Thus spake they onely twixt themselves. And now the foe no more  
Could *Ajax* stand, being soopprest with all the iron store  
The Troians pour dows with those darts, and with *Ioves* will beside,  
His powres were cloyd, and his bright helme, did deafning blowes abide,  
His plume, and all head \* ornaments, could never hang in rest:  
His arme yet labour'd up his shield, and having done their best,  
They could not stirre him from his stand, although he wrought it out  
With short respirings, and with sweat; that ceaselesse flow'd about  
His reeking limbs: no least time given, to take in any breath;  
Ill strengthened ill, when one was up, another was beneath.

Now Muses, you that dwell in heaven, the dreadfull meane inspire,  
That first enforc't the Grecian flete, to take in Trojan fire:  
First *Hector* with his huge broad sword, cut off, at setting on,  
The head of *Ajax* Athen lance; which *Ajax* seeing gone;  
And that he shooke a headlesse speare (a little while unware)  
His warie spirits told him straight, the hand of heaven was there,  
And trembl'd under his conceits; which was, \* that *twas Ioves* deed:  
Who, as he puld off his darts heads; so, sure he had decreed  
That all the counsels of their warre, he would poll off like it,  
And give the Troians victory: so trusted he his wit,  
And left his darts. And then the ship was heapt with horrid brands  
Of kindling fire; which instantly was seene through all the strands,  
In unextinguishible flames, that all the ship embrac't:  
And then *Achilles* beate his thighs; cryed out, *Patroclus*, halfe,  
Make way with horse; I see at fire, a fire of fearfull rage:  
Arme, arme, left all our flect it fire, and all our powre engage;  
Arme quickly, Ile bring up the troupes. To these so dreadfull warres,

*Patroclus*

*Patroclus*, in *Achilles* armes, enlightned all with starres,  
And richly ameld all halfe made: he wore his sword, his shield,  
His huge-plum'd helme, and two such speares, as he could nimbly wield.  
But the most fam'd *Achilles* speare, big, solid, full of weight,  
He onely left, of all his armes; for that, farre past the might  
Of any Greeke to shake, but his; *Achilles* onely ire  
Shooke that huge weapon, that was given by *Cheyron* to his Sire,  
Cut from the top of Pelion, to be *Hecroes* deaths.  
His flects, *Automedon* straight ioynd; like whom no man that breaths  
(Next *Pelem* sonne) *Patroclus* lov'd; for like him, none so great  
He found, in faith, at every fight, nor to out-looke a threat:  
*Automedon* did therefore guide (for him) *Achilles* flects,  
(*Xanthius*, and *Balius* (swift as winde) begotten by the seeds  
Of *Zephyr*, and the *Harpie* borne, *Pordarge*, in a meade  
Close to the wavie Ocean, where that fierce *Harpye* feade.  
*Automedon* ioynd these before, and with the hindmost geres,  
He fastn'd famous *Pedafus*, whom from the massacres  
Made by *Achilles*, when he tooke *Eetions* wealthy towne,  
He brought, and (though of mortall race) yet gave him the renowne  
To follow his immortal horse. And now, before his tents,  
Himselfe had seene his Myrmidons, in all habiliments  
Of dreadfull warre: And when ye see (upon a mountain bred)  
A den of Wolves, (about whose hearts unmeasur'd strength, are fed)  
New come from currie of a Stagge; their iawes all bloud-befmeard;  
And when from some blacke water-fount, they altogether herd;  
There having plentifully lapt, with thin, and thrust out tongues,  
The top and clearest of the spring, goe belching from their lungs  
The clotted gore, looke dreadfully, and entertaine no dread,  
Their bellies gaunt, all taken up with being so rawly fed:  
Then lay, that such, in strength, and looke, were great *Achilles* men,  
Now order'd for the dreadfull fight: and so with all them then  
Their Princes, and their Chieftes did show, about their Generals friend,  
His friend, and all about himselfe: who chiefly did intend  
Th'embattelling of horse and foot. To that siege, held so long,  
Twise five and twenty saile he brought, twice five and twenty strong  
Of able men, was every saile: five Colonels he made  
Of all those forces, trustie men, and all of powre to leade,  
But he, of powre beyond them all, *Menebbius* was one,  
That ever wore discolour'd armes; he was a rivers sonne  
That fell from heaven, and good to drinke was his delightfull streame:  
His name, unwearied *Sperchius*, he lov'd the lovely dame,  
Faile *Polydora*, *Pelem* seed; and deare in *Borus* sight,  
And he, to that celestiall fload, gave this *Menebbius* light:  
A woman, mixing with a god. Yet *Borus* bore the name  
Of father to *Menebbius*: he marrying the dame,  
And giving her a mightie dowre; he was the kinde descent  
Of *Perieris*. The next man, renown'd with regiment,  
Was strong *Eudorus*, brought to life, by one supposed a maide;

*Automedon*,  
*Peleus* sonne  
was of *Achilles*  
loyer.

A simile to  
lowly expression.

The power of  
divine by sight  
to Troy.

V 3

Bright

Bright *Polymela* (*Phylas* seed) but had the wanton plaid,  
 With *Argus*-killing *Mercurie*, who (fir'd with her faire eyes  
 As she was singing in the quire, of her that makes the cries  
 In clamorous hunting, and doth beare the crooked bow of gold)  
 Stole to her bed, in shar chaste roome, that *Phoebe* chaff did hold,  
 And gave her that swift-warlike sonne, (*Eudorus*) brought to light,  
 As she was dancing: but as thooone as she that rules the plight  
 Of labouring women, calde her throws, and shew'd her sonne the Sunne,  
 Strong *Echelus*, *Aiors* heire, woo'd earnestly, and wonne  
 Her second favour, seeing her with gifts of infinite price,  
 And after brought her to his house, where, in his grandfires eyes,  
 (Old *Phylas*) *Polymela* sonne, obtained exceeding grace,  
 And found as carefull bringing up, as of his naturall race  
 He had descended. The third chiefe was faire *Memelides*  
*Pysandrus*, who in skill of darts, obtaind supremest praise  
 Of all the *Myrmidons*, except, their Lords companion:  
 The fourth charge aged *Phenix* had. The fifth, *Alcimedon*,  
 Sonne of *Laercus*, and much fam'd. All these digested thus  
 In fit place, by the mightie sonne of royall *Peleus*,  
 This sterne remembrance he gave all: You *Myrmidons*, (said he)  
 Left any of you should forget his threatnings usde to me  
 In this place; and through all the time that my iust anger rain'd,  
 Attempting me with bitter words, for being so restrain'd  
 (For my hot humour) from the fight: remember them, as these:  
 Thou cruell sonne of *Peleus*, whom she that rules the seas,  
 Did onely nourish with her gall; thou dost ungetly hold  
 Our hands against our wils from fight; we will not be controld,  
 But take our ships, and saile for home; before we loyter here,  
 And feed thy furie. These high words, exceeding often were  
 The threats, that in your matinous troupes, ye usde to me, for wrath  
 To be detain'd so from the field: now then, your spleenes may bath  
 In sweate of those great workes ye wilt; now he that can employ  
 A generous heart, goe fight, and fright these bragging sonnes of Troy.  
 This set their mindes and strengths on fire, the speech enforcing well,  
 Being usde in time, but being their kings, it much more did impell;  
 And closer rush in all the troupes. And, as for buildings hie,  
 The Mason layes his stones more thicke, against th'extremities  
 Of winde and weather; and even then, if any storme arise,  
 He thickens them the more for that; the present a& so plies  
 His honest minde to make sure worke. So for the high estate  
 This worke was brought to, these mens minds (according to the rate)  
 Were rais'd, and all their bodies ioynd: but their well-spoken King,  
 With his so timely-thought-on speech, more sharpe made valours sting;  
 And thicken'd so their targets boss; so all their helmets then,  
 That shields propt shields, helmes, helmets knockt, and men encourag'd men.  
*Patroclus*, and *Antomedon*, did arme before them all  
 Two bodies with one minde inform'd; and then the Generall  
 Besooke him to his private Tent, where (from a coffer wrought

*Eudorus borne  
 of Polymela his  
 on this was  
 dancing.*

*Memelides the  
 third Colonnell.*

*Phenix the  
 fourth,  
 Alcimedon the  
 fifth.*

*Achilles to his  
 Myrmidons.*

*male.*

*Patroclus and  
 Antomedon  
 were together.*

Most rich and curiously; and given by *Thetis*, to be brought  
 In his owne ship, top-fill'd with vests, warme robes to checke cold wind,  
 And tapistries, all golden fring'd, and curl'd with thumbs behind:  
 Heooke a most unvalued bowle, in which none dranke but he,  
 Nor he, but to the deities, nor any deitie,  
 But *Iove* himselfe was serv'd with that; and that he first did cense  
 With sulphure, then with fluences of sweetest water rensle:  
 Then walt his hands, and drew himselfe a mighty bowle of wine,  
 Which (standing midst the place enclos'd for services divine,  
 And looking up to heaven and *Iove*, who saw him well) he pour'd  
 Vpon the place of sacrifice, and humbly thus implor'd:

*Achilles sacrifice  
 for his friends  
 safe returne.*

Great *Dodoneus*, President of cold *Dodoneas* towres;  
 Divine *Pelagicus*, that dweltst farre hence, about whole bowres  
 Th'haustere prophetique *Selli* dwell, that still sleepe on the ground,  
 Goe bare, and never cense their feet: as I before have found  
 Grace to my vows, and hurt to Greece, so now my prayers intend,  
 I still stay in the gatherd flecte, but have dismiss my friend,  
 Amongst my many *Myrmidons*, to danger of the dart.  
 O grant his valour my renowne, arme with my minde his heart,  
 That *Heftors* selfe may know, my friend can worke in single warre;  
 And not then onely shew his hands, so hot and singular,  
 When my kinde presence seconds him: but, fight he nere so well,  
 No further let him trust his fight: but, when he shall repell  
 Clamor and danger from our flecte, vouchsafe a safe retreat  
 To him and all his companies, with fames and armes compleate.

*Achilles in va-  
 cation.*

He prayd, and heavens great Counsellor gave satisfying care,  
 To one part of his orisons, but left the other there:  
 He let him free the flecte of foes, but safe retreat denide.  
*Achilles* left that utter part, where he his zeale applide;  
 And turn'd into his inner tent, made fast his cup, and then  
 Stood forth, and with his minde beheld the foes fight and his men,  
 That follow'd his great minded friend, embattail'd, till they brake  
 With gallant spirit upon the foe: and as fell waspes, that make  
 Their dwellings in the broad high way, which foolish children use  
 (Their cottages being neare their neasts) to anger and abuse  
 With ever vexing them, and breed (to sooth their childish warre)  
 A common ill to many men, since if a traveller  
 (That would his iourneys end apply, and passe them unassayd)  
 Come neare and vex them, upon him the childrens faults are layd;  
 For on they flye, as he were such, and still defend their owne:  
 So far'd it with the fervent minde of every *Myrmidon*,  
 Who pour'd themselves out of their flecte, upon their wanton foes,  
 That needs would stirre them, thrust so neare, and cause the overthrowes  
 Of many others that had else beene never toucht by them,  
 Nor would have toucht. *Patroclus* then put his winde to the streame,  
 And thus exhorted: Now my friends, remember you expresse  
 Your late urg'd vertue and renowne, our great *Assides*;  
 That he being strongest of all the Greeks, his eminence may dimme

*simile.*

*Patroclus to the  
 Myrmidons.*

And others likewise in our strengths, that farre off imitate him.

And *Agamemnon* now may see his fault as generall,  
As his place high, dishonouring him, that so much honours all.

Thus made he sparkle their trelth fire, and on they rush; the fleet  
Fild full her hollow sides with sounds, that terribly did greet  
Th' amazed Troians: and their eyes did second their amaze,

The terror of  
Patroclus to the  
Troians.

When great *Menelaus* sonne they saw, and his friends armour blaze;  
All troupes stood troubl'd with conceit, that *Peleus* sonne was there,  
His anger cast off at the ships, and each lookt every where  
For some authoritie to leade, the then prepared flight.

*Patroclus* greeted with a lance, the region where the fight  
Made strongest tumult; neare the ship, *Proteus* brought,  
And brooke *Pyrrhus*, who before the faire-helm'd *Pæons* fought,  
Led from *Amydon*, neare whose wals, the broad stream'd *Axiu* flows.

Proteus led  
by Patroclus,  
and the ships  
rejoiced.

Through his right shoulder flew the dart, whose blow strooke all the blowes  
In his powre, from his powreflesse arme, and downe he groning fell:  
His men all flying (their Leader fled.) This one dart did repell

The whole guard plac'd about the ship, whose fire extinct, halfe burn'd  
The *Pæons* left her, and full cry to clamorous flight return'd.

Simile.

Then spread the Greekes about their ships, triumphant tumult flow'd:  
And as from top of some steepe hill, the lightner strips a cloud,  
And lets a great skie out from heaven, in whole delightome light;  
All prominent foreheads, forreils, towres, and temples clear the sight:  
So clear'd these Greekes, this Trojan cloud, and at their ships and tents  
Obtain'd a little time to breathe, but found no present vents  
To their inclusions; nor did Troy (though these *Pæonians* fled)  
Lo'e any ground, but from this ship, they needfully turn'd head.

Then every man, a man subdued, *Patroclus* in the thigh  
Strooke *Arcilicus*; his dart, the bone did breake, and flye  
Quite through, and sunke him to the earth. Good *Menelaus* flew  
Accomplish't *Thoon*, in whose breast (being nak'd) his lance he threw  
Above his shield, and freed his soule. *Phylides* (taking note  
That bold *Amphidamus* bent at him) prevented him, and smote  
His thighes extreme part, where (of man) his fattest muscle lies,  
The nerves torne with his lances pile, and darknesse clofde his eyes.

*Antilocheus*, *Aymnius* seiz'd, his Steele lance did impresse  
His first three guts, and loof'd his life. At yong *Nestorides*,  
*Mars*, *Aymnius* brother flew, and at him, *Thrasimed*,  
(The brother to *Antilocheus*) his eager Javelins head,  
The muscles of his arme cut out, and shiver'd all the bones;  
Night clofde his eyes, his livelesse corse, his brother fell upon.

And so by two kinde brothers hands, did two kinde brothers bleed:  
Both being divine *Sarpedons* friends, and were the darting seed  
Of *Amisodarus*, that kept the bane of many men,  
Abhor'd *Chimera*, and such bane, now caught his children.

*Aiax Oileades* did take *Cleobulus* alive,  
Invading him, (slaid by the prease) and at him then let drive,  
With his short sword, that cut his necke; whose blood warm'd all the Steele:

And

And cold Death, with a violent fate, his fable eyes did feele.

*Peneleus* and *Lycus*, cast together off their darts;

Both mist, and both together then, went with their swords; in parts

The blade and hilt went, laying on upon the helmets height;

*Peneleus* sword caught *Lycus* necke, and cut it thorough quite.

His head hung by the very skin: The swift *Meriones*

(Pursuing flying *Acamas*) iust as he got access

To horse and chariot, overtooke, and tooke him such a blow

On his right shoulder, that he left his chariot, and did strow

The dustie earth; life left his limbs, and night his eyes posselt.

*Idomeneus* his sterne dart, at *Erymas* addrest,

As (like to *Acamas*) he fled, he cut the sundry bones

Beneath his braine, betwixt his necke and foreparts, and so runs

(Shaking his teeth out) through his mouth, his eyes all drown'd in blood:

So through his nostrils and his mouth (that now dart-open stood)

He breath'd his spirit. Thus had death from every Grecian Chiefe

A Chiefe of Troy. For, as to Kids or Lambs, their cruell thief

(The Wolfe) steals in, and when he sees, that by the shepherds sloth,

The dams are sperft about the hills; then serves his ravenous rooth

With ease, because his prey is weaker: So serv'd the Greekes their foes,

Discerning well how shrieking flight did all their spirits dispose,

Their biding vertues quite forgot, and now the naturall spleene

That *Aiax* bore to *Hector*, still, by all means would have benee

Within his bosome with a dart: but he that knew the warre,

(Well cover'd in a well-lin'd shield) did well perceive how farre

The arrowes and the javelins reacht, by being within their sounds

And ominous singings; and observ'd the there-inclining bounds

Of Conquest, in her aide of him, and so obey'd her change;

Tooke safest course for him and his, and stood to her as strange.

And as when *Iove* intends a storme, he lets out of the staires,

From steepe Olympus, a blacke cloud that all heavens splendor barres

From men on earth: so from the hearts of all the Trojan host,

All comfort lately found from *Iove*, in sight and cries was lost.

Nor made they any faire retreat; *Hectors* unruly horse

Would needs retire him; and he left engag'd his Trojan force,

Forc't by the steepnesse of the dike, that in ill place they tooke,

And kept them that would faine have gone. Their horses quite forsooke

A number of the Trojan kings, and left them in the dike;

Their chariots in their forecames broke. *Patroclus* then did strike

While Steele was hot, and chear'd his friends, nor meant his enemies good:

Who when they once began to flye, each way receiv'd a floud,

And chok't themselves with drifts of dust. And now were clouds begot

Beneath the clouds; with flight, and noise, the horse neglected not

Their home intendments, and where rout was basest, there pour'd on

*Patroclus* most exhorts and threats; and then lay overthrowne

Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who (lying in flights streame)

Made th' after chariots iot and jumpe, in driving over them.

Th'immortall horse *Patroclus* rode, did passe the dike with ease,

Simile.

Simile.

And

And with the depth and danger more: and *Meneias*  
As great a spirit had to reach, retiring *Hectors* haist;  
But his fleet horse had too much law, and fetcht him off too fast.  
And as in Autumne the blacke earth is loaden with the stormes,  
That *Iove* in gluts of raine pourses downe, being angry with the formes  
Of iudgement in authorisde men, that in their courts maintaine  
(With violent office) wrestled lawes, and (fearing gods, nor men)  
Exile all iustice, for whose faults, whose fields are overflowne,  
And many valleys cut away, with torrents headlong throwne,  
From neighbour mountaines; till the sea receive them, roling in;  
And iudg'd mens labours then are vaine, plagu'd for their Iudges sin:  
So now the foule defaults of some, all Troy were laid upon:  
So like those torrents roard they backe to windie Iliou;  
And lo like tempests blew the horse, with ravishing backe againe  
Those hot assailants, all their workes at fleet now rendred vaine.

*Patroclus* (when he had dispers'd the formost Phalanxes)  
Caid backe his force to the fleet, and would not let them prease.  
(As they desir'd too neare the towne, but twixt the ships and floud,  
And their steepe rampire, his hand steere. Revenge in seas of bloud.

Then *Pronous* was first that fell beneath his fierie lance,  
Which strooke his bare breast, neare his shield. The second, *Thestors* chance,  
(Old *Enops* sonne) did make himselfe, who thrinking, and set close  
In his faire seat (even with thapproch, *Patroclus* made) did lose  
All manly courages; inso much, that from his hands, his raines  
Fell flowing downe, and his right jaw, *Patroclus* lance attaines;  
Strooke through his teeth, and there it stucke, and by it, to him drew  
Dead *Thestor* to his chariot; it shew'd, as when you view  
An Angler from some prominent rocke, draw with his line and hooke,  
A mightie fish out of the sea: for so the Greeke did plucke  
The Trojan gaping from his seat; his jawes opt with the dart,  
Which when *Patroclus* drew, he fell, his life and breast did part.

Then rusht he on *Eryalus*, at whom he hurld a stone,  
Which strake his head so in the midst, that two was made of one;  
Two wayes it fell, cleft through his cask: and then *Tlepolemus*,  
*Epates*, *Damastorides*, *Evippus*, *Echius*,  
*Iphias*, bold *Amphoterus*, and valiant *Erymas*,  
And *Polymelus* (by his Sire, firmand *Argadeus*)  
He heap't upon the much-sed earth. When *Iovers* most worthy sonne  
(Divine *Sarpedon*) saw these friends thus stayd, and others runne;

O shame! why flye ye then he cride? now shew ye fectre now:  
On, keepe your way, my selfe will meete the man that startles you:  
To make me understand his name, that flants in conquest thus,  
And hath so many able knees, so soone dissolv'd to us.

Downe tumpt he from his chariot, downe leapt his foe as light:  
And as on some farre-looking rocke, a cast of Vultures fight,  
Flye on each other, strike, and trusse, part, meete, and then sticke by,  
Tug, both with crooked beakes, and feres; cry, fight; and fight and cry:  
So fiercely fought these angry Kings, and shew'd as bitter galls.

*Iove* (turning eyes to this steme fight) his wife and sister calls,  
And much mov'd for the Lycian Prince) said: O that to my soonne,  
Fate, by this day, and man should cut a thread so nobly spunne.  
Two mindes distract me; if I should now ravish him from fight,  
And let him safe in Lycia, or give the Fates their right.

*Aulster Saturnius*, (the replide) what unitt words are these?  
A mortall long since markt by Fate, wouldst thou immortalize?  
Doe, but by no god be approv'd, free him, and numbers more  
(Sonnes of immortals) will live free, that death must taste before  
These gates of Iliou, every god will have his sonne a god,  
Or storme extremely. Give him then an honest period,  
In brave fight, by *Patroclus* sword, if he be deare to thee,  
And grieves thee, for his danger'd life: of which, when he is free,  
Let *Death* and *Somnus* beare him hence, till *Lycias* naturall wombe  
Receive him from his brothers hands, and citizens; a Tombe  
And columne rais'd to him; this is the honour of the dead.

She said, and her speech rul'd his powre: but in his safeties stead,  
For sad ostent of his neare death, he steep't his living name  
In drops of bloud, heaven swet for him, which earth drunke to his fame.

And now, as this high combat grew, to this too humble end;  
*Sarpedons* death had this state more, twas usher'd by his friend,  
And charioteere, brave *Tbraimud*, whom in his bellies rim,  
*Patroclus* wounded with his lance, and endlesse ended him.

And then another act of name, foreranne his princely fate;  
His first lance missing, he let flie a second that gave date  
Of violent death to *Pedafus*, who (as he joy'd to die  
By his so honourable hand) did (even in dying) ney.

His ruine start'd th'other flects, the geres cracke, and the raines  
Strapp'd his fellowes; whose mis rule, *Automedon* restraines,  
By cutting the intangling geres, and so disundering quite;  
The brave-laine Beast, when both the rest obey'd, and went foreight:  
And then the royall combatants fought for the final stroke,  
When *Lycias* Generall mist againe, his high-raisd iaveline tooke  
Above his shoulder, empte way. But no such speedlesse fight  
*Patroclus* let his speare performe, that on the breast did light,  
Of his brave foe, where lifes strings close about the solid heart,  
Impressing a recurelesse wound, his knees then left their part,  
And let him fall; when like an Oke, a Poplar, or a Pine,  
New feld by arts-men on the hills, he stretcht his forme divine  
Before his horse and chariot. And as a Lyon leapes  
Vpon a goodly yellow Bull, drives all the herd in heapes,  
And under his unconquerd jawes, the brave beast fighting dies:  
So fight'd *Sarpedon* underneath, this prince of enemies,  
Caid *Glancus* to him (his deare friend, and said: Now friend, thy hands  
Much dutie owe to fight, and armes; now for my love, it stands  
Tby heart in much hand to approve, that warre is harmefull, now  
How active all thy forces are, this one hours act must show.  
First call our *Lycian* Captaines up, looke round, and bring up all,

*Iove to Juno*  
about the fate of  
*Sarpedon*.

*Iuno to Iove*.

*Sarpedon* kills  
*Pedafus*, one of  
*Achilles* army.

The last encounter  
of *Sarpedon*  
and *Patroclus*.

*Simile*.

*Sarpedon* dying,  
to *Glancus* his  
friend

And all exhort, to stand like friends about *Sarpedon's* fall;  
And spend thy selfe thy Steele for me: for be assur'd, no day  
Of all thy life, to thy last houre, can cleare thy blacke dismay  
In woe and infamie for me; if I be taken hence,  
Spoil'd of mine armes; and thy renowne depoyld of my defence.  
Stand firme then, and confirme thy men. This said, the bound of death  
Concluded all fight to his eyes, and to his nostrills breath.

*Patroclus* (though his guard was strong) forc't way through every doubt:  
Climb'd his high bofome with his foot, and pluckt his javelin out,  
And with it drew the filme and strings of his yet-panting heart;  
And last, together with the pile, his princely soule did part.

His horse (spoyld both of guide and King, thicke snoring, and amaz'd,  
And apt to flight) the Myrmidons made nimble to, and scaz'd.

*Glaukus*, to heare his friend aske aide, of him past all the rest,  
(Though well he knew his wound uncur'd) confusion fild his brest,  
Not to have good in any power; and yet so much good will.

And (laying his hand upon his wound, that pain'd him sharply still;  
And was by *Teucers* hand set on, from their affai'd steepe wall,

In keeping hurt from other men) he did on *Phabus* call  
(The god of Med'cines) for his cure: thou king of cures (said he)

That art perhaps in Lycia, with her rich progenie,  
Or here in Troy, but any where, since thou hast powre to heare;

O give a hurt, and wofull man (as I am now) thine care.  
This arme sustaines a cruell wound, whose paines shoot every way,

Afflict this shoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can stay,  
A fluxe of blood still issuing; nor therefore can I stand

With any enemy in fight, nor hardly make my hand  
Support my lance; and herelyes dead the worthiest of men;

*Sarpedon*, worthy sonne to *Jove*, (whose power could yet abstaine  
From all aid in this deadly need) give thou then aide to me,

(O King of all aide to men hurt) aswage th'extremitie  
Of this armes anguish; give it strength, that by my president,

I may excite my men to blowes; and this dead corse prevent  
Of further violence. He praid, and kinde *Apollo* heard,

Allayd his anguish, and his wound of all the blacke blood cleard,  
That vext it so, infusde fresh powres into his weakened minde,

And all his spirits flow'd with joy, that *Phabus* stood inclin'd  
(In such quicke bountie) to his prayers. Then, as *Sarpedon* wild,

He cast about his greedy eye, and first of all inkill'd  
To all his Captaines, all the stings that could inflame their fight;

For good *Sarpedon*. And from them, he stretcht his speedy pace,  
To *Agenor*, *Heitor*, *Venus* sonne, and wife *Polydamas*;

And (onely naming *Heitor*) said: *Heitor*, you now forget  
Your poore auxilliary friends, that in your toyles have sweet

Their friendlesse soules out farre from home; *Sarpedon* that sustain'd  
With iustice, and his vertues all, broad Lycia hath not gain'd

The like guard for his person here, for yonder dead he lies  
Beneath the great *Patroclus* lance: but come, let your supplies

*Glaukus blinz  
cur'd by Heitor*

(Good friends) stand neare him: O disdaine to see his corse defil'd  
With Grecian furie; and his armes, by their oppressions spoyld,  
The Myrmidons are come enrag'd, that such a mighty boote  
Of Greekes, Troyes darts have made at fleece. This said, from head to foot  
Griefe strooke their powres, past patience, and not to be restrain'd,  
To heare newes of *Sarpedon's* death, who, though he appertain'd  
To other cities, yet to theirs, he was the very Fort,  
And led a mighty people there; of all whose better sort,  
Himselfe was best. This made them runne in flames upon the foe,  
The first man, *Heitor* to whole heart, *Sarpedon's* death did goe:

*Patroclus* stir'd the Grecian spirits; and first, th' *Aiaces* thus:  
Now brothers, be it deare to you to fight and succour us,  
As ever heretofore yedid, with men first excellent.

The man lyes slaine, that first did scale and raze the battlement;  
That crown'd our wall, the Lycian Prince. But if we now shall adde  
Force to his corse, and spoyle his armes, a prize may more be had  
Of many great ones, that for him, will put on to the death.

To this worke, these were prompt enough, and each side ordereth  
Those Phalanxes that most had rate of resolutions,  
The Troians and the Lycian powres; the Greekes and Myrmidons.  
These ranne together for the corse, and clofde with horrid cries,  
Their armours thundring with the claps, laid on about the prize.  
And *Jove* about th'impetuous broyle, pernicious night pour'd out,  
As long as for his loved sonne, pernicious Labour fought.

The first of Troy, the first Greekes foil'd, when not the last indeed,  
Amongst the Myrmidons was slaine: the great *Aiacus* seed;

Divine *Epigeus*, that before had exercise command  
In faire *Budens*; but because he laid a bloody hand  
On his owne sisters valiant sonne; to *Peleus* and his Queene,  
He came for pardon, and obtain'd; His slaughter being the meane  
He came to Troy, and so to this. He ventur'd even to touch  
The princely carcase, when a stone did more to him, by much;

(Sent out of able *Heitors* hand) it cut his skull in twaine,  
And strooke him dead. *Patroclus* (griev'd to see his friend so slaine)  
Before the foremost thrust himselfe; and as a Faulcon frays  
A flocke of Stares or Caddesses; such feare brought his assays  
Amongst the Troians and their friends; and (angry at the heart,  
As well as griev'd for him so slaine: another stony dart,  
As good as *Heitors*, he let flie, that dashed in the necke  
Of *Sthenelaw*, thrust his head to earth first, and did breake  
The nerves in sander, with his fall; off fell the Troians too,  
Even *Heitors* selfe, and all as farr as any man can throw,  
(Provokt for games, or in the warres, to shed an enemies soule)  
A light, long dart. The first that turn'd, was he that did controule  
The Targaters of Lycia; Prince *Glaukus*, who to hell  
Sent *Bathyclaw*, *Chalcous* sonne; he did in *Hellas* dwell,  
And shin'd for wealth and happinesse, amongst the Myrmidons;  
His bofomes midst the javeline strooke, his fall gat earth with grones.

*Patroclus* to the  
Grecians, and  
particularly to  
bail the *Aiaces*.

*Simile.*

X

The

(Good

The Greekes griev'd, and the Troians joy'd, for so renown'd a man,  
About whom stood the Grecians firme: and then the death began  
On Troyes side by *Meriones*; he slue one great in warre,  
*Laogonus*, *Oresters* sonne, the Priest of *Iupiter*,  
Created in th' *Idean* hill. Betwixt his jaw and eare  
The dart sticke fast, and loofte his soule, sad mist of Hate and Feare  
Invading him. *Anchises* sonne, dispatcht a brazen lance  
At bold *Meriones*; and hop't to make an equall chance  
On him, with bold *Laogonus*; though under his broad shield  
He lay so close. But he discern'd, and made his body yeeld  
So low, that over him it flew, and trembling tooke the ground;  
With which, *Mars* made it quench his thirst; and since the head could wound  
No better body, and yet throwne from nere the worse a hand,  
It turn'd from earth, and lookt awry. *Aeneas* let it stand,  
Much angry at the vaine vent; and told *Meriones*,  
He scap't but hardly, nor had cause to hope for such successe  
Another time, though well he knew his dancing facultie,  
By whose agilitie he scap't; for had his dart gone by  
With any least touch, instantly, he had bene ever slaine.

*Excessus est aut  
Meriones:*

*Meriones: o  
Aeneas.*

He answer'd: though thy strength be good, it cannot render vaine  
The strength of others with thy iests; nor art thou so divine,  
But when my lance shall touch at thee, with equall speed to thine,  
Death will share with it, thy lifes powres, thy confidence can shun  
No more then mine, what his right claimes. *Menestius* noble sonne  
Rebuk't *Meriones*, and said: What needst thou use this speech?  
Not thy strength is approv'd with words, (good friend) nor can we reach  
The body, nor make th' enemy yeeld, with these our counterbraves;  
We must enforce the binding earth, to hold them in her graves.  
If you will warre, Fight, will you speake? give counsell, counsell, blowes  
Are th' ends of warres, and words; talke here, the time in vaine bestowes.

He said, and led, and nothing lesse, for any thing he said,  
(His speech being season'd with such right) the Worthy seconded.  
And then, as in a founding vale, (neare neighbour to a hill)  
Wood-fellers make a farre-heard noise with chopping, chopping still,  
And laying on, on blockes and trees: so they, on men laid lode,  
And beate like noyses into ayre, both as they strooke and trod.  
But (past their noise) so full of bloud, of dust, of darts, lay smit  
Divine *Sarpedon*, that a man must have an excellent wit,  
That could but know him, and might faile: so from his utmost head,  
Even to the low plants of his feet, his forme was altered.  
All thrusting neare it every way, as thicke as flies in spring,  
That in a sheepe-cote (when new milke assembles them) make wing,  
And buzze about the top-full pailles: nor ever was the eye  
Of *Iove* averted from the fight, he view'd, thought ceaselesly,  
And diversly upon the death, of great *Achilles* friend:  
If *Hektor* there (to wreake his sonne) should with his javeline end  
His life, and force away his armes, or still augment the field;  
He then concluded that the flight of much more soule, should yeeld

*Similes*

*Achilles*

*Achilles* good friend more renown'd; and that, even to their gates  
He should drive *Hektor* and his host: and so disanimates  
The minde of *Hektor*, that he mounts his chariot, and takes flight  
Up with him, tempting all to her; affirming his insight  
Knew evidently, that the beame of *Ioves* all-ordering sfoles,  
Was then in sinking on their side, sarcharg'd with flocks of soules.

Then, not the noble *Lycian* staid, but left his slaughterd Lord  
Amongst the corpes common heape; for many more were pour'd  
About, and on him; while *Ioves* hand held out the bitter broyle.  
And now they spoild *Sarpedons* armes, and to the ships the spoyle  
Was sent by *Menestades*. Then *Iove*, thus charg'd the Summe:

Haste, honour'd *Phabus*, let no more Greeke violence be done  
To my *Sarpedon*, but his corse, of all the fable bloud  
And javelins purg'd, then carry him farre hence to some cleare fould,  
With whose waves wash, and then embalme each thorough-cleaned lim,  
With our *Ambrosia*, which perform'd, divine weeds put on him:  
And then to those swift mates and twins, sweet Sleep and Death commit  
His princely person, and with speed, they both may carry it  
To wealthy *Lycia*, where his friends and brothers will embrace,  
And toombe it in some monument, as fits a Princes place.

*Iove to Phabus*

Then flew *Apollo* to the fight, from the *Idalian* hill,  
At all parts putting into act, his great Commanders will:  
Drew all the darts, wash't, balm'd the curse; which (deckt with ornament,  
By Sleep and Death, those featherd twins) he into *Lycia* sent

*At the sends 'em  
pedons body by  
Sleep and Death  
to Lycia.*

*Patroclus* then, *Antomedon* commands to give his steeds  
Large raines, and all way to the chace: so madly he exceeds  
The strict commission of his friends; which had he kept, had kept  
A blacke death from him. But *Ioves* minde hath evermore outstept  
The minde of man; who both affrights and takes the victory  
From any hardest hand with ease; which he can iustifie,  
Though he himselfe commands him fight: as now he put this chace  
In *Menestades* his minde. How much then weighs the grace  
(*Patroclus*?) that *Iove* gives thee now, in sfoles put with thy death?  
Of all these great and famous mee, the honourable breath.

Of which, *Adrestus* first he slue, and next *Antemius*;  
*Epifora*, and *Perimius*, *Pylartes*, *Blafus*,  
Swift *Mentalippus*, *Molius*; all these were overthrowne  
By him, and all else, put in rout, and then proud *Ilion*  
Had stoopt beneath his glorious hand. he rag'd so with his lance,  
If *Phabus* had not kept the towre, and helpe the *Ilians*,  
Sustaining ill thoughts gainst the Prince. Thrice to the prominence  
Of Troyes steepe wall he bravely leapt: thrice *Phabus* thrust him thence:  
Obiecting all his dazling shield with his resistesse hand.  
But fourthly, when (like one of heaven) he would have stir'd his stand,  
*Apollo* threatned him, and said; Cease, it exceeds thy fate  
(Forward *Patroclus*) to expugne, with thy bold lance, this state,  
Nor under great *Achilles* powres, (to thine superiour farre)  
Lies Troyes grave ruine. When he spake, *Patroclus* left that warre:

*Patroclus (see-  
ing the rout of  
Troy, resisteth by  
Phabus.*

*Apollo threatens  
Patrius.*

Xa

Leapt



Leapt farre backe; and his anger shund. *Hektor* detain'd his horse  
Within the Scæan ports, in doubt to put his personall force  
Amongst the rout, and turne their heads, or shun in Troy the storme.

*Apollo* seeing his suspence, assum'd the goodly forme  
Of *Hektor's* uncle, *Astius*, the Phrygian *Dymas* sonne,  
Who neere the deepe Sangarius, had habitation;  
Being brother to the Trojan *Queene*. His shape *Apollo* tooke;  
And askt of *Hektor*, why his spirit, so cleare the fight forsooke;  
Affirming twas unfit for him: and wisht his forces were  
As much above his, as they mov'd in an inferiour sphere:  
He should (with shame to him) be gone; and so bad, drive away  
Against *Patroclus*, to approve, if he that gave them day,  
Would give the glory of his death, to his preferred lance.  
So left he him; and to the fight did his bright head advance;  
Mixt with the multitude, and stir'd soule tumult for the foe.  
Then *Hektor* bad *Cebriones* put on, him selfe let goe  
All other Greekes within his reach, and onely gave command  
To front *Patroclus*. He at him; jumpt downe, his strong left hand  
A lavelin held; his right, a stone, a marble sharpe; and such  
As his large hand had powre to gripe, and gave it strength so much  
As he could lye to: nor stood long in feare of that huge man  
That made against him; but full on, with his huge stone he ran  
Discharg'd, and drave it twixt the browes of hold *Cebriones*:  
Nor could the thicke bone there prepar'd, extenuate so th'access;  
But out it drave his broken eyes, which in the dust fell downe,  
And he divid after,; which conceit of diving, tooke the sonne  
Of old *Ateneus*, who thus plaid upon the others bane.

*Patroclus* lies  
at the foot of  
*Cebriones*.

O heavens! for truth, this Trojan was a passing active man;  
With what exceeding ease he dives! as if at worke he were  
Within the silthie seas. This man, alone would furnish cheare  
For twenty men, though twere a storme; to leape out of a faile,  
And gather Oylsters for them all; he does it here all well,  
And there are many such in Troy. Thus jested he so neare  
His owne grave death; and then made in to spoyle the Charioteere,  
With such a Lyons force, and fate, as often ruining,  
Stals of fat Oxen) gets at length, a mortall wound to sting  
His soule, out of that ravenous breast that was so insolent;  
And so his lifes blisse proves his bane: so deadly confident  
Wert thou *Patroclus* in pursuit of good *Cebriones*,  
To whose defence now *Hektor* leapt. The opposit addresse;  
These masters of the cry in warre, now made, was of the kinde  
Of two fierce kings of beasts, oppos'd, in strife about a Hiade  
Slaine on the forehead of a hill, both sharpe and hungry fer,  
And to the Currie never came, but like two Deaths they met:  
Nor these two entertain'd lesse minde of mutuall prejudice,  
About the body, close to which, when each had prest for prize,  
*Hektor* the head laid hand upon, which once gript, never could  
Be forc't from him; *Patroclus* then, upon the feet got hold,

A simile expres-  
sing *Patroclus*  
encounter and  
his fall.

And he pinch't with as sure a nail: so both stood tugging there,  
While all the rest made eager fight, and grapp'd every where:  
And as the East and South winde strive to make a lofty wood  
Bow to their greatnesse, barkie Elmes, wilde Albes, Beeches bow'd  
Even with the earth; in whose thicke armes the mightie vapours lie,  
And tosse by turnes, all, either way; their leaves at random flie,  
Boughs murmur, and their bodies cracke, and with perpetuall din,  
The Sylvens falter, and the stormes are never to begin:  
So rag'd the fight, and all from sight, pluckt her forgotten wings;  
While some still stucke, still new wing'd thasias flew dancing from their strings;  
Huge stones sent after, that did shake the shields about the corse,  
Who now (in dusts soft forehead stretch) forgot his guiding horse.

As long as *Phæbus* turn'd his wheels about the midst of heaven,  
So long the touch of eithers darts, the fals of both made even:  
But when his waine drew neere the West, the Greekes past measure were  
The abler souldiers, and so swept the Trojan tumult cleare  
From off the body, out of which, they drew the hurl'd in darts,  
And from his shoulders stript his armes, and then to more such parts  
*Patroclus* turn'd his striving thoughts, to doe the Troians ill:  
Thrice, like the god of warre, he charg'd; his voyce as horrible:  
And thrice nine those three charges slue, but in the fourth assay,  
O then *Patroclus*, threw'd thy last, the dreadfull Sunne made way  
Against that on-fer, yet the Prince discern'd no deitie,  
He kept the prease so, and besides, obscur'd his glorious eye  
With such felt darknesse. At his backe, he made a sodaine stand,  
And twixt his necke and shoulders laid downe-right with either hand,  
A blow so weightie, that his eyes a giddy darknesse tooke,  
And from his head, his three-plum'd helme, the bounding violence shooke,  
That rung beneath his horses hooves, and like a water spout,  
Was crush't together with the fall. The plumes that set it out,  
All spatter'd with blacke blood and dust, when ever heretofore  
It was a capitall offence, to have, or dust, or gore  
Defile a triple-feather'd helme, but on the head diving,  
And youthfull temples of their Prince, it us'd, untoucht, to shine.  
Yet now *Jove* gave it *Hektor's* hands, the others death was neare.  
Besides whose lost and filed helme, his huge long weightie speare,  
Well bound with iron in his hand, was shiver'd, and his shield  
Fell from his shoulders to his feet, the bawdricke strewing the field:  
His Cures left him, like the rest, and all this onely done  
By great *Apollo*. Then his minde, tooke in confusion,  
The vigorous knittings of his joynts, dissolv'd, and (thus dismay'd)  
A Dardan (one of *Panthus* sons) and one that overlaid  
All Troians of his place, with darts, swift footing, skill, and force.  
In noble horfemanthip, and one that tumbld from their horse,  
One after other, twenty men: and when he did but learne  
The art of warre; nay when he first did in the field discern  
A horse and chariot of his guide: this man, with all these parts  
(His name *Euphorbus*) comes behind, and twixt the shoulders darts

Simile.

And

X 3

Forlorne

Foillorne *Patroclus*, who yet liv'd, and th'other (getting forth His javelin) took him to his strength, nor durst he stand the worth Of thee *Patroclus*, though disarm'd; who yet (discomfited By *Phabus* and *Euphorbus* wound) the red heape of the dead He now too late found, and retir'd. When *Hector* saw him yeeld, And knew he yeelded with a wound, he scourg'd the armed field; Came close up to him, and both sides strooke quite through with his lance, He fell, and his most weightie fall, gave fit tune to his chance. For which, all Greece extremely mourn'd. And as a mightie strife About a little fount, begins and riseth to the life Of some fell Bore, resolv'd to drinke; when likewise to the spring A Lyon comes, alike dispos'd; the Bore thirsts, and his King, Both proud, and both will first be serv'd; and then the Lyon takes Advantage of his soveraigne strength, and th'other (fainting) makes Religne his thirst up with his blood: *Patroclus* (so enforc't When he had forc't so much brave life) was, from his owne divorc't.

*Hector* in this  
line, the *Lion*  
the *Bore* is  
the *Lion* is  
the *Bore* is

And thus his great divorcer brav'd; *Patroclus*, thy conceit, Gave thee th'ev'ision of our Troy; and to thy fleet a freight Of Trojan Ladies, their free lives, put all in bands by thee: But (too much prizer of thy selfe) all these are propt by me. For these, have my horse stretcht their hoofes, to this so long a warre, And I (farre best of Troy in armes) keepe off from Troy as farre; Even to the last beame of my life, their necessary day. And were (in place of us and ours) on thee shall Vultures prey, Poore wretch; nor shall thy mighty friend afford thee any aid, That gave thy parting much deepe charge, and this perhaps he said; Martiall *Patroclus*, turne not face, nor see my fleet before The cures from great *Hectors* breast, all guildd with his gore, Thou best in pieces: if thus vaine were his far-stretcht commands; As vaine was thy heart to beleve, his words lay in thy hands.

*Patroclus* in  
this line  
is the *Lion*

He languishing, replide: this proves thy glory worse then vaine, That when two gods have given thy hands, what their powres did obtaine, (They conquering, and they spoiling me, both of my armes and minde, It being a worke of ease for thy) thy soule should be so blinde, To oversee their evident deeds, and take their powres to thee; When, if the powres of twenty such, had dar'd t'encounter me, My lance had strew'd earth with them all, Thou onely dost obtaine A third place in my death, whom first a harmefull fate hath slaine Effect'd by *Latonas* sonne; second and first of men, *Euphorbus*. And this one thing more, concerns thee; note it then: Thou shalt not long survive thy selfe, nay, now Death calls for thee, And violent fate; *Achilles* lance shall make this good for me.

Thus death joynd to his words, his end; his soule tooke instant wing, And to the house that hath no lights, descended sorrowing For his sad fate, to leave him young, and in his ablest age, He dead, yet *Hector* askt him why, in that propheticke rage, He forspake him? when none knew, but great *Achilles* might Prevent his death; and on his lance, receive his latest light.

Thus

Thus setting on his side his foote he drew out of his wound, His brazen lance, and upwards cast the body on the ground; When quickly, while the dart was hot, he charg'd *Antomedon*, (Divine guide of *Achilles* steeds) in great contention, To seize him to: but his so swift and deathlike horse, that fetcht Their gift to *Peleus* from the gods, soone rap't him from his reach.

*Hector* charges  
on *Antomedon*  
for *Achilles*  
body.

## COMMENTARIVS.

• Αἰ γὰρ Ζεὺς τὸ μῆτιρ, &c. These last verses in the originall, by many anstere ancients have suffered expunction; as being unworthy the mouth of an Heroe, because he seems to make such a wish in them: which is as poorly conceited of the expungers, as the rest of the places in Homer, that have groined or laughed under their castigations, Achilles not out of his heart (which any true eye may see) wishing it; but out of a frolicke and delight some humour, being merry with his friend, which the verse following in part expresseth:

Ὅτι δὲ τὸ αὐτὸν αὐτὸν ἀντιπαραδίδωκεν.

Sic hi quidem talia inter se loquebantur. Inter se, intimating the meaning aforesaid. But our divine masters most ingenious imitating the life of things, (which is the soule of a Poeme) is never respected nor perceived by his Interpreters onely standing pedantically on the Grammar and words, utterly ignorant of the sense and grace of him.

• Τὸ δὲ Αἶακος ἄλλοι, &c. Εἰς ἃν αὐτὸν, &c. Agnovit autem *Aiax* in animo inculpato, opera deorum; ἡλικοναυτὸν: exhorruitque. Another most ingenious and spritfull imitation of the life, and ridiculous humour of *Aiax*, I must needs note here, because it flies all his Translators and Interpreters; who take it merely for serious, when it is apparently scotticall and ridiculous, with which our author would delight his understanding Reader; and mixe mirth with matter. He saith, that *Hector* cut off the head of *Aiax* lance, which he seeing, would needs affect a kinde of propheticke wisdom (with which he is never charged in Homer) and imagined strangely, the cutting off his lances head, cast a figure thus deepest as *Hector* cut off that, love would utterly cut off the heads of their counsels to that fight, and give the Troians victory: which to take seriously and gravely, is most dull (and as I may say) *Aianticall*: the voice νεος (which they expound *prædebat*, and indeed is *tondebat*, *signifying* most properly *tondeo*) helping well to decipher the Ironic. But to understand gravely that the cutting off his lances head, argu'd loves intent to cut off their counsels, and to allow the wit of *Aiax* for his so farre-fetched apprehension: I suppose no man can make lesse then idle, and misse. A plaine continuance therefore it is of *Aiax* humour, whom in divers other places he playes upon. as in likening him in the eleventh booke to a mille Ass, an elsewhere to be noted hereafter.

• Τὸ δὲ καὶ ὁ αὐτὸς τὸν ἑαυτοῦ σῶμα, &c. by Sleep and Death (which he ingeniously callst Twins) was the body of loves sonne *Sarpedon*, taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place, *Eustathius* doubts, whether truly and indeed it was transfer'd to Lycia: and he makes the cause of his doubt, this: that Death by Sleep are inania quædam, things empty and voides; ἡσυχία καὶ ἀναιμία, not solid or firme persons, ἀλλ' ἀναιμία καὶ ἡσυχία, but quæ nihil ferme possunt. And therefore hee thought there was a quoddam; that is, some voyd or empty sepulcher or monument prepared for that Heroe in Lycia, &c. or else makes another strange translation

translation of it by wonder, which Spondanus thinks to have happened truly, But rather would interpret it meerey and nakedly a poetick fiction. his reason I will forbear to utter, because it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and grave Eustathius, would doubt whether Sleepe and Death carried Sarpedons person personally to Lycia: or not rather make no question of the contrary? Homer nor any Poets end in such poetick relations, being to as-  
 firme the truth of things personally done, but to please with the truth of their matchlesse wits, and some worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would Homer have any one believe the personall transporence of Sarpedon by Sleepe & Death, but onely varieth and graceth his Poeme with these Protopopceias, and delivers us this most ingenious and grave doctrine in it: that the Heroes body, for which both those mightie Hosts so mightily contended, Sleepe and Death (those same quædam inania) tooke from all their personall and solid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that from all the bitterest and deadliest conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleepe and Death, when their worst is done, delivers and transfers men: a little mocking withall, the vehement and greedy prosecutions of tyrants and souldiers against, or for that, which two such deedlesse poore things takes from all their Emperie. And yet, against Eustathius manner of sleighting their powers, what is there of all things belonging to man, so powerfull over him as Death and Sleep? And why may not our Homer (whose words I hold with Spondanus ought to be an undisputable deed and authority with us) as well personate Sleepe and Death, as all men besides personate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c. Thus onely where the sence and soule of my most worthily revered Author is abused, or not scene, I still insist; and gleame these few poore corne eares after all other mens barnefts.

The end of the sixteenth Booke.

THE



## THE XVII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** Dreadfull fight about Patroclus corse.  
 Euphorbus slaine by Menelaus force.  
 Hector, in th' armour of Æacides.  
 Antilocrus, relaying the defence  
 Of slaine Patroclus, to saue Thetis sonne.  
 Th' body from the striving Troians wonne.  
 Th' Aiaces, making good the after field,  
 Make all the subject that this booke doth yield.

### Another Argument.

In Rho, the vertuous host maintaine  
 A slaughterous conflict for the same.



Or could his slaughter rest conceald from Menelaus care,  
 Who flew amongst the foremost fights, & with his targe & speare  
 Circled the body: as much griev'd, and with as tender heed  
 To keepe it theirs, as any damme about her first borne seed,  
 Not proving what the paine of birth, would make the love before,  
 Nor to pursue his first attaint, Euphorbus spirit forbore,  
 But seeing Menelaus chiefe, in rescue of the dead,  
 Assaid him thus: *Atrides*, cease, and leaveth slaughtered  
 With his embred spoyle, to the man that first of all our state  
 And famous succours, in faire fight, made passage to his fate;  
 And therefore suffer me to weare the good name I have wonne  
 Amongst the Troians, lest thy life repay what his hath done.

O *Jupiter* (said he, incest) thou art no honest man  
 To boast, so past thy powre to doe. Not any Lyon can;  
 Nor spotted Leopard, nor Bore, (whose minde is mightiest  
 In pouring furie from his strength) advance so proud a crest  
 As *Pambus* fighting progenie. But *Hyperenors* pride,  
 That ioyd so little time his youth, when he so vilified  
 My force in armes, and cald me worst of all our chevalrie,  
 And stood my worst; might teach ye all, to shun this succourie:  
 I thinke he came not safely home, to tell his wife his acts:  
 Nor lesse right of thy insolence, my equall fate exacts,  
 And will obtaine me, if thou stay'st, retire then, take advise:  
 A foole sees nought before tis done, and still too late is wise.

This mov'd not him, but to the worse; since is renew'd the sting,

*Euphorbus to Menelaus care, This Euphorbus was desir'd in Ovid, Pythagoras said he was in the war of Troy*

*Menelaus to Euphorbus.*

That

That his slaine brother shot in him; remembred by the King,  
To whom he answerd: thou shalt pay for all the paines endur'd  
By that slaine brother; all the wounds sustaint for him, recur'd  
With one, made in thy heart by me. Tis true, thou mad'st his wife  
A heaue widow; when her joyes of wedlocke scarce had life,  
And hurt't our parents with his griefe; all which thou gloriest in:  
Foretpeaking so, thy death, that now their griefes end shall begin.  
To *Pantus*, and the snowy hand of *Phrontes*, I will bring  
Those armes, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing  
Shall aske no long time to performe: nor be my words alone,  
But their performance; Strength, and Fight, and Terror thus sets on.

*Euphorbus slaine  
by Menelaus.*

This said, he strooke his all-round shield; nor shrunke that, but his lance  
That turn'd head in it: then the King assaid the second chance,  
First praying to the king of gods; and his dart, entry got  
(The force much driving backe his foe) in low part of his throte,  
And ranne his necke through. Then fell pride and he, and all with gore  
His lockes; that like the Graces were, and which he ever wore  
In gold and silver ribands wrapt, were piteously wet.

*Similit.*

And when alone in some choice place, a husbandman hath set  
The young plant of an Olive tree, whose roote being ever fed  
With plenty of delicious springs; his branches bravely spread,  
And all his fresh and lovely head, growne curld with snowy flowres,  
That dance, and flourish with the winds, that are of gentlest powres:  
But when a whirlwind (got aloft) stoopes with a foudaine gale;  
Teares from his head his tender curles, and tosseth therewithall  
His fixt root from his hollow mines: it well presents the force  
Of Spartas King; and so the Plant, *Euphorbus* and his Corse.

He slaine, the King stript off his armes, and with their worthy prize,  
(All fearing him) had clearly past: if heavens faire eye, of eyes,  
Had not (in envy of his acts) to his encounter stir'd  
The *Mars* like *Heitor*, to whose powres, the rescue he preferd  
Of those faire armes: and tooke the shape of *Menas* (Colonell  
Of all the Cicones that neare the Thracian Hebrus dwell)  
Like him, he thus puts forth his voyce. *Heitor*, thou scow'r't the field  
In headstrong pursuit of those horse, that hardly are compeld  
To take the draught of chariots by any mortals hand.

*Abilities.*

The great grandchild of *Laocoon*, hath onely their command;  
Whom an immortal mother bore: while thou attend'st on these,  
The yong *Atrides* in defence of *Menetiades*,  
Hath slaine *Euphorbus*. Thus the god tooke troupe with men againe,  
And *Heitor* (heartily perplext) lookt round, and saw the slaine,  
Still shedding rivers from his wound: and then tooke envious view  
Of brave *Atrides* with his spoyle; in way to whom he flew,  
Like one of *Vulcans* quenchlesse flames: *Atrides* heard the cry

*Note the many  
to wife d'couple  
of Menelaus  
with his homelasse,  
seeing he came not  
to slaine him  
in his dishonour.*

That ever usherd him, and sigh'd, and said: O me, if I  
Should leave these goodly armes, and him, that here lies dead for me;  
I feare I should offend the Greekes. If I should stay, and be  
Along with *Heitor* and his men, I may be compast in;

Some

Some sleight or other they may use. Many may quickly win  
Their wils of one, and all Troy comes, ever where *Heitor* leads.  
But why (deare minde) dost thou thus talke? when men dare let their heads  
Against the gods, (as sure they doe that fight with men they love)  
Straight one or other plague ensues: it cannot therefore move  
The grude of any Greeke that sees, I yeeld to *Heitor*, he  
Still fighting with a spirit from heaven: And yet if I could see  
Brave *Aiax*, he and I would stand, though gain't a god; and sure  
Tis best I seeke him: and then see if we two can procure  
This Corse freedome through all these: a little then let rest  
The body of my minde be still; of two bads chuse the best.

In this discourse, the troupes of Troy were in with him, and he  
Made such a Lyon-like retreat, as when the herdsmen see  
The royall savage, and come on, with men, dogs, cryes, and speares,  
To cleare their horned stall; and then, the kingly heart he beares,  
(With all his high disdain) falls off, so, from this ods of aide  
The golden-haired *Atrides* fled: and in his strength displaid  
Vpon his left hand, him he wilst; extremely basied  
About encouraging his men; to whom, an extreme dread  
*Apollo* had insulde: the King reacht *Aiax* instantly,  
And said; Come friend, let us two haste, and from the tyranny  
Of *Heitor*, free *Patroclus* corse. He strait and gladly went;  
And then was *Heitor* haling of the body, with intent  
To spoyle the shoulders of the dead, and give the dogs the rest;  
(His armes he having pridde before.) When *Aiax* brought his brest  
To barre all further spoyle; with that, he had sure, *Heitor* thought  
Twas best to satisfie his spleene; which temper *Aiax* wrought  
With his more fight, and *Heitor* fled: the armes he sent to Troy,  
To make his citizens admire, and pray *Iove* lend him joy.

Then *Aiax* gatherd to the corse, and hid it with his targe:  
There setting downe as sure a foote, (as in the tender charge  
Of his lov'd whelps) a Lyon doth: two hundred hunters neare,  
To give him onset; their more force, make him the more austere;  
Drownes all their clamors in his roares; darts, dogs, doth all despise,  
Aud lets his rough browes downe so low, they cover all his eyes.  
So *Aiax* lookt, and stood, and stayd for great *Priamides*.

*Similit.*

*Menelaus to  
Aiax.*

*Similit.*

*Glaukus up-  
braids Heitor.*

When *Glaukus Hippolechides* saw *Aiax* thus depreste  
The spirit of *Heitor*: thus he chid, O goodly man at armes,  
In fight a *Paris*, why should Fame make thee fort gain't our harmes,  
Being such a fugitive? now marke how well thy boasts defend  
Thy cite onely with her owne. Be sure it shall defend;  
To that proove wholly. Not a man of any Lycian ranke,  
Shall strike one stroke more, for thy towne, for no man gets a thanks,  
Should he eternally fight here: nor any guard of thee.  
How wilt thou (worthlesse that thou art) keepe off an enemy  
From our poore souldiers, when their Prince, *Sarpedon*, guest and friend  
To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,  
And left'st to all the lust of Greece? O gods, a man that was

In

(In life) so huge a good to Troy; and to thee such a grace,  
(In death) not kept by thee from dogs; if my friends will do well,  
We'll take our shoulders from your walls, and let all sink to hell:  
As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did such a spirit breath  
In all you Troians, as becomes all men that fight beneath  
Their countries slander; you would see, that such as prop your cause  
Wish like exposure of their lives, have all the honour'd laws  
Of such a care confederacie, kept to them to a third:  
As now ye might reprove the armes *Sarpedon* forfeited,  
By forfeit of your rights to him, would you but lend your hands,  
And force *Patroclus* to your Troy? Ye know how deare he stands  
In his love, that of all the Greeke, is (for himselfe) farre best,  
And leader: the best, neare fighting men: and therefore would (at least)  
Redeeme *Sarpedon's* armes: nay him, whom you have likewise lost.  
This body drawne to lion, would after draw, and cost  
A greater ranfome if you please: but *Ajax* startles you;  
Tis his breast barres this right to us. His booke are darts now  
To mixe great *Hector* with his men. And, not to blame ye are,  
You chuse foes underneath your strengths; *Ajax* exceeds ye farre.  
*Hector* lookt passing fowre at this; and answerd, why dar'st thou,  
(So under) talke above me? O friend, I thought till now,  
Thy wisdom was superiour to all th' inhabitants  
Of gleby Lycia; but now, impute apparant wants  
To that discretion thy words shew, to say I lost my ground  
For *Ajax* greatnesse: nor feare I the field in combats drownd,  
Nor force of chariots: but I feare a powre much better seene,  
In right of all warre, then all we: that god that holds betwene,  
Our victorie and us, his shield: less conquest come and goe  
At his free pleasure; and with feare, converts her changes so  
Vpon the strongest: men must fight, when his iust spirit impels,  
Not their vaine glories. But come on, make thy steps parallels  
To these of mine; and then be judge how deepe the worke will draw:  
If then I spend the day in slais? or thou canst give such law  
To thy detraictive speeches then? or if the Grecian host  
Holds any, that in pride of strength, holds up his spirit most,  
Whom (for the carriage of this Prince, that thou enforcest) fo  
I make not stoop in his defence. You, friends? ye heare and know  
How much it fits ye to make good this Grecian I have slaine,  
For ranfome of *Ioves* sonne, our friend; play then the worthy men,  
Till I endue *Achilles* armes. This said, he left the fight,  
And cald backe those that bore the armes; not yet without his sight,  
In convoy of them towards Troy. For them, he chang'd his owne;  
Remov'd from where it rained teares, and sent them backe to towne.

Then put he on the eternall armes, that the celestiall states  
Gave *Pelemus*; *Pelemus* being old, their use appropriate  
To his *Achilles*, that (like him) forsooke them not for age.  
When he, whose Empire is in clouds, saw *Hector* bent to wage  
Warre in divine *Achilles* armes, heooke his head, and said:

Poore wretch, thy thoughts are farre from death; though he so neere hath layd  
His ambush for thee. Thou putt'st on those armes (as braving him)  
Whom others feare, hast slain his friend, and from his youthfull lim,  
Torne rudely off his heavenly armes; himselfe being gentle, kind,  
And valiant. Equall measure then, thy life in youth must find.  
Yet since the iustice is so strict, that not *Andromache*  
(In thy denied retorne from fight) must ever take of thee  
Those armes, in glory of thy acts: thou shalt have that frayle blaze  
Of excellence, that neighbours death: a strength even to amaze.

To this his fable browes did bow; and he made fit his lim  
To those great armes; to fill which up, the Warre-god entred him;  
Austere and terrible: his ioynts and every part extends  
With strength and fortitude; and thus to his admiring friends,  
High Clamor brought him. He so thin'd, that all could think no lesse;  
But he recomb'd every way, great-sould'r *Achilles*.  
Then every way he scow'd the field, his Captaines calling on;  
*Alektor*, *Ennomus* (that foresaw all things done)  
*Glaucus*, and *Medon*, *Desjmor*, and strong *Therfilius*,  
*Phorcis*, and *Mestheles*, *Chromius*, and great *Hippobomus*:  
To all these, and their populous troops, these his excitements were:

Heare us, innumerable friends, neere-bordering nations heare;  
We have not cald you from your townes, to fill our idle eye  
With number of so many men, (no such vaine empery  
Did ever ioy us) but to fight, and of our Trojan wives  
With all their children, manfully to save the innocent lives;  
In whose cares we draw all our townes, of ayding souldies dry,  
With gifts, guards, victuall, all things fit; and hearken their supply  
With all like rights; and therefore now let all sides set down this,  
Or live, or perish: this of warre the speciall secret is.  
In which most resolute desigue, who ever bears to town  
*Patroclus* (layd dead to his hand) by winning the renown  
Of *Ajax* slaughter, the halfe-spoyle we wholly will impart  
To his free use; and to our selfe the other halfe convert:  
And so the glory shall be thard; our selfe will have no more  
Then he shall shine in. This drew all, to bring abroad their store  
Before the body: eury man had hope it would be his,  
And for'd from *Ajax*: Silly fooles, *Ajax* prevented this,  
By rayling rampiers to his friend, with halfe their carkasses:  
And yet his humour was to rore, and feare: and now no lesse  
To startle *Spartas* king; to whom he cried out: O my friend!  
O *Neneclaus*! nere more hope, to get off; here's the end  
Of all our labours: not so much I feare to lose the corse,  
For that's sure gone, the fowles of Troy and dogs will quickly force  
That peece-meale) as I feare my head, and thine O *Atreus* sonne;  
*Hector* a cloud brings, will hideall; instant destruction,  
Grievous, and heavy comes; O call our Peeres to ayd us; fly.  
He halted, and usde all his voyce; sent farre and neere his cry;  
O Princes, chiefelights of the Greeks; and you that publicly

*Ioves* gift-  
course with  
himselfe of  
*Hector* in the  
armes of *Achilles*.

*Hector* to his  
Captains and  
souldiers.

The secret of  
warre.

The promise  
of *Hector* of  
*Patroclus* by  
dy could bee  
forced off to  
their part.

*Ajax* to  
*Neneclaus*:

Eat with our Generall and me : all men of charge ; O know,  
*Iove* gives both grace and dignity, to any that will how  
 Good minds, for only good it selfe ; though presently the eye  
 Of him that rules discern him not. Tis hard for me to spy  
 (Through all this smoke of burning fight) each Captain in his place,  
 And call assistance to our need. Betwixt each others grace,  
 And freely follow each his next ; disdain to let the ioy  
 Of great *Acides* befor'd to feed the beasts of *Troy*.

His voyce was first heard and obeyd by swift *Oileus* :

*Idomeneus* and his mate (renownd *Meriones*)

Were seconds to *Oileus* sonne : but, of the rest, whose minde  
 Can lay upon his voyce the names, that after these cominde,  
 In setting up this fight on end ? the *Troians* first gave on :  
 And as into the seas vast mouth, when mighty rivers run,  
 Their billows, and the sea, resound ; and all the utter shore  
 Rebellows (in her angry thocks) the seas repulsive rore.  
 With such founds gave the *Troians* charge ; so was their charge repress :  
 One mind filld all *Greeks* ; good braffe shields coucht to every breast :  
 And on their helmes *Iove* pourd down a mighty deale of night  
 To hide *Patroclus* : Whom alive, and when he was the knight  
 Of that grandchild of *Acacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate ;  
 Nor dead, would see him dealt to dogs, and so did instigate  
 His fellows to his worthy guard. At first the *Troians* draue  
 The blackey'd *Grecians* from the corse ; but not a blow they gaue  
 That came at death. A while they hung about the bodies heeles,  
 The *Greeks* quite gone. But all that while did *Ajax* what the steccies  
 Of all his forces, that cut back, way to the corse again :  
 Braue *Ajax* (that for forme, and fact, past all that did maintain  
 The Grecian fame, nex *Theris* sonne) now flew before the first :  
 And as a sort of dogs, and youths, are by a Bore dispersit  
 About a mountain : so fled these from mighty *Ajax*, all  
 That stood in conflict for the corse. Who thought no chance could fall  
 Betwixt them and the prize at *Troy*. For bold *Hippobomus*,  
 (*Lethus*, *Pelafus* famous sonne) was so adventurous,  
 That he would stand to bore the corse about the ankle bone,  
 Where all the nervy sinews meet, and ligaments in one,  
 That make the motion of those parts : through which he did conuay  
 The thong or bawdrik of his shield, and so was drawing away  
 All thanks from  *Hector*, and his friends : but in their head he drew  
 An ill that no man could avert : For *Telamonius* threw  
 A lance that strook quite through his helme ; his braine came leaping out :  
 Down fell *Lethides* ; and with him the bodies hoysted foot.  
 Far from *Larissa's* soyle he fell ; a little time allow'd  
 To his industrious spirits, to quit the benefits bestow'd  
 By his kind parents. But his weak *Priamides* assayd,  
 And threw at *Ajax* ; but his dart (discouered) past, and stayd  
 At *Schedius*, sonne of *Iphitus* : a man of ablest hand  
 Of all the strong Phocensians, and liu'd with great command,

In *Fanopeus*. The fell dart fell through his channell bone,  
 Pierc't through his shoulders upper part ; and let his spirit gone.  
 When (after his) another flew ; the same hand giving wing  
 To martiall *Phorcus* startled soule, that was the after spring  
 Of *Phanops* feed : the iavelin strooke his cures through, and tore  
 The bowels from the bellies midst. His fall made those before  
 Give backe a litle : *Hectors* selfe enforc't to turne his face.  
 And then the *Greekes* bestow'd their showts, tooke vantage of the chace,  
 Drew off, and spoild *Hippothous* and *Phorcus* of their armes,  
 And then ascended *Iliou*, had shaken with alarms,  
 (Discovering th'impotence of *Troy*) even past the will of *Iove* ;  
 And by the proper force of Greece : had *Phabus* faild to move  
*Aeneas*, in similitude of *Periphas* (the sonne  
 Of grave *Epytes*) king at armes, and had good service done  
 To old *Anchises* ; being wife, and even with him in yeares.  
 But (like this man) the farre-seene god to *Venus* sonne appeares,  
 And askt him how he would maintaine slepe *Iliou* in her height,  
 In spite of gods (as he presum'd) when men approv'd to sleight,  
 All his presumptions ? and all theirs, that putt him with that pride,  
 Beleeving in their proper strengths ? and generally supplid  
 With such unfrighted multitudes ? But he well knew that *Iove*  
 (Besides their selfe conceits sustaind their forces with more love  
 Than theirs of Greece, and yett all that lacke power to hearten them :

*Aeneas* knew the god, and said ; It was a shame extreme,  
 That those of Greece should beate them so ; and by their cowardise,  
 Not want of mans ayde, nor the gods, and this (before his eyes)  
 A deitie stood, even now, and voucht, affirming *Iove* their aide.  
 And so bad *Hector* and the rest, (to whom all this he said)  
 Turne head, and not in that quicke case, part with the Corse to Greece.

This said, before them all he flew, and all (as of a peece)  
 Against the *Greekes* flew. *Venus* sonne, *Leocritus* did end,  
 Sonne of *Arishas*, and had place of *Lycomedes* friend,  
 Whose fall he friendly pittied : and in revenge, bestow'd  
 A lance, that *Apison* strooke so fore, that strait he strow'd  
 The dustie center, and did sticke in that congealed blood  
 That formes the liver. Second man he was of all that stood  
 In name for armes, amongst the troupe, that from *Paonia* came ;  
*Asteropaeus* being the first : who was, in ruth the same  
 That *Lycomedes* was ; like whom, he put forth for the wreake  
 Of his sliue friend : but wrought it not, because he could not breake  
 That bulwarke made of Grecian shields ; and bristl'd wood of speares  
 Combin'd about the body slaine. Amongst whom *Ajax* beares  
 The greatest labour ; every way exhorting to abide,  
 And no man flye the Corse a foot, nor breake their ranks in pride  
 Of any foremost daring spirit, but each foot hold his stand,  
 And use the closest fight they could. And this was the command  
 Of mighty *Ajax* : which observ'd, they steep the earth in blood.  
 The *Troians* and their friends fell thicke. Nor all the *Grecians* stood

And thus their sweet suffred fate) for ever they had care  
 Of this infusion, and the toyle that still oppresseth there.  
 And so they all the field on fire; with which you would have thought  
 The Sunne and Moone had bene put out, in such a smoke they fought  
 About the person of the Prince. But all the field beside  
 Fought underneath a lightsome heaven: the sunne was in his pride,  
 And such a spanure of his beames, he thrust out of his throne,  
 That not a vapour durst appeare in all that region:  
 No, not upon the highest hill: there fought they still and breathed,  
 Shun'd danger, cast their darts aloofe, and not a sword unsheath'd.  
 The other ply'd it; and the warre, and night ply'd them as well:  
 The cruell see'e afflicting all, the strongest did not dwell  
 Within their iron roofes. Two men of speiall name,  
*Patroclus* and *Thrasymed*, were yet unfer'd by Fame  
 With notice of *Patroclus* death: they thought him still alive,  
 In foremost tumult, and might well: for (seeing their fellows thrive  
 In no more comfortable sort, then Light and Death would yeeld)  
 They fought apart, for so their Sire, old *Nestor*, strictly wi'd,  
 In boyning fight, more from the fleet: warre here increast his heate  
 The whole day long, continually the labour and the sweate,  
 The knees, calves, feet, hands, faces, smear'd, of men that *Mars* applide  
 About the good *Achilles* friend. And as a huge Oxe hide,  
 A Cudgel gives amongst his men, to supple and extend  
 A Cudgel, till he be drunke withall, they tug, stretch out, and spend  
 Their oyle and liquor liberally, and chase the leather so  
 That out they make a vapour breathe, and in their oyle doth goe:  
 A number of them set on worke, and in an Orbe they pull,  
 That all wayes all parts of the hide they may extend at full:  
 So here and there, did both parts hale, the Coise in little place,  
 And wrought it alwaies with their *Leate*; the Troians hop't for grace  
 To make it reach for Iliou, the Grecians to their fleet:  
 In great tumult they stir'd up, and such, as should *Mars* see'e,  
 (That should hurtier of men) or lie that betters him,  
 There never so incens'd, they could not disesteem.  
 So long the contention did *Love* that day extend  
 On horse and horse about the flaine. Of whom, his god-like friend  
 Did give instruction. So farre off, and underneath the wall  
 The place that conflict was maintain'd: which was not thought at all  
 By great *Achilles*, since he charg'd, that having set his foot  
 Upon the Port, he would retire; well knowing Troy no boote  
 For his assaults, without himselfe; since not by him, as well,  
 He knew it to be subdu'd. His mother oft would tell  
 That made of mighty *Love* therein; oft hearing it in heaven,  
 That that great Iro his friend, was no instruction given  
 To him by *Jove*: by degrees must ill events be knowne.  
 The gods left one to other still, about the overthrowne.  
 The Troians with death infected both. Even private Greekes would say  
 That they were a shame for us to goe our way,

And

And let the Troians beare to Troy the praise of such a prize:  
 Which let the blacke earth gaspe and drinke our blood for sacrifice,  
 Before we suffer: tis an act much lesse infortunate,  
 And then would those of Troy resolve, though certainly our fate  
 Will sell us altogether here: of all not turne a face.  
 Thus either side, his fellows strength, excited past his place;  
 And thus through all th'unfruitfull ayre, an iron sound ascended  
 Up to the golden firmament, when strange effects contended  
 In these immortal heaven-bred horse of great *Acides*;  
 Whom (once remov'd from forth the sight) a sodaine sense did cease  
 Of good *Patroclus* death; whole hands they oft had undergone,  
 And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,  
 With any manage make them stirre; oft use the scourge to them,  
 Oft use his fairest speech, as oft, threats never so extreme,  
 They neither to the Hellespont would beare him, nor the sight:  
 But still as any tombe-stone layes his never-stirred weight  
 On some good man or womans grave, for rites of funerall:  
 So unremoved stood these steeds, their heads to earth let fall,  
 And warme teares gushing from their eyes, with passionate desire,  
 Of their kinde manager; their manes that flourish'd with the fire  
 Of endless youth allotted them: fell through the yokie sphere,  
 Ruthfully ruff'd and deside. *Love* saw their heavy cheare,  
 And (pitying them) spake to his minde; Poore wretched beasts (said he)  
 Why gave we you t' a mortall king? when immortalitie,  
 And incapacie of age do dignifies your states?  
 Was it to haste the miseries, pour'd out on humanes fates?  
 O fall the miserabl'st things that breathe and crepe on earth,  
 No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathlesse birth,  
*Helios* must faile to make you prise: is't not enough he weares,  
 And glories vainly in those armes? your chariots and rich geares  
 (Besides you) are too much for him. Your knees and spirits againe  
 My care of you shall fill with strength, that so ye may sustaine  
*Automedon*, and beare him off. To Troy I still will give  
 The grace of slaughter, till at fleet, their bloody feet arrive:  
 Till *Phabus* drinke the Westerne sea, and sacred darknesse throwes  
 Her sable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the steeds he blowes  
 Excessive spirit; and through the Greekes and Ilians they rapt  
 The whirring chariot; shaking off the crumbld center, wrapt  
 Amongst their tresses: and with them, *Automedon* let flie  
 Amongst the Troians, making way, thorough all as frightfully,  
 As through a tangling flocke of Geese, a lordly Vulture beate,  
 Given way with strikes, by every Goose that comes but neare his threats;  
 With such state fled he through the preasse, pursuing as he fled;  
 But made no slaughter, nor he could: alone being carried  
 Upon the sacred chariot. How could he both workes, doe,  
 Direct his javelin, and command his fiery horses too?  
 At length he came where he beheld his friend *Alcimedon*,  
 That was the good *Laercius*, the sonne of *Emons* sonne,

The common  
fables mention  
this

Comet

Jove's discourse  
with himselfe of  
the wretched  
state of humani-  
tie.

Simile.

Y 3

Who

*Automedon to  
Automedon.*

Who close came to his chariot side, and askt, What god is he  
That hath so robb'd thee of thy soule, to runne thus frantically  
Amongst these foresights, being alone? thy fighter being flaine,  
And *Hektor* glorying in his armes? he gave these words againe:

*Automedon to  
Automedon.*

*Alcimedon*, what man is he? of all the Argive race,  
So able as thy selfe to keepe, in use of preece, and pace  
These deathlesse horse? himselfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art,  
Of their high manage? therefore take to thy command his part,  
And cast me of the double charge, which thou hast blam'd with right.

*Hektor to Automedon*

He tooke the scourge and raine in hand, *Automedon* the fight:  
Which *Hektor* seeing, instantly (*Aeneas* standing neare)  
Hetold him, he discern'd the horse, that were immortall were,  
Addrest to fight, with coward guides, and therefore hop't to make  
A rich prize of them; if his minde would helpe to undertake:  
For these two could not stand their charge. He granted, and both cast  
Dry solid hides upon their neckes, exceeding foundly braist,  
And forth they went, associate with two more god-like men,  
*Aeneas*, and bold *Chromium*, nor made they question then  
To praise the goodly crested horse, and safely send to hell  
The soules of both their guardians: O fooles that could not tell,  
They could not worke out their returne from fierce *Automedon*  
Without the liberall cost of bloud, who first made Orizon  
To father *Iove*, and then was sild with fortitude and strength,  
When (counselling *Alcimedon* to keepe at no great length  
The horse from him; but let them breathe, upon his backe, because  
He saw th'advance that *Hektor* made, whose furie had no lawes  
Propos'd to it, but both their lives, and those horse, made his prize,  
Or his life theirs) he cald to friend, these well approv'd supplies,  
Th' *Aias*es, and the Spartan king: and said, Come, Princes, leave  
A sure guard with the corse, and then, to your kinde care receive  
Our threatned safeties; I discern the two chiefe props of Troy  
Prepar'd against us: But herein, what best men can enjoy,  
Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart shall leade ye all;

*Automedon calls  
for aid to the Aias  
es and Chromius.*

*In the Greekes  
tragedies this phrase  
is used, not in  
the hands, but  
in the knees of  
the gods: lies our  
help &c.*

The sequell to the care of *Iove*, I leave what ever fall.  
All this spake good *Automedon* then, brandishing his lance,  
He threw, and strooke *Aeneas* shield, that gave it entrance  
Through all the Steele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmost part  
It pierc't, and all his trembling lims, gave life up to his dart,  
Then *Hektor* at *Automedon*, a blazing lance let flye,  
Whose flight he saw, and falling flat, the compassse was too high,  
And made it sticke beyond in earth, th'extreme part burst, and there  
*Mars* buried all his violence. The sword then, for the speare,  
Had chang'd the conflict, had not haste sent both th' *Aias*es in,  
(Both serving close their fellows call) who, where they did begin,  
There drew the end: *Priamides*, *Aeneas*, *Chromium*,  
(In doubt of what such aid might worke) left broken hearted thus,  
*Aeneas* to *Automedon*, who spoyld his armes, and said:  
A little this revives my life, for him so lately dead,

*Automedon in-  
sults.*

(Though

(Though by this nothing countervail'd) and with his little vent  
Of inward griefe, he tooke the spoyle, with which he made alcent  
Vp to his Chariot; hands and feete of bloody staines so full,  
That Lyon-like he lookt, new turn'd from tearing up a Bull.

And now another bitter fight, about *Patroclus* grew,  
Teare-thirstie, and of toyle enough; which *Pallas* did renew,  
Descending from the cope of starres, dimitt by sharpe-cy'd *Iove*,  
To animate the Greekes; for now, inconstant change did move  
His minde from what he held of late: and as the purple bow,  
*Iove* bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the signall shew;  
Or make it a preface of cold, in such tempestuous sort,  
That men are of their labours calde, but labouring cattell hurt:  
So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, involv'd her selfe, and went  
Amongst the Grecians; stir'd up all, but first encouragement  
She breath'd in *Atreus* younger sonne, and (for disguise) made choise  
Of aged *Phenix* shape; and spake with his unwearied voyce.

O *Meneclaus*, much defame, and equall heaviness  
Will touch at thee; if this true friend of great *Acides*,  
Dogs teare beneath the Trojan wals; and therefore beare thee well,  
Toyle through the host; and every man, with all thy spirit impell.

He answerd: O thou long-since borne? O *Phenix*? that hast wonne  
The honor'd foster-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like sonne:

I would *Minerva* would but give strength to me; and but keepe  
These busie darts off; I would then make in indeed, and steepe  
My income in their blouds, in aide of good *Patroclus*; much  
His death afflicts me, much: but yet, this *Hektor*'s grace is such  
With *Iove*, and such a fierie strength and spirit he has, that still  
His Steele is killing, killing still. The Kings so royall will,  
*Minerva* joy'd to heare, since she did all the gods outgoe  
In his remembrance. For which grace she kindly did bestow  
Strength on his shoulders, and did fill his knees as liberally  
With swiftnesse, breathing in his breast, the courage of a flye.  
Which loves to bite so, and doth beare mans bloud so much good will,  
That still (though beaten from a man) he flies upon him still:

With such a courage *Pallas* filld the blacke parts neare his heart;  
And then he hasted to the slaine, cast off a shining dart;  
And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire to old *Betion*,  
A rich man, and a strenuous; and by the people done  
Much honour; and by *Hektor* too, being confort, and his guest;  
And him the yellow-headed King laid hold on at his waste;  
Ia offering flight, his iron pile strooke through him, downe he fell,  
And up *Atrides* drew his corse. Then *Phabus* did impell  
The spirit of *Hektor*, *Phenops* like, turnam'd *Asiades*,  
Whom *Hektor* us'd (of all his guests) with greatest friendlinesse;  
And in Abydos stood his house; in whose forme thus he spake:

*Hektor*? what man of all the Greekes will any terror make,  
Of meeting thy strength any more, when thou art terrified  
By *Meneclaus*? who before he slue thy friend, was tried,

*Small.*

*Pallas  
in O. J. 1.  
u.*

*Minerva  
in O. J. 1.  
P. 2.*

*Phabus like  
sides to Hektor.*



A passing easie souldier; where now (besides his end,  
Impos'd by him) he draws him off (and not a man to friend)  
From all the Troians. This friend is, *Podes, Ections* sonne.

This hid him in a cloud of griefe, and let him formost on,  
And then *Iove* tooke his Snake-fring'd shield; and *Ida* cover'd all  
With sulphuric clouds, from whence he let abhorred lightnings fall,  
And thundred till the mountaine shooke; and with his dreadfull state,  
He usher'd victory to Troy, to Argos flight and fate.

*Peneus Boetius*, was he that formost fled,  
Being wounded in his shoulders height; but there the lances head  
strooke lightly, glancing to his mouth, because it strooke him neare,  
Thrown from *Polydamus*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare,  
(Being hurt by *Hector* in his hand) because he doubted fore  
His hand in wilhed fight with Troy, would hold his lance no more.

*Idomeneus* sent a dart at *Hector*, (rushing in,  
And following *Leitus*) that strooke his bolome neare his chin,  
And brake at top, the llians for his escape did shour.  
When *Hector* at *Dencalides*, another lance sent out,  
As in his chariot he stood, it mist him narrowly;  
For (as it fell) *Caranus* drave his speedy chariot by,  
And tooke the Trojan lance himselfe; he was the Chariotere  
Of sterne *Aceriones*, and first, on foote did service there,  
Which well he left to governe horse, for saving now his king,  
With driving twixt him and his death, though thence his owne did spring,  
Which kept a mighty victory from Troy, in keeping death  
From his great Sovereigne: the fierce dart did enter him beneath  
His care, betwixt his iaw and it, drave downe, cut through his tongue,  
And strooke his teeth out; from his hands, the horses raines he flang,  
Which now *Aceriones* receiv'd, as they bestrew'd the field,  
And bad his soveraigne scourge away, he saw that day would yeeld  
No hope of victory for them. He fear'd the same, and fled.

Nor from the mightie minded sonne of *Telamen*, lay hid  
(For all his clouds) high *Iove* himselfe, nor from the Spartan King,  
They saw him in the victory, he still was varying  
For Troy, for which fight, *Ajax* said: O heavens, what foole is he,  
That sees not *Ioves* hand in the grace, now done our enemy?  
Not any dart they touch, but takes; from whomsoever throwne,  
Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Iove* addes; not any one  
Wants his direction to strike sure, nor ours, to misse, as sure:  
But come, let us be sure of this, to put the best in ure  
That lies in us, which two-fold is, both to fetch off our friend,  
And so to fetch him off, as we may likeliest contend  
To fetch our selves off, that our friends surviving may have right  
Injoy of our secure retreat, as he that fell in fight,  
Being kept as sure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt,  
And looke this way, grieve for us, not able to worke out  
Or passe from this man-slaughterer, great *Hector* and his hands,  
That are too hot for men to touch, but that these thirsty sands,

Before our fleet will be enforc't, to drinke our headlong death.  
Which to prevent by all fit meanes, I would the parted breath  
Of good *Patroclus* to his friend, with speed imparted were  
By some he loves: for I beleev, no heavie messenger  
Hath yet inform'd him; but alas, I see no man to send,  
Both men and horse are hid in mists, that every way descend.  
O father *Jupiter*, doe thou the sonnes of Greece releife  
Of this felle darknesse; grace this day with fit transparencies,  
And give the eyes thou giv'st, their use, destroy us in the light,  
And worke thy will with us, since needs thou wilt against us fight.

This spake he weeping; and his teares, *Saturnius* pittie shew'd,  
Dispers'd the darknesse instantly, and drew away the cloud,  
From whence it fell: the Sunne shin'd out, and all the host appear'd;  
And then spake *Ajax*, (whole heard prayre, his spirits highly chear'd.

Brave *Meneleus*, looke about; and if thou canst descric  
*Nestors Antiochus* alive, incite him instantly,  
To tell *Achilles*, that his friend, most deare to him, is dead.  
He said, nor *Meneleus* stucke at any thing he said,  
(As loth to doe it) but he went, as from the Grailers stall,  
A Lyon goes, when overlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all  
Not easily losing a fat Oxe, but strong watch, all night held)  
His teeth yet watering, oft he comes, and is as oft repeld;  
The adverse darts to thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes,  
And burning firebrands; which for all his great hearts heate, he flies,  
And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: so from *Patroclus* went  
*Atrides*, much against his minde; his doubts being vehement,  
Left (he gone from his guard) the rest would leave for very feare)  
The person to the spoyle of Greece. And yet his guardians were  
Thy *Aiaces*, and *Moriones*, whom much his care did presse,  
And thus exhort; *Aiaces* both, and you *Moriones*,  
Now let some true friend call to minde the gentle and sweet nature  
Of poore *Patroclus*; let him thinke, how kinde to every creature,  
His heart was, living, though now dead. Thus urg'd the faire-haired King,  
And parted, casting round his eye. 4 As when upon her wing  
An Eagle is, whom men affirme to have the sharpest sight  
Of all aires region of fowles, and though of mightie height,  
Sees yet within her leavie forme, of humble shrubs, close laid  
A light-foot Hare, which straight she stoupes, trusses, and strikes her dead  
So dead thou strook'st thy charge (O king) through all warres thickets to  
Thee look'd it, and wisely foun'dst thy man; exhorting gainst the foe,  
And hartning his plied men to blowes, ulde in the warres left wing:  
To whom thou saidst; thou god-lov'd man, come here, and heare a thing,  
Which I will never were to heare; I thinke even thy eyes sees  
Whata destruction God hath laid upon the sonnes of Greece,  
And what a conquest he gives Troy; in which, the best of men  
(*Patroclus*) lies exanimate, whose person, passing faire,  
The Greekes would rescue and beare home; and therefore give thy speed  
To his great friend, to prove if he will doe so good a deed,

To fetch the naked person off; for *Hectors* shoulders weare  
 His priſed armes. *Antilochus* was highly griev'd to heare  
 This heavie newes, and ſtood ſurpriz'd with ſtupid ſilence long;  
 His faire eyes ſtanding full of teares; his voyce ſo ſweet and ſtrong,  
 Stucke in his boſome; yet all this wrought in him no neglect  
 Of what *Atrides* gave in charge: but for that quick'e effect,  
 He gave *Laodolus* his armes, (his friend that had the guide  
 Of his ſwift horſe) and then his knees were ſpeedily applide  
 In his ſad meſſage, which his eyes, told all the way in teares.  
 Nor would thy generous heart aſſiſt his fore-charg'd ſouldiers  
 (O *Menelaus*) in meane time, though left in much diſtreſſe;  
 Thou ſentſt them god-like *Troſamides*, and mad'ſt thy kinde regreſſe  
 Backe to *Patroclus*, where arriv'd, halfe breathleſſe thou didſt ſay  
 To both th' *Aiaces* this: I have ſent this meſſenger away  
 To twiſt *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe us now,  
 (Though mad with *Hector*) without armes he cannot fight, ye know:  
 Let us then thinke of ſome beſt meane, both how we may remove  
 The body and get off our ſelves from this vociferous drove,  
 And ſave of Troians. Bravelly ſpoke, at all parts (*Aias* ſaid)  
 O glorious ſonne of *Atrides*; take thou then ſtraite the dead,  
 And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one minde, as one name,  
 Will backe ye ſoundly; and on us, receive the wild-fire flame;  
 That *Hectors* rage breathes after you before it come at you.

This ſaid, they tooke into their armes the body, all the ſhow  
 That might be, made to thoſe of Troy, at armes end bearing it.  
 Our ſhriekt the Troians, when they ſaw the body borne to ſcote;  
 And ruſht on: as at any Bore, gaſht with the hunters wounds,  
 A kennell of the ſharpeſt ſet, and foreſt bitten hounds,  
 Before their youthfull huntſmen haſte, and eagerly a while  
 Purſue, as if they were aſſur'd of their affected ſpoyle,  
 But when the Savage (in his ſtrength as confident as they)  
 Turnes head amongſt them; backe they flie, and every one his way:  
 So troupe meale Troy purſu'd a while, laying on with ſwords and darts;  
 But when th' *Aiaces* turn'd on them, and made their ſtand; their hearts  
 Drunke from their faces all their blouds, and not a man ſuſtain'd  
 The forechace, nor the after fight. And thus Greece nobly gain'd  
 The perſon towards home: but thus, the changing warre was rackt  
 Out to a paſſing bloody length: for as once put in aſt  
 A fire invading citie rooſes, is ſodainly ingroſt,  
 And made a wondrous mighty flame, in which is quickly loſt  
 A houſe, long building; all the while, a boyſterous guſt of winde  
 Lumbring amongſt it: So the Greekes (in bearing of their friend)  
 More and more ſores drew: at their heeles, a tumult thundring ſtill  
 Of horſe and foot. Yet as when Mules, in halting from a hill  
 A ſtream or maſt, through ſoule deepe way, well clapt and heartned, cloſe  
 By to their labour, tug and ſweate, and paſſing hard it goes:  
 Vag'd by their drivers, to all haſt) fo dragg'd they on the corſe,  
 Still buſt th' *Aiaces* at their backes; who backe ſtill turn'd the force,

Though

Though after, it grew ſtill the more; yet as a ſylvane hill  
 Thrutts back a torrent that hath kept a narrow channell ſtill,  
 Till at his oken breſt it beats; but there a check it takes,  
 That ſends it over all the vale, with all the ſtirre it makes;  
 Nor can with all the confluence break through his rooſy ſides:  
 In no leſſe firm and braue repulſe, th' *Aiaces* curb'd the prides  
 Of all the Troians: yet all held the purſuit it his ſtrength;  
 Their Chieſes being *Hector*, and the ſonne of *Venus*, who at length  
 Put all the youthloſ Greece beſides, in moſt amazefull rout;  
 Forgetting all their fortitudes, diſtraught, and ſtriking out;  
 A number of their rich armes loſt, ſaln from them, here and there  
 About, and in the dike; and yet, the warre concludes not here:

## COMMENTARIVS.

Αἰεὶ δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ τοῦ περὶ τοῦ ἡρώου περὶ τοῦ  
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Thus translated ad verbum by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando vir bovis magni pellem  
 Populis dedit diffendendam tumulentam pinguedine,  
 Accipientes autem utique hi dispositi extendunt  
 In orbem; statim autem humor exiit, penetratque adeps.  
 Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota undique;  
 Sic hi huc & illuc cadaver parvo in spacio  
 Trahebant utrique.

Laurent. Valla thus in Prose:

Et quemadmodum si quis pinguem Tauri pellem à pluribus extendi jube-  
 ret; inter extendendum & humor & pingue defudet. Sic illi huc parvo in  
 spacio distrahebant.

Eobanus thus in Verse:

— Ac si quis diffendere pellem  
 Taurinam jubeat, crassam pinguedine munda;  
 Multorum manibus, terræ defudet omam  
 Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipsum tempore parvo  
 Patroclum in diversa, manus numerosa, trahebat, &c.

To answer a *hōs objection* made to me by a great scholar, for not translating  
 Homer word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heat he strained it): I  
 am enforced to cite this admirable Simile, (like the other before in my annotations  
 at the end of the sixteenth Booke) and referre it to my iudiciall readers examina-  
 tion, whether such a translation becomes Homer or not; by noting so much as  
 needs to be by one example; whether the two last above-said translators, in being  
 so short with our everlasting master; do him so much right as my poore con-  
 version; expressing him by necessary exposition and illustration of his words  
 and meaning with more words, or not. The reason of his Simile, is to illustrate the

Simile, illus-  
 trating the  
 nature of both  
 the *Aiaces*.

firste of both the armies for the body of Patroclus ; which it doth performe most imitabily ; their oyle and sweat about it being considered (which I must pray you to turne to before : ) the Simile it self yet, I thought not unfit to insert here to come up the closer to them, with whom I am to be compared. My paines and understanding converting it thus :

— And as a huge oxe hide,  
A Currier gives amongst his men, to supple and extend  
With oyle, till it be drunk withall : they tug, stretch out, and spend  
Their oyle and liquor liberally ; and chafe the leather so,  
They make it breathe a vapour out, and in their liquors go,  
A number of them set a work ; and in an orbe they pull,  
That all wayes, all parts of the hide they may extend at full :  
So here and there did both hosts hale the corse in little space,  
And wrought it all wayes with their sweat, &c. In which last words of the application considered, lies the life of this illustration. Our Homers divine invention whereon I see not in any of their shorter translations toucht it. But what could expresse more the toyle about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the opposite advantage served on both sides ? An oxes hide, after the tanning, asking so much labour and oyle to supple and extend it, — *μυρον ὡς οὐκ ἔστιν ἀλλοιῶν*, distendendam, temulentam pinguedine ; to be stretcht out, being drunk with sallow, oyle, or liquor : the word *μυρον* which signifies temulentam, of *μυρον* signifying ebrius sum, (being a metaphor) and used by Homer, I thought fit to expresse so ; both because it is Homers, and doth much more illustrate than crassam pinguedine multa, as Eobanus turnes it. But Valla leaves it cleerly out ; and with his briefnesse utterly maimes the Simile, which (to my understanding being so excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the sense of it ; since I see not that any translator hath ever thought of it. And therefore (against the objector, that would have no more words than Homer used, in his translator) I hope those few words I use more, being necessary to expresse such a sense as I understand in Homer, will bee at least borne withall ; without which, and other such needfull explanations, the most ingenious invention and sense of so matchlesse a writer, might passe endlessly obscured and unknown on. My manner of translation being partly built on this learned and judicious authority. Est sciti interpretis, non verborum numerum, & ordinem sectari ; sed res ipsas, & sententias attentè perpendere ; & casque verbis & formulis orationis vestire idoneis & aptis e lingue in quam convertitur.

— *Ἰσχυρὸν ἄρα*, &c. Minerva appearing to Menelaus like Phoenix, and encouraging him (as you may read before) to fight ; hee speaks as to Phoenix, and wishes Minerva would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely : which is a continuance of his character, being exprest for the most part by Homer ridiculous and simple. The originall words yet (because neither Eobanus nor Valla understood the character) they utterly pervert ; as if you please to examine them, you may see. The words are these, *ἰσχυρὸν ἄρα* & *ἀντιπρὸς ἑαυτοῖς*, which Spondanus truly interprets, telorum vero depulerit impetum ; & *ἀντιπρὸς* being a compound of *ἀντι*, signifying arceō, repello, propulso, abigo ; and yet they translate the words, & telis vim afferre.

as if Menelaus wishes that Pallas would give force to his darts ; which Eobanus followes, saying, & tela valentia præstet, most ignorantly and unoffensibly converting it ; supposing them to be his owne darts hee spake of ; and would have blest with Minervæ addition of vertue and power, where Homers are plaines the spake of the enemies darts ; whose force if he would avert, he would fight for Patroclus.

— *Ἐκ δὲ οἱ μὲν οὐρανὸν οὐδ' αἰθέρα κίμα, &c.* Et ei Mæice audaciam in pectoribus immisit. Minerva inspired him with the courage of a stee ; which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in Homer ; as if he heartily intended to praise Menelaus by it, not understanding his Ironic here, agreeing with all the other similes noted in his character. Eobanus Hellus, in pittie of Homer, leaves it utterly out ; and Valla comes over him with a little salvo for the sore disgrace beebath by his ignorant readers laughers ; and expounds the words above said thus : Lene namque eius ingenium prudenti audacia implevit : laying his medicine nothing neare the place. Spondanus (disliking Homer with the rest in this Simile) would not have Lucian forgotten in his merry Encomium of a Flie ; and therefore cites him upon this place, playing upon Homer, (he laughing at all men so ridiculous) I forbear to repeat ; and cite onely Iustathius, that would save it, with altering the word *κίμα*, which signifies confidentia, or audacia (per Metathesin literarum) for *ἰσχυρὸν*, which is temeritas ; of which I see not the end : and yet cite all, to shew how such great Clerkes are perplext, and abuse Homer, as not being satis compotes mentis Poeticæ ; for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot supply) they are thus often gravell and mistaken.

— *Ὡς αἰετὶς, &c.* Veluti Aquila : The sport Homer makes with Menelaus, is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another Simile, resembling him intentionally to a Hare-sinder, though for colours sake he useth the word Eagle ; as in all other places where he presents him (being so eminent a person) he hides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it cleare, being here, and in divers other places made a messenger from Iliax, and others, to call such and such to their aide ; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had beene in magnanimittie and valour equall, or any thing neare it. But to confirme his imperfection therein in divers other places, he is called *μαλακὸς αἰσχυρῶς*, mollis bellator ; and therefore was fittest to be employed to call up those that were harder and sterner. In going about which businesse, Homer shewes how hee lookt about, leering like a Hare-sinder : for to make it simply a Simile illustrating the state of his adressed in that base affaire, had neither wit nor decorum. Both which being at their height in the other sense (because our Homer was their great master to all accomplishment) let none detract so miserably from him, as to take this otherwise then a continuance of his Ironic.

The end of the seventeenth Booke.

Z

THE



## THE XVIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**A**chilles mournes told of Patroclus end,  
And then Thetis doth from forth the sea ascend,  
And comfort him, advising to abstaine  
From day fight, till her request could gaine  
For armes of Vulcan, Juno yet commands  
To fight himselfe. And at the day he stands  
In sight of Ædonie, who reach his fight  
Fleets; and a number vers'd in the fight.  
Patroclus person (safe brought from the waves)  
His outlives; was, Vulcan the armes prepares.

### Another Argument.

*Thetis continues the alarms,  
And shows the renowned armes.*

**T**hey fought still like the rage of fire. And now *Antilochus*  
Came to *Eacides*, whose minde was much sollicitous,  
For that, which (as he fear'd) was false. He found him neer the fleet  
With upright faile-yeards, uttering this, to his heroic conceit:

Av me, why see the Greekes themselves, thus beaten from the field,  
And routed headlong to their fleet. O let not heaven yeeld  
Effect to what my sad soule feares; that (as I was foretold)  
The strongest Myrmidon, (next me) when I should still behold  
The Sunnes faire light, must part with it. Past doubt, *Minetius* Sonne  
Is he on whom that fate is wrought; O wretch, to leave undone  
What I commanded, that the fleet once freed of hostile fire,  
(Not meeting *Hector*) instantly, he should his powres retire.

As thus his troubl'd minde discours'd, *Antilochus* appear'd,  
And told with teares the sad newes thus: My Lord, that must be heard,  
Which would to heauen I might not tell; *Menetius* Sonne lies dead,  
And for his naked corse this armes already forfeited,  
And worne by *Hector*; the debate is now most vehement.

This said, Griefe darkned all his powres. With both his hands he rent  
The blacke mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head,  
Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds (divinely fashioned)  
Allild and mangl'd; and himselfe he threw upon the shore.  
Lay, as laid out for funerall. Then tumbl'd round, and tore  
His gracious curls; his extasie he did so farre extend,  
That all the Ladies wonne by him, and his now slaughter'd friend,

(As then)

Afflicted (strangely for his plight) came (striking from the tents,  
And fell about him; beate their breasts, their tender linements  
Dissolv'd with sorrow. And with them, wept *Nestors* warlike Sonne,  
Fell by him, holding his faire hands, in feare he would have done  
His person violence; his heart (extremely straightned) burn'd,  
Beate, swell'd, and sigh'd, as it would burst. So terribly he mournd;  
That *Thetis* sitting in the deepes of her old fathers seas,  
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints, the bright *Nereides*  
Flockt all; how many those darke gulfs soever comprehend.  
There *Glaucé* and *Cymodoce*, and *Spyo* did attend,  
*Nesca* and *Cymothoe*, and calme *Amphiboe*;  
*Thalia*, *Thoa*, *Panope*, and swift *Dynamis*;  
*Attea* and *Lymnoria*; and *Halia* the faire,  
Fam'd for the beauty of her eyes, *Amatibia* for her haire;  
*Lara*, *Proto*, *Clymene*, and cur'd *Dexamine*;  
*Phersa*, *Doria*; and with these, the smooth *Amphinome*;  
Chast *Galathea* so renown'd; and *Callianira* came  
With *Doto* and *Oryibia*, to cheare the mournfull Dame;  
*Apleudes* likewise visited; and *Callianassa* gave  
Her kinde attendance; and with her, *Adagave* gract the Cave,  
*Nemertes*, *Mara* follow'd; *Melisa*, *Tanessa*,  
With *Tanira*, and the rest of those *Nereides*,  
That in the deepe seas made abode; all which together beate  
Their dewie bosomes; and to all, thus *Thetis* did repeat  
Her cause of mourning: Sisters, heare how much the sorrowes wey,  
Whose cries, now cald ye: haplesse I, brought forth unhappily  
The best of all the sonnes of men, who (like a well-set plant,  
In best soiles) grew and flourish'd, and when his spirit did want  
Employment for his youth and strength: I lent him with a fleet  
To fight at Iliou; from whence, his fate-confined fate  
Pass'd all my deitie to retire. The court of his high birth,  
The glorious court of *Peleus*, must entertaine his worth  
Never hereafter. All the life he hath to live with me,  
Must waste in sorrowes; and this Sonne, I now am bent to see,  
Being now afflicted with some griefe, not usually grave,  
Whose knowledge and recure I seek. This said, the left he cave,  
Which all left with her; swimming forth, the greens waves as they swom,  
Cleft with their bosomes, cur'd, and gave quicke way to Troy. Being come,  
They all ascended, two and two, and trod the honor'd shore,  
Till where the fleet of *Myrmidons* (drawne up in heapes) it bore.  
There stay'd they at *Achilles* ship, and there did *Thetis* lay  
Her faire hand on her Sonnes cur'd head, sigh'd, wept, and bad him say,  
Wh' griefe drew from his eyes those teares? conceale it not (said she)  
Till this houre, thy up-lifted hands have all things granted thee.  
The Greekes (all thrust up at their sternes) have pour'd out teares now,  
And in them scene how much they misse, remission of thy vow.  
He said, tis true, *Olympus* hath done me all that grace:  
But what joy have I of it all? when thus, thralls in the place,

*Thetis to the  
Nereides.*

*Thetis to Antilochus*

*Achilles to Teu-  
bis*

Z

Loss

Losse of my whole selfe, in my friend? whom, when his teares had stain'd,  
He spoild of those prophane armes, that *Peleus* did of time  
From heavens high powres, solemnizing thy sacred nuptial bands,  
As th'onely present of them all; and fitted well their hands,  
Being lovely, radiant, marvellous; O would to heaven thy throat,  
With these faire deities of the sea, thou hadst hadst fate upon;  
And *Peleus* had a mortall wife; since by his means is done  
So much wrong to thy griev'd mind; my death being let so soone,  
And never suffering my returne, to grace of *Peleus* court;  
Nor doe I with it; nor to live in any mans resort,  
But onely that the crying blood for vengeance of my friend,  
Mangld by *Hector*, may be stilld; his sores death paying his end.

*Thetis to Achilles.*  
She weeping, said: that houre is neare, and thy deaths houre then nie,  
Which in thy will serv'd of thy foe, succedeth instantly.

*Achilles to Thetis.*  
And instantly it shall succeed, (he answerd) since my fate  
Allow'd not to my will a powre, to rescue (ere the date  
Of his late slaughter) my true friend. Farre from his friends he died.  
Whose wrong therein my eyes had light, and right to see denied.  
Yet now I neither light my selfe, nor have so spent my light,  
That either this friend or the rest, (in numbers infinite  
Slaughter'd by *Hector*) I can helpe, nor grace with with repaire  
To our deare country; but breathe here, unprofitable ayre,  
And onely live a load to earth, with all my strength, though none  
Of all the Grecians equall it. In counsell many a one  
Is my superiour, what I have, no grace gets, what I want,  
Disgrace is all. How then too soone, can hastiest death supplant  
My fate curst lier her instrument, to my indignitie,  
Being that black friend Contention, who would to God might dye  
To gods and men, and Anger too, that kindles tyrannie  
In men in st wife, being much more sweet then liquid honey is  
To men of powre, to satiate their watchfull enmities;  
And like a pliant fume it spreads through all their breasts, as late  
It stole sterne passage through mine, which he did instigate,  
That is our Generall. But the fact, so long past, the effect  
Must vanish with it, though both griev'd, nor must we still respect  
Our footed humours; Need now take the rules of eithers mind.  
And when the loser of my friend, his death in me shall finde,  
Let death take all. Send him, ye gods, Ile give him my embrace,  
Not *Hercules* himseife shund death, though dearest in the grace  
Of *Jupiter*, even him, Fate stoop, and *Juno*s crueltye;  
And if such Fate expect my life, where death strikes, I will lie.  
Meane time I wish a good renowne, that these deepe, breasted Dames  
Of *Iliou* and *Dardania* may, for th'extinguisht flames  
Of their friends lives, with both their hands, wipe miserable teares  
From their so curiously kept cheekes, and be the officers  
To execute my sighs on Troy, when (seeing my long retreat  
Not gatherd strength, and gives my charge an answerable heate)  
That well may know twas I lay still, and that my being away,

Presented

Presented all their happinesse. But any further stay,  
(Which your much love perhaps may wish) assay not to perswade;  
All woves are kept, all prayers heard, now, free way for fight is made.  
The silver-footed Dame replide: It fits thee well my sonne,  
To keepe destruction from thy friends; but those faire armes are wonne  
And worn by *Hector*, that should keepe thy selfe in keeping them,  
Though their fruition be but short, a long death being neare him;  
Woolfe cruell glory they are yet: by all means then forbear  
To tread the massacres of warre, till I againe appeare  
From *Mulciber* with fit new armes; which when thy eye shall see  
The sunne next rise, shall enter here, with his first beames and me.

Thus to her sisters of the sea, she turn'd, and bad them ope  
The doores and deepes of *Nereus*, the in *Olympus* top  
Must visite *Peleus* for new armes, to serve her wretched sonne;  
And bad in forme her father so, with all things further done.

This said, they underwent the sea, her selfe flew up to heaven;  
In meane space, to the *Hellepont*, and ships, the Greekes were driven  
In shamefull rout; nor could they yet, from rage of *Priams* loone,  
Secure the dead of new assaults, both horse and men made on,  
With such impression; thrice the secte, the hands of *Hector* fear'd,  
And thrice th' *Aiaces* thump him off. With whose repulse displeas'd,  
He wreack his wrath upon the troups; then to the coast againe,  
Made horrid turnings, crying out of his repas'd men,  
And would not quie him quite for death. A Lyon almost serv'd,  
Is not by upland herdsmen driven, from urging to be serv'd  
With more contention then his strength, by those two of a name,  
And had perhaps his much praizd will, if th' *ayrie-footed* dame  
(*Swift Iris*) had not stoop'd in haste, Ambassadress from heaven,  
To *Peleus* sonne, to bid him arme; her message being given  
By *Juno*, kept from all the gods; she thus excited him:  
Rise thou most terrible of men, and save the precious lim  
Of thy belov'd; in whose behalf, the conflict now runnes hie  
Before the secte, the either host fells other mutually;  
These to retaine, those to obtaine; amongst whom, most of all  
Is *Hector* prompt, hee's apt to drag thy friend home, he your pall  
Will make his shoulders; his head for't, hee'll be most famous; rise,  
No more lie idle, set the foe a much more costly prize  
Of thy friends value; then let dogs make him a monument,  
Where thy name will be graven. He askt, What deity hath sent  
Thy presence hither? She repli'd, *Saturnia*, she alone,  
Not high *Jove* knowing, nor one god that doth inhabit on  
Snowy *Olympus*. He againe, how shall I set upon  
The worke of slaughter, when mine armes are worn by *Priams* son?  
How will my goddesse mother grieve, that had I should not arme  
Till she brought armes from *Mulciber*? But should I doe such harme  
To her and dutie: who is he (but *Aias*) that can vant  
The sitting my breast with his armes? and he is conversant  
Amongst the first in use of his, and rampiers of the foe?

Z 3

(Slaine

*Thetis to Achilles.**Thetis and her Daughters leave Achilles.**Iris Ambassadress to Achilles.*

(Slaine neare *Patroclus*) builds to him. All this (said she) we know,  
 And with, thou onely wouldst but show thy person to the eyes  
 Of these hot Ilians, that (afraid of further enterprife)  
 The Greekes may gaine some little breath. She wou'd, and he was won  
 And strait *Minerva* honor'd him, who *Joves* shield clapt upon  
 His mightie shoulders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,  
 That cast beames round about his browes. And as when armes enfold  
 A citie in an Ile; from thence, a smoke at first appeares,  
 (Being in the day) but when the Even, her cloudie forehead reares,  
 Thicke show the fires, and up they cast their splendor, that men nie  
 Seeing their distress, perhaps may set ships out to their supply:  
 So (to shew such aid) from his head, a light rose, scaling heaven  
 And forth the wall he stept and stood; nor brake the precept given  
 By his great mother (mixt in fight) but sent abroad his voyce,  
 Which *Pallas* farre off echoed; who did betwixt them hoise  
 Shrill Tumulto to a pebble height. And as a voice is heard  
 With emulous affection, when any towne is spher'd  
 With siege of such a foe, as kil mens mindes, and for the towne  
 Makes found his trumpet: so the voyce, from *Thetis* issue throwne,  
 Won emulously th' eares of all. His brazen voyce once heard,  
 The mindes of all were start'd so, they yeelded; and so feard  
 The faire-mand' horses, that they flew backe, and their chariots turn'd,  
 Prefraging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd  
 A little after, and their guides, a repercussive dread  
 Took from the horrid radiance of his resplendent head,  
 Which *Pallas* set on fire with grace. Thrice grent *Achilles* spake;  
 And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the Troians started backe:  
 Twelve men, of greatest strength in Troy, left with their lives exhal'd,  
 Their chariots and their darts to death, with his three summons cald.  
 And then the Grecians sprightfully, drew from the darts the corse,  
 And heart'ly it, bearing it to fleete. His friends, with all remorse  
 Marching about it. His great friend dissolving then in teares,  
 To see his truly-lov'd return'd, so horst upon an heric,  
 Whom with such horse and chariot, he set out safe and whole,  
 Now wounded with unpitying Steele, now sent without a soule,  
 Never againe to be resford, never receiv'd but so;  
 He follow'd mourning bitterly. The Sunne (yet farre to goe)  
 Juno commanded to goe downe; who in his powres despight,  
 Sunke to the Ocean; over earth, dispersing sodaine night.  
 And then the Greekes and Troians both, gave up their horse and darts.  
 The Troians all to counsell cal'd, ere they refresh their hearts  
 With any supper, nor would sit; they grew so stiffe with feare,  
 To see (so long from heavie fight) *Achilles* appeare:  
*Polydamas* began to speake, who onely could discern  
 Things future by things past, and was vow'd friend to *Hector*, borne  
 In one night both; he thus advise: Consider well (my friend)  
 In this so great and sodaine change, that now it selfe extends,  
 What change is best for us to oppose. To this stands my command;

Simile.

simile.

Every commands  
 for Sunne to goe  
 downe before his  
 times.

*Polydamas* to  
 shew and the  
 Troians.

Make

Make now the towne our strength; not here abide lights rosie hand;  
 Our wall being farre off, and our foe, (much greater) still as nere.  
 Till this foe came, I well was please'd, to keepe our watches here;  
 My fit hope of the flectes surpris, enclin'd me so; but now  
 'Tis stronger guarded; and (their strength increas'd) we must allow  
 Our owne proportionate amends. I doubt exceedingly  
 That this indifferencie of fight, twist us and th' enemy,  
 And these bounds we prefixe to them, will nothing so confine;  
 Th'uncurb'd minde of *Achilles*. The height of his designe  
 Aimes at our citie, and our wives, and all barres in his way  
 (Being backt with lesse then wals) his powre will scorne to make his stay;  
 And over-runne, as over-scene, and not his object. Then  
 Let Troy be freely our retreat; left being enforc't, our men  
 Twist this, and that be taken up, by Vultures, who by night  
 My safe come off, it being a time untimefly for his might  
 To spend at randome; that being sure. If next light shew us here  
 To his assaults, each man will with, that Troy his refuge were,  
 And then seele what he heares not now. I would to heaven mine care  
 Were free even now of those complaints, that you must after heare;  
 If ye remove not. If ye yeeld (though wearied with a fight)  
 So late and long; we shall have strength, in counsell and the night.  
 And (where we here have no more force then Need will force us to,  
 And which must rise out of our nerves) high ports, towres, wals will doe  
 What wants in us. And in the morne, all arm'd upon our towres,  
 We all will stand out to our foe. I will trouble all his powres,  
 To come from fleet, and give us charge, when his high crested horse,  
 His rage shall satiate with the toyle of this, and that ways course,  
 Vaine entry seeking underneath our well-defended wals;  
 And he be glad to turne to fleet, about his funerals.  
 For of his entry here at home, what minde will serve his thirst?  
 Or ever feed him with sackt Troy? the dogs shall eate him first.

At this speech, *Hector* bent his browes, and said, this makes not great  
 Your grace with me, *Polydamas*; that argue for retreat  
 To Troys old prisons; have we not enough of those towres yet?  
 And is not Troy yet charg'd enough, with impositions set  
 Upon her citizens; to keepe our men from spoyle without?  
 But still we must impose within? that houses with our rout,  
 As well as purses may be plagu'd? Before time, *Priams* towne  
 Traffickt with divers languag'd men, and all gave the renowne  
 Of rich Troy to it, brasse and gold abounding; but her store  
 Is now from every house exhast; possessions evermore  
 Are sold out into Phrygia, and lovely Mzonie;  
 And have beene ever since *Joves* wrath. And now his clemency  
 Gives me the meane, to quit our want with glory, and conclude  
 he Greekes in sea-bords, and our seas; to sacke it, and extrude  
 His offerd bountie by our flight. Foole that thou art, bewray  
 This counsell to no common care; for no man shall obay  
 If any will, Ile checke his will. But what our selfe command,

*Hector* says  
 vpon  
*Achilles*.

Let

Let all observe: take suppers all, keepe watch of eury hand.  
If any Troian have some spoyle, that takes his too much care,  
Make him dispose it publikely; tis better any fare  
The better for him then the Greekes. When light then decks the skies,  
Let all arme for a fierce assault. If great *Achilles* rise,  
And will enforce our greater toyle, it may rise fo to him;  
On my backe, he shall finde no wings, my spirit shall force my lim  
To stand his worst, and give or take, *Mars* is our common Lord,  
And the desirous sword-mans life, he ever puts to sword.

This counsell gat applause of all, so much were all unwise,  
*Minerva* robd them of their braines, to like the ill advice  
The great man gave, and leave the good, since by the meaner given.  
All took their suppers, but the Greekes spent all the heavy Even  
About *Patroclus* mournfull rites, *Pelides* leading all  
In all the formes of heaviness: he by his side did fall,  
And his man-slaughtering hands impos'd into his oft-kist breast,  
Sighes blew up sighes: and Lion-like, grac'd with a goodly crest,  
That in his absence being robd by hunters of his whelps,  
Returnes to his so desolate den: and (for his wanted helps)  
Beholding his unlookt-for wants, flies roving backe againe,  
Hunts the flye hunter, many a vale, recoounding his disdain.  
So mourn'd *Pelides*, his late losse; so weightie were his moanes  
Which (for their dumbe founde) now gave words to all his Myrmidons.  
O gods (said he) how vaine a vow, I made, (to cheate mine minde)  
Of sad *Menetius*, when his sonne, his hand to mine resign'd,  
That high-tow'r'd *Opus* he should see, and leave rac't Lion,  
With spoyle and honour, even with me! but *Love* vouchsafes to none,  
With passages to all his vows, we both were destinate  
To bloody one earth here in Troy, nor any more estate  
In my returne, hath *Peleus*, or *Thetis*; but because  
I, last must undergoe the ground, Ile keepe no funerall lawes  
(O my *Patroclus*) for thy corse, before I hither bring  
The armes of *Hector*, and his head, to thee for offering.  
Twelve youths, the most renown'd of Troy, Ile sacrifice beside,  
Before thy heape of funerall, to thee unpacified.

In meane time, by our crooked sternes, lyc drawing teares from me,  
And round about thy honour'd Corse, these dames of Dardanie,  
And Iliou with the ample breasts (whom our long speares and powres,  
And labours purchast from the rich, and by-us ruind towres,  
And cities strong and populous, with divers-languag'd men)  
Shall kneele, and neither day nor night be licent to obtaine  
From solemn watches, their royld eyes held ope with endless teares.

This passion past, he gave command to his neare souldiers,  
To put a Tripod to the fire, to cleanse the festred gore  
From off the person. They obeyed, and presently did powre  
Fresh water in it, kindl'd wood, and with an instant flame,  
The belly of the Tripod girt, till fires hot qualitie came  
Vp to the water. Then they wath, and sild the mortall wound

With

With wealthy oyle of nine yeares old; then wrapt the body round,  
In largeness of a fine white sheete, and put it then in bed,  
When all, watcht all night with their Lord, and spent sighes on the dead.

Then *Love* askt *Inno*, if at length she had suffic'd her spleene,  
*Achilles* being wonne to armes? or if she had not beene  
The naturall mother of the Greekes, she did so still preferre  
Their quarrell? She incens'd, askt why he still was taunting her,  
For doing good to those she lov'd? since man to man might show  
Kinde offices, though thrall to death; and though they did not know  
Hate such deepe counsels, as disclos'd; beneath her farre-seeing state:  
She, reigning Queene of goddesses, and being ingenerate  
Of one stocke with himselfe; besides, the state of being his wife,  
And must her wrath, and ill to Troy, continue such a strife  
From time to time, twixt him and her? This private speech they had,  
And now the silver-footed Queene had her ascension made,  
To that incorruptible house, that starry golden court  
Of fiery *Vulcan*; beautifull, amongst th'immortal fort.

Which yet the lame god bui't himselfe: she found him in a sweate,  
About his bellowes; and in haste, had twenty Tripods beate,  
To set for stools about the sides of his well builded hall.  
To whose feete, little wheels of gold he put, to goe withall,  
And enter his rich dining roome; alone, their motion free  
And backe againe goe out alone, miraculous to see.

And thus much he had done of them, yet handles were to adde,  
For which he now was making studs. And while their fashon had  
Employment of his skilfull hand, bright *Thetis* was come neare,  
Whom first, faire well-haired *Charis* saw, that was the nuptiall feare,  
Of famous *Vulcan*, who, the hand of *Thetis* tooke, and said;

Why, faire-train'd, lov'd and honour'd Dame, are we thus visited  
By your kinde presence? you I thinke, were never here before,  
Come neare, that I may banquet you, and make you visite more.

She led her in, and in a chaire of silver (being the fruit  
Of *Vulcan*'s hand) she made her sit: a footstool, of a suite,  
Appoynting to her christall feete, and cald the god of fire  
For *Thetis* was arriv'd (she said) and entertain'd desire  
Of some grace, that his art might grant. *Thetis* to me (said he)  
Is mighty, and most reverend, as one that nourish me,  
When Griefe consum'd me; being cast from heaven, by want of shame  
In my proud mother, who because she brought me forth so lame,  
Would have me made away, and then I had beene much distressed,  
Had *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, in eithers silver breast  
Not rescu'd me. *Eurynome*, that to her father had  
Reciprocall *Oceanus*, nine yeeres with them I made  
A number of well-arted things, round bracelets, buttons brave,  
Whistles and Carqunets: my Forge stood in a hollow Cave,  
About which (murmuring with some) th'unmeasur'd Ocean  
Was ever beating; my abode, knowne not to god nor man,  
But *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, and they would see me still:

They

They were my loving guardians: now then the Harry hui,  
And our particular roote thus grac't with bright-hair'd *Thetis* here,  
It fits me alwayes to repay, a recompence as deare  
To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haste *Charis*, and appoe  
Some dainty guest rites to our friend, while I my bellowes lose  
From fire, and lay up all my tooles. Then from an anvil rose  
Th'unweildy monster, halted downe, and all awry he went.  
He tooke his bellowes from the fire, and every instrument  
Lockt safe up in a silver chest. Then with a sponge he drest  
His face all over, necke and hands, and all his haire breast:  
Put on his Cote, his Scepter tooke, and then went halting forth:  
Handmaids of gold, attending him; resembling in all worth,  
Living young damzels, fill'd with mindes, and wisdom, and were train'd  
In all immortall ministerie, vertue and voyce contain'd,  
And mov'd with voluntarie powres: and these still waited on  
Their fierie Sovereigne; who (not apt to walke) sate nere the throne  
Of faire hair'd *Thetis*; tooke her hand; and thus he courted her:

For what affaire, O faire train'd Queene, reverend to me, and deare,  
Is our Court honour'd with thy state? that hast not heretofore  
Perform'd this kindnesse? Speake thy thoughts, thy suit can be no more  
Then my minde gives me charge to grant, can my powre get it wrought?  
Or that it have not onely powre, of onely act in thought?

She thus: O *Vulcan*, is there one of all that are of heaven,  
That in her never-quiet minde, *Saturnius* hath given  
So much affliction as to me? whom onely he subiects  
(Of all the Sea-Nymphs) to *amaa*, and makes me beare th'affects  
Of his traile bed: and all against the freedome of my will.  
And he worne to his roote with age: from him, another ill,  
Arise to me; *Jupiter* you know, hath given a sonne  
(The excellent of men) to me; whose education,  
On my part well hath answer'd his owne worth; having growne,  
As in a fruitfull soyle, a tree that puts not up alone  
His body to a naked height; but joyntly gives his growth  
A thousand branches; yet to him, so short a life I brought,  
That never I shall see him more, return'd to *Peleus* Court.  
And all that short life he hath spent, in most unhappy sort.  
For first he wonne a worthy Dame, and had her by the hands  
Of all the Grecians: yet this Dame, *Atreides* countermands:  
For which, in much disdain he mourn'd, and almost pin'd away,  
And yet, for this wrong, he receiv'd some honour, I must say,  
The Greekes being shut up at their ships, not suffer'd to advance  
A head out of their batter'd sternes; and mightie suppliance,  
By all their grave men hath beene made, gifts, honors, all propos'd  
For his reflection, yet he still kept close, and saw enclose  
Their whole host in this generall plague. But now his friend put on  
His armes, being sent by him to field, and many a *Myrmidon*  
In conduct of him; all the day they fought before the gates

Of *Scæa*; and most certainly, that day had seene the dates  
Of all Troyes honours, in her dust; if *Phæbus* (having done  
Much mischief more) the envied life of good *Ateneius* sonne,  
Had not with partial hands enforc't, and all the honour given  
To *Heitor*, who hath pris'd his armes; and therefore I am drue  
To embrace thy knees, for new defence, to my lov'd sonne: alas,  
His life prefixt, so short a date had need spend that with grace.  
A shield then for him, and a helme, faire greaves, and cures such,  
As may renowne thy workmanship, and honour him as much;  
I sue for, at thy famous hands. Be confident (said he)  
Let these wants breed thy thoughts, no care; I would it lay in me,  
To hide him from his heany death, when Fate shall seeke for him;  
As well as with renowned armes, to fit his goodly limme;  
Which thy hands shall convey to him; and all eyes shall admire:  
See, and desire againe to see thy satisfied desire.

This said, he left her there, and forth did to his bellowes goe,  
Appolte them to the fire againe, commanding them to blow.  
Through twenty holes made to his hearth, at once blew twenty paire,  
That fir'd his coles, sometimes with soft, sometimes with vehement ayre,  
As he will'd, and his worke requir'd. Amids the flame he cast,  
Tin, Silver, precious Gold, and Brasse; and in the stocke he plac'd  
A mighty anvil; his right hand a weighty hammer held,  
His left his tongs. And first he forg'd a strong and spartous shield  
Adorn'd with twenty severall hewes: about whose verge he beate,  
A ring, three-fold and radiant; and on the backe he set  
A silver handle; five-fold were the equall lines he drew  
About the whole circumference: in which, his hand did shew,  
(Directed with a knowing minde) a rare varietie,  
For in it he represented earth; in it, the sea and skie:  
In it, the neuer-weari'd Sunne, the Moone exactly round,  
And all those starres, with which the browes of ample heaven are crown'd;  
*Orien*, all the *Pleiades*, and those seven *Atlas* got;  
The close-beam'd *Hyades*. The *Beare*, furnam'd the Chariot,  
That turnes about heavens axeltree, holds ope a constant eye  
Vpon *Orien*; and of all, the Crestles in the skie,  
His golden forehead neuer bowes, to th' Ocean Emperie.

Two cities in the spacious field, he build with goodly state  
Of divers languag'd men: the one did nuptials celebrate,  
Celebrating at them, solemne feasts: the Brides from forth their bowres  
With torches, usher'd through the streetes: a world of Paramours  
Excited by them; youths and maides, in louely circles danc't:  
To whom the merry Pipe and Harpe, the spritfull sounds advanc't.  
The matrons standing in their dores admiring. Other where,  
A solemne Court of law was kept, where throngs of people were:  
The case in question, was a fine impose on one, that sue  
The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did sue;  
Which th' other pleaded he had paid. The adverse part denied,

Of

And



And openly affirm'd he had no penny satisfied.  
Both put it to arbitrement; the people cryed twas best  
For both parts, and th' assistants too gave their dooms like the rest.  
The Heralds made the people peace: the Seniors then did beare  
The voycefull Heralds scepters; fate within a sacred sphere,  
On polished stones; and gaue by turns their sentence. In the Court  
Two talents of gold were cast, for him, that iudg'd in iustest sort.

*Two small  
armies  
were in the  
field of A-*

The other citie, other warres employ'd as bully,  
Two armies glittering in armes, of one confederacie,  
Besieged it; and a parle had with those within the towne,  
Two waies they stood resolu'd; to see the citie overthrowne:  
Or that the citizens should heape in two parts all their wealth,  
And gave them halfe. They neither likt, but arm'd themselves by stealth:  
Left all their old men, wives, and boyes, behinde, to man their wals;  
And stole out to their enemies towne. The *Queen* of martials,  
And *Mars* himselfe conducted them; both which being forgd of gold,  
Must needs have golden furniture: and men might behold  
They were presented deities. The people, *Vulcan* forgd  
Of meaner metall. When they came where that was to be urg'd  
For which they went, within a vale close to a flood, whose streame  
Vse to give all their cattell drinke; they there enambush't them:  
And sent two scouts out to descry, when th' enemies heards and sheepe  
Were setting; they strait came forth, with two that vste to keepe  
Their passage alwaies; both which pip't, and went on merrily;  
Nor dream'd of Ambuscados there. The ambush then let sic,  
Slue all their white fleece't sheepe, and neate, and by them laid their guard.  
When those in siege before the towne, so strange an uprore heard,  
Behind, amongst their flockes and herds; (being then in counsell set)  
They then start up, tooke horse, and soone their subtil enemy met;  
Fought with them on the rivers shore, where both gave mutuall blowes  
With well pil'd darts. Amongst them all, perverse Contention rose,  
Amongst them tumult was enrag'd; amongst them ruinous Fate  
Had her red-finger; some they tooke in an unhurt estate,  
Some hurt, yet living, some quite slaine: and those they tug'd to them  
By both the fecte, strip off and tooke their weeds, with all the streame  
Of blood upon them; that their steeles had manfully let out.  
They fear'd as men alive indeed, drew dead indeed about.

*A new car'd  
field in the  
field.*

To these the fiery Artizan did adde a new car'd field,  
Larg'd and thrice plow'd; the soyle being soft, and of a wealthy yeild,  
And many men at plow he made, that drave earth here and there,  
And turn'd up fitches orderly; at whose end when they were,  
A fellow ever gave their hands full cups of luscious wine;  
Which emptied, for another fitch, the earth they undermine,  
And long till th' utmost bound be reacht, of all the ample Close:  
The soyle turn'd up behinde the plow, all blacke like earth arose,  
Though forgd of nothing else but gold, and lay in show as light,  
As if it had beene plow'd indeed; miraculous to sight.

*A new w  
field*

There grew by this a field of corne, high, ripe, where reapers wrought,

And

And let thicke handfuls fall to earth; for which, some other brought  
Bands, and made sheaves. Three binders stood, and tooke the handfuls reapt  
From boyes that gatherd quickly up; and by them armefulls heapt.  
Amongst these at a furrowes end, the king stood please'd at heart;  
Said no word, but his scepter shew'd. And from him, much apart,  
His harvest Bailiffes, underneath an Oke, a feast prepar'd:  
And having kild a mighty Oxe, stood there to see him shar'd;  
Which women for their harvest folkes (then come to sup) had dreit;  
And many white-wheate-cakes bestow'd, to make it up a feast.

*Arms of  
gold.*

He set neare this, a vine of gold, that crackt beneath the weight  
Of bunches, blacke with being ripe, to keepe which at the height,  
A silver raile ranne all along, and round about it flow'd  
An azure mote; and to this guard, a quick-set was bestow'd  
Of Tin, one onely path to all; by which the prestemen came  
In time of vintage; youths and maides that bore not yett the flame  
Of manly *Hymen*; baskets bore, of grapes and mellow fruit.  
Centerd the circles of that youth; all whose skill could not doe  
The wantons pleasure to their minds, that danc't, sung, whistl'd to.

*A herd of  
Oxen.*

A herd of Oxen then he carv'd, with high raise'd heads, forgd all  
Of Gold and Tin (for colour mixt) and bellowing from their stall,  
Rusht to their pastures, a flood that eccho'd all their throates;  
Exceeding swift, and full of reeds, and all in yellow cotes,  
Foure herdsmen follow'd; after whom, nine Mastiffes went. In head  
Of all the herd, upon a Bull, that deadly bellowed,  
Two horrid Lyons ramp't, and scild, and (rugg'd off) bellowing still,  
Both men and dogs came; yet they tore the hide, and lap't their fill  
Of blacke blood, and the entrailes eate. In vaine the men assayd,  
To set their dogs on: none durst pinch, but curre-like stood and bayd  
In both the faces of their kings; and all their onsets fled.

*Flocks of  
sheepe.*

*A dancing  
place.*

Then in a passing pleasant vale, the famous artfman fed,  
(Upon a goodly pasture ground) rich flockes of white-fleece't sheepe,  
Built stables, cottages, and cotes; that did the shepheards keepe  
From winde and weather. Next to these, he cut a dancing place,  
All full of turnings; that was like the admirable maze  
For faire-hair'd *Ariadne* made, by cunning *Dedalus*;  
And in it, youths and virgins danc't; all yong and beaution,  
And glewed in anothers palmes. Weeds that the winde did tosse,  
The virgins wore: the youths, woven cotes, that cast a faint d'mme glosse,  
Like that of oyle. Fresh garlands too, the virgins temples crown'd;  
The youths guilt swords wore at their thighs, with silver bawdricks bound;  
Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to which as fast they spunne,  
As any wheele a Turner makes, being tried how it will runne,  
While he is set, and out againe, as full of speed, they wound;  
Not one left fast, or breaking hands. A multitude stood round,  
Delighted with their nimble sport: to end which two begun  
(Midsall) a song, and turning sung, the sports conclusion.  
All this he circl'd in the shield, with pouring round about

A a

(11)



Attemp't to putrefaction. She bade him, doubt no harme  
Of those offences: she would care to keep the petulant swarme  
Of Flies (that usually taint the bodies of the slain)  
From his friends person: though a yeare the earths top should sustaine  
His slaughtered body, it should still rest found, and rather hold  
A better state, then worse, since time, that death first made him cold:  
And so she call a Councell, to dispose of new alarmes,  
Where (to the king that was the Pastor of that flocke in armes)  
He should depose all anger, and put on a fortitude  
Fit for his armes. All this, his powres, with dreadfull strength indude.  
She, with her faire hand, still'd into the nostrils of his friend,  
Red Nectar and Ambrosia, with which she did defend  
Thee from putrefaction. He trod along the shore,  
And summon'd all the heroique Greekes, with all that spent before  
The time in exercise with him; the Masters, Pilots too,  
Souldiers and all; all when they saw *Achilles* summon so,  
swarm'd to the Councell, having long left the laborious wars.  
To all there came two halting kings, true servitors of *Mars*,  
*Diomedes* and wise *Ithacus*, both leaning on their speares:  
Their wounds still painefull; and both these fare first of all the Peeres.  
The last come, was the King of men, fore wounded with the Lance  
Of *Coon Antenorides*. All set, the first in utterance

*Achilles*  
first speaker to  
the Councell.

Was *Theseus* sonne, who rose and said; *Atrides*, had not this  
Conferd most profit to us both? when both our enmities  
Consum'd us so? and for a wench? whom, when I chus'd for prize,  
(In laying *Lyrnessus* ruind wals amongst our victories)  
I would to heaven (as first she fet her dainty foot aboard)  
*Dianes* hand had tumbld off, and with a javelin gor'd.  
For then, th'unmeasurable earth had not so thicke beene gnaw'd,  
(In ditches convulsions) by our friends; since my affects were drawne  
To such distemper. To our foe, and to our foes chiefe friend  
Our jarrebrought profits: but the Greekes will never give an end  
To thought of what is preiudic't them. Past things yet, past our aide;  
Begrudge, for what wrath rule in them; must make th'amends repaid  
With that necessity of love, that now forbids our ire;  
Which I with free affects obey. 'Tis for the senseless fire  
Still to be burning, having stufte; but men must curb rage still,  
Being fram'd with voluntary powres, as well to checke the will,  
As give't reynes. Give you then charge, that for our infant fight,  
The Greekes may follow me to field, to try if still the night  
Will beare our troians at our ships. I hope there is some one  
Amongst their chiefe encouragers, will thanke me to be gone;  
And bring his heart downe to his knees in that submission.  
The Greekes rejoyc't to heare the heart of *Pelem* mightie sonne,  
Unquail'd. And then the king (not rising from his throne,  
For his late hurt) to get good care, thus orderd his reply:

Princes of Greece: your states shall suffer no indignity,  
If I bring fare off ye stand and heare, nor fits it such as stand,

At greater distance, to disturbe the counsell now in hand,  
By uprore, in their too much care of hearing. Some, of force  
Must lose some words: for, hard it is in such a great concourse,  
(Though hearers eares be nere so sharpe) to touch at all things spoke.  
And in assemblies of such thrust, how can a man provoke  
Fit powre to heare, or leave to spoke? best auditors may there,  
Lose surest words; and the most vocall Orator, sit care.  
My maine end then to satisfie *Pelides* with reply,  
My words shall prosecute. To him my speech especially  
Shall beare direction. Yet I with the court in generall,  
Would give fit care; my speech shall need attention of all.

Oft have our Peeres of Greece, much blam'd my forcing of the prize,  
Due to *Achilles*, of which act, not I, but destinies,  
And *Iove* himselfe; and blacke *Erynnis* (that casts false misse still  
Betwixt us and our actions done, both by her powre and will)  
Are authors: what could I doe then? the very day and houre  
Of our debate, that furic stole in that act on my powre.  
And more; all things are done by strife: that ancient seed of *Iove*,  
*Ate*, that hurts all, perfects all. Her feet are soft, and move  
Not on the earth; they beare her still aloft mens heads, and there  
The harmefull hurts them. Nor was I alone her prisoner,  
*Iove* (best of men and gods) hath bene. Nor he himselfe hath gone  
Beyond her fetters: no she made a woman put them on.

Are the goddesses  
of concourse.

For when *Alcmena* was to vent the force of *Hercules*,  
In well wall'd Thebes: thus *Iove* triumpht; Heare gods and goddesses,  
The words my joyes urg'd. In this day, *Lucina* (bringing paine  
To labouring women) shall produce into the light of men,  
A man that all his neighbour kings shall in his Empire bold,  
And vant, that more then manly race, whose honor'd veines enfold  
My eminent blood. *Saturnia* conceiv'd a present sleight,  
And urg'd confinement of his vant, to infringe it; her conceit  
In this fort urg'd: thou wilt not hold thy word with this rare man,  
Or if thou wilt, confirme it with the oath Olympian,  
That whosoever fals this day, betwixt a womans knees,  
Of those mens rockes, that from thy blood derive their pedigrees,  
Shall all his neighbour townes command. *Iove* (ignorant of fraud)  
Tooke that great oath, with his great ill, gave little cause to applaude.  
Downe from Olympus top, the floopt, and quickly reacht the place  
In Argos, where the famous wife of *Sthenelus* (whose race  
He fetch from *Iove*, by *Perseus*) dwelt. She was but seven months gone  
With issue; yet she brought it forth, *Alcmena* matchlesse sonne  
Delate from light; *Saturnia* repress't the reeking throwes  
Of his great mother. Up to heaven she mounts againe, and shewes  
(In glory) her deceit to *Iove*. Bright lightning *Iove* (said she)  
Now th' Argives have an Emperour; a sonne deriv'd from thee,  
Is borne to *Perseus Sthenelus*; *Eurythem*, his name,  
Noble and worthy of the rule, thou swor'st to him. This came  
Close to the heart of *Jupiter*; and *Ate* that had wronght

Was a deceit of  
Jupiter.

Is now in violation  
after her de-  
ceit.

This anger by *Saturnia*, by her bright-haire he caught,  
 Held downe her head, and over her made this infallible vow:  
 That never to the cope of starres, should reascend that brow,  
 Being so unfortunate to all. Thus, swinging her about,  
 He cast her from the fierie heaven, who ever since thrust out  
 His forked sting, in th'affaires of men. *Iove* ever since did grieve,  
 Since his deare issue *Hercules*, did by his vow achieve  
 The unjust toyles of *Euryfthoe*: thus fares it now with me,  
 Since under *Hectors* violence, the Grecian progenie  
 Fell so unftily by my spleene, whose fals will ever sticke  
 In my griev'd thoughts, my weakenesse yet, (*Saturnius* making sicke  
 The state my minde held) now recur'd; th'amends shall make even weight  
 With my offence: and therefore rouse thy spirits to the fight,  
 With all thy forces; all the gifts propolde thee at thy tent,  
 (Last day) by royall *Ithacus*, my officers shall present,  
 And (if it like thee) strike no stroke (though never so on thornes  
 Thy minde stands to thy friends revenge) till my command adorns  
 Thy tents, and colors with lush gifts, as well may let thee know  
 How much I with thee satisfied. He answerd, let thy vow  
 (Renown'd *Atrides*) at thy will be kept; (as justice would)  
 Or keepe thy gifts, tis all in thee. The counsell now we hold,  
 Is for repairing our maine field, with all our fortune.  
 My faire shew made, brookes no retreat, nor must delays delude  
 Our deeds expectation. Yet undone the great worke is, all eyes  
 Must see *Achilles* in first fight, depeopling enemies,  
 As well as counsell it in court: that every man set on;  
 May chuse his man, to imitate my exercise upon.  
*Ulysses* answerd, doe not yet (thou man made like gods)  
 Take fasting men to field: suppose, that whatsoever ods,  
 It brings against them, with full men, thy boundlesse eminence,  
 Can amply answer; yet reftaine to tempt a violence.  
 The conflict wearing out our men, was late, and held as long;  
 Wherin, though most, *Iove* flood for Troy; he yet made our part strong  
 To beare that most. But 'twas to beare, and that breeds little heart.  
 Let wine and bread then add to it: they helpe the twofold part,  
 The soule and body in a man; both force and fortune.  
 All day men cannot fight, and fast; though never so indude  
 With mindes to fight, for that suppose, there lurkes yet secretly,  
 Thirst, hunger, in th'oppressed joynts; no minde can supply.  
 They take away a marchers knees. Mens bodies thoroughly fed,  
 Their mindes share with them in their strength; and (all day combated)  
 One stirres not, till you call off all. Dismiss them then to meate,  
 And let *Atrides* tender here, in sight of all his seate,  
 The gifts he promist. Let him sweare, before us all, and rise  
 To that oath; that he never toucht in any wanton wife,  
 The Lady he enforst. Besides, that he remains in minde  
 As chastly satisfied: not toucht, or privily inclin'd  
 With future wantages. And last, tis fit he should approve

*Achilles his noble answer of Saturnus.*

*Ulysses to Achilles.*

All these rites, at a solemne feast, in honour of your love,  
 That so you take no mangl'd law, for merits absolute.  
 And thus the honours you receive, resolving the pursuit  
 Of your friends quarrell, well will quit your sorrow for your friend.  
 And thou *Atrides* in the task of so severe an end,  
 Hereafter may on others hold, a iuster government.  
 Nor will it ought empaire a King to give a sound content  
 To any (subject soundly wrong'd, I ioy (replide the King)  
 O *Laertiades*, to heare thy liberrall counselling.  
 In which is all decorum kept, nor any point lacks touch,  
 That might be thought on, to conclude, a reconciliation, such  
 As fits example, and us two. My minde yet makes me weare;  
 Not your impulsion. And that minde shall rest so kinde and cleare;  
 That I will not forswear to God. Let then *Achilles* stay  
 (Though never so inflam'd for fight) and all men here I pray,  
 To stay, till from my tents these gifts be brought here; and the truce,  
 At all parts finish before all. And thou, of all I chuse,  
 (Divine *Ulysses*) and command to chuse of all your host,  
 Youths of most honour, to present to him we honour most,  
 The gifts we late vow'd; and the Dames. Meane space about our tents,  
*Ulysses* shall provide a Bore, to crowne these kinde events  
 With thankfull sacrifice to *Iove*, and to the God of light.  
*Achilles* answerd: these affaires will shew more requite  
 (Great king) some other time, when our more free estates  
 Yeld sit cessation from the warre, and when my spleene abates  
 But now (to all our shames besides) our friends by *Hector* slaine,  
 (And *Iove* to friend) lye unseatcht off. Hasten then, and meate your men;  
 Though I must still say: My command will leade them fasting forth,  
 And all together feast at night. Meate will be something worth,  
 When stomacks first have made it way, with venting infamie,  
 (And other sorrowes late sustain'd) with long'd for wreakes, that lie  
 Heavie upon them, for rights sake. Before which loche he got  
 From off my stomacke; meate nor drinke, I vow, shall downe my throte;  
 My friend being dead, who digd with wounds, & bor'd through both his feet,  
 Lies in the entry of my tent, and in the teares doth fleet  
 Of his associates. Meate and drinke have little merit then  
 To comfort me; but bloud and death, and deadly grones of men.  
 The great in counsels, yet made good his former counsels thus:  
 O *Peleus* sonne, of all the Greekes, by much most valorous,  
 Better and mightier then my selfe, no little, with thy lance;  
 I yeld thy worth; in wisdome yet, no lesse I dare advance  
 My right above thee; since above, in yeeres, and knowing more.  
 Let then thy minde rest in thy words, we quickly shall have store,  
 And all fatietic of fight, whose Steele heapes store of straw,  
 And little come upon a floore, when *Iove* (that doth withdraw,  
 And joyne all battels) once begins t'incline his ballances,  
 In which he weighs the lives of men. The Greekes you must not presse,  
 To mourning with the belly, death hath nought to doe with that,

*Achilles his noble reply.*

*Achilles to Ulysses.*

*Ulysses his reply.*

In healthfull men, that mourne for friends. His Steele we stumble at,  
And fall at, every day you see, sufficient store, and fast.  
What houre is it that any breathe? we must not use more fast  
Then speed holds fit for our revenge: nor should we mourne too much.  
Who dead is, must be buried; mens patience should be such,  
That one dayes mone should serve one man: the dead must end with death,  
And life last with what strengthens life. All those that held their breath  
From death in fight, the more should eate, that so they may supply  
Their fellows that have stucke in field, and fight incessantly.  
Let none expect reply to this, nor stay, for this shall stand  
Or fall with some offence to him, that looks for new command,  
Who ever in dislike holds backe. All joyne then, all things fit  
Allow'd for all, set on a charge, at all parts answering it.

*The names of those that carried the presents Achilles.* This said, he chuse (for noblest youths to beare the presents) these,  
The sonnes of *Nestor*, and with them, renown'd *Meriones*,  
*Phylidas*, *Thou*, *Lycomed*, and *Meges*, all which went  
(And *Menalippus* following *Phyffes*) to the tent

Of *Agamemnon*. He but spake, and with the word, the deed  
Had joynt effect: the fittest well was answerd in the speed.

*The presents.* The presents added to the Dame, the Generall did enforce,  
Were twenty Caldrons, Tripods seven, twelve yong and goodly horse:  
Seven Ladies excellently scene, in all *Minervaes* skill,  
The eight *Brisseis*, who had powre to ravish every will,  
Twelve talents of the finest gold, all which *Phyffes* weyd,  
And carried first, and after him, the other youths conveyd  
The other presents, tendred all, in face of all the Court.

*Agamemnon's assestion.*

Vp rose the King, *Talishybius* (whose voice had a report  
Like to a god) calld to the rites, there, having brought the Bore,  
*Atrides* with his knife tooke sey upon the part before;  
And lifting up his sacred hands to *Jove*, to make his vowes:  
Grave silence strooke the compleate Court, when (casting his high browe  
Vp to the broad heaven) thus he spake: Now witnesse *Jupiter*,  
(First, highest, and thou best of gods) thou earth; that all dost beare,  
Thou Sunne, ye Furies under earth, that every soule torment,  
Whom impious periury distaines; that nought incontinent,  
In bed, or any other act, to any slenderest touch  
Of my light vowes hath wrong'd the Dame, and let my plagues be such,  
As are inflicted by the gods in all extremitie  
Of whomsoever perjur'd men, if godlesse periurie  
In least degree dishonour me. This said, the bristl'd throte  
Of the submitted sacrifice, with ruthless Steele he cut.  
Which straight into the horie sea, *Talishybius* call, to feed  
The sea-borne nation. Then stood up the halfe-celestiall feed  
Of faire hair'd *Tethis*, strengthening thus *Atrides* innocence.

*Achilles to Jupiter.*

O father *Jupiter*, from thee descends the confluence  
Of all mans ill; for now I see the mighty King of men,  
At no hand forc't away my prise, nor first inflam'd my spleene  
With any set ill in himselfe, but thou, the king of gods,

(Incens't

(Incens't with Greece) made that the meane to all their periods,  
Which now, amend we, as we may; and give all suffrages  
To what wife *Ithacus* advise. Take breakfasts, and address  
For instant conflict. Thus he rais'd the Court, and all tooke way  
To severall ships. The *Myrmidons*, the presents did convey  
To *Achilles* heere, and in his tents dispos'd them; doing grace,  
Of eate, and all rites to the Dames. The horses put in place,  
With others of *Assides*. When (like Loves golden Queene)  
*Brisseis* (all in ghastly wounds) had dead *Patroclus* scene;  
She fell about him, shrieking out, and with her white hands tore  
Her haire, breasts, radiant cheekes; and downe in warme teares, did deplore  
His cruell destiny. At length she gat powre to expresse  
Her violent passion; and thus spake, this-like the goddesse.

*Brisseis complaint over the body of Patroclus.*

O good *Patroclus*, to my life, the dearest grace it had,  
I (wretched dame) departing hence, enforc't, and dying sad,  
Left thee alive, when thou hadst heard my poore captivity,  
And now return'd, I finde thee dead; misery on misery,  
Ever increasing with my steps. The Lord to whom my Sire,  
And dearest mother gave my life in nuptials; his lifes life  
I saw before our citie gates, extinguish'd; and his fate,  
Three of my worthy brothers lives, in one wombe generate,  
Felt all in that blacke day of death. And when *Achilles* hand  
Had stain'd all these, and ract the towne, *Mynes* did command,  
(All cause of never-ending griefes, presented) thou took'st all  
On thy endeavour, to convert to ioy as Generall,  
Affirming, he that hurt, should heale; and thou wouldst make thy friend  
(Brave Captaine that thou wert) supply, my vowed husbands end;  
And in rich Phthia celebrate, amongst his *Myrmidons*,  
Our nuptiall banquets; for which grace, with these most worthy mones,  
I never shall be satiate, thou ever being kinde;  
Ever delightfome, one sweet grace, fed still with one sweet minde.

Thus spake the weeping, and with her, did th'other Ladies mone,  
*Patroclus* fortunes in pretext, but in sad truth their owne.

About *Assides* himselfe, the Kings of Greece were plac't,  
Entreating him to food; and he intreated them as fast,  
(Still intermixing words and sighes) if any friend were there  
Of all his dearest; they would cease, and offer him no cheare,  
But his due sorrowes; for before the Sunne had left that skie,  
He would not eate; but of that day, sustaine the extremitie.

Thus all the kings (in resolute griefe and fasting) he dismiss't,  
But both *Atrides*, *Ithacus*, and warres \* old *Martiall*;  
*Idomeneus* and his friend; and *Phenix*, these remain'd  
Endevouring comfort, but no thought of his vow'd woe restrain'd.  
Nor could, till that dayes bloody fight had calmd his blood, he still  
Rememberd something of his friend; whose good was all his ill.  
Their urging meate, the diligent fashion of his friend renew'd,  
In that excitement: thou (said he) when this speed was pursu'd  
Against the Troians; evermore appoofest in my rent,

A

A pleasing breakfast; being so free, and sweetly diligent,  
Thou mad'st all meat sweet. Then the warre was tearfull to our foe,  
But now to me; thy wounds do wound me, and thy overthrow.  
For which my ready food I lie, and on thy longings feed.  
Nothing could more afflict me: Fame relating the foule deed  
Of my deare fathers slaughter; bloud drawne from my sole finnes heart,  
No more could wound me. Cursed man, that in this forraine part,  
(For hatefull *Trojan*) my true love; my country, Sire and sonne,  
I thus should part with. *Scyros* now gives education  
(O *Neoptolimus*) to thee, (if living yet) from whence  
I hop't (deare friend) thy longer life, (safely return'd from hence,  
And my life quitting thine) had powre to ship him home, and show  
His yong eyes *Phibos*, subjects, court; my father being now  
Dead, or most short liv'd; troublous age oppressing him, and feare  
Sull of my deaths newes. These sad words he blew into the eare  
Of euey visitant, with sighes; all echo'd by the Peeres,  
Remembering who they left at home. All whole so humane toones  
Love pittied; and since they all would in the good of one,  
To much reuiv'd; he thus bespake, *Minerva*: *Thetis* sonne,  
Now daughterly thou hast quick forgot. O, is *Achilles* care  
Extinguish'd in thee? prostrated in most extreme ill fare,  
He lies before his high-fall'd fleet, for his dead friend, the rest  
Are strengthening them with meate; but he lies desperately oppress'd  
With heartlesse fasting: Goe thy wayes, and to his breast instill  
Red Nectar and Ambrosia; that Fast procure no ill  
To his neare enterprise. This spur he added to the free,  
And like a Harpye (with a voyce that shriekes so dreadfully,  
And feathers that like needles prick) the flook through all the flares  
Amongst the Grecians; all whose tents were now fill'd for the warres.  
Her serres strooke through *Achilles* tent, and closely the inbill'd  
Heavens most-to-be-desired feast, to his great brest: and fill'd  
His sinewes with that sweet supply, for feare unsauorie Fast  
Should creepe into his knees. Her selfe the skies againe encha't.

The host set forth, and pour'd his Steele waves, farre out of the fleet.  
And as from aire, the frosty Northwinde blows a cold thicke flocce,  
That dries eyes; flakes after flakes, incessantly descending:  
So thicke helmes, cures, athen darts, and round shields, neuer ending,  
Flow'd from the naies hollow wombe: their splendors gaue heauens eye.  
His beames againe; Earth laught to see her face so like the skie,  
Armes thin'd to hot, and the such clouds made with the dust the cast,  
She thund'rd, fete of men and horse impertun'd her so fast.  
In midst of ally, diuine *Achilles* his faire person arm'd,  
His teeth gnash'd; he stood, his eyes, so full of fire, they warme'd,  
His heart griefe and anger at the Troians so combinde.  
His beames first us'd, his goodly cures on his bosome shinde;  
And last, his shield, that cast a brightnesse from it, like the Moone,  
And as from sea, sailers discern a harmefull fire, let runne  
On herders flames, till all their stall flies up in wrastling flame,

When being on his, is seene farre off; but being alone, none came  
To quench it; at shore no neighbours, and at sea their friends  
Driuen off with tempests; such a fire, from his bright shield extends  
His ominous radiance; and in heaven, imprekt his seruent blaze.  
His crested helmet, graue and high, had next triumphant place,  
On his curl'd head: and like a starre, it cast a spurie ray;  
About which, a bright thickned bulw of golden haire, did play;  
Which *Vulcan* forg'd him for his plume. Thus complete arm'd, he tide  
How fit they were: and if his motion could with ease abide  
Their brave instruction; and so farre they were from hindring it,  
That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit,  
That from the earth, the princely Captaine they tooke up to ayre.

Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his fathers speare,  
Huge, weightie, firme; that not a Greeke but he himselfe alone  
Knew how to shake, it grew upon the mountaine Pelion;  
From whose height, *Chryse* hew'd it for his Sire, and fatal twas  
To great sould men. Of *Peleus* and *Pelion*, furnam'd *Pelias*.

Then from the stable, their bright horse, *Automedon* withdrawes,  
And *Alcymus*, Put Poitrils on, and cast upon their jawes,  
Their bridles; hurling backe the reynes, and hung them on the seate.  
The faire scourge then *Automedon* takes up, and up doth get,  
To guide the horse: the fights seate last, *Achilles* tooke behinde,  
Who lookt to arm'd, as if the Sunne there false from heaven had shin'd.  
And teratly, thus charg'd his steeds. *Xanthus* and *Balius*,  
Seed of the Harpye; in the charge ye undertake of us,  
Discharge it not; as when *Patroclus* ye left dead in field.  
But when with bloud, for this dayes fast observ'd, Revenge shall yeeld  
Our heart satietie, bring us off, Thus since *Achilles* spake,  
As if his aw'd steeds nnderstood: twas *Tunes* will to make  
Vocall the pallat of the one; who shaking his faire head,  
(Which in his mane (let fall to earth) he almost buried)  
Thus *Xanthus* spake: ablast *Achilles* now (at least) our care  
Shall bring thee off; but not farre hence, the fatal minutes are  
Of thy grave ruine. Nor shall we be then to be reprov'd,  
But mightie Fate, and the great God: Nor was thy best belov'd  
Spoil'd so of armes by our slow pace; our courages empaire,  
The best of gods, *Latonas* sonne, that weares the golden haire,  
Gave him his deaths wound; though the grace he gave to *Hectors* hand.  
We, like the spirit of the West, that all spirits can command  
For powre of wing, could runne him off: but thou thy selfe must goe,  
So Fate ordaines, God and a man must give thee overthrow.

This said, the Furies stop his voyce. *Achilles* farre in rage,  
Thus answerd him: it fits not thee, thus proudly to preface  
My overthrow; I know my selfe, it is my fate to fall  
Thus farre from *Phibos*; yet that Fate shall faile to vent her gall,  
Till mine vent thousands. These words us'd, he fell to horrid deeds;  
Gave dreadfull signall; and forthright, made flye his one-hov'd steeds;

The end of the nineteenth Book.

THE

### THE ARGUMENT.

\*Mort.

*In Ypsilon Strife stirres in heaven.  
The dayes grace, to the Greekes is given.*

ive summary  
and the services  
to continue

To any one. Here Ile hold state, and freely take the joy  
Of others fate: helpe whom ye please, for tis assur'd that Troy  
Not one dayes conflict can sustaine, against *Æacides*,  
If heaven oppose not. His meere looks, threw darts enow to impress  
Their powres with trembling, but when blowes sent from his fiery hand,  
(Thrice heat by slaughter of his friend) shall come and countermand  
Their former glories: we have feare, that though Fate keepe their wall,  
Hee'l overturne it. Then defend, and cease not till ye all  
Adde all your aides; mixe earth and heaven together with the fight  
*Achilles* urgeth. These his words did such a warre excite,  
As no mans powre could wraitle downe, the gods with parted hearts,  
Departed heaven, and made earth warre: To guide the Grecian darts,  
*Juno* and *Pallas*, with the god that doth the earth embrace,  
And most for mans use, *Mercurie* (whom good wise inwards grace)  
Were partially. and all employd, and with them halted downe  
(Proud of his strength) lame *Muciber*, his walkers quire misgowne,  
But made him tread exceeding sure, To aide the lian side,  
The changeable in armes, went (*Mars*) and him accompanied  
*Diana*, that delights in shafts, and *Phæbus* never thorne,  
And *Aphrodite*, laughter-pleasde, and she of whom was borne  
Still yong *Apollo*, and the flood that runs on golden sands  
Bright *Xanthus*. All these ayded Troy, and till these lent their hands,  
The Grecians triumpht in the aide, *Æacides* did adde,  
The Troians trembling with his sight, so gloriously clad,  
He over shin'd the field, and *Mars* no harmefuller then he.  
He bore the iron streame on cleare; But when *Joves* high decree  
Let fall the gods amongst their troupes, the field swild, and the fight  
Grew fierce and horrible. The \* Dame, that armies doth excite,  
Thunderd with Clamor; sometimes set, at dike without the wall,  
And sometimes on the bellowing shore. On th' other side, the Call  
Of *Mars* to fight was terrible, hecried out like a storme,  
Set on the cities pinacles; and there he would informe  
Sometimes his hearthings; Other times, where *Simois* powres on  
His silver curreant, at the foot of high *Callicolon*,  
And thus the blest gods, both sides urg'd; they all stood in the mids,  
And brake Contention to the holls. And over all their heads,  
The gods king, in abhorred claps, his thunder rattl'd out.  
Be searh them. *Neptune* tost the earth, the mountaines round about  
Bo'ed with affright, and shooke their heads: *Joves* hill the earth-quake felse,  
(Steepe *Ida*) trembling at her rootes; and all her fountaines spilt:  
Their browes all crannied. Troy did nod, the Grecian navie plaid  
(As on the sea;) th' infernall King, that all things frayes, was fraid,  
And leapt affrighted from his throne, cried out, left over him  
*Neptune* should rend in two the earth; and so his house fo diem,  
So loathsome, filthy, and abhord of all the gods beside,  
Should open both to gods and men. Thus, all things shooke and crid,  
When this blacke battell of the gods was joynings thus arrayed:  
Gainst *Neptune*, *Phæbus* with wing'd shafts, gainst *Mars* the blow-cyd maid:  
Gainst

The names of the  
gods pinacles  
would either put

*Pallas*

The state of the  
city is now so  
the high when  
the sea were to  
be searh.

Gainst *Juno*, *Phæbe*, whose white hands bore sing'g darts of gold,  
Her side arm'd with a sheafe of shafts, and (by the birth twofold  
Of bright *Latona*) sister twin, to him that shootes so farre,  
Against *Latona*, *Hermes* stood (grave guard in peace and warre,  
Of humane beings,) gainst the god, whose Empire is in fire,  
The wary godhead, that great foud, to shew whose powre entire  
In spoyle as th' other: all his streame on lurking whirlpits trod;  
*Xanthus*, by gods, by men *Scamander* cald. Thus god gainst god,  
Entred the field. *Æacides* sustaine a fervent minde  
To cope with *Hectors*; past all these, his spirit stood endin'd,  
To glut *Mars* with the bloud of him. And at *Æacides*,  
*Apollo* set *Anchises* sonne. But first he did impress  
A more then naturall strength in him; and made him feele th'excesse  
Iusufde from heaven. *Lycaons* shape gave shew to his address,  
(Old *Priams* sonne) and thus he spake: thou counsellor of Troy,  
Where now flye out those threats, that late put all our Peeres in joy  
Of thy fight with *Æacides*? thy tongue once (steep in wine)  
Durst vant as much. He answerd him: But why wouldst thou incline  
My powres gainst that proud enemy, and gainst my present beate?  
I meane not now to bid him blowes, that feare sounds my retreat;  
That heretofore discourag'd me: when after he had ract  
*Lyrnesus*, and strong *Pedafus*, his still breath'd furie chac't  
Our Oxen from th' Idæan hill, and set on me, but *Jove*  
Gave strength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walkt above  
This center now, but propt by him. *Minervaes* hand (that held  
A light to this her favourite, whose beames shewd and impeld  
His powres to spoyle) had ruin'd me. For these eares heard her cry,  
Kill, kill the seed of *Ilion*, kill th' Asian Lelegi.  
Meere man then must not fight with him, that still hath gods to friend;  
Averting death on others darts, and giving his no end,  
But with the ends of men. If God, like Fortune in fight,  
Would give my forces, not with ease, wing'd Victory should light  
On his proud shoulders; nor he scape, though all of brasse he bofts  
His plight consisteth. He replide: Pray thou, those gods of hosts,  
Whom he implores, as well as he, and his chance may be thine;  
Thou canst of gods like him: the Queene that raines in Salamine,  
Fame sounds, thy mother, be deriv'd of lower deitie.  
Old *Nereus* daughter bearing him; Beare then thy heart as hic,  
And thy unwearied Steele as right; nor utterly be beare  
With onely cruelty of words, not proofe against a threat.  
This strengthened him, and forth he rush, nor could his strengthening flye,  
White-wristed *Juno*, nor his drifts. She, every deitie  
Of th' Achive faction cald to her, and said: Ye must have care  
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) for the frame of this important warre  
Ye undertake here; *Venus* sonne (by *Phæbus* being impeld)  
Runnes on *Achilles*, turne him backe, or see our friend upheid  
By one of us. Let not the spirit of *Æacides*  
Be over-dar'd, but make him know the mightiest deities

*Apollo* reflects  
Hector to win  
advantage of a  
chance by the  
of Lycaon.

*Hector* is *Apollo*

*Juno* is the gods  
of Greece.



Stand kinde to him, and that the gods, protectors of these towres  
That fight against Greece, and were here before our eminent powres,  
Beare no importance. And besides, that all we stoupe from heaven  
To curbe this fight, that no empire be to his person given  
By any Troians, nor their aides, while this day beares the Sunnes;  
Hereafter, all things that are wrapt in his birth, thred, and spunne  
By *Pareus* (in that point of time, his mother gave him, ayre)  
Hemust sustaine. But if Report performe not the repara  
Of all this to him, by the Voyce of some immortal state,  
He may be fearefull, (if some god should set on him) that Fate  
Makes him her minister. The gods, when they appeare to men,  
And man felt their proper formes, are passing dreadfull then.

Neptune to Iove

*Neptune* replide: *Saturnus* at no time let your Care  
Exceed your Reason; tis not fit. Where onely humanes are,  
We must not mixe the hands of gods, our ods is too extreme;  
Sit we by, in some place of height, where we may see to them,  
And leave the warres of men to men. But if we see from thence,  
Or *Mars*, or *Phabus* enter fight, or offer least offence  
To *Thetis* sonne, not giving free way to his conquering rage,  
Then comes the conflikt to our cares; we soone shall disengage  
*Achilles*, and send them to heaven, to settle their abode  
With Equals; flying under stripes. This said, the blacke hair'd god,  
Led to the towre of *Hercules*, built circular and hie  
By *Pallas* and the Ilians, for fir securitie

Hercules

To *Ioves* divine \* sonne, gainst the Whale, that drave him from the shore,  
To th' ample field. There *Neptune* late, and all the gods that bore  
The Greekes good meaning; casting all, thicke mantles made of clouds,  
On their bright shoulders. Th' oppos'd gods, late hid in other shrouds,  
On top of sleepe Callicolon; about thy golden sides,  
O *Phabus*, brandisher of darts; and thine, whose rage abides  
No peace in cities. In this state, these gods in counsell late,  
All lingring purpos'd fight, to try who first would elevate  
His heavenly weapon. High-thron'd *Iove* cried out to set them on;  
Said, all the field was full of men, and that the earth did grone  
With feet of proud encounterers, burn'd with the armes of men,  
And barbed horse. Two champions for both the armies then,  
Met in their midst, prepar'd for blowes; divine *Acides*,  
And *Venus* sonne, *Aeneas* first stept threatening forth the presse,  
His high helme nodding, and his breast bard with a thadie shield,  
And shooke his javelin. *Thetis* sonne did his part to the field,  
As when the harme'ull King of beasts, (fore threatn'd to be slaine,  
By all the country up in armes) at first makes coy Disdaine  
Prepare resistance, but at last, when any one hath led  
Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turnes yawning head,  
Bell anger lathers in his jawes, his great heart swels, his sterne  
With his strength up, sides and thighs, wad'd with stripes to learne  
The way to his owne, he eyes glow, he roares, and in he leapes, to kill,  
And with his strength: So his powre, then rowld up to his will,

Jove's on the other side

Hercules

Marchesse

Matchlesse *Achilles* coming on to meete *Anchises* sonne.  
Both neare; *Achilles* thus enquir'd: Why standst thou thus alone;  
Thou sonne of *Venus*? calst thy heart to change of blowes with me?  
Sure Troyes whole kingdome is propos'd; some one hath promist thee  
The throne of *Priam* for my lifes but *Priamus* selfe is wife,  
And (for my slaughter) not so mad to make his throne thy prize.  
*Priam* hath sonnes to second him. Is't then some piece of land,  
Past others, fit to set and sow, that thy victorious hand,  
The Ilians offer for my head? I hope that prize will prove  
No easie conquest: once, I thinke my buis javelin drove,  
(With terror) those thoughts from your spleene. Retain't thou not the time,  
When single on th' Idæan hill, I tooke thee with the crime  
Of Run away? the Oxen left? and when thou hadst no face,  
That I could see; thy knees bereft it, and *Lyrnesus* was  
The maske for that. Then that maske too, I opened to the ayre,  
(By *Iove* and *Pallas* helpe) and tooke the free light from the faire,  
Your Ladies bearing prisoners. But *Iove* and th' other gods,  
Then fast thee; yet againe I hope they will not add their ods,  
To save thy wants, as thou presum'st; retire then, ayme not at  
Troyes throne by me; flie ere thy soule flies; fooles are wise too late.

Achilles to Anchises

Hercules to Achilles

He answerd him: Hope not that words can child-like terrifie  
My stroke-proofe breast; I well could speake in this indecencie,  
And use tart termes; but we know well, what stocke us both put out,  
Too gentle to beare fruits so rude. Our parents ring about  
The worlds round bosome; and by fame, their dignities are blowne  
To both our knowledges; by fight, neither to either knowne;  
Thine, to mine eyes; nor mine to thine. Fame sounds thy worthinesse  
From famous *Pelesus*; the sea Nymph that hath a lovely tresse,  
(*Thetis*) thy mother; I my selfe affirme my Sire to be  
Great sould *Anchises*, she that holds the Paphian deitie,  
My mother; and of these, this light is now t'achale the reares  
For their lov'd issue. thee or me, childish, unworthy darts,  
Are not enough to part our powres; for if thy spirit want  
Due excitation (by distrust of that desert I vant)  
To set up all rests for my life, Ile linally prove  
(Which many will confirme) my race. First, cloud-commanding *Iove*  
Was sire to *Dardanus*, that built Dardania, for the wals  
Of sacred Iliion spred not yet these fields; those faire-built hals  
Of divers language men, not rais'd, all then made populous  
The fount of Idae fountfull hill. This *Iove*-got *Dardanus*,  
Begot king *Eriphonius*, for wealth, past all compares,  
Of living mortall; in his sene, he fed three thousand mares,  
All neighing by their tender soles; of which, twice fixe were bred  
By *Istus Boreas*, their dames, lov'd by him, as they fed;  
He tooke the brave forme of a horse that shooke an azure mane,  
And slept with them. These twice fixe colts had pace, so swift they ranne  
Upon the top ayles of corne eares; nor bent them any whit.  
And when the broad backe of the sea, thy pleasure was to sit,

Hercules pedigree.

The superfluous of his waves, they slid upon; their hoves  
 Not dip in danke sweate of his browes. Of *Erichonius* loves  
 Sprang *Tros*, the King of Troians; *Tros* three yong Princes bred,  
*Hus*, renown'd *Assaracus*, and heavenly *Ganamed*,  
 The fairest youth of all that breath'd; whom (for his beauties love)  
 The gods did ravish, to their state, to beare the cup to *Iove*.  
*Hus* begot *Laomedon*, god-like *Laomedon*  
 Got *Tithon*, *Priam*, *Clytus*, *Mars*-like *Hecetaon*.  
 And *Lampus*. Great *Assaracus*, *Cappis* begot; and he,  
*Amphises*; Prince *Amphises*, me. King *Priam*, *Hektor*, we  
 Sprang both of one high family. Thus fortunate men give birth,  
 But *Iove* gives vertue, he augments, and he empires the worth  
 Of all men; and his will, their rule, he strong'nt, all strength affords,  
 Why then paint we (like dames) the face of Conflict with our words?  
 Both may give language, that a ship driven with a hundred oares,  
 Would over-burthen: a mans tongue is voluble, and pourses  
 Words out of all sorts, every way; such as you speake, you heare.  
 What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will waite  
 Their tongues out, being once incens'd, and strive for strife, to part  
 (Being on their way) they travell so: from words, words may avert,  
 From vertue, not; it is your Steele (divine *Aeneides*)  
 Must prove my poofe, as mine shall yours. Thus amply did he ease  
 His great heart of his pedigree, and sharply sent away  
 A date, that caught *Achilles* shield, and rung so, it did fray  
 The sonne of *Troetis*, his faire hand, farre-thrussing out his shield,  
 For teare the long lance had driven through; O foole to think 'twould yeeld;  
 And not to know the gods firme gifts, want want, to yeeld so loone  
 To treas poore powres; the eager lance had onely conquest wonne  
 Of two plates, and the shield had five, two forg'd of tin, two brasie,  
 One (that was center-plate) of gold, and that forbad the passe  
 Of *Amphises* his lance. Then sent *Achilles* forth  
 His lance, that through the first fold strooke, where brasie of little worth,  
 And no great proofe of hides was laid, through all which *Pelias* ranne  
 His iron head; and after it his alben body wanne  
 Passe to the earth, and there it stucke; his top on th'other side;  
 And hang the shield up, which, hard downe *Aeneas* pluckt to hide  
 His breast from sword blowes; shrunke up round, and in his heave eye,  
 Was much griefe shadowed; much afraid, that *Pelias* stucke so nie.  
 Then prompt *Achilles* rushing in, his sword drew, and the field  
 Rung with his voyce. *Aeneas* now left, and let hang his shield,  
 And (all distract) up he snatcht a two mens strength of stone,  
 And either at his shield or caske, he set it rudely gone,  
 Nor car'd where; for a strooke a place that put on armes for death,  
 But he (*Achilles* came so close) had doubtlesse funke beneath  
 His owne death, had not *Nepurse* scene, and interpos'd the ods  
 Off is divine powre; uttering this to the Achaian gods:  
 For this great hearted man, he will be sent to hell,  
 For he is by *Peleus* sonne, being onely mov'd to deale

By *Phabus* words: What foole is he? *Phabus* did never meane  
 To add to his great words, his guard; against the ruine then  
 Summon'd against him: and what cause hath he to head him on  
 To others miseries? He being cleare of any trespasse done  
 Agai'nt the Grecians; thankfull gifts he oft hath given to us,  
 Let us then quit him, and withdraw this combat, for if thus  
*Achilles* end him: *Iove* will rage, since his escape in fate,  
 Is purpose, lest the progenie of *Dardanus* take date,  
 Whom *Iove*, past all his illuc, lov'd, begot of mortal dames:  
 All *Primas* race he hates, and this must propagate the names  
 Of Troians, and their sonnes sonnes rule, to all posteritie.  
*Saturnus* said, make free your pleasure, save, or let him die;  
*Pallas* and I have taken many, and most publike oathes,  
 That thill day never shall avert her eye (red with our wroths)  
 From hated Troy: No, not when all in studied fire the flames  
 The Greeke rage blowing her last coale. This nothing turnd his aimes  
 From present rescue: but through all the whizzing speares he past,  
 And came where both were combatting; when instantly he cast  
 A mist before *Achilles* eyes, drew from the earth and shield,  
 His lance, and laid it at his feete: and then tooke up, and held  
 Aloft, the light *Anchises* sonne, who past (with *Neptunes* force)  
 Whole orders of Heroes heads, and many a troupe of horse  
 Leipt over, till the bounds he reacht of all the fervent broyle,  
 Where all the Caucons quarters lay. Thus (far freed from the toyle)  
*Neptune* had time to use these words: *Aeneas*, who was he  
 Of all the gods, that did so much neglect thy good and thier,  
 To urge the fight with *Thetis* sonne? who, in immortal rates  
 Is better and more deare then thee? Hereafter, lest (past fates)  
 Hee be thy heading home, retire; make bold stand never neare,  
 Where he advanceth: but his fate, once satisfied, then beare  
 A tree and tull layle: no Greeke else shall end thee. This reveald,  
 He left him, and dispers't the cloud that all this act conceald  
 From next *Achilles*: who againe had cleare light from the skies,  
 And (much disdain'g the escape) said: O ye gods, mine eyes  
 Discover miracles: my lance submitted, and he gone  
 At whom I sent it, with desire of his confusion?  
*Aeneas* sure was lov'd of heaven; I thought his want from thence,  
 Had flow'd from glory. Let him goe, no more experience  
 Will his minde long for of my hands, he flies them now so cleare:  
 Cheer then the Greeks, and others try. Thus rang'd he every where  
 The Grecian orders; every man (of which the most look on  
 To see their fresh Lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon:  
 Divine Greeks, stand not thus at gaze, but man to man apply  
 Your severall valours: tis a taske laid too unequally  
 On me, left to so many men, one man, oppos'd to all.  
 Not *Mars* immortal and a god, nor warres the Generall,  
 A field of so much fight could chace and worke it out with blowes;  
 But what a man may execute, that all limbs will expose,

Hector's people  
 to the city  
 the city

the city

Neptune to  
 Achilles

Achilles admires  
 the power of  
 Neptune

And all their strength to th' utmost nerve (though now I lost some play,  
By some strange miracle) no more shall burne in vaine the day,  
To any least beame; all this host I can sacke, and have hope  
Of all; not one (I gaine) will scape, whoever gives such scope  
To his adventures; and so neare, dares tempt my angry lance.

Thus he excited *Heitor* then as much strives to advance,  
The hearts of his men; adding threats, affirming he would stand  
In combat with *Achides*. Give Feare (said he) no hand,  
Of your great hearts, (brave *Ilians*) for *Peleus* talking Sonne,  
He fight with any god with words; but when their speares put on,  
The worke runs high; their strength exceeds mortalitie so farre.  
And they may make workes crowne their words, which holds not in the war  
*Achilles* shakes; his hands have bounds, this word he shall make good,  
And ease another to the field: his worst shall be withstood,  
With sole objection of my selfe. Though in his hand he beare  
A rage like fire, though fire it selfe his raging fingers were,  
And burning Steele flew in his strength. Thus he incited his,  
And they railed lances, and to worke, with mixed courages,  
And up flew clamor, but the heate in *Heitor*, *Phabus* gave  
This temper: Doe not meet (said he) in any single brave,  
The man thou threat'st, but in prealle, and in thy strength impeach  
His violence; for farre off, or neare, his sword or dart will reach.

The gods voyce made a difference in *Heitors* owne conceit  
Betwixt his, and *Achilles* words; and gave such overweight,  
As weigh'd him backe into his strength, and curb'd his flying out.  
At all threw fierce *Achides*, and gave a horrid shout.

The first of all he put to dart, was fierce *Iphition*,  
Surnam'd *Otryntides*, whom *Nais*, the water Nymph made Sonne  
To towne-destroyer *Otryntes*. Beneath the snowy hill  
Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthy towne of *Idé*: at his will,  
Were many able men at armes. He rushing in, tooke full  
*Pelides* lance in his heads midst, that cleft in two his skull.

That dead *Otryntides*, though call'd the terriblest of men;  
Thy race runs at *Gygeus* lake, there thy inheritance lay  
Neare filby Hillus, and the gulfes of *Hermus*: but this day  
Removes it to the fields of *Troy*. Thus left he night to feaze  
His closed eyes, his body laid in course of all the prease,  
Which Grecian horie broke with the strokes, nail'd to their chariot wheeles.

Next (through the temples) the burst eyes, his deadly javelin Rec'd  
Of great-in-*Troy Antenor* Sonne, renown'd *Demoleon*;  
A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow set gone  
*Hippodamas*, who leapt from horie, and as he fled before  
*Achides*, he turned backe he made fell *Pelias* gore,  
And forth he putt his flying soule, and as a tortur'd Bull,  
(To *Neptune* brought for sacrifice) a troupe of youngsters pull  
Downe to the earth, and dragge him round about the hallowed store,  
To please the warty deitie, with forcing him to rore;

And

And forth he powres his utmost throte. So bellow'd this flaine friend  
Of flying *Iliou* with the breath that gave his being end.

Then rush'd he on, and in his eye had heavenly *Polydore*,  
Old *Priams* Sonne; whom last of all, his fruitfull Princeesse bore;  
And for his youth (being deare to him) the King forbade to fight.  
Yet (hot of unexperienc'd blood, to few how exquisite  
He was of foote: for which of all, the fittie Sonnes he held  
The speciall name.) He flew before the first beate of the field;  
Even till he flew out breath and soule: which, through the backe, the lance  
Of swift *Achilles* put in ayre, and did his head advance  
Out at his navill: on his knees the poore Prince crying fell;  
And gatherd with his tender hands, his entrailles; that did swell  
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as blacke as death conceald  
Their sight, and all the world from him. When *Heitor* had beheld  
His brother tumb'd so to earth (his intrailles still in hand)  
Darke sorrow overcast his eyes; not farre off could he stand  
A minute longer: but like fire he brake out of the throng,  
Shooke his long Lance at *Thetis* Sonne; and then came he along  
To feed the encounter: O (said he) here comes the man that most  
Of all the world destroyes my minde: the man by whom I lost  
My deare *Patroclus*; now not long, the crooked pathes of warre,  
Can yeeld us any privie escapes: Come, keepe not off so farre,  
(He cryed to *Heitor*) make the paine of thy fure death as short  
As one so desperate of his life, hath reason. In no sort,  
This frighted *Heitor*, who bore close: and said, *Achides*,  
Leave threats for children; I have powre to thunder calumnies,  
As well as others; and well know thy strength superiour farre,  
To that my nerves hold, but the gods, (not nerves) determine warre:  
And yet (for nerves) there will be found, a strength of powre in mine,  
To drive a lance home to thy life; my lance as well as thine  
Hath point and sharpenesse, and tis this. Thus brandishing his speare,  
He set it flying; which a breath of *Pallas* backe did beare  
From *Thetis* Sonne, to *Heitors* selfe, and at his feet it fell.  
*Achilles* us'd no dart, but close flew in, and thought to deale  
With no strokes, but of sure dispatch, but what with all his blood  
He labor'd; *Phabus* clear'd with ease, as being a god, and stood  
For *Heitors* guard, as *Pallas* did, *Achides* for thine.  
He rapt him from him; and a cloud of much night-craft betweene  
His person, and the point oppos'd. *Achilles* then exclaim'd  
Of see yet more gods are at worke; *Apollon* hand hath fram'd  
(Dog that thou art) thy rescue now: to whom, go, pay thy vowes  
Thy sister owes him; I shall vent in time those fatall blowes,  
That yet beate in my heart, on thine; if any god remaine,  
My equall fautor. In meane time, my anger must maintaine  
His fire on other *Ilians*. Then laid he at his feet,  
Great *Demochus*, *Phileiros* Sonne; and *Dryope* did greet  
With like encounter. *Dardanus* and strong *Laogonus*,  
(Wife *Byas* Sonnes) he hurld from horie, of one victorious

With

With his close sword, the others life he conquerd with his lance.

Then *Tros*, *Alastors* sonne made in, and sought to scape their chance,  
With free submission. Downe he fell, and praid about his knees,  
He would not kill him, but take ruth, as one that Deslines  
Made to that purpose, being a man borne in the selfe same yeare  
That he himselfe was: O poore foole, to sue to him to beare  
A ruthfull minde, he well might know, he could not fashion him,  
In ruths soft mould, he had no spirit to brooke that interim  
In his hot furie: he was none of these remorsefull men,  
Gentle and affable: but fierce at all times, and mad then.

He gladly would have made a prayre, and still so hugg'd his knee,  
He could not quit him: till at last his sword was faine to free  
His fetterd knees, that made a vent for his white livers bloud,  
That could such pittifull affects, of which it pour'd a floud  
About his bosome, which it filld, even till it drown'd his eyes,  
And all sense fail'd him. Forth then flew this Prince of tragedies,  
Who next, stoop'd *Mulius*, even to death, with his insatiate speare:  
One care it enterd, and made good his passe to th' other care.

*Echecius* then, (*Agenors* sonne) he strooke betwixt the browses,  
Whose bloud set fire upon his sword, that could it kill the throwes  
Of his then labouring braine, let out his soule to fixed fate,  
And gave cold entry to blacke death. *Deucalion* then had fate  
In these mens beings: where the nerves about the elbow knir,  
Downe to his hand his speares Steele pierc't, and brought such paine to it,  
As led Death joyntly, whom he saw before his fainting eyes,  
And in his necke felt, with a stroke, laid on so, that off flies  
His head: one of the twife twelve bones, that all the backe bone make,  
Let out his marrow, when the head, he helme and all did take,  
And hurl'd amongst the *Ilians*; the body stretcht on earth.

*Rhigmus* of fruitfull Thrac, next fell, he was the famous birth  
Of *Pireus*: his bellies midfts, the lance tooke; whose sterne force,  
Quite tumbld him from chariot. In turning backe the horse,  
Their guider *Areithous*, receiv'd another lance,  
That threw him to his Lord. No end was put to the mischance  
*Achilles* entred: But as fire, faine in a flash from heaven,  
In flames the high-woods of dry hills, and with a storme is driven  
Through all the Sylvane deepes, and raves, till downe goes every where  
The smother'd hill: So every way, *Achilles* and his speare  
Consum'd the Champaine, the blacke earth flow'd with the veines hetore.  
And looke how Oxen, (yok't and driven about the circular floore  
Of some faire barne) treade sodainly the thicke sheaves, thin of corne,  
And all the corne consum'd with chaffe: so mixt and overborne,  
Beneath *Achilles* one-hov'd horse, shields, speares, and men lay trod,  
His axel-tree, and chariot wheels, all spatterd with the blood,  
Hurl'd from the steeds bowes, and the strokes. Thus to be magnified,  
His most inaccessible hands, in humane bloud he died.

*The end of the twentieth Booke.*



## THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*In two parts, Troyes host parted; Thetis sonne,  
One to Scamander, one to Ilion  
Pursues. Twelve Lords he takes alive, to end  
In sacrifice, for vengeance to his friend.  
Afteropxus dyes by his fierce hand,  
And Priams sonne, Lycaon. Over land  
The floud breakes: where, Achilles being engag'd,  
Vulcan preserves him, and with spirit enrag'd,  
Sets all the Champaine and the Floud on fire;  
Contention then doth all the gods inspire.  
Apollo in Agenors shape, doth stay  
Achilles furie; and by giving way,  
Makes him pursue, till the deceit gives leave,  
That Troy in safety might her friends receive.*

### Another Argument.

*Phy, at the flouds shore, doth expresse  
The labours of Eacides.*

**A**Nd now they reacht the goodly swelling channell of the floud,  
Gulfe-eating *Xanthus*, whom *Iove* mixt with his immortal brood:  
And there *Achilles* cleit the host of Ilion: one side fell  
On *Xanthus*, th' other on the towne: and that did he impell  
The same way that the last daies rage, put all the Greekes in rout,  
When *Hectors* furie reign'd: these now *Achilles* pour'd about  
The scatterd field. To stay the flight, *Saturnia* cast before  
Their hastic feet, a standing fogge, and then Flights violence bore  
The other halfe full on the floud. The silver-gulphed deepe  
Receiv'd them with a mighty cry: the billowes vast and steepe,  
Ror'd at their armours, which the shores did round about rebound:  
This way and that, they swum, and shriekt, as in the gulphs they drown'd:  
And as in fir'd fields, Locusts rise, as the unwearied blaze  
Plies still their rising, till in swarmes, all rush as in amaze,  
(For scape) into some neighbour floud: So, th' Achilleian stroke,  
Here drave the foe: the gulphie floud with men and horse did choke.

Then on the shore, the VVorthy hid, and left his horrid lance  
Amids the Tamariskes; the spritelike, did with his sword advance  
Vp to the river; ill affaires, tooke up his furious braine,  
For Troyes engagements: every way, he doubl'd slaine on slaine.

*Simil.*

Dimit.

A most unmanly noise was made, with those he put to sword,  
Of groans and outcries; the flood blush'd to be so much engor'd  
With such base foules: And as small fish, the swift-finn'd Dolphin flie,  
Filling the deepe pits in the ports; on whose close strength they lie:  
And there he swallows them in shoals: So here, to rocks and holes,  
About the flood, the Troians fled; and there most lost their foules:  
Even till he tir'd his slaughterous arme. Twelve faire yong Princes then,  
He chus'd of all, to take alive; to have them freshly flaine  
On that most solemne day of wreake, resolv'd on for his friend.  
These led he trembling forth the flood, as fearefull of the rend,  
As any Hinde calves: all their hands he pinnion'd behinde  
With their owne girdles; worne upon their rich weeds, and resign'd  
Their persons to his Myrmidons, to beare to fleete: and he  
Plung'd in the streame againe, to take more worke of Tragedie.  
He met, then issuing the flood; with all intent of flight,  
*Lycan*, (*Darden Priams* sonne) whom lately in the night,  
He had surpris'd, as in a wood of *Priams* he had cut  
The greene armes of a wilde figge tree; to make him spokes to put  
In Naves of his new chariot. An ill then, all unthought,  
Stole on him in *Achilles* shape, who tooke him thence, and brought  
To well-built Lemnos, selling him to famous *Iason* sonne:  
From whom, a guest then in his house, (*Imbrius Eetion*)  
Redem'd at high rate, and sent home t' *Arisba*, whence he fled,  
And saw againe his fathers court: eleven daies banquetted  
Amongst his friends; the twelfth god thrust his haplesse head againe  
In the hands of sterne *Æacides*, who now must send him flaine,  
To *Priams* Court, and gainst his will. Him, when *Achilles* knew  
Naked of helmet, shield, sword, lance; all which for ease he threw  
To earth, being overcome with sweate, and labour wearying  
His flying knees) he storm'd, and said; O heaven, a wondrous thing  
Invades mine eyes; those Ilians that heretofore I flue,  
Rise from the darke dead, quicke againe: this man, fate makes off, hew  
Her owne steele fingers: he was sold in Lemnos, and the deepe  
Of all Seas, twixt this Troy, and that (that many a man doth keepe  
From his lov'd country) barres not him; Come then, he now shall taste  
The head of *Pelias*, and try if steele will downe as fast  
As other fortunes; or kinde earth can any surer feile  
On his flie persons, whose strong armes have held downe *Heraclies*.

Æacides here to  
surrender  
Achilles.

His thoughts thus mov'd, while he stood firme, to see if he, he spide,  
Would offer flight, (which first he thought) but when he had descide,  
He was descried, and flight was vaine; fearefull, he made more nie,  
With purpose to embrace his knees, and now long'd much to flie  
His blacke fate, and abhorred death, by comming in. His foe  
Observ'd all this, and up he rais'd his lance, as he would throw;  
And then *Lycan* close ran in, fell on his breast, and tooke  
His *Achilles* knees, whose lance (on earth now staid) did overlooke,  
His still-turn'd backe, with thirst to glut his sharpe point with the blood,  
That lay forready; but that thirst, *Lycan*'s thirst with flood,

To

To save his blood, *Achilles* knee, in his one hand he knit,  
His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it:  
But thus belought: I kisse thy knees, divine *Æacides*:  
Respect me, and my fortunes rue; I now present th' accessie  
Of a poore suppliant, for thy ruth: and I am one that is  
Worthy thy ruth (O *Ioves* belowd.) First heare my miseries  
Fell into any hand, 'twas thine: I tasted all my bread  
By thy gift since: O since that houre, that thy surprisall led  
From forth the faire wood, my sad feete; farre from my lov'd allies,  
To famous Lemnos, where I found an hundred Oxens prize  
To make my ranfome: for which now, I thrice the worth will raise.  
This day makes twelve since I arriv'd in Iliou: many daies  
Being spent before in sufferance: and now a cruell fate,  
Thrusts me againe into thy hands. I should have lov'd with hate,  
That with such set malignitie, gives thee my life againe.  
There were but two of us, for whom *Laertes* suffer'd paine,  
*Laertes*, old *Altes* seed, *Alte*, whose pallace stood  
In height of upper *Pedafus*, neere *Salmus* silver flood;  
And rude the warre-like *Lelegi*. Whose seed (as many more)  
King *Prism* married, and begot the godlike *Polydor*.  
And me accurst: thou slaughter'dst him: and now thy hand on me  
Will prove as mortall. I did thinke when here I met with thee,  
I could not scape thee; yet give care, and add thy minde to it,  
I told my birth to intimate, though one fire did beget,  
Yet one wombe brought not into light, *Heſtor* (that sue thy friend)  
And me. O doe not kill me then, but let the wretched end  
Of *Polydor* excuse my life. For halfe our being bred  
Brothers to *Heſtor*, he (halfe) paid, no more is forfeited.  
Thus said he humbly, but he heard, with this austere reply:  
Foolle, urge not ruth, nor price to me; till that solemnitie  
Resolv'd on, for *Patroclus* death, pay all his rites to fate:  
Till his death I did grace to Troy, and many lives did rate  
At price of ranfome: but none now of all the brood of Troy,  
(Who ever *Iove* throwes to my hands) shall any breath enjoy,  
That death can beate out; specially that touch at *Priams* race.  
Die, die, (my friend) what teares are these? what sad looks spoyle thy face?  
*Patroclus* died, that farre past thee: nay keſt thou not beside,  
My selfe, even I, a faire yong man, and rarely magnifice;  
And (to my father, being a King) a mother have, that sits  
In ranke with goddesses; and yet, when thou hast spent thy spirits,  
Death, and as violent a fate, must overtake, even me.  
By twilight, morne light, day, high noone, when ever Destinie  
Sets on her man to hurle a Lance, or knit out of his string,  
An arrow that must reach my life. This said, a languishing  
*Lycan*'s heart bent like his knees, yet left him strength to advance  
Both hands for mercy, as he kneld. His foe yet leaves his Lance,  
And forth his sword flies, which he hid, in furrow of a wound,  
Driven through the joynture of his necke, flat fell he on the ground,

Cc

Stretch

Lycan with full  
surrender to  
Achilles for his  
life.

Stretcht with deaths pangs, and all the earth embrew'd with timelie blood.  
Then gript *Æacides* his heele, and to the loftie flood  
Plung (winging) his unpittied corse to see it swim, and tosse  
Vp on the rough waves: and said, Goe, feede fat the fish with losse  
Of thy left blood: they cleane will sucke thy greene wounds, and this saves  
Thy mother teares upon thy bed. Deepe *Xanthus* on his waves,  
Shall hoyle thee bravely to a tombe, that in her burly breast,  
The sea shall open, where great fish may keepe thy funerall feast  
With thy white fat: and on the waves, dance at thy wedding fare,  
Clad in blacke horror, keeping close inaccessible state.

So perish Ilians, till we plucke the browes of Iliion  
Downe to her feete, you flying still: I flying still upon,  
Thus in the reice, and (as my browes were forck't, with rabid hornes)  
Tosse ye together. This brave flood that strengthens and adorns  
Your citie with his silver gulphes; to whom to many buls,  
Your zeale hath offred; with blinde zeale his sacred current guls,  
With casting chariots, and hortes; quick to his pray'd for aide,  
Shall nothing profit: perish then, till cruell death hath laide  
All at the red fete of revenge, for my slaine friend, and all  
With whom the absence of my hands, made yours a festivall.

This speech great *Xanthus* more enrag'd, and made his spirit contend,  
For meanes to shut up the opt vaine, against him, and defend  
The Troians in it, from his plague. In meane time *Peleus* sonne,  
(And now with that long Lance he hid) for more blood, set upon  
*Aleeropus*, the descent of *Pelagon*, and he  
Of broad stream'd *Axius*, and the dame (of first nativite,  
To all the daughters that renown'd, *Acesameneus* seed)  
Bright *Peribea*, whom the flood, arm'd thicke with losly reed)  
Comprest. At her grandchild now went, *Thetis* great sonne, whose foe  
Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on by *Xanthus*, anger'd to  
For those youths blood, shed in his stream by vengefull *Thetis* sonne,  
Without all mercy. (Both being neare) great *Thetides* begunne  
With this high question. Of what race art thou that dar'st oppose

Thy powre to mine thus: curst wombs, they ever did disclose,  
That flood my anger. He reply'd, What makes thy furies beate,  
Talk, and seeke Pedigrees: farre hence, lies my innative feate,  
In rich *Pœonia*. My race, from broad stream'd *Axius* runs;  
*Axius*, that gives earth purest drinke, of all the watricious  
Of great *Oceanus*; and got the famous for his speare,  
*Pelagonus* that fathred me, and these *Pœonians* here,  
Arm'd with long Lances, here I leade: and here the eleventh faile sight  
Shines on us, since we entred Troy: Come now, (brave man) let's fight.

Thus spake he, threatning; and to him *Pelides* made reply  
With shaken *Pelias*. but his foe, with two at once let flye,  
(For both his hands were dexterous: yone javelin strooke the shield  
Of *Thetis* sonne, but strooke not through (the gold (gods gift) repeld  
The eager point:) the other lance fell lightly on the part  
Of his faire right hands cubit, forth the blacke blood spurne; the dart

Glanc't

Glanc't over, fastening on the earth, and there his spleene was spent,  
That with the body. With which with, *Achilles* his lance sent,  
That quite mist, and infixt it selfe fast in the steepe-up shore.  
Even to the midst, it enter'd it; himselfe then fiercely bore  
Vpon his enemy with his sword. His foe was tugging hard  
To get his lance out: thrice he pluck't, and thrice sure *Pelias* bard  
His with evulsion. The fourth plucke, he bow'd, and meant to breake  
The *Athen* plant, but (ere that act) *Achilles* sword did checke  
His bent powre, and brake out his soule. Full in the navill stead  
He ript his belly up, and out his entrailes fell, and dead  
His breathlesse body: whence his arms *Achilles* drew, and said:

Lie there, and prove it dangerous, to lift up adverse head,  
Against *Ioves* sonnes, although a flood were Ancetor to thee.  
Thy vants urg'd him, but I may vant a higher pedigree,  
(From *Iove* himselfe:) King *Peleus* was soane to *Æscus*;  
Infernall *Æscus*, to *Iove*, and I, to *Peleus*.

Thunder-voyc't *Iove*, farre passeth floods, that onely murmurs raise  
With earth and water, as they runne, with tribute to the seas.  
And his seed theirs exceeds as farre. A flood, a mighty flood  
Rag'd neere thee now, but with no aid. *Iove* must not be withstood.  
King *Achelous* yec'ds to him, and great *Oceanus*,  
Whence all floods; all the sea, all founts, wells, all deepes humorous,  
Fetch their beginnings; yet even he feares *Ioves* lash, and the cracke  
His thunder gives, when out of heaven it teares atwo his racker.

Thus pluckt he from the shore, his lance, and left the waves to wash  
The wave sprung entrailes, about which, *Fauscus* and other fish  
Did shole, to nibble at the fat, which his sweet kidneyes hid.  
This for himselfe, now to his men, (the well-rode *Peons*) did  
His rage contend, All which, cold Feare shooke into flight, to see  
Their Captain slaine: at whose mazde flight (as much enrag'd) flew he,  
And then fell all these, *Thrasius*, *Mydon*, *Astypylus*,  
Great *Ophelestes*, *Enius*, *Mnesus*, *Thersilochus*.

And on these, many more had salne, unless the angry flood  
Had tooke the figure of a man, and in a whirlepit flood,  
Thus speaking to *Æacides*. Past all, powre feeds thy will,  
(Thou great grandchild of *Æscus*) and past all, that art in ill.  
And gods themselves, confederates; and *Iove* (the best of gods)  
All deaths gives thee: all places not. Make my shores periods  
To all shore service. In the field, let thy field acts run hie,  
Not in my waters. My sweet streames, choake with mortallitie  
Of men, slaine by thee. Carcasses soglut me, that I faile  
To poure into the sacred sea, my waves; yet still assaile  
Thy cruell forces. Cease, amaze affects me with thy rage,  
Prince of the people. He reply'd; Shall thy command all wage  
(Gulfe-fed *Scamander*) my free wrath? He never leave pursue  
Proud lions slaughter; till this band in her fid walls conclude  
Her flying forces; and hath tried in single fight, the chance  
Of warre with *Hector*, whose event, with starke death, shall advance

C c 2

One

From his com-  
plaints to the  
gods.

Note the con-  
tinued bridge, and  
admir'd expres-  
sion of Achilles  
grief.

One of our conquests. Thus againe he like a Furie flew  
Vpon the Troians: when the flood his sad plaint did pursue,  
To bright *Apollo*, telling him he was too negligent  
Of *Ioves* high charges; importuning by all means vehement,  
His helpe of Troy, till laste Even should her blacke shadowes powre  
On earths broad breast. In all his worst, *Achilles* yet from shore,  
Leapt to his middest. Then sweld his waves, then rag'd, then boyld againe  
Against *Achilles*: up flew all, and all the bodies flaine,  
In all his deepes, (of which the heapes, made bridges, to his waves)  
He belch'd out, roring like a Bull. The unsaine yet he saves.  
In his blacke whirlepits vast and deepe. A horrid billow flood  
About *Achilles*. On his shield the violence of the flood  
Beate so, it drave him backe, and tooke his feet up, his faire paine  
Enforc't to catch into his stay, a broad and lofty Elmie,  
Whose roots he toft up with his hold, and tore up all the shore,  
With this then, he repeld the waves, and those thicke armes it bore,  
He made a bridge to beare him off, (for all fell in) when he  
North from the channell threw himselfe. The rage did terrife,  
Even his great spirit, and made him adde wings to his swiftest feet,  
And treade the land. And yet not therc the flood leit his retreat,  
But thrust his billowes after him, and blackt them all attop,  
To make him feare, and flye his charge, and set the broad field ope  
For Troy to scape in. He sprung out a darts cast, but came on  
Againc with a redoubl'd force: as when the swiftest flowne,  
And strongst of all fowles, (*Ioves* blacke Hawke) the huntresse floops upon  
A much lov'd *Quarrie*: So charg'd he; his armes with horror rung,  
Against the blacke waves: yet againe he was forurg'd, he flung  
His body from the flood, and fled. And after him againe  
The waves flew roring: as a man that findes a water vaine,  
And from some black fount is to bring his streames through plants & groves;  
Goes with his Mattocke, and all checks, for to his course, removes;  
When that runnes freely: under it the pibbles all give way,  
And where it findes asfall, runnes swift: nor can the leaser stay  
His current then: Before himselfe full pac't, it murmurs on.  
So, of *Achilles*, evermore, the strong flood vantage wonne,  
(Though most deliver) gods are still above the powres of men.  
As oft as thable godlike man endeavour'd to maintaine  
His charge on them that kept the flood, (and charg'd as he would try  
If all the gods inhabiting the broad unreached skie,  
Could dant his spirit) so oft still, the rude waves charg'd him round;  
Rampt on his shoulders, from whose depth, his strength & spirit would bound  
Vp to the free ayre, vext in soule. And now the vehement flood,  
Made faint his knees: so overthwart, his waves were, they withstood  
All the denyed dust, which he wilst, and now was faine to cry;  
Casting his eyes to that broad heaven, that late he long'd to try:  
And said, O *Iove*, how am I left? No god vouchsafes to free  
Me, miserable man; helpe now, and after torture me  
With any outrage. Would to heaven, *Hector*, (the mightiest

As *Achilles* com-  
plaint to the  
gods is his ex-  
pression.

Bred

Bred in this region) had imbrew'd his javelin in my breast,  
That strong might fall by strong. Where now weak waters luxurie,  
Must make my death bluth: one, heaven-bore, shall like a hog-herd die,  
Drown'd in a dartie torrents rage. Yet none of you in heaven,  
I blame for this; but he alone, by whom this life was giuen,  
That now must dye thus. She would still delude me with her tales,  
Affirming *Phœbus* thists should end within the Trojan wals  
My curst beginning. In this strait, *Neptune* and *Pallas* flew  
To fetch him off. In mens shapes both, close to the danger drew:  
And, taking both, both hands, thus (pake the shaker of the world:  
*Pelides*, doe not stirre a foot, nor these waues proudly curld  
Against thy bold breast, feare a jot; thou hast us two thy friends;  
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) love himselfe, approving th'aide we lend.  
Tis nothing, as thou feart with fate; he will not fee thee drown'd:  
This height shall soone downe, thine owne eyes shall see it set aground.  
Be rulde then, weele advise thee well, take not thy hand away,  
From putting all, indifferently, to all that it can lay  
Vpon the Troians; till the walles of haughty Iliion  
Conclude all in a desperate flight: and when thou hast set gone  
The soule of *Hector*, turne to fleet: our hands shall plant a wreath  
Of endlesse glory on thy browes. Thus, to the free from death,  
Both made retreat. He (much impeld by charge, the godheads gave)  
The field, that now was overcome with many a boundlesse wave,  
He overcame: on their wilde breasts, they tost the carkasses  
And armes of many a slaughterd man. And now the winged knees,  
Of this great Captaine, bore aloft: against the flood he flies  
With full assault: nor could that god make shrinke his rescued thighs:  
Nor shake the flood, but as his foe grew powerfull, he grew mad:  
Thrust up a billow to the skie, and cristall *Simois* bad  
To his assistance: *Simois*, Hoc, brother, (out he cried)  
Come, adde thy current, and resist this man halfe deified,  
Or Iliion he will pull downe straites; the Troians cannot stand  
A minute longer. Come, assist, and instantly command  
All fountaines in thy rule to rise; all torrents to make in,  
And fluffe thy billowes, with whose height, engender such a din,  
(With trees to me up, and iustling stones) as fo immane a man,  
May shrinke beneath us: whose powre thrives, do my powre all it can:  
He dares things fitter for a god. But, nor his forme, nor force,  
Nor glorious armes shall profit it: all which, and his dead corse  
I vow to rowle up in my hands: Nay, burie in my mud:  
Nay, in the very sinkes of Troy: that pour'd into my flood,  
Shall make him drowning worke enough; and being drown'd, lie set  
A fort of such strong filth on him, that Greece shall never get  
His bones from it. There, there shall stand *Achilles* sepulcher,  
And have a buriall for his friends. This furie did transferre  
His high-rig'd billowes on the Prince, roring with blood and foam,  
And carkasses. The crimson stream'd did snatch into her wombe,  
Surprind *Achilles*, and her height, flood, held up by the hand

*Neptune* is *A-*  
*chilles*, *Pallas*  
and he rescues  
him.

*Xanthus* is  
*Simois*.

Cc 3

Of

Of *Iove* himselfe. Then *Iuno* cried, and cald (to countermand  
This watty Deitie) the god that holds command in fire,  
Straid lest that gulf-stomack fload would satiate his desire  
On great *Achilles*. *Mulciber*? my best lov'd sonne? (she cried)  
Rowze thee, for all the gods conceive, this fload thus amplified,  
Is rais'd at thee; and shewes as if his waves would drowne the skie,  
And put out all the sphere of fire; haste, helpe thy Emperic:  
Light flames, deep as his pits. Our selfe, the West wind, and the South,  
Will call out of the sea, and breathe in eithers full-charg'd mouth  
A storme r'entage thy fires gainst Troy; which shall (in one exhal'd)  
Blow flames of sweat about their browes, and make their armorsskald.  
Goe thou then, and (gainst these winds rise) make worke on *Xanthus* shore,  
With setting all his trees on fire: and in his owne breast poure  
A fervor that shall make it burne, nor let faire words or threats  
Avert thy furie, till I speake, and then subdue the heates  
Of all thy Blazes. *Mulciber* prepar'd a mighty fire,  
First, in the field usde: burning up the bodies, that the ire  
Of great *Achilles* rest of soules: the quite-drown'd field it dried,  
And shrunke the fload up. And as fields that have been long time cloide  
With catching weather, when their cornes lies on the gavill heape,  
Are with a constant North wind dried, with which for comfort leape  
Their hearts that sow'd them: So this field was dri'd, the bodies burn'd;  
And even the fload into a fire, as bright as day was turn'd.  
Elmes, willows, tamisks, were inflam'd; the lote trees, sea-grasse reeds,  
And rushes, with the galingale roots (of which abundance breeds  
About the sweet fload) all were fir'd: the gliding fishes flew  
Upwards in flames: the groveling Eeles crept upright, all which flew  
Wife *Vulcans* unresist'd spirit. The fload out of a flame,  
Cried to him; Cease, O *Mulciber*, no deitie can tame  
Thy matchlesse vertue: nor would I, (since thou art thus hot) strive.  
Cease then thy strife; let *Thetis* sonne, with all thy wilt hast, drive  
Even to their gates these *Ilions*; what toucheth me their aide,  
Or this Contention? thus in flames the burning river prayde:  
And as a Caldron, underput with store of fire, and wrought  
With boyling of a well-fed Brawne, up leapes his wave aloft,  
Bavins of fere wood urging it, and spending flames apace,  
Till all the Caldron be enrigt with a consuming blaze.  
So round this fload burn'd, and so foel his sweet and tortur'd streames;  
Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes of *Vulcans* fiery beames.  
Who (then not mov'd) his mothers ruth, by all his meanes he craves,  
And askt, why *Vulcan* should invade, and torment his waves,  
Past other floads? when his offence rose not to such degree,  
As that of other gods for Troys; and that himselfe would free  
Her wrath to it, if she were please; and prayd her, that her sonne  
Might be reflected: adding this, that he would nere be wonne,  
To helpe keepe off the ruinous day, in which all Troy should burne,  
Fir'd by the Grecians. This vow heard, the charg'd her sonne to turne  
His fierie spirits to their homes: and said, it was not fit

A god should suffer so for men. Then *Vulcan* did remit  
His so unmeasur'd violence, and backe the pleasant fload  
Ranne to his channell. Thus these gods the made friends, th'other fload  
At weightie difference; both sides ranne together with a sound,  
That earth rebounded; and great heaven about did furebound.  
*Iove* heard it, sitting on his hill, and laugh't to see the gods  
Buckle to armes like angry men: and (he please with their ods)  
They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler *Mars* began;  
And at *Minerva* with a lance of brasse he headlong ran;  
These vile words ushering his blows: thou dog-flye, what's the cause  
Thou mak'st gods fight thus? thy huge heart breakes all our peacefull lawes  
With thy insatiate shamelesnesse. Remembrest thou the houre  
When *Diomed* charg'd me? and by thee? and thou with all thy powre,  
Took'st lance thy selfe, and in all fights, rush't on me with a wound?  
Now vengeance falls on thee for all. This said, the shield fring'd round  
With fighting Adders, borne by *Iove*, that not to thunder yeelds,  
He clapt his lance on, and this god, that with the bloud of fields,  
Pollutes his godhead; that shield pierst, and hurt the armed Maid:  
But backe she leapt, and with her strong hand, rapt a huge stone laid  
About the Champaine, blacke and sharpe, that did in old time breake  
Partitions to mens lands; and that she dusted in the necke  
Of that impetuous challenger. Downe to the earth he swayd,  
And overlaid seven acres land: his hayre was all berayd  
With dust and bloud mixt; and his armes rung out. *Minerva* laugh't,  
And thus insulted: O thou foole, yet hast thou not bene taught  
To know mine eminence? thy strength, opposeth thou to mine?  
So pay thy mothers furies then; who for these aides of thine,  
(Ever affoorded perjurd Troy, Greece ever left) takes spleene,  
And voves thee mischief. Thus she turn'd her blew eyes, when Loves Queen  
The hand of *Mars* tooke, and from earth raid him with thick-drawn breath,  
His spirits not yet got up againe. But from the prease of death,  
Kinde \* *Aphrodite* was his guide. Which, *Iuno* seeing, exclaim'd:  
*Pallas*, see, *Mars* is helpe from field? Dog-flye, his rude tongue nam'd  
Thy selfe even now, but that his love, that dog-flye will not leave  
Her old consort. Vpon her, flye. *Minerva* did receive  
This excitation joyfully, and at the Cyprian flew,  
Strooke with her hard hand, her soft breast, a blow that overthrew  
Both her and *Mars*, and there both lay together in broad field.  
When thus the triumph. So lie all that any succours yeeld  
To these false Troians, gainst the Greekes, so bold and patient,  
As *Venus*, (shunning charge of me) and no lesse impotent  
Be all their aides, then hers to *Mars*: so short worke would be made  
In our depopulating Troy (this hardiest to invade,  
Of all earths cities.) At this with, white-wristed *Iuno* smil'd.  
Next *Neptune* and *Apollo* stood upon the point of field,  
And thus spake *Neptune*: *Phabus*! come, why, at the lances end  
Stand we thus? will be a shame for us to re-ascend  
*Ioves* golden houle, being thus in field, and not to fight. Begin,

*Mars againe  
Minerva.*

*Minerva insults  
over Mars.*

*Venus.*

*Mars and Venus  
overthrowne by  
Pallas.*



For tis no gracefull worke for me: thou hast the yonger chin,  
 I older, and know more. O foole! what a forgetfull heart  
 Thou bear'st about thee? to stand here, prest to take th'Ilian part,  
 And fight with me! Forgetst thou then, what we two; we alone  
 (O all the gods) haue suffer'd here? when proud *Laomedon*  
 Enjoy'd our seruice a whole yeare, for our agreed reward?  
*Ioue* in his sway would haue it so, and in that yeare I reard  
 This broad braue wall about his towne, that (being a worke of mine)  
 It might be inexpugnable. This seruice then was thine,  
 In Iou (that so many hills, and curld-head Forrests crowne)  
 To feed his oxen, crooked shanke, and headed like the Moone.  
 But when the much-joy bringing houres, brought terme for our reward,  
 The terrible *Laomedon* dismiss us both, and scard  
 Our high deseruings; not alone to hold our promist fee.  
 But giue us threats too. Hand and feet he swore to fetter thee,  
 And sell thee as a slaue; dismiss, farre hence to forreine Iles;  
 Nay more, he would haue both our eares. His voves breach, and reuiles,  
 Made us part angry with him than, and doest thou gratulate now  
 Such a kings subjects? or with us, not their destruction vow,  
 Euen to their chaste wiues and their babes? He answer'd, he might hold  
 His wisdome little, if with him (a god) for men he would  
 Maintaine contention: wretched men, that flourish for a time  
 Like leaues; eate some of that earth yeelds; and giue earth in their prime,  
 Their whole selues for it. Quickly then let us fist fight for them,  
 Nor shew it offred: let themselves beare out their owne extreme.

Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change blowes with his uncles hands,  
 His sister therefore chid him much, (the goddesse that commands  
 In games of hunting) and thus spake: Fliest thou? and lea'st the field  
 To *Neptunes* glory? and no blowes? O foole! why dost thou wield  
 Thy idle bow? no more my cares shall heare thee vant in skies,  
 Dares to meet *Neptune*, but Ile tell thy cowards tongue it lies.

He answer'd nothing; yet *Ioues* wife could put on no such raines;  
 But spake thus loosely: How dar'st thou, dog, whom no feares contains,  
 Encounter me? will proue a march of hard condition:  
 Though the great Lady of the bow; and *Ioue* hath sent thee downe  
 For Lyon of thy sexe; with gift to slaughter any Dame  
 Thy proud will enuies; yet some Dames will proue th'hadst better tame  
 Wilde Lyons upon hills, then them. But if this question rests  
 Yet under judgement in thy thoughts; and that thy minde contests,  
 Ilemake thee know it. Sodainly, with her left hand she catcht  
 Both *Cynthia's* paimes, lockt fingers fast, and with her right she snatcht  
 From her faire shoulders, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on  
 About her eares, and euer way her turnings seiz'd upon,  
 Till all her arrowes scatter'd out, her quiver emptied quite.

And as a Dove, that (flying a Hawke) takes to some rocke her sight,  
 And in his hollow breasts fit safe, her fate not yet to dye:  
 So fled the mourning; and her bow, left there. Then *Mercurie*,  
 His opposite, thus undertooke: *Latona* at no hand

Will I bide combat; tis a worke right dangerous to stand,  
 At difference with the wiues of *Ioue*, Goe therefore, freely vant  
 Amongst the deities, th'hast subdu'd, and made thy combatant  
 Yeeld with plaine powre. She answer'd not, but gather'd up the bow  
 And thurst false from her daughters side, retiring. Vp did goe  
*Diana* to *Ioues* starry hall, her incorrupt vale  
 Trembling about her, so she shooke. *Phaebus* (left *Troy* should faile  
 Before her Fate) flew to her wals, the other deities flew  
 Vp to *Olympus*; some enrag'd, some glad. *Achilles* flew  
 Both men and horse of *Ilion*. And as a citie fir'd,  
 Casts up a heate, that purples heauen; clamors and shrieks expir'd  
 In every corner; toyle to all, to many, miserie;  
 Which fire, th'incens'd gods let fall; *Achilles* to let flye  
 Rage on the Troians; toiles and shrieks, as much by him impos'd.  
 Old *Priam* in his sacred towre stood; and the slight disclos'd,  
 Of his forc't people; all in rout, and not a stroke return'd,  
 By fled resistance. His eyes saw, in what a furie burn'd  
 The sonne of *Peleus*, and downe went weeping from the towre,  
 To all the port-guards, and their Chieftes, told of his flying powre,  
 Commanding th' opening of the ports; but not to let their hands  
 Stirre from them; for *Asides* would poure in with his hands.  
 Destruction comes, O shut them strait; when we are in (he praid;) Priam among  
at Achilles.  
 For, not our wals I feare, will checke this violent man. This said,  
 Off list'd they the barres; the ports hal'd open, and they gaue  
 Safety he; entry, with the host; which yet they could not save,  
 Had not *Apollo* sallied out, and strooke Destruction  
 (Brought by *Achilles* in their neckes) backe; when they, right upon  
 The ports bore all, dry, dusty, spent; and on their shoulders rode  
 Rabide *Achilles* with his lance; still Glory being the gode  
 That prickt his Furie. Then the Greekes high ported *Ilion*  
 Had seiz'd, had not *Apollo* fir'd, *Aeneas* famous sonne,  
 Diuine *Aeneas*, and cast in an undertaking spirit  
 To his bold bosome, and him selfe stood by to strengthen it,  
 And keepe the heave hand of death from breaking in. The god  
 Stood by him, leaning on a beach, and cover'd his abode  
 With night-like darkenesse; yet for all the spirit he inspir'd,  
 When that great citie-racers force, his thoughts strooke, he retir'd,  
 Stood, and went on; a world of doubts still falling in his way;  
 When (angry with him selfe) he said: Why suffer I this stay,  
 In this so strong need to goe on? If, like the rest I flie,  
 Tis his best weapon to give chace, being swift, and I should dye  
 Like to a coward. If I stand, I fall too. These two waies  
 Please not my purpose; I would live. What if I suffer these  
 Still to be routed? and (my feet afford further length)  
 Passe all these fields of *Ilion*, till *Idas* sylvane strength,  
 And steep heights shroud me, and at Even, refresh me in the flood,  
 And turne to *Ilion*? O my soule, why drown'st thou in the bloud  
 Of these discourses! If this course, that talks of further flight,

I give my feet; his feet more swift, have more odds. Get he fight  
Of that passe; I passe least, for pace, and length of pace; his thighs  
Will stand out all men. Meete him then, my Steele hath faculties  
Of powre to pierce him; his great breast, but one soule holds, and that  
Death claimes his right in (all men say) but he holds speciall state  
In *Troies* high bounty: that's past man, that every way will hold,  
And that serves all men, every man. This last heart made him bold,  
To stand *Achilles*, and stir'd up a mighty minde to blowes.  
And as a Panther (having heard the hounds trails) doth disclose  
Her freckl'd forehead, and stares forth, from out some deepe-growne wood,  
To try what strength dares her abroad, and when her fiery blood  
The hounds have kindl'd, no quench serves, of love to live, or feare, (speare,  
Though strooke, though wounded, though quite through, she feels the mortall  
But till the mans close strength the tries, or strowes earth with his dart,  
She puts her strength out: So it far'd with brave *Aganors* heart,  
And till *Achilles* he had prov'd, no thoughts, no deeds, once stir'd  
His fixed foot. To his broad breast, his round shield he prefer'd,  
And up his arme went, with his ayne; his voyce out, with this cry:  
Thy hope is too great (*Peleus* sonne) this day to shew thine eye  
*Troies* Ilion at thy foot; O foole! the Greeces with much more woes,  
More then are suffer'd yet, must buy great *Ilions* overthrowes.  
We are within her many strong, that for our parents sake,  
Our wives and children will save *Troy*, and thou (though he that makes  
Thy name so terrible) shalt make a sacrifice to her,  
With thine owne ruines. Thus he threw, nor did his javelin erre,  
But strooke his foes leg, neere his knee; the fiercest Steele did ring  
Against his tin greaves, and leapt backe. The fires strong-handed king,  
Gave vertue of repulse, and then *Achilles* assail'd  
Divine *Agenor*, but in vaine; *Apoilos* powre prevail'd,  
And rapt *Agenor* from his reach, whom quietly he plac'd  
Without the skirmish, casting milles to save from being chaic'd,  
His tender person, and (he gone) to give his souldiers scope,  
The deitie turn'd *Achilles* still, by putting on the shape  
Of him he thirsted; evermore he fed his eye, and fled;  
And he with all his knees pursu'd. So cunningly he led,  
That still he would be neare his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,  
Farre from the conflict; to the flood maintaining still the scope  
Of his attraction. In meane time, the other frighted powres,  
Came to the citie, comforted, when *Troy* and all her towres  
Strooted with fillers; none would stand to see who staid without,  
Who scapt, and who came short: the ports clef't to receive the rout,  
That pour'd it selfe in. Every man was for himselfe; Most feere,  
Most fortunate, who ever scapt, his head might thanke his feet.

*The end of the one and twentieth Booke.*



## THE XXII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*All Troians bound but Hector, onely he  
Keepes field, and under goes th' extremities.  
Aecides assailing, Hector fies,  
Minerva staves him: he resistes, and dies,  
Achilles to his chariot doth enforce,  
And to the navall station, drags his corse.*

### Another Argument.

*Hector (in Chi) to death is done,  
By powre of Peleus angry sonne.*

**T**HUS (chac't like Hindes) the *Ilions*, tooke time to drinke and eate,  
And to refresh them; getting off the mingl'd dust and sweate,  
And good strong rapires on in stead. The Greeces then cast their shields  
Aloft their shoulders; and now Fate their neare invasion yeelds  
Of those tough wals. Her deadly hand compelling *Hectors* stay  
Before *Troy* at the *Scæan* ports. *Achilles* still made way  
As *Phobus*, who, his bright head turn'd, and askt: Why (*Peleus* sonne)  
Pursu'st thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath never done.  
Acknowledge not thine eyes my state? esteemes thy minde no more  
Thy honour in the chace of *Troy*, but puts my chace before  
Their utter conquest? they are all now house'd in *Ilion*,  
While thou hunt'st me. What wilt thou? my blood will never runne  
On thy proud javelin. It is thou (repli'd *Achilles*)  
That putt'st dishonour thus on me, (thou worst of deities)  
Thou turn'dst me from the wals, whose ports had never entertain'd  
Numbers now enter'd, over whom thy saving hand hath rais'd,  
And robd my honour. And all is, since all thy actions stand,  
Past feare of reckoning: but held I the measure in my hand,  
It should afford thee deare-bought scapes. Thus with elated spirits,  
(Steed-like, that at *Olympus* games, wears garlands for his merits,  
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride)  
*Achilles* so parts with the god. When aged *Priam* spide  
The great Greek come, (speard'd round with beames, and shewing as if the star  
Surnam'd *Oriens* hound, that springs in Autumne, and sends farre  
His radiance through a world of starres; of all whose beames, his owne  
Cast greatest splendor: the midnight that renders them most shewne,  
Then being their foile, and on their points; cure-passing Fevers then,

Come

Come shaking downe into the joynts of miserable men:  
 As this were faine to earth; and flout along the field his raies,  
 Now towards *Priam* (when he saw in great *Æcides*)  
 Out flew his tender voyce in shrieks, and with raide hands he smit  
 His reverend head, then up to heaven he cast them, shewing it.  
 What plagues it sent him; Downe againe then threw them to his soone,  
 To make him shun them. He now stood without sleepe Ilion,  
 Thirsting the combat; and to him thus miserably cride  
 The kinde olde King: O *Hector*! flye, tis man this homicide,  
 That trait will stroy thee. Hee's too strong, and would to heaven he were  
 As strong in heavens love as in mine; Vultures and dogs should teare  
 His prostrate carcase, all my woes quench't with his bloody spirites.  
 He has robd me of many loones; and worthy, and their merits  
 Sold to farre Ilands: two of them (aye me) I misse but now,  
 They're not entred; nor stay here, *Lætiæ*, O twas thou,  
 (O Queene of women) from whose wombe they breath'd: O did the tents  
 Deny me onely; brasse and gold would purchase safe events  
 To their sad durance: tis within. Old *Altes* (yong in fame)  
 Gave plenty for his daughters downe, but if they fed the flame  
 Of this mans furie, woe is me; woe to my wretched Queene.  
 But in our states woe, their two deaths will nought at all be seene;  
 So thy life quit them: take the towne, retire (deare sonne) and save  
 Troyes husbands and her wives, nor give thine owne life to the grave,  
 For this mans glory: pitty me, me, wretch, so long-live,  
 Whom in the doore of Age, *love* keeps; that he may deprive,  
 My being in Fortunes utmost curse, to see the blackest thred  
 Of this lifes miseries; my lonnes flaine, my daughters ravished,  
 Their resting chambers sackt, their babes torne from them, on their knees  
 Pleading for mercy, themselves dragd to Grecian slaveries,  
 (And all this drawne through my red eyes.) Then last of all kneele I  
 Alone, all helpelesse at my gates, before my enemy.  
 That (ruthlesse gives me to my dogs: all the deformitie  
 Of age discover'd, and all this, thy death (fought wilfully)  
 Will poure on me. A faire yong man, at all parts it becomes,  
 (Being bravely flaine) to lye all galle; and weare the worst extremes  
 Of warres: most cruelly, no wound of whatsoever ruth,  
 But is his ornament: but I, a man so farre from youth;  
 White head, white bearded, wrinkl'd, pin'd, all shames must shew the eye:  
 Live, prevent this then, this most shame of all mens misery.  
 Thus wept the old King, and tore off his white haire, yet all these  
 Retir'd nor *Hector*. *Hecuba* then fell upon her knees,  
 Stript nak't her bosome, shew'd her breasts, and bad him reverence them,  
 And pittie her: if ever she had quieted his exclaime,  
 He would cease hers, and take the towne, not tempting the rude field,  
 When all had left it: thinke (said she) I gave thee life to yeeld  
 My selfe comfort; thy rich wife shall have no rites of thee,  
 Nor doe thee rites: our teares shall pay thy corse no obsequie,  
 Being ravish't from us; Grecian dogs, nourish't with what I aurst.

Thus

Thus wept both these, and to his ruth propoide the utmost worst,  
 Of what could chance them, yet he staid. And now drew deadly neare  
 Mighty *Achilles*, yet he still kept deadly station there.  
 Looke how a Dragon when the sees a traveller bent upon  
 Her breeding den, her bosome fed with fell contagion,  
 Gathers her forces, fits him firme, and at his nearest pace,  
 Wraps all her Caverne in her folds, and thrusts a horrid face  
 Out at his entry: *Hector* so, with unextinguish't spirit,  
 Stood great *Achilles*: staid no foot, but at the prominent turret,  
 Bent to his bright shield, and resolv'd to beare faine heaven on it.  
 Yecall this resolute abode, did not so truly fit  
 His free election, but he felt a much more galling spurre  
 To the performance, with conceit of what he should incurre,  
 Ent'ring, like others, for this cause, to which he thus gave way.

O me, if I shall take the towne, *Polydamas* will lay  
 This flight, and all this death on me, who counsell'd me to leade  
 My powres to Troy: this last blacke night, when so I saw make head,  
 Incent *Achilles*, I yet staid, though (past all doubt) that course  
 Had much more profited then mine, which, (being by so much worse,  
 As comes to all our flight and death) my folly now I feare,  
 Hath bred this scandall, all our towne now burnes my ominous care  
 With whispering: *Hectors* selfe conceit hath cast away his best.  
 And (this true) this extremitie that I relye on most,  
 Is best for me, stay, and retire with this mans life, or die  
 Here for our citie with renowne, since all else fled, but I.  
 And yet one way cuts both these wayes; what if I hang my shield,  
 My helme and lance here on these wals, and meete in humble field,  
 Renownd *Achilles*, offering him *Helen* and all the wealth,  
 What ever in his hollow keeles, bore *Alexanders* stealth  
 For both ch' *Atrides*? For the rest, what ever is posselt  
 In all this citie knowne or hid by oath shall be confest  
 Of all our citizens; of which, one halfe the Greekes shall have,  
 One half themselves. But why (lov'd soule) would these suggestions save  
 Thy state still in me? He not sue, nor would he grant, but I,  
 (Mine armes cast off) should be assur'd, a womans death to die.  
 To men of oke and rocke, no words; Virgins and youths talk: thus,  
 Virgins and youths that love and woe, there's other warre with us:  
 What blowes and conflicts urge, we cry; hates and defiance,  
 And with the garlands these trees beare, try which hand *love* will blesse;

These thoughts employ'd his stay, and now *Achilles* comes, now neare  
 His *Mars*-like presence, terribly, came brandishing his speare,  
 His right arme (shooke it, his bright armes like day, came glittering on,  
 Like fire-light, or the light of heaven, shon from the rising Sun.  
 This sight outwrought discourse, co'd Feare shooke *Hector* from his stand,  
 No more stay now, all ports were left, he fled in feare the hand  
 Of that Feare master, who hawk like, ayres (swiftest passenger,  
 That holds a timorous Dove in chace, and with command doth beare  
 His fierie onlet: the Dove halts, the Hawke comes whizzing on,

Dd

This

*Priam's* flight  
 at the sight  
 of *Achilles*

*Priam* to *Hector*

*A* Simile ext'rd.  
 ing ow *Hector*  
 had *Achilles*.

*Hectors* day: 1100.

*Achilles* dread-  
 full approach to  
*Hector*.

This way, and that, he turns and windes, and cusses the Pigeon;  
And till he trusse it, his great spirit layes hot charge on his wing:  
So urg'd *Achilles*, *Hectors* flight, so still Feares point did sting  
His troubl'd spirit; his knees wrought hard; along the wall he flew;  
In that faire chariot way that runnes beneath the towre of view,  
And Troyes wide fig-tree, till they reacht, where those two mother springs,  
Of deepe *Scamander*, pour'd abroad their silver murmurings.

One warme, and casts out fumes, as fire, the other, cold as snow,  
Or haled dissolv'd. And when the Sunne made ardent sommer glow,  
There waters concrete chri'llall thin'd; neare which, were cisternes made,  
All pav'd, and cleare, where Troian wives, and their faire daughters bad  
Landrie for their fine linnen weeds, in times of cleanly Peace,  
Before the Grecians brought their siege. These captaines noted these,  
One flying th'other in pursuite, a strong man flew before;  
A stronger followed him by farre, and close up to him bore.  
Both did their best, for neither now, ranne for a sacrifice;  
Or for the sacrificers hide (our runners usuall price)

These ranne for tame horse *Hectors* soule. And as two running Steeds,  
Backt in some set race for a game, that tries their swiftest speeds,  
(A tripod, or a woman given for some mans funerals:)

Such speed made these men, and on foot, ranne thrice about the wals.  
The gods beheld them, all much mov'd; and *Love* said: O ill fight!

A man I love much, I see foret in most unworthy flight  
About great Iliou; my heart grieves, he paid to many vowes,  
With thighs of sacrific'd beeves, both on the lofty browes  
Of Ida, and in Iliou's height. Consult we, shall we free  
Hector from death? or give it now? *Achilles* victorie?

*Jupiter* answer'd Alter Fate? one, long since markt for death,  
Now take from death? doe thou, but know, he still shall runne beneath  
Our other censures. Be it then, (replide the Thunderer)

My lov'd *Triton*, at thy will, in this I will preferre  
Thy free intention, worke it all. Then sloop the from the skie,  
To this great combat. *Peleus* sonne pursu'd incessantly,  
Still flying *Hector*: as a Hound that having row'd a Hart,  
Although he tappish ne're so oft, and every shrubbe part,  
Attempts for strength, and trembles in, the Hound doth still pursue  
So close, that not a foot he failes, but hunts it still at view:

So plied *Achilles*, *Hectors* steps, as oft as he assail'd  
The Dardian ports and towres for strength, (to fetch from thence some aid,  
With winged shafts) so oft forc't he amends of pace, and stence  
Twixt him and all his hopes; and still, upon the field he kept

His utmost turnings to the towne. And yet, as in a dreaime,  
One thinks he give another chase, when such a faine'd extreame  
Possesse both; that he in chase, the chacer cannot flie,

Not can the chacer get to hand his flying enemy:  
So, not can *Achilles* chase could reach the flight of *Hectors* pace;  
Not *Hectors* flight enlarge it selfe, off swift *Achilles* chase.

But how chanc't this? how, all this time, could *Hector* beare the knees

Of fierce *Achilles*, with his owne, and keepe off *Destinies*,  
If *Phabus* (for his last and best) through all that course hath fail'd,  
To adde his succours to his nerves? and (as his foe assail'd)  
Neare, and within him, fed his scape. *Achilles* yet well knew  
His knees would fetch him, and gave signes to some friends (making thew  
Of shooting at him) to forbear, lest they detracted fo  
From his full glory; in first wounds, and in the overthrow,  
Make his hand last. But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts;  
Then *Love*, his golden skoles weigh'd up, and tooke the last accounts  
Of Fate for *Hector*; putting in, for him, and *Peleus* sonne,  
Two fates of bitter death; of which, high heaven receiv'd the one,  
The other hell: so low declin'd the light of *Hectors* life.  
Then *Phabus* left him, when warres *Queene* came to resolve the strife,  
In th'others knowledge: Now (said she) *Love*-lov'd *Acides*,  
I hope at last to make renowne, performe a brave access  
To all the Grecians; we shall now lay low this champions heighr,  
Though never so insatiate was his great heart of fight:  
Nor must he scape our pursuit still; though all the Iet of *Love*

*Apollo* bowes into a sphere, soliciting more love  
To his most favour'd. Breathe thee then, stand firme, my selfe will last,  
And hearten *Hector* to change blowes. She went, and he stood fast,  
Lean'd on his lance; and much was joy'd, that single strokes should try  
This fadging conflict. Then came close the changed deitie  
To *Hector*, like *Deiphobus* in shape and voyce, and said:

O brother, thou art too much urg'd, to be thus combatted  
About our owne wals; let us stand, and force to a retreat  
Th'insulting Chaser. *Hector* joy'd at this so kinde deceit,  
And said: O good *Deiphobus*, thy love was most before  
(Of all my brothers) deare to me, but now, exceeding more  
It costs me honour, that thus urg'd, thou com'st to part the charge  
Of my last fortunes; other friends, keepe towne, and leave at large  
My ractt endeavours. She replide: good brother, tis most true;  
One after other, King and *Queene*, and all our friends did sue  
(Even on their knees) to stay me there; such tremblings shake them all,  
With this mans terror: but my minde so griev'd to see our wall  
Girt with thy chafes; that to death I long'd to urgently stay.  
Come, fight we, thirly of his bloud, no more let's feare to lay  
Cost on our Lances; but approve, if bloudied with our spoiles,  
He can beare glory to their fleete, or shut up all their toykes  
In his one suffurance on thy Lance. With this deceit, she led,  
And (both come neare) thus *Hector* spake: thrice I have compassed  
This great towne (*Peleus* sonne) in flight, with aversion,  
That out of Fate put off my steps, but now, all flight is slowne,  
The short course set up, death or life. Our resolutions yet,  
Must than all rudenesse; and the gods before our valour set,  
For use of victorie, and they, being worthiest witnesses  
Of all vowes; since they keepe vowes best, before their deities,  
Let vowes of fit respect, passe both; when Conquest hath bestow'd

Her wreath on either. Here I vow, no furie shall be shew'd,  
That is not manly, on thy corse; but, having spoil'd thy armes,  
Refigne thy person, which I swear thou. These faire and temperate termes,  
Farre fled *Achilles*, his browes bent, and out flew this reply.

*Achilles first  
reply to Hector.*

*Hector*, thou onely pestilence in all mortalitie,  
To my fere spirits; never let the point twist thee and me  
Any conditions, but as farre as men and Lyons flye,  
All termes of covenant, lambs and wolves: in so farre opposite state,  
(Impossible for love to attone) stand we, till our soules satiate  
The god of fouldiers; doe not dreame that our disfunction can  
Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man,  
Call to thee, all particular parts that fit a fouldier,  
And they, all this include, (besides, the skill and spirit of warre)  
Hunger for slaughter; and a hate that eates thy heart, to eate  
Thy foes heart. This thirst, this supplee, in death, the killing heate  
And all this needst thou. No more flight; *Pallas Athena*  
Will quickly cast thee to my lance; now, now together draw  
All griefes for vengeance, both in me, and all my friends late dead  
That bled thee; raging with thy Lance. This said, he brandished  
His long Lance; and away it sauge: which, *Hector* giving view,  
Stoupe low, stood firme, (foreseeing it best) and quite it ouerflew,  
Fastening on earth. \* *Athenia* drew it, and gaue her friend,  
Vnsene of *Hector*. *Hector* then, thus spake: thou want'st thy end,  
(God-like *Achilles*;) now I see thou hast not learn'd my fate,  
Of love at all, as thy high words would brauely intimate;  
Much tongue affects thee; cunning words well serue thee to prepare  
Thy blowes with threats, that mine might faint, with want of spirit to dare;  
But my backe neuer turnes with breath; it was not borne to beare  
Burthens of wounds; strike home, before, drine at my breast thy speare,  
As mine at thine shall; and try then, if heauens will fauour thee  
With scape of my Lance. O would *Love* would take it after me,  
And make thy bolome take it all; an easie end would crowne  
Our difficult warres, were thy soule fled; thou most bane of our towne.

*Hector at  
Achilles.*

Thus flew his dart, toucht at the midst of his vast shield, and flew  
A huge way from it; but his heart, wrath entred with the view  
Of that hard scape, and heavy thoughts strooke through him, when he spide  
His brother vanisht; and no lance, beside left; out he cride,  
*Deiphobus*! another Lance. Lance, nor *Deiphobus*  
Stood neare his call. And then his minde saw all things ominous,  
And thus suggested: Woe is me, the gods haue cald, and I  
Must meete Death here; *Deiphobus* I well hope had bene by,  
With his white shield; but our strong wals, shield him; and this deceit  
Flows from *Minerva*; now, O now, ill death comes, no more flight,  
No more recourcie: O *Love*, this hath bene otherwise,  
Thy bright sonne, and thy selfe, haue let, the Greekes a greater prize  
Of *Hectors* bloud then now, of which (euen iealous) you had care;  
But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet, not she shall share  
In my renowne; that life is left, to every noble spirit.

*Hector amazed  
with the deceit  
of Pallas.*

And that some great deed shall beget, that all liues shall inherit.

Thus, forth his sword flew, sharpe and broad, and bore a deadly weight,  
With which, he rusht in: and looke how an Eagle from her height,  
Stroopes to the rapture of a Lambe, or cuffes a timorous Hare:  
So fell in *Hector*, and at him, *Achilles*; his minde sare,  
Was fierce and mightie: his shield cast a Sun-like radiance,  
Helme nodded; and his foure plumes shooke, and when he rais'd his lance,  
Vp *Hesperus* rose amongst th' evening starres. His bright and sparkling eyes,  
Lookt through the body of his foe, and fought through all that prise,  
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all wayes, onely one  
Appear'd to him; and that was, where th' unequall winding bone,  
That joynts the shoulders and the necke, had place, and where there lay  
The speeding way to death: and there, his quick eye could display  
The place it fought; even through those armes, his friend *Patroclus* wore,  
When *Hector* slue him. There he aim'd, and there his iavelin tore  
Sterne passage quite through *Hectors* necke; yet mist it so his throte,  
It gaue him powre to change some words; but downe to earth it got  
His fainting body: then triumph diuine *Acides*,  
*Hector*, (said he) thy heart suppos'd, that in my friends decease,  
Thy life was safe; my absent arme, nor car'd for: Foole! he left  
One at the fleete, that better'd him; and he it is that rest  
Thy strong knees thus; and now the dogs and fowles, in foulest use  
Shall teare thee up, thy corse expose to all the Greekes abuse.

*The last  
counter of  
Achilles and  
Hector.*

*Hector  
wounded to  
death.  
Achilles in  
satisfaction.*

*Hector's  
dying request to  
Achilles.*

*Achilles in  
flexibility.*

*Hector's  
prophecy of  
Achilles death.*

He, fainting, said: Let me implore, even by thy knees and foule;  
And thy great parents; doe not see a crueltie so foule  
Inflicted on me; brasse and gold, receive at any rate,  
And quit my person; that the Peeres and Ladies of our state,  
May tombe it, and to sacred fire, turne thy prophane decrees.  
Dog, (he replied) urge not my ruth, by parents, soule, nor knees;  
I would to God that any rage would let me ease thee raw,  
Slit into pieces; so beyond the right of any law,  
I tast thy merits; and beleue, it flies the force of man,  
To rescue thy head from the dogs. Give all the gold they can,  
If tenne or twenty times so much, as friends would rate thy price,  
Were tendred here, with vowes of more, to buy the cruelties  
I here haue vow'd, and after that, thy father with his gold  
Would free thy selfe; all that should faile, to let thy mother hold  
Solemnities of death with thee; and doe thee such a grace,  
To mourne thy whole corse on a bed; which peece-meale Ile delace  
With fowles and dogs. He (dying) said: I (knowing thee well) forswaw  
Thy now tried tyrannie; nor hope for any other law  
Of nature, or of nations; and that feare, forc'd much more  
Then death, my flight; which never toucht at *Hectors* foot before:  
A soule of iron informs thee; mark, what vengeance th' equall fates  
Will give me of thee, for this rage. Thus deaths hand clos'd his eyes,  
*Phabus* and *Paris* meete with thee; when in the Scæan gates  
His soule flying his faire lims, to hell, mourning his destinies,  
To part to wish his youth and strength. Thus dead, thus *Tethis* sonne,

His propheticke answer'd: Diethou now; when my short thred is spunne,  
He beate it as the will of *Iove*. This said, his brazen speare,  
He drew, and stucke by: then his armes (that all embrewed were)  
He spoild his shoulders of. Then all the Greekes ran in to him,  
To see his person; and admir'd, his terror-stirring lim:  
Yet none flood by, that gave no wound, to his so goodly formes;  
When each to other said: O *Iove*, he is not in the storme,  
He came to fleete in, with his fire, he handles now more lost.

O friends, (said sterne *Achilles*) now that the gods have brought  
This man thus downe, he freely say, he brought more bane to Greece,  
Then all his aiders. Try we then, (thus arm'd at every peece,  
And girding all Troy with our host) if now their hearts will leave  
Their citie cleare; her cleare stay flaine, and all their lives receive;  
Or hold yet, *Hector* being no more. But why use I a word  
Of any act, but what concerns my friend? dead, undeplo'd,  
Vnspeulcherd, he lies at fleete, unthought on; never haire  
Shall make his dead state, while the quicke enioyes me, and this powre;  
To move these movers. Though in hell, men say, that such as dye,  
Oblivion seisteth, yet in hell, in me shall Memorie  
Hold all her formes still, of my friend. Now, (youths of Greece) to fleete  
Beare we this body; *Peleus* sing, and all our navie greece  
With endlesse honour, we have flaine, *Hector*, the period  
Of all Troyes glory; to whose worth, all vow'd, as to a god.

Thus said, a worke not worthy him, he set to: of both fectes,  
He bor'd the nerves through, from the heele, to th' ankle; and then knit  
Both to his chariot, with a thong of whitelather; his head  
Trailing the center. Vp he got to chariot, where he laid  
The armes repurchac't; and scourg'd on his horse, that freely flew.  
A whirlewinde made of start'd dust, drave with them, as they drew,  
With which were all his black-browne curls, knotted in heapes, and flid.  
And there lay Troyes late Gracious, by *Iupiter* exil'd  
To dishonour, in his owne land, and by his parents seene.

When (like her sonnes head) all with dust, Troyes miserable Queene,  
Rist and her temples; plucking off her honor'd haire, and tore  
Her to all garments, shrieking out. In like kinde, *Priam* bore  
His fier'd person; like a wretch that never saw good day,  
Crying with outcries. About both, the people prostrate lay;  
And downe with Clamor, all the towne, wail'd with a cloud of teares.  
Hion, with all his tops on fire, and all the massacres,  
Left for the Greekes, could put on looks, of no more overthrow  
Then now, in this life. And yet the king did all their looks outflow,  
The wretched people could not bear his soveraigne wretchednesse,  
Hugging himselfe so, thrusting out, and praying all the preasse  
To open him the Dardan ports; that he alone might fetch  
His dearest sonne in; and (all fill'd with tumbling) did beseech  
Each man by name, thus: Loved friends, be you content; let me  
Though much ye grieve; be that poore meane, to our sad remedie,  
That in our wishes, I will goe, and pray this impious man,

(Author of horrors) making prooffe, if ages reuerence can  
Excite his pittie. His owne fire, is old like me, and he  
That got him to our griefes; perhaps, may (for my likeness) be  
Meane for our ruth to him. Alas, you haue no cause of cares,  
Compar'd with me; I, many sonnes, gract with their freshest yeares,  
Haue lost by him: and all their deaths, in slaughter of this one,  
(Afflicted man) are doubl'd: this, will bitterly set gone  
My soule to hell. O would to heaven, I could but hold him dead  
In these pin'd armes: then teares, on teares, might fall, till all were shed  
In common fortune. Now amaze their naturall course doth stop,  
And prickes a mad veine. Thus he mourn'd, and with him, all brake ope  
Their store of sorrowes. The poore Queene, amongst the women wept,  
Turn'd into anguish: O my sonne, (she cried out) why, still kept,  
Patient of horrors, is my life, when thine is vanisht?  
My daies thou glorifiedst; my nights, rung of some honour'd deed,  
Done by thy vertues: ioi to me, profit to all our care.

All made a god of thee; and thou, mad'st them, all that they are.  
Now under fate, now dead. These two, thus vented as they could,  
Their sorrowes furnace. *Hectors* wife, not hauing yet beene told  
So much, as of his stay without: She in her chamber close,  
Sat at her Loom: a peece of worke, gract with a both sides glosse,  
Strew'd curiously with varied flowers, her pleasure was, her care,  
To heare a Caldron for her Lord, to bath him, turn'd from warre:  
Of which, the chiefe charge gave her maides. Poore Dame, she little knew  
How much her cares lackt of his care. But now the Clamor flew  
Vp to her turret: then she shooke; her worke fell from her hand,  
And up she started, call'd her maides; the needs must underst and  
That ominous outcry. Come (said she) I heare through all this cry  
My mothers voyce shriek; to my throte, my heart bounds; extasie  
Vtters alters me: some fate is neare the haplesse sonnes  
Of fading *Priam*: would to god my words suspitious  
No care had heard yet: O I feare, and that most heartily,  
That with loose stratagem, the sonne of *Peleus* hath put by  
The wall of Iliou, my Lord, and (trusty of his feet)  
Obtrud the chafe of him alone; and now the curious heate  
Of his still desperate spirit is cool'd. It let him never keep  
In guard of others, before all, his violent foot must step,  
Or his place, forfeited he held. Thus furie-like he went,  
Two women (as she wild) at hand, and made her quicke ascent  
Vp to the towre, and preasse of men; her spirit in upore. Round  
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her *Hector* flaine, and bound  
T' *Achilles* chariot; manlesly, dragd to the Grecian fleet.  
Blacke night strooke through her; under her, trance tooke away her feet.  
And backe she shrunke, with such a sway; then off her head-tire flew;  
Her Coronet, Call, Ribands, Vaile, that golden *Pennis* threw  
On her white shoulders; that high day, when warre-like *Hector* wonne  
Her hand in nuptials, in the Court of king *Etion*;  
And that great dowry then given with her, About her, on their knees,

*Hector's*  
complaint to  
*Hector*.

Her husbands sisters, brothers-wiues, fell round, and by degrees  
Recount her. Then, when againe, her respirations found  
Free passe, (her minde and spirit met) these thoughts her words did found.

*And thus  
each com-  
plaint for  
Hector.*

O *Hector*, O me cursed dame; both borne beneath one fate:  
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where *Placus* doth cleave,  
His shade forthhead, in the Court, where king *Eetion*,  
(Haplesse) begot unhappy me; which would he had not done,  
To live past thee: thou now art diu'd to *Plutos* gloomie throne,  
Sunke through the couerts of the earth: I, in a hell of mone,  
Lest herethy widow: one poore babe, borne to unhappy both,  
Whom thou leau'st helpelesse, as he thee; he borne to all the wroth  
Of woe and labour. Lands left him, will others seise upon:  
The Orphan day, of all friends, helpees, robs euery mothers sonne.  
An Orphan, all men suffer sad; his eyes stand still with teares.  
Need tries his fathers friends, and failes. O all his fauourers  
If one the cup giues, tis not long; the wine he findes in it,  
Scarce moistis his palate: if he chance to gain the grace, to sit;  
Suruiuing fathers sonnes repine; use contumelies, strike,  
Bid, leaue us; where's thy fathers place? He (weeping with dislike)  
Retires to me. To me, alas, *Astyanax* is he  
Borne to these miseries. He that late, fed on his fathers knee,  
To whom all knees bow'd; daintiest fare, apposed him; and when Sleepe  
Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his heart, euen laid in sleepe,  
Of all things precious) a soft bed; a carefull nurses armes  
Tooke him to guardiance; but now, as huge a world of harmes,  
Lies on his suffrance; now thou want'st thy fathers hand to friend:  
O my *Astyanax*, O my Lord; thy hand that did defend  
These gates of *Iliou*; these long wals, by thy arme, measur'd still,  
Amplly and onely: yet at flecte, thy naked corse must fill  
Vile wormes, when dogs are satiate; farre from thy parents cares;  
Farre from those funerall ornaments; that thy minde would prepare,  
(So fadaine being the chance of armes) euer expecting death.  
Which taske (though my heart would notserue) remploy my hands beneath)  
I made my women yet performe. Many, and much in price  
Were those integuments they wrought, to adorne thy Exequies:  
Which since thy fave thy use, thy corse, nor laid in their attire;  
Thy sacre fire they shall be made, these hands in mischicuous fire  
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, (being consecrate to thee)  
They shall be kept for citizens; and their faire wiues, to see.

*And on which  
wrought ma-  
ny funerall  
ornaments for  
Hector be-  
fore his death.*

Thus spake shee weeping, all the dames endeavouring to cheare  
Her desert state; (fearing their owne) wept with her teare for teare.

*The end of the two and twentieth Booke.*

THE



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**A**chilles orders *Isuts* of exequies  
For his *Patroclus*; and doth sacrifice  
Twelve Trojan Princes; most lov'd hounds and horse,  
And other offerings, to the honour'd Corse,  
He institutes, besides, a funerall game,  
Where *Diomed*, for horse-race, wins the same:  
For foot, *Vlysses*, others otherwise  
Strive, and obtaine: and end the exequies.

### Another Argument.

*Phis*, sings the rites of the decease  
Ordain'd by great *Eacides*.

**T**hus mourn'd all Troy: but when at flect, and *Hellepontus* shore,  
The Greekes arriv'd, each to his ship: onely the Conqueror  
Kept undispers'd his *Myrmidons*: and said, lov'd countrimen,  
Disioyne not we, chariots, and horse: but (bearing hard our reine) *Achilles his Myrmidons.*  
With state of both; march soft, and close, and mourne about the corse:  
Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horse,  
When with our friends kinde woe, our hearts haue felt delight to doe  
A vertuous soule right, and then sup. This said, all full of woe,  
Circl'd the Corse. *Achilles* led, and thrice about him, close  
All bore their goodly coated horse. Amongst all, *Tethis* rose;  
And stir'd up a delight, in griefe; till all their armes with teares,  
And all the sands, were wet: so much they lov'd that Lord of feares.  
Then to the center fell the Prince; and (putting in the breast)  
Of his slaine friend, his slaughtering hands, began to all the rest  
Words to their teares. Reioyce (said he) O my *Patroclus*: thou  
Court'd by *Diu* now: now I pay, to thy late ouerthrow,  
All my reuenges vow'd before; *Hector* lies slaughter'd here  
Dragd at my chariot; and our dogs shall all in pieces tear  
His hated limbs. Twelve Trojan youths, borne of their noblest straines  
I tooke alive: and (yet enrag'd) will emptic all their vaines  
Of vitall spirits; sacrific'd before thy heape of fire.

*And thus the  
prison of Tethis  
was.*

This said, a worke unworthy him, he put upon his ire,  
And tramp'd *Hector* under foot, at his friends feet. The rest  
Disarm'd; tooke horse from chariot, and all to sleepe address'd.  
At his blacke vessell. Infinite were those that rested there.

Himselfe

Himselfe yet sleepest not, now his spirits were wrought about the chere,  
 But for to high a funerall. About the Steele ulde then,  
 Oxen in heapes lay bellowing, preparing food for men:  
 Heating of sheepe and goates, fild ayre; numbers of white-tooth'd swine,  
 (Swimming in fat) lay singeing there: the person of the flaine  
 Was girt with slaughter. All this done, all the Greeke Kings conuaid  
*Achilles* to the King of men; his rage not yet allaid,  
 For his *Patroclus*. Being arriv'd at *Agamemnon's* tent,  
 Himselfe had Heralds put to fire a Caldron; and present  
 The service of it to the Prince, to try if they could win  
 His pleasure, to admit their paines, to cleanse the blood sokt in  
 About his conquering hands and browes. Not, by the king of heaven  
 (He swore). The lawes of friendship damne, this false-heart licence given  
 To men that lose friends: nor a drop shall touch me till I put  
*Patroclus* in the funerall pile, before these curles be cut,  
 His tombe erected. Tis the last of all care I shall take,  
 While I comfort the carefull: yet, for your entreaties sake,  
 (And though I loathe food) I will care: but early in the morne,  
 I will use your strict command, that lodes of wood be borne  
 To our design'd place, all that fits, to light home such a one,  
 As is to passe the shades of Death, that fire enough, set gone  
 His person quickly from our eyes, and our diverted men  
 May ply their businesse. This all cares did freely entertaine,  
 And found obsevance: then they sup, with all things fit, and all  
 Repair'd to tents and rest. The friend, the shores maritimall  
 Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which plaide  
 The murmuring billowes. There, his lims, to rest, not sleepe, he laid,  
 Heavily sighing. Round about (silent, and not too neare)  
 Stood all his Myrmidons, when strait (so over-labour'd were  
 His goodly lineaments, with chace of *Hektor*, that beyond  
 His resolution not to sleepe) Sleepe cast his sodaine bond  
 Over his sense, and losde his care. Then, of his wretched friend,  
 The soule appear'd; at every part the forme did comprehend  
 His likeness; his faire eyes, his voyce, his stature, every weed;  
 His person wore, it fantasied, and stood about his head,  
 This fae speech uttering. Dost thou sleepe? *Achilles*, am I  
 Forgotten of thee? Being alive, I found thy memorie  
 Ever respectfull; but now dead, thy dying love abates.  
 Enter me quickly, enter me in *Plutoes* iron gates,  
 For now, the soules (the shades) of men, fled from this being, beate  
 My spirit from rest, and stay, my much desir'd recit  
 Amongst foules, plac't beyond the flood. Now every way I erre  
 About this broad, dord house of *Dæ*. O helpe then to preferre  
 My soule yet further, here I mourne: but had the funerall fire  
 Consum'd my body; never more my spirit should retire  
 From hell low region: from thence, soules never are retriev'd  
 To be with friends here, nor shall I, a hatefull fate depriv'd  
 My being here, that at my birth, was fixt, and to such fate,

Even

Even thou O god-like man, art markt; the deadly Iliion gate  
 Must entertaine thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care  
 That our bones part not: but as life, combeinde in equall fare,  
 Our louing beings; so let Death. When, from *Opuntas* towres,  
 My farther brought m: to your roofes, (since (gainst my will) my powres  
 Incens't, and indiscreet, at dice, flue faire *Amphidamas*)  
 Then *Pelem* entertain'd me well; then in thy charge I was  
 By his iniunction, and thy love: and therein let me still  
 Receive protection. Both our bones, provide in thy last Will,  
 That one Urne may containe and make the vessell all of gold,  
 That *Tethis* gave thee, that rich Urne. This said, Sleepe cast to hold  
*Achilles* temples, and the shade, thus he receiv'd: O friend,  
 What needd these commands? my care, before, meant to commend  
 My bones to thine, and in that Urne. Be sure, thy will is done.  
 A little stay yet, lets delight, with some full passion  
 Of woe enough, eithers affects embrace we. Opening thus  
 His greedy armes, he felt no friend: like matter vaporous  
 The spirit vanish under earth, and murmur'd in his stoope.  
*Achilles* started; both his hands he clapt, and lifted up  
 In this sort wondring; O ye gods, I see we have a soule  
 In thunder-dwellings; and a kinde of man-resembling idole:  
 The soules seate yet, all matter felt, staies with the carkasse here.  
 O friends, haplesse *Patroclus* soule, did all this night appeare  
 Weeping, and making mone to me; commanding every thing  
 That I intended towards him, so truly figuring  
 Himselfe at all parts, as was my charge. This accident did turne  
 To much more sorrow, and at a gteedincle to mourne  
 In all that heard. When mourning thus, the roste morne arose:  
 And *Agamemnon*, through the tents, wak't all, and did dispose  
 Both men and Mules for carriage, of matter for the fire.  
 Of all which worke, *Meriones*, (the Cretan soveraignsquire)  
 Was Captaine, and abroad they went. Wood-cutting tools they bore,  
 Of all hands, and well twisted cords. The Mules march all before.  
 Up hill, and downe hill; overth warts, and breake-necke cliffs they past,  
 But when the fountfull Idas tops, they scal'd with utmost haste,  
 All fell upon the high-hair'd Okes, and downe their curled browes  
 Fell bustling to the earth: and up went all the boles and bowes,  
 Bound to the Mules, and backe againe they parted the harsh way  
 Amongst them, through the tangling shrubs, and long they thought the day,  
 Till in the plaine field all arriv'd: for all the woodmen bore  
 Logs on their neckes; *Meriones* would have it so: the shore  
 At last they reacht yet, and then, downe their cariages they cast,  
 And sat upon them; where the sonne of *Pelem* had plac't  
 The ground for his great Sepulcher, and for his friends, in one.  
 They raisde a huge pile, and to armes went every Myrmidon,  
 Charg'd by *Achilles*; chariots and horse were harness'd,  
 Fighters and charioteers got up, and they, the sad march led:  
 A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midst of all was borne

*Patroclus*



*Patroclus* perlon, by his Peeres: on him were all heads shorne;  
 Even till they cover'd him with curls. Next to him, marcht his friend  
 Embracing his cold necke, all day; since now he was to fend  
 His dearest, to his endlesse home. Arriv'd all, where the wood  
 Was heapt for funcrall, they set downe. A part *Achilles* stood,  
 And when enough wood was heapt on, he cut his golden haire;  
 Long kept, for *Sperchius*, the flood, in hope of safe repaire  
 To *Pelias*, by that rivers powre, but now, left hopelesse thus,  
 (Enrag'd, and looking on the sea) he cryed out: *Sperchius*,  
 In vaine my fathers pietie, vow'd; (at my implor'd returne,  
 To my lov'd country) that these curls should on thy shores be shorne.  
 Besides a bared Hecatombe; and sacrifice beside,  
 Of fifty Weathers; at whose founts, where men have edifice  
 A holy temple; and perfum'd an altar to thy name.  
 There vow'd he all these offerings, but fate prevents thy fame,  
 His hopes not suffering satisfis'd: and since I never more  
 Shall see my lov'd soyle; my friends hands, shall to the Stygian shore  
 Convey these trifles. Thus he put in his friends hands the haire.  
 And this bred fresh desire of mone, and in that sad affaire,  
 The Sunne had set amongst them all; had *Thetis* sonne not spoke  
 Thus to *Atrides*: King of men, thy aide I still invoke,  
 Since thy command, all men still heare; dismisst thy souldiers now,  
 And let them victle, they have mourn'd sufficient, tis we owe  
 The dead this honour; and wish us, let all the Captaines stay.

This heard, *Atrides* instantly the souldiers sent away,  
 The funerall officers remain'd, and heapt on *maie* still,  
 Till, of an hundred foot about, they made the funerall pile:  
 In whose hot height they cast the corse, and then they pourd on teares.  
 Numbers of fat sheepe, and like store of crooked going stees,  
 They flew before the solemne fire: stript off their hides and drest,  
 On which, *Achilles* took the fat, and cover'd the decaist  
 From head to foot: and round about he made the officers pile  
 The vessels nakt bodies; vessels full of honey, and of oyle,  
 Pour'd on them, laid upon a bere, and cast into the fire.  
 Heere gonny horse, and of nine hounds, two most in the desire  
 Of the great Prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.

Twelve Trojan Princes last stood forth, young, and of toward fame:  
 All which, (set on with wicked spirits) there strooke he, there he flew.  
 And to the iron strength of fire, their noble limbs he threw.

Thus he ended his last sighes, and these words: againe rejoycemy friend,  
 Even in the joylesse depth of hell: now give I complete end  
 To all my vowes. Alone thy life sustain'd not violence;  
 Twelve Trojan Princes waite on thee, and labour to incense  
 Thy glorious heape of funcrall. Great *Hektor* Ile excuse,  
 The dogs shall eate him. These high threats perform'd not their abuse,  
 His daughter, *Penus*, took the guard of noble *Hektors* Corse,  
 And kept the dogs off: night and day applying soveraigne force  
 Of rose balmes, that to the dogs were horrible in tast:

And

And with whi h the the body fild. Renown'd *Apollo* cast  
 A cloude from heaven; left with the Suane, the nerves and lineaments  
 Might drie, and putrifie. And now, some powres denide consents  
 To this solemne fire: the fire, (for all the oyle fewell  
 It had incens'd) would not burne; and then the louing Cruell  
 Studied for helpe, and standing off, inuokt the twosire winds  
 (*Zephyrus* and *Boreas*) to afford, the rage of both their kinds,  
 To aide his outrage. Precious gifts, his earnest zeale d'd vow,  
 Pow'd from a golden bowle, much wine; and prayde them both to blow  
 That quickly, his friends Corse might burne; and that heapes sturdy breast  
 Embrace *Consumption*. Iris heard; The winds were at a least;  
 All in the Court of *Zephyrus* that (boisterous blowing aire)  
 Gather'd together. She that weares, the thousand colourd haire  
 Flew thither, standing in the porch: They (seeing her) all arose;  
 Cald to her; every one desir'd: shee would a while repose,  
 And eate with them. She answerd; No, no place of feat is here;  
 Retreat calles to the *Ocean*, and *Aethiopia*; where  
 A Hecatombe is offering now, to heaven: and there must I  
 Partake the feast of sacrifices; I come to signifie  
 That *Thetis* sonne implores your aides (Princes of *North* and *West*)  
 With vowes of much faire sacrifice; if each, will set his breast  
 Against his heape of funcrall, and make it quickly burne;  
*Patroclus* lies there; whose decaist, all the *Achaians* mourne.

She sayd, and partd; and our rust, with an unmeasur'd rore,  
 Those two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes; ulcers to cythers bore.  
 And instantly they reacht the sea. Up flew the waves; the gale  
 Was strong; reacht fruitfull *Troy*; and full, upon the fire they fall.  
 The huge heape thunderd. All night long, from his chok't breast they blew  
 A librell flame up; and all night, swift foot *Achilles* threw  
 Wine from a golden bowle, on earth; and steep't the soyle in wine,  
 Still calling on *Patroclus* soule, No father could incline  
 More to a sonne most deare; nor more, mourne at his burn'd bones,  
 Then did the great Prince, to his friend, at his combustions;  
 Still creeping neare and neare the heape? still sighing, weeping still:  
 But when the day barre lookt abraide, and promist from his hill  
 Light, which the last morn made good, and (sprinkl'd on the seas;  
 Then languisht the great pile; then sunke the flames; and then calme *Pier*  
 Turn'd backe the rough winds to their homes, the *Thracian* billow ring:  
 Their hie retreat; rustl'd with cusses, of their triumphant wings.

*Pelides* then forsooke the pile; and to his tired limme  
 Chus'd place of rest; where laid, sweet sleepe, fell to his wish on him  
 When all the kings guard (waiting then, perceiving will to rise  
 In that great Session) hurried in, and op't againe his eyes  
 With tumult of their troope, and haste. A little then he reard  
 His troubled perlon, sitting vp, and this affaire referd,  
 To wisht commandment of the kings; *Atrides*, and the rest  
 Of our Commanders generall, vouchsafe me this request  
 Before your parting: Giue in charge, the quenching with blacke wine.

Iris: the  
windsThe North  
and West  
winds  
to  
incense the  
funerall pile.

Consumption

Achilles  
Acumens  
and the other  
kings.

Of

Of this heapes reliques; every brand, the yellow fire made shine.  
And then, let search *Patroclus* bones, distinguishing them well;  
As well ye may; they keepe the midst, the rest, at random fell,  
About th' extreme part of the pile. Mens bones, and horses mixt.  
Being found, he finde an urne of gold, & enclose them; and betwixt  
The ayre and them; two kels of fat, lay on them; and to *Rest*  
Commit them, till mine owne bones scale our loue, my soule decait.  
The sepulcher, I haue not charg'd, to make of too much state;  
But of a modell something meane, that you of yonger Fate,  
When I am gone, may amplifie; with such a breadth and height,

As fits your iudgements and our worths. This charge receiu'd his weight  
In all obscurance: first they quench't, with fable wine, the heape  
As faire as it had fed the flame. The ash fell wondrous deepe,  
In which, his comforts that his life religiously lou'd,  
Search't, weeping for his bones: which found, they conscionably prou'd  
His will made to *Aeacides*; and what his loue did adde,  
A golden vessell, doublefat, contain'd them: all which (clad  
In vayles of linnen, pure and rich) were solemnly conuey'd  
To *Achilles* tent. The platforme then, about the pile they layd  
Of his fit sepulcher, and ray'd a heape of earth, and then  
Offer'd departure. But the Prince retaynd there still his men:  
Employed them to fetch from fleet, rich Tripods for his games  
Caldrons, Horse, Mules, broad-headed Bees, bright Steele, & brighter dames.

The best at horse race, he ordain'd, a Lady for his prize,  
Generally praisefull, faire and yong, and skil in houwewiferies,  
Of all kinde fitting, and withall, a Triuer, that enclos'd  
Twentie two measures roome, with eares. The next prize he propos'd,  
Was (that, which then had high respect) a mare of fixe yeares old,  
Vnhandl'd horsed with a mule: and readie to haue foald.  
The third game was a caldron, new, faire, bright, and could for life  
Contain two measures. For the fourth, two talents quantities,  
Of finest gold. The fift game was, a great new standing boule,  
To set downe both waies. These brought in, *Achilles* then stood vp,  
And said, *Atreides* and my Lords, chiefe horse men of our host,  
These games expect ye. If my selfe, should interpose my selfe,  
For our horse race, I make no doubt, but I should take againe  
These gaires propos'd. Ye all know well, of how diuine a straine  
My horses are and how eminent. *Neptunes* gift they are,  
To *Peleus*; of his to me. My selfe then, will not share  
In gifts giuen others, nor my steeds breathe any spirit to shake  
Their ayrie patterns; so they mourne for their kind guiders sake,  
Late lost; that vnde with humorous oyle, to slick their losie manes;  
Cleare water hauing cleand them first: and (his bane, being their banes)  
Those losie manes now strew the earth; their headsheld shaken downe.  
You then, that trust in chariots, and hope with horse to crowne  
Your conquering temples; gird your selues; now fame and prize stretch for,  
All that haue spirits. This fir'd all, the first competitor  
Was king *Eumelus*; whome the Art, of horfmanship did grace,

Sonne

Sonne to *Admetus* next to him, role *Dionis* to the race,  
That vnder reines rul'd *Troians* horse; of late, forc't from the sonne  
Of Lord *Aeneides*; himselfe freed, of neare confusion  
By *Phobus*. Next to him set forth the yellow-headed king  
Of *Lacedamon*, *Ioues* high seed; and in his managing,  
*Pedargus*, and swift *Bibetrod*, deeds to the king of men.  
*Eishe*, giuen by *Echepolus*; the *Achisidans*,  
A bribe to free him from the warre, resold for *Iliou*.  
So *Delicacie* feasted him; whom *Ioue* bestow'd vpon  
A mightie wealth; his dwelling was, in broad *Sisyone*:  
Old *Nestors* sonne, *Antilocheus*, was fourth for chivalrie  
In this *Consention*: his faire horse, were of the *Pylia* breed,  
And his old father (coming neare) inform'd him (for good speed)  
With good Race notes; in which himselfe, could good instruction giue.

*Antilocheus* though yong thou art; yet thy graue virtues liue  
Below'd of *Neptune*, and of *Ioue*: their spirits haue taught thee all  
The art of horfmanship; for which, the lesse thy merits fall  
In nedde of doctrine. Well thy skill can yield a chariot  
In all fit turning; yet thy horse, their flow feet handle not,  
As fits thy manage, which makes me, cast doubts of thy successe  
I well know, all these are not sene, in art of this address,  
More then thy selfe: their horses yet, superior are to thine,  
For their parts: thine want speed to make, discharge of a designe  
To please an *Artist*. But goe on, shew but thy art and hart  
At all points; and set them against, their horses heart, and art,  
Good Iudges will not see thee lose. A Carpenters desert  
Stands more in cunning then in power. A pylote doth auert  
His vessell from the rocke, and wracke, tost with the churlish winds,  
By skill not strength: so sorts it here; one chariotere that finds  
Want of anothers power in horse, must in his owne skill set  
An ouerplus of that, to that; and so the prooff will get  
Still, that still rests within a man, more grace, then powre without.  
He that in horse and chariots trusts, is often hurl'd about,  
This way, and that, vnhandsonely, all heauen wide of his end.  
He better skild, that rules worse horse, will all obscurance bend,  
Right on the scope still of a Race, beare neare; know cuer when to reine,  
When giue reine, as his foe before, (well noted in his veine,  
Of manage, and his steeds estate) presents occasion.  
He giue thee instance now, as plaine, as if thou saw'st it done.  
Here stands adry stub of some tree, a cubite from the ground;  
(Suppose the stub of Oke, or Larch; for either are so found  
That neither rots with wet two stones, white (marke you) white for view  
Parted on either side the stub; and these lay where they drew  
The way into a streight; the Race, betwix both lying cleare.  
Imagine them some monument of one long since tomb'd there;  
Or that they had beneflists of race, for men of former yeares;  
As now the lists *Achilles* sets, may serue for charioters  
Many yeares hence. When neare to these, the race growes; then as right

*Nestors* to  
son *Antilocheus*  
is giuen the  
instructions  
for the race  
with chariot.

A Common  
mistake  
best and  
apostrophe  
specie  
of style

Drive on them as thy eye can iudge; then lay thy bridles weight  
Most of thy left side: thy right horse, then (switching) all thy throat  
(Spent in encouragements) give him, and all the reins let loose  
About his shoulders: thy near horse, will yet be he that gaue  
Thy skill the prize; and him reins so, his head may touch the Naue  
Of thy left wheele: but then take care, thou runst not on the stone,  
(With wracke of horse and chariot) which so thou bear'st vpon.  
Shipwracke within the haue auoide, by all means; that will breed  
Others delight, and thee a shame. Be wise then, and take heed  
(My lou'd sonne) get but to be first, at turning in the course;  
He liues not that can cote thee then: not if he backe the horse  
The gods bred, and *Adrastus* ow'd. Diuine *Arians* speed,  
Could not outpace thee; or the horse *Laomedon* did breed,  
Whose race is famous, and led here. Thus late *Neleides*

*Nestors aged* When all that could be said, was said. And then *Meriones*  
*lone of speech,* Set fifty forth his faire man'd horse. All leapt to chariot;  
*was here* And every man then for the start, cast in, his proper lot.  
*briefly noted.* *Achilles* drew; *Antilochus*, the lot set foremost forth.

*Eumelus* next; *Atrides* third; *Meriones* the fourth.  
The first and last was *Diomed*; farre first in excellence.  
All stood in order and the lists, *Achilles* fixt far thence.  
In plaine field; and a seate ordain'd fast by. In which he set  
Renowned *Phanix*, that in grace, of *Peleus* was so great;  
To see the race, and giue a truth, of all their passages.  
All start together, scour'd and cri'd; and gaue their businesse  
Study and order. Through the field, they held a winged pace.  
Beneath the bosome of their steeds, a dust so dim'd the race:  
It stood about their heads in clouds; or like to stormes amaz'd  
Manes flew like ensignes with the wind; the chariots sometime graz'd  
And sometimes iumpt vp to the aire; yet still sat fast the men:  
Their spirits even panting in their breasts, with seruour to obtaine:  
But when they turn'd to fleet againe: then all mens skills were tride;  
Then stretcht the patterns of their steeds; *Eumelus* horse in pride  
Still bore their Soueraigne. After them, came *Diomedes* couriers close,  
Still apt to leape their chariot, and ready to repose  
Vpon the shoulders of their king their heads: His backe euen burn'd  
With fire, that from their nostrills flew. And then, their Lord had turn'd  
The race for him, or giuen it doubt, if *Phaebus* had not smit  
The scourge out of his hands; and teares, of helpelesse wrath with it,  
From forth his eyes; to see his horse for want of scourge, made slow;  
And th'others (by *Apollo's* helpe) with much more swiftnesse go.

*Apollo's* spite, *Pallas* discern'd, and flew to *Tydeus* sonne,  
His scourge reacht, and his horse made fresh. Then tooke her angry runne  
At king *Eumelus*; brake his geres; his mares on both sides flew;  
His draught tree fell to earth; and him, the tost vp chariot threw  
Downe to the earth; his elbows torne; his forehead all his face  
Strooke at the center; his speech lost. And then the turned race  
Fell to *Tydid*: before all, his conquering horse he drawe:

And

And first he glitter'd in the race: diuine *Athenia* gaue  
Strength to his horse, and fame to him. Next him, drave *Spartas* King.  
*Antilochus*, his fathers horse, then urg'd, with all his sting  
Of scourge and voyce. Runne low (said he) stretch out your limbs, and flie.  
With *Diomed's* horse, I bid not strive; nor with himselfe strive I.  
*Athenia* wings his horse, and him renoues. *Atrides* steeds  
Are they ye must not faile but reach; and soone, lest soone succeds  
The blot of all your fames: to yeeld, in swiftnesse to a mare:  
To femall *Eibe*. Whats the cause (ye best that ever were)  
That thus ye faile us? Be assur'd, that *Nestors* love ye lose  
For ever if ye faile his sonne: through both your bath sides goes  
His hot Steele, if ye suffer me to bring the last prize home.  
Haste, overtake them instantly; we needs must overcome  
This harth way next us: this my minde will take, this I despise  
For perill, this Ile creepe through; hard the way to honour lies.  
And that take I, and that shall yeeld. His horse by all this knew  
He was not pleas'd, and feard his voyce, and for a while they flew:  
But strait, more cleare appear'd the sight, *Antilochus* forsway  
It was a gaspe the earth gaue, forc't by humors cold and raw,  
Pour'd out of Winters wary breast; met there, and cleaving deepe  
All that neare passage to the lists. This *Nestors* sonne would keepe,  
And left the rode way, being about; *Atrides* fear'd, and cride:  
*Antilochus* thy course is mad; containe thy horse, we ride  
A way most dangerous; turne head, betime take larger field,  
We shall be split. *Nestors* sonne with much more scourge impeld  
His horse for this, as if not heard; and got as farre before  
As any youth can cast a quoyte; *Atrides* would no more;  
He backe againe, for feare himselfe, his goodly chariot,  
And horse together, strew'd the dust; in being so dust shot,  
Of thirsted conquest. But he chid, at parting, passing fore:

*Antilochus* (said he) a worse then thee, earth never bore:  
Farewell, we neuer thought thee wife, that were wife; but not so  
Without oathes, shall the wreath (be sure) crowne thy mad temples, Go.

Yet he bethought him, and went too, thus stirring up his steeds:  
Leave me not last thus, nor stand vext; let these faile in the speeds  
Of feet and knees, not you: shall these, these old jades, (past the flowre  
Of youth, that you haue) passe you? this, the horse fear'd, and more powre  
Put to their knees, strait getting ground. Both flew, and so the rest,  
All came in smokes, like spirits; the Greekes, (set to see who did best,  
Without the race, aloft:) now made a new discoverie,  
Other then that they made at first; *Idomeneus* eye  
Distinguisht all; he knew the voyce of *Diomed*, seeing a horse  
Of speciall marke, of colour bay, and was the first in course,  
His forehead putting forth a starre, round, like the Moone, and white,  
Vp stood the Cretan, uttering this; Is it alone my fight,  
(Princes and Captaines) that discernes, another leade the race,  
With other horse, then led of late! *Eumelus* made most pace,  
With his fleet mares, and he began, the flexure, as we thought.

E c 3

Now

*Antilochus*  
to his steeds.

*Nestors* in  
seate to d:  
low *Antilochus*, who ye  
may see playd  
u: on him.

*Idomeneus*  
chides *Antilochus*.

*Idomeneus*  
the King of  
Crete, first  
discovers the  
runners.

*Phanix*  
chaise iudge  
of the best  
deserves in  
race.

Now all the field I search, and finde, no where his view; hath nought  
Betaine amisse to him? perhaps, he hath not with successe  
Perform'd his flexure: his reynes lost, or scate, or with the tresse  
His chariot faild him; and his mares have outraid with affright:  
Stand up, try you your eyes; for mine, hold with the second sight.  
This seemes to me, th' Etolian King, the *Tydean Diomed*.

*Ajax Oileus*  
answers with  
*Idomeneus*.

To you it seemes so, (rustlickly) *Ajax Oileus* said;  
Your words are suited to your eyes. Those mares leade still, that led;  
*Emelus* owes them: and he still holds reynes and place that did,  
Not taine as you hop't: you must prate, before us all, though last  
In iudgement of all: y<sup>e</sup> are too old, your tongue goes still too fast;  
You must not talke so. Here are those that better thee, and looke  
For first place in the censure. This, *Idomeneus* took  
In much disdain, and thus repide: thou best, in speeches worst,  
Barbarous languag'd; others here might have reprov'd me first:  
Not thou, unfit of all. I hold a Tripode with thee here,  
Or Caldron; and our Generall make, our equall arbiter,  
Those horse are first, that when thou paist, thou then maist know. This fir'd  
*Oileades* more, and more then words, this quarrell had inspir'd,  
Had not *Achilles* rose, and usde this pacifying speech.

*Achilles* pa-  
sies *Idome-*  
neus, and  
*Ajax*.

No more: away with words in warre, it toucheth both with breack.  
Of that which fits ye, your deserts should others reprehend,  
That give such foule termes: sit ye still, the men themselves will end  
The strife betwix you instantly, and eithers owne lode beare,  
On his owne shoulders. Then to both, the first horse will appeare,  
And which is second. These words usde, *Tydidies* was at hand,  
His horse ranne high, glanc't on the way, and up they tost the land,  
Thicke on their Coachman, on their pace, their chariot deckt wth gold  
Swiftly attended, no wheele seene, nor wheeles print in the mould  
Imprest behinde them. These horse flew a flight; not ranne a race.

*For runners*  
arrive at the  
races end.

Arra'd, amidst the lists they stood; sweat trickling downe apace  
Their high manes, and their prominent breast; and downe iumpt *Diomed*,  
Laid up his scourge aloft the scate, and strait his prize was led  
Home to his tent: rough *Sthenelus* laid quicke hand on the dame,  
And handled Triuer, and sent both home by his men. Next came  
*Antilochus*, that wonne with wiles, not swiftnesse of his horse,  
Precedence of the gold-lockt King, who yet maintaine the course  
So close, that not the Kings owne horse gat more before the wheele  
Of his rich chariot, that might still, the infection feele  
With the extreme haire of his taile: (and that sufficient close  
Held to his leader: no great space, it let him interpose,  
Considered in so great a field.) Then *Nestors* wile sonne  
Gate of the King: now at his heeles, though at the breach he wonne  
A quoytes cast of him, which the king againe, at th' instant gaind.  
- *Athe. Agamemnonides* that was so richly maind,  
Gave strength still, as he spent; which words, her worth had proud with deeds,  
Had more ground beene allow'd the race; and coted farre his steeds,  
No question leaving for the prize. And now *Meriones*,

A darts cast came behinde the king, his horse of speed much lesse,  
Himselfe lesse skild r'importune them, and give a chariot wing.

*Admetus* sonne was last, whose plight, *Achilles* pitying,  
Thus spake: Best man comes last, yet Right must see his prize not least,  
The second, his deserts must beare, and *Diomed* the best.

*Achilles* sen-  
tence.

*Antilochus*  
to *Achilles*.

He said, and all allow'd, and sure the mare had beene his owne,  
Had not *Antilochus* stood forth, and in his answer shovne  
Good reason for his interest. *Achilles*, (he replied)  
I should be angry with you much, to see this ratified.  
Ought you to take from me my right? because his horse had wrong,  
Himselfe being good? he should have usde (as good men doe) his tongue,  
In prayer to their powres that blesse good (not trusting to his owne)  
Not to have beene in this good, last. His chariot overthrowne,  
O'rethrew not me, who's last? who's first? mens goodnesse, without these  
Is not our question. If his good you pittie yet, and p'cise,  
Princely to grace it, your tents hold a goodly deale of gold,  
Brasse, horse, sheepe, women; out of these your bounty may be hold  
To take a much more prize then my poore merit seeks,  
And give it here before my face, and all these, that he Greekes  
May glorifie your lib'ral hands. This prize I will not yield,  
Who beares this (whatsoever man) he beares a tried field.  
His hand and mine must change some blowes *Achilles* laught, and said:

If thy will be (*Antilochus*) Ile see *Emelus* paid  
Out of my tents; Ile give him th'armes, which late I conquerd in  
*Asteropaeus*, forg'd of brasse, and wav'd about with tin,  
Twill be a present worthy him. This said, *Automedon*,  
He sent for them. He went, and brought, and to *Admetus* sonne,  
*Achilles* gave them. He well pleasde, receiv'd. Then arose,  
Wrong'd *Menelaus*, much incens'd with yong *Antilochus*.  
He, bent to speake, a herald tooke his Scepter, and gave charge  
Of silence to the other Greekes, then did the king enlarge  
The spleene he prisoned, uttering this: *Antilochus*? all now,  
We grant thee wile, but in this act, what wisdom utterst thou?  
Thou hast disgrac'd my vertue, wrongde my horse, preferring thine,  
Much their inferiours; but goe to, Princes, nor his, nor mine,  
Iudge of wth favours; him nor me, lest any Grecian use  
This scandall, *Menelaus* wonne, with *Nestors* sonnes abuse,  
The prize in question; his horse worst, himselfe yet wanne the best,  
By powre and greatnesse. Yet because I would not thus contell,  
To make parts taking; Ile be judge, and I suppose none here  
Will blame my iudgement; Ile doe right, *Antilochus* come neare,  
Come (noble gentleman) tis your place, (weare by th' earth circling god,  
(Standing before your chariot, and horse, and that selfe rod,  
With which you scourg'd them, in your hand) if both with will and wile,  
You did not crosse my chariot. He thus did reconcile  
Grace with his disgrace, and with wit, restor'd him to his wit.  
Now crave I patience: O king, what ever was unfit,  
Ascribe to much more youth in me, then you, you more in age,

Note: It ne-  
cessarily  
follows, that  
for each  
one of the  
races.

*Antilochus*  
his own call  
reply.

And more in excellence; know well, the outraies that engage  
All yong mens actions; sharper wits, but duller wisedomes still  
From us flow, then from you; for which, curbe with your wisedome, will.  
The prise I thought mine, I yeeld yours, and (if you please) a prise  
Of greater value; to my rent, Ie fend for, and suffice  
Your will at full, and instantly, for in this point of time,  
I rather wish to be enjoy'd, your favours top to clime,  
Then to be falling all my time, from height of such a grace;  
(O love lov'd king) and of the gods, receive a curse in place.

This said, he fetcht his prise to him, and yet reioyc't him so,  
That as come cares shine with the dew, yet having time to grow,  
When fields set all their bristles up: in such a ruffe wert thou.  
(O Menelaus) answering thus; *Antilochus*, I now,  
(Though I were angry) yeeld to thee, because I see th'hadst wit,  
When I thought not, thy youth hath got the mastery of thy spirit.  
And yet for all this, tis more safe, not to abuse at all,  
Great men; then (venting) trust to wit, to take up what may fall.  
For no man in our host beside, had casely calm'd my spleene,  
Sturd with like tempest. But thy selfe, hast a sustainer bene  
Of much affliction in my cause: so thy good father too,  
And so thy brother, at thy suit; I therefore let all goe,  
Give thee the game here, though mine owne, th' all these may discerne,  
King *Menelaus* beares a minde, at no part, proud o' sterne.

The king thus calm'd, *Antilochus* receiv'd, and gave the steed  
To lov'd *Noëmon*, to leade thence, and then receiv'd beside  
The caldron. Next, *Meriones*, for fourth game, was to have  
Two talents gold. The fift (unwonne) renown'd *Achilles* gave  
To reverend *Nestor*, being a bowle, to set on either end,  
Which through the preasse he carried him. Receive (said he) old friend,  
This gift, as funerall monument of my deare friend decaist,  
Whom never you must see againe. I make it his bequest  
To you, as without any strife, obtaining it from all.  
Your shoulders must not undergoe the churlish whooribats fall,  
Wrastling is past you, strife in darts, the foors celerity,  
Hasthage in his heares fetters you, and honour sets you free.

Thus gave he it, he tooke and ioyd, but ere he thank, he said,  
Now sure my honourable sonne, in all points thou hast plaid  
The comely Orator, no more must I contend with nerves,  
Feet faile, and hands, armes want that strength, that this and that swinge serves  
Vnder your shoulders. Would to heaven I were so yong chind now,  
And strength threw such a many of bones to celebrate this show,  
As when the Epians brought to fire (actively honouring thus)  
King *Amarynceas* funerals, in faire *Buprasium*.

His sonnes put prises downe for him, where, not a man might me,  
Of all the Epians, or the sonnes of great-lou'd *Aetolie*;  
Nor for the Pilians themselves, my countrymen. I beat  
Great *Udomedeus*, *Enops* sonne, at buffets, at the feat  
Of wrastling, I laid under me, one that against me rofe,

*Aeneas* cald *Pleuronius*. I made *Ipiclus* lose;  
The foote-game to me. At the speare, I conquer'd *Polidore*,  
And strong *Phyleus*. *Achilles* sonnes, (of all men) only bore  
The palme at horse race; conquering, with lashing on more horse,  
And enuying my victorie; because (before their courie)  
All the best games were gone with me. These men were twins; one was  
A most sure guide; a most sure guide. The other gaue the passe  
With rod and mettle. This was then. But now, yong men must wage  
These workes; and my ioynts vndergo, the sad defects of age.  
Though then I was another man; "at that time I exceld  
Amongst th'heroes. But forth now, let th'other rites be held  
For thy decaist friend, this thy gift, in all kind part I take;  
And much itioyes my heart, that still, for my true kinnesse sake,  
You giue me memory. You perceiue, in what fit grace I stand  
Amongst the *Grecians*; and to theirs, you set your graceful hand  
The gods giue ample recompence, of grace againe to thee,  
For this, and all thy fauors. Thus, backe through the throut draue he,  
When he had staid out all the prise, of old *Neleides*.

And now for buffets (that rough game) he orderd passages;  
Proposing a laborious Mule, of fixe yeares old, untam'd  
And fierce in handling; brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd:  
And to the conquer'd, a round cup; both which, he thus proclames.  
*Atides*, and all his friends of *Greece*, two men, for these two games;  
I bid stand forth; who best can strike, with high contracted fist,  
(*Apollo* giuing him the wreath) know all about these lists,  
Shall winne a Mule, patient of toyle; the vanquish't, this round cup.

This vtterd; *Panopeus* sonne, *Epew*, straight stood up;  
A tall huge man; that to the naile, knew that rude sport of hard;  
And (seeing the rough mule) thus spake: Now let some other stand  
Forth for the cup; this Mule is mine; at cusses I bost me best:  
Is't not enough I am no fouldier? who is worthiest  
At all workes? none not possible. At this yet, this I say,  
And will performe this; who stands forth; lie burst him; I will bray  
His bones as in a mortar, fetch surgeons enow, to take  
His corse from under me. This speech, did all men silent make;  
At last stood forth *Eurialus*; a man, god-like, and sonne  
To king *Metissemus*; the grand child, of honor'd *Talaan*.  
He was so strong, that (coming on to *Thebes*, when *Oedipus*  
Had like rites solemniz'd for him) he went victorious  
From all the *Thebanes*. This rare man, *Tydidus* would prepare;  
Put on his girle; oxehide cords, faire wrought, and spent much care,  
That he might conquer, heartned him, and taught him trickes. Both drest  
Fit for th'affaire, both forth were brought, then breast oppos'd to breast,  
Fists against fists rose, and they ioynd, railing offiawes was there,  
Gnashing of teeth, and heauie blows, dash't bloud out euery where.  
At length, *Epew* spide cleare way, rush't in, and such a blow  
Draue vnderneath the others care, that his neate lims did strow  
The knockt earth, no more legs had he, But as a huge fish laid

\*His desire of  
praise pants  
flew.

Another note  
of Nestors  
humor, not  
so much be-  
ing to be  
plainly offer-  
red in all  
these blads  
as in this  
booke.

Achilles pro-  
poses the  
game for  
buffets.

Note the  
slanders of  
wit in our  
Homer, &  
where you  
looke not for  
it you can  
find it.

Near to the cold-weed-gathering shore, is with a North flaw fraid;  
 Shoots backe; and in the backe deepe hides: So sent against the ground,  
 Was toyld *Eurialus*, his strength, so hid in more profound  
 Deepes of *Epeneus*, who tooke vp, th' intract Competitor,  
 About whom rush'd a crowd of friends, that through the blust'ers bore  
 His faltring knees, he spiring vp thick clods of blood, his head  
 Totter'd of one side, his fence gone. When (to a by-place led)  
 Thither they brought him the round cup. *Pelides* then set forth  
 Prite for wrastling, to the best, a triuet, that was worth  
 Twelue oxen, great and fit for fire; the conquer'd was't obtaine  
 A woman excellent in workes, her beauty, and her gaine,  
 Prised at foure oxen. Vp he stood, and thus proclaim'd: Arise  
 You wrastlers, that will proue for these. Out stept the ample file  
 Of mightie *Aiax*, huge in strength; to him, *Laertes* sonne,  
 That cratie one, as huge in sleight. Their ceremonie done,  
 Of making readie, forth they stept, catch elbows with strong hands;  
 And as the beames of some high house, cracke with a storme, yet stands  
 The house, being built by well skild men: So crackt their backe bones wrincht  
 With horrid twiches. In their sides, armes, shoulders (al bepincht)  
 Ran thicke the wals, red with the blood, ready to start out; both  
 Long'd for the conquest, and the prize; yet shew'd no play; being loth  
 To lose both, nor could *Ithacus*, thirre *Aiax*; nor could he  
 Hale downe *Plyffes*; being more strong, then with mere strength to be  
 Hurl'd from all vantage of his sleight. Tird then, with tugging play;  
 Great *Aiax Telamonius* said: Thou wisest man; or lay  
 My face vp, or let me lay thine, let *Ioue* take care for these.  
 This said, he hoist him vp to aire, when *Laertiades*  
 His wiles forga't not; *Aiax* thigh, he strooke behind; and flat  
 He on his backe fell; on his breast, *Plyffes*. Wonder'd at  
 Was this of all; all stood amaz'd. Then the much-suffering-man  
 (Diuine *Plyffes*) at next close; the *Telamonian*  
 A little rayd from earth; not quite, but with his knee implide  
 Lockt legs; and downe fell both on earth, close by each others side;  
 Both fill'd with dust, but starting up, the third close they had made,  
 Had not *Achilles* selfe stood vp; restraining them, and bade,  
 No more tug one another thus nor moyle your selues, receiue  
 Prite equally, conquests crowne ye both; the lists to others leaue.  
 They heard and yelc'd willingly, brusht off the dust, and on  
 Put other veils. *Pelides* then, to thole that swiftest runne,  
 Propos'd another prize; a bowle, beyond comparison  
 (Both for the file and workmanship) past all the bowles of earth;  
 It held sixe measures, siluer all; but had his speciall worth,  
 For workmanship, receiuing forme, from those ingenious men  
 Of *Sidon*: the *Phanicians*, made choise; and brought it then,  
 Along the greene sea; giuing it, to *Thoon*; by degrees  
 It came to *Euneus*, *Iafon*'s sonne, who, yong *Priamides*,  
 Lycant of *Achilles* friend, bought with it; and this here,  
*Achilles* made best game, for him, that best his feet could beare.

For second, he propos'd an Oxe; a huge one, and a fat,  
 And halfe a talent gold for last. These, thus he set them at.  
 Rise, you that will assay for these, forth stept *Oileades*,  
*Vlyffes* answer'd, and the third, was one, esteem'd past these  
 For fooman ship, *Antilochus*. All rankt, *Achilles* shew'd  
 The race-scope. From the start, they glide, *Oileades* bestow'd  
 His feete the swiftest, close to him, flew god-like *Ithacus*,  
 And as a Ladie at her loome, being yong and beauteous,  
 Her silke-shirtle close to her breast (with grace that doth inflame,  
 And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame  
 Her gentle thread, which shee vnwinds, with euer at her breast,  
 Gracing her faire hand: So close still, and with such interest,  
 In all mens likings, *Ithacus*, vnwound, and spent the race  
 By him before; tooke out his steps, with putting in their place  
 Promptly and gracefully his owne, sprinkl'd the dust before,  
 And clouded with his breath his head: so facile he bore  
 His royall person, that he strooke, (shoutes from the *Greekes*, with thirst,  
 That he should conquer though hee flew; yet come, come, o come first,  
 Euer they cried to him, and this euen his wife breast did moue,  
 To more desire of victorie; it made him pray, and proue,  
*Minerua* aide (his fauressse still): O goddesse, heare (said he)  
 And to my feete stoop with thy helpe, now happie fauressse be.  
 Shee was; and light made all his lims, and now (both neare their crowne)  
*Minerua* tript vp *Aiax* heeles, and headlong he fell downe,  
 Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negligently left,  
 Since they were slaine there; and by this, *Minerua* friend bereft  
*Oileades* of that rich bowle, and left his lips, nose, eyes,  
 Ruthfully smear'd. The fat oxe yet, he seild for second prize,  
 Held by the horne, spit out the taile, and thus spake all befmear'd  
 O villanous chance! this *Ithacus*, so highly is indear'd  
 To this *Minerua*, that her hand, is euer in his deeds:  
 She, like his mother, nestles him, for from her it proceeds,  
 (I know) that I am vnde thus. This, all in light laughter cast,  
 Amongst whom quicke *Antilochus*, laught out his coming last,  
 Thus wittily: Know all my friends, that all times past, and now,  
 The gods most honour, most-liu'd men, *Oileades* ye know,  
 More old then I, but *Ithacus*, is of the formost race,  
 First generation of men. Giue the old man his grace,  
 I hee count him of the greene-hair'd old, they may, or in his flowre,  
 For not our greatest flourisher, can equall him in powre  
 Of soote-strite, but *Acides*. Thus sooth'd he *Thetis* sonne,  
 Who thus accepted it: Well youth, your praises shall not runne,  
 With vnrewarded feete on mine, your halfe a talents prize  
 Ile make a whole one: take you fir. He tooke, and ioyd. Then dies  
 Another game forth, *Thetis* sonne, set in the lists, a lance,  
 A shield, and helmet, being th' armes, *Sarpedon* did aduance  
 Against *Patroclus*; and prised. And thus he nam'd th' ddrell.  
 Stand forth, two the most excellent, arm'd, and before all these,

*Vlyffes*, *Aiax*  
*Oileus* and  
*Antilochus*  
 for the Foot-  
 race.

*Smile.*

*Vlyffes* prayes  
 to *Minerua*  
 for speed

*Aiax* *Oileus*  
 sits out his  
 fall to the  
*Greekes*

*Antilochus*  
*Minerua* helps  
 out his com-  
 ing last.

*Achilles* is  
*Antilochus*.

*Prite* for the  
 fighters  
 Giue arms'd

THE XXIII. BOOKE

On their mutual onset, to the touch, and wounds of eithers fith  
 Who first shall wound, through others armes, his blood appearing fith;  
 Shall win this sword, filnerd, and hatcht; the blade is right of *Thrace*;  
*Asteropaeus* yielded it. These armes shall part their grace,  
 With eithers valour; and the men, Ile liberally feast  
 At my paction. To this game, the first man that addrest,  
 Was *Ajax Telamonius*; to him, king *Diomed*;  
 Both, in opposite parts of the preface, full arm'd; both enterd  
 The lists amidst the multitude; put lookes on so austere,  
 And ioyn'd so roughly; that amaze, surprisde the *Greeks*, in feare  
 Of eithers mischief. Thrice they threw, their fierce darts; and clofde thrice,  
 Then *Ajax* strooke through *Diomed*'s shield, but did no preiudice;  
 His cures fast him. *Diomed*'s dart, still ouer shoulders flew;  
 Still mounting with the spirit it bore. And now rough *Ajax* grew  
 So violent, that the *Greeks* cried: Hold, no more; let them no more  
 Giue equall prize to either; yet the word, propofde before,  
 For him did best; *Achilles* gaue, to *Diomed*. Then a stone,  
 (As faltho of a sphere) he throw'd; of no inuention,  
 But naturall, onely melted through, with iron. 'Twas the boule;  
 That king *Breion* vsd to hurle; but he, berst of soule,  
 By great *Achilles*, to the fleet, with store of other prize,  
 He brought it; and propofde it now, both for the exercise,  
 And prize it selfe. He stood, and said: Rise you that will approue  
 Your armes strengths now, in this brane strife: his vigor that can moue  
 This furthest, needs no game; but this, for reach he nere so farre,  
 With large fields of his owne, in *Greece*; (and so needs for his Carre,  
 His plow, or other tooles of thrift, much iron) Ile able this  
 For five resolu'd cars, no neede, shall vsd his messages  
 To ray towne, to furnish him, this onely boule shall yield  
 Iron enough, for all affaires. This said, to trie this field,  
 First *Polyxetes* issued, next *Leontaeus*, their  
 Great *Ajax*, huge *Epeus* fourth. Yet he was first that stird  
 That mine of iron. Vp it went, and vp he tost it so,  
 That laughter tooke up all the field, The next man that did throw,  
 Was *Leontaeus*, *Aias* third, who gaue it such a hand,  
 That scarce past both their markes it flew. But now twas to be mann'd  
 By *Polyxetes*, and as farre, as at an Ox that Brayes,  
 A herdsmen can swing out his goade: so farre did he outtraile  
 The stone, past all men; all the field, rose in a thout to teet.  
 About him flockt his friends, and bore, the royall gamet to steele.  
 For Archery, he then set forth, ten axes, edg'd two waies,  
 And ten of one edge. On the shore, farre off, he caus'd to raise  
 A ship-mast, to whose top they tied, a fearfull Dove by th' fote,  
 To which, all shot, the game put thus: He that the Dove could shoote,  
 Nor reach the string that fastid her, the two-edg'd toiles should beare  
 All the rest. Who toucht the string, and mist the fowle, should sturre  
 The one-edg'd axes. This propofde, king *Tueer* forsooke,  
 And chose *Meriones*, and now lots must dispose

OF HOMERS ILIADS.

Their shooping first; both which, let fall into a heime of braille,  
 First *Tueer* came; and first he shot, and his crosse fortune was,  
 To shoote the string, the Dove untoucht: *Apollo* did envie  
 His skill; since not to him he vow'd (being god of archerie)  
 A first false Lambe. The bitter shaft yet cut in two the cord,  
 That downe fell; and the Dove aloft, up to the Welkin soard.  
 The *Greekes* gave shouts; *Asteriones* first made a hearty vow,  
 To sacrifice a first false Lambe to him that rules the Bow,  
 And then fell to his aimes; his shaft being ready nockt before,  
 He spide her in the clouds, that here, there, every where did soare;  
 Yet at her height he reacht her side, strooke her quite through, and downe  
 The shaft fell at his feet; the Dove, the mast againe did crowne,  
 There hung the head; and all her plumes were ruff'd, the starke dead,  
 And there (farre off from him) she fell. The people wonderd,  
 And stood astonisht. The Archer pleas'd. *Aescides* then shewes  
 A long lance, and a caldron, new engrail'd with twenty hewes;  
 Prisd at an Ox. These games were shew'd, for men at darts, and then  
 Vp rose the General of all; up rose the king of men:  
 Doe him this grace prevents more deede; his royall offering  
 Thus interrupting; king of men, we well conceive how farre  
 Thy worth, superiour is to all; how much most singular  
 Thy powre is, and thy skill in darts; accept then this poore prize,  
 Without contention; and (your will, please with what I aduise)  
 Astoord *Asteriones* the lance. The king was nothing slow  
 To that fit grace; *Achilles* then, the brasse lance did bestow  
 On good *Meriones*. The king, his present would not fave,  
 But to renown'd *Talithybis*, the goodly Caldron gave.

The end of the three and twentieth Booke.

F f

THE



# THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**I**Ove, entertaining care of Hector's corse,  
Sends Thetis to her sonne, for his remorse;  
And fits a mission of it. It is then,  
He leads to Priam; willing him to gaine  
His sonne for ranfome. He, by Hermes led,  
Goes through Achilles guards: sleeps deepe, and dead,  
Call'd out by his guide. When, with acceffe,  
And humble just made to Achilles,  
He gains the body, which to Troy he beares,  
And then meets with justice, buried in teares.

## Another Argument.

Amongst the exequies,  
And Hector's redemptorie price.



He games perform'd, the souldiers wholly dispers'd to sleepe,  
Supper and sleepe, their onely care. Constant Achilles yet,  
Wept for his friends; nor sleepe it selfe, that all things doth subdue,  
Could touch at him. This way and that, he turn'd, and did renew

His friends deare memorie; his grace, in managing his strength,  
And his strength's greatnesse. How life rackt into their utmost length,  
Griefes, battels, and the wraths of seas, in their joynt sufferance.  
Each thought of which, turn'd to a teare. Sometimes he would advance  
(In tumbling on the shore) his side, sometimes his face; then turne  
Hie on his bosome, start upright. Although he saw the morne  
Shew sea and shore his extasie, he left not, till at last  
Rage varied his distraction. Horse, chariot, in halt  
He call'd for; and (those joynd) the corse was to his chariot tide,  
And thrice about the sepulcher, he made his Furie ride;  
Dragging the person. All this past, in his pavilion  
Rest seild him, but with Hector's corse, his rage had never done,  
Till suffering it to presse the dust. Apollo yet, even dead,  
Dittied the Prince, and would not see inhumane tyrannie sed,  
With more pollution of his lims; and therefore coverd round  
His person with his golden shield; that rude dogs might not wound  
His manly lineaments (which threat, Achilles cruelly  
In sudden furie.) But now heaven let fall a generall eye  
Upon him; the blest gods, perswaded Mercurie  
(The good observer) to his stealth; and every deitie

Stood

Stood pleas'd with it, Juno except; Greene Neptune, and the Maide  
Grate with the blew eyes; all their hearts stood hatefully appaid.  
Long since; and held it, as at first, to Priam, Ilium,  
And all his subjects, for the rape of his licentious sonne,  
Proud Paris, that despis'd these dames, in their divine acceffe,  
Made to his courage; and prais'd her, that his sad wantonnesse,  
So costlily nourish'd. The twelfth morne now shind on the delay  
Of Hector's rescue, and then spake the deity of the day,  
Thus to th'immortals: Shamelesse gods, authors of ill ye are,  
To suffer ill. Hath Hector's life at all times shov'd his care  
Of all your rights; in burning thighs, of Beeves and Goats to you,  
And are your cares no more of him? vouchsafe ye not even now  
(Even dead) to keepe him? that his wife, his mother, and his sonne,  
Father and subjects may be mov'd to those deeds he hath done,  
Seeing you preferre him that serv'd you; and sending to their hands  
His person for the rites of fire? Achilles that withstands  
All helpe to others, you can helpe; one that hath neither heart  
Nor soule within him, that will move or yeeld to any part,  
That fits a man, but Lion like; uplandish, and meere wilde,  
Slave to his pride; and all his nerves being naturally compild  
Of eminent strength; stalks out and preye: upon a silly theape:  
And so fares this man. That fit ruth that now should draw so deepe  
In all the world, being lost in him. And Shame (a qualitie  
Of so much weight; that both it helpe, and hurts excessively,  
Men in their manners) is not knowne, nor hath the power to be  
In this mans being. Other men, a greater losse then he  
Have undargone, a sonne, suppos, or brother of one wombe,  
Yet, after dues of woe and teares, they bury in his tombe  
All their deploring. Fates have given to all that are true men,  
True manly patience; but this man so soothes his bloody veine,  
That no blood serves it; he must have divine-fould Hector bound  
To his proud chariot, and danc'd in a most barbarous round,  
About his lov'd friends sepulcher, when he is slaine: 'tis vile,  
And draws no profit after it. But let him now awhile  
Marke but our angers; his is spent; let all his strength take heed  
It tempts not our wraths; he begets in this outrageous deed,  
The duil earth with his furies hate. White-wristed Juno said,  
(Being much incens'd) This doome is one, that thou wouldest have obaid.  
Thou bearer of the siluer bow, that we, in equall care  
And honour should hold Hector's worth, with him that claims a share  
In our deserving? Hector suckt a mortall womans brest,  
Aicides a goddesses? our selfe had interest  
Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing up with state;  
And to the humane Peleus, we gave his bridall mate,  
Because he had th'immortals loue. To celebrate the feast  
Of their high nuptials; every god was glad to be a guest,  
And thou seist of his fathers cares, touching thy harpe, in grace  
Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face,

Apollo to  
the other  
gods

SHAME: a qual-  
itie that  
hurts and  
helps men  
exceedingly

Ff 2

(in



in his perfection, bliseth not to match with *Philois* sonne;  
 Thou, that to betray, and shame art still companion.  
 Thus thus receiv'd her: Never give these broad termes to a god.  
 First two women shall not be compar'd, and yet, of all that need  
 The well-worshipp'd Iliou; none so deare to all the deities,  
 As *Hector* was, at least to me. For offerings most of piety,  
 His heare would never pretermite. Our altars ever flood,  
 Burnt with incense; sitting us; odors, and every good,  
 Wee burne out temples; and for this, (foreseeing it) his fate  
 Wee mark with honour, which must stand: but to give stealth, & ease,  
 In his deservance; than we that; nor must we favour one,  
 For *Hector* mother. Privily, with wrong to *Thetis* sonne,  
 Wee must not worke out *Hector's* right. There is a ransom due,  
 In open court, by lawes of armes: in which, must humbly sue,  
 The friends of *Hector*. Which ifst misane, if any god would stay,  
 And life the other, 'twould not serve; for *Thetis*, night and day,  
 Is guardian to him. But would one, call *Iræ* hither, I  
 Would give directions, that for gifts, the Trojan king should buy  
 His *Hector's* body; which the sonne of *Thetis* shall resigne.  
 This said, his will was done; the Dame that doth in vapours shine,  
 Hewe and thin, footed with *Hermes*; jumpe to the fable seas  
 Twixt Samos, and sharpe Imbers clifts; the lake gron'd with the presse  
 Of her rough feete, and plummet-like, out in an oxes horne  
 That reares death to the raw-fet fish: she divid, and found forlorne  
*Teuchumene* her sonnes fate, who was in Troy to haue  
 (Hence from his country) his death serv'd. Close to her *Iræ* stood,  
 And said; Rise *Thetis*: prudent *Jove* (whose counsels thirst not blood)  
 Calls for thee. *Thetis* answerd her, with asking; Whats the cause  
 That great god calls; my sad powres fear'd, to breake th'immortal lawes,  
 For any, bid with griefes to heaven. But he sets faires for none  
 To take sound counsels; not a word of him, but shall be done.  
 She said, and tooke a fable vaile; a blacker neuer wore  
 Then early shoulder; and gaue way. Swift *Iræ* swam before,  
 About both rowld the brackish waves. They tooke their banks and flew  
 Up to Olympus, where they found, *Saturnius* (farre-off view)  
 Spoke with heavens euer-being states. *Miner*: a rose, and gaue  
 Her plume to *Thetis*, neare to *Jove*; and *Iuno* did receive  
 Her entry with a cup of gold; in which she dranke to her,  
 Greet her with comfort; and the cup to her hand did referre.  
 She dranke, resigning it. And then the fire of men and gods,  
 Thus enter'd her; Com'st thou up to these our blest abodes.  
 Thine godd, *Thetis* yet art sad? and that in so high kinde,  
 As passeth substance; this I know, and try'd thee, and now finde  
 Thy will by mine rule; which is rule to all worlds government.  
 Besides this tryall yet, this cause, sent downe for thy ascent;  
 The Javes Contention hath beene held amongst th'immortals here,  
 For *Hector's* person, and thy sonne; and some advices were,  
 That our good spie *Mercurie*, steale from thy sonne the Cause:

But

But that reproch I kept farre off; to keepe in future force  
 Thy former love and reverence. Hasten then, and tell thy sonne  
 The gods are angry; and my selfe take that wrong he hath done  
 To *Hector*, in worst part of all: the rather, since he still  
 Detaines his person. Charge him then, if he respect my will.  
 For any reason, to resigne blaine *Hector*; I will send  
*Iræ* to *Phrya*, to redeeme his sonne; and recommend  
 Him ransom to *Achilles* grace; in which right he may joy.  
 And then I his vaine griefe. To this charge, bright *Thetis* did employ  
 Her art endeavour. From heavens tops, she reacht *Achilles* tent,  
 Found him still sighing, and some friends, with all their complements  
 Mourning his humour: other some, with all contention  
 Chearing his dinner: all their paines and skills consum'd upon  
 A huge wooll-bearer, slaughterd there. His reverend mother then  
 Came neare, tooke kindly his faire hand, and askt him: Deare Sonne, when  
 Will sorrow leave thee? How long time wilt thou thus care thy life?  
 And with no other food, nor rest? were good thou wouldst shew  
 Thy friends love to some Ladie; cheare thy spirits with such kind words  
 As she can quit thy grace withall: the joy of thy delects,  
 I shall not long have; death is neare, and thy all-conquering face  
 Whose haste thou must not haste with griefe; but understand the state  
 Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I  
 Am sent from *Jove* to advertise thee, that every deitie  
 Is angry with thee, himselfe most; that rage thus reignes in thee,  
 Still to keepe *Hector*. Quit him then, and for fit ransom free  
 His lov'd person. He replied; Let him come that shall give  
 The ransom, and the person take. *Joves* pleasure must deprive  
 Men of all pleasures. This good speech, and many more, the sonne  
 And mother usde, in care of all the navall Station.

And now to holy Iliou, *Saturnius* *Iræ* sent:  
 Goodly foot *Iræ*, bid Troyes king beare fit gifts, and content  
*Achilles* for his sonnes release; but let him greet alone  
 The Grecian navie; not a man excepting such a one  
 As may his horse and chariot guide: a herald, or one old,  
 Attending him; and let him take his *Hector*. Be he bold,  
 Discourag'd, nor with death nor feare; wife *Atercurie* shall guide  
 His passage, till the Prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride  
 Resolv'd, even in *Achilles* tent. He shall not touch the state  
 Of his high person; nor admit the deadliest desperate  
 Of all about him. For (though fierce) he is not yet unwild;  
 Nor inconsiderate; nor a man, past awe of deities:  
 But passing free and curious, to doe a suppliant grace.

The said, the Rainbow to her feet, tyed whirlwindes, and the place  
 Teacht instantly: the heavy Court, Clamor and Mourning fill'd  
 The fumes all for about the fire, and there stood Griefe, and that  
 Seere on their garments. In the midst the old King fate his weald  
 All wrinkl'd; heid and necke dust fill'd; the Princesses his Griefe  
 The Princesses, his sonnes faire wiues, all mourning by the thought

Ff 3

Of friends so many, and so good, (being turn'd to looke to nought  
With restless hands) consum'd thy youth, rain'd beauty from their eyes.

She came neare the king; her sight shooke all his faculties;

And therefore spake she soft, and laide; Be glad *Pandarus*;

Oh good old friends, and none ill, am I Ambassadresse.

For great shee, who, in care (as much as he is distant) daies

Five to thy sorrowes, pitying thee. My ambassie contains

Thy charge to thee, from him; he wils thou shouldst redeeme thy sonne,

For gifts *Achilles*; cheare him so: but visite him alone;

None but some herald let attend, thy mules and chariot,

To ravage for thee. Feare, nor death, let dant thee; *Love* hath got

*Hector* to guide thee; who as neare to *Troies* sonne as needs,

Shall guide thee: and being once with him, nor his, nor others deeds,

Shall touch with, he will all containe. Nor is he mad nor vaine,

Nor impious: out with all his nerves, studious to entertaine

One that submits, with all fit grace. Thus vanish she like winde.

He mules and chariot calls: his sonnes bids see them toynd, and binde

A trunk behind; he himselfe downe to his wardrobe goes,

Putt all Cedar, highly roost, and odoriferous;

That much stuffe, worth the light contain'd. To him he cald his *Queene*,

Thus greeting her: Come, haplesse dame, an Angell I have seene,

Sent downe from *Love*; that bad mee free our deare sonne from the fleet,

With unme pleasing to our face, what holds thy iudgement meet?

My strength and spirit layes high charge on all my being, to beare

The *Greekes* worst, ventring through their host. The *Queen* cried out to heare

His ventrous purpose, and replied: O whether now is fled,

The late discretion that renown'd, thy grave and knowing head,

In strange, and thing owne rulde realmes? that thus thou darst assay,

Sight of that man in whose browes sticke the horrible decay

Of sinners so many, and so strong? thy heart is iron I thinke.

For he that man (whose thirst of blood, makes cruell his drinke)

Is dead: but see thee, thou art dead. He nothing pities woe,

Nor labours age. Without his sight, we have enough to doe,

To live with thought of him: keepe we our Pallace, weepe we here,

For he is past our helpe. Those throwes that my deliverers were,

Of his happy liniments; told me they should be torne

With his foot dogs. Almighty fate, that blacke houre he was borne

Spunne in his springing third that end; farre from his parents reach.

This eld fellow, then ordain'd, to be their meane: this wretch,

Whose flesh would to heaven, I might deuoure, my teeth,

My sonnes, my eyes made. Curs'd *Greece*, he gave him not his death

Doing an ill worke; he alone, fought for his country, he

Did not, nor fear'd, but stood his worst, and curs'd policie

Was unpoying. He replied, What ever was his end,

Is not our question; we must now use means to defend

Ourselves from scandal: from which act, dissuade not my iust will;

Nor let me nourish in my house, a bird presaging ill

To my good actions: tis in vaine. Had any earthly spirit

Given this suggestion: if our Priests, or Soothsayers, challenge merit

Of Prophets, I might hold it false; and be the rather mov'd

To keepe my Pallace, but these cares, and these selfe eyes approv'd

It was a goddesse; I will goe, for not a word she spake,

I know was idle. If it were, and that my fate will make

Quicke riddance of me at the fleet; kill me *Achilles*; Come,

When getting to thee, I shall finde a happy dying room.

On *Hectors* bosome, when enough, thirst of my teares findes there.

Quench to his feruor. This resolv'd, the workes most faire, and deare.

Of his rich sereenes, he brought abroad, twelve veiles wrought curious.

Twelve plaine gownes; and as many suits of wealthy raptistry,

As many mantles, horsemens coats, ten talents of fine gold;

Two Tripods, Caldrons foure; a bowle, whose value he did hold

Beyond all price, presented by the Ambassadors of Thrace.

The old king, nothing held too deare, to rescue from disgrace,

His gracious *Helior*. Forth he came. At entry of his Court,

The Trojan citizens so prest, that this opprobrious sort,

Of checke he ulde; Hence cast-awayes; away ye impious crew,

Are not your griefes enough at home? what come ye here to view?

Care ye for my griefes? would ye see how miserable I am?

Is not enough, imagine ye? ye might know ere ye came,

What such a sonnes losse weigh'd with me. But know this for your paines,

Your houses haue the weaker doores: the *Greekes* will finde their gaines

The easier for his losse, he sure: but O Troy, ere I see

Thy ruine, let the doores of hell receive and ruine me.

Thus, with his scepter set he on the crowding citizens,

Who gaue backe, seeing him so urge. And now he entertaines

His sonnes as roughly; *Heleus*, *Paris*, *Hippotheme*,

*Pammen*, diuine *Agathones*, renown'd *Deiphobus*,

*Asarus*, and *Antiphonus*, and last, not least in armes,

The strong *Polytes*: these nine sonnes, the violence of his harmes,

Hept him to vent in these sharpe termes: Haste you infamous brood.

And get my chariot, would to heaven that all the abject blood

In all your veins, had *Hector* sculd: O me, accursed man,

All my good sonnes are gone; my light, the shades Cimmerian

Haue swallow'd from me: I haue lost, *Messor*, surname'd the faire

*Troilus*, that ready knight at armes, that made his field repaire

Euer so prompt and joyfully. And *Hector* amongst men,

Esteem'd a god, not from a mortals feed, but of eternall straine.

He seem'd to all eyes: these are gone, you that suruiue are base;

Lyers and common free booters: all faulty, not a grace

But in your heeles, in all your parts; dancing companions,

Ye all are excellent: Hence ye brats: love ye to heare my mones?

Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; flye.

That I may perfect this deare worke: this all did terrifie,

And strait his mule-drawne chariot came, to which they fist and blinde

The trunk with gifts: and then came forth, with an afflicted minde,

Old *Hecuba*. In her right hand, a bowle of gold she bore.

Sweet wine crown'd; flood nere, and laid; Recue this, and implore  
 With facinating it to *Love*; thy fate returne. I see  
 Thy minde likes still to goe; though mine dislikes it utterly.  
 Fly to the blacke cloud, gathering gods, (*Ideall Love*) that vouches  
 Me pray, and tell her miseries; that he will daigne to use  
 His most sweet bird, to ratifie thy hopes, that her broad wing,  
 Spread on my right hand, thou maist know thy zealous offering  
 Accepted; and thy fate returne confirm'd; but if he faile,  
 Let thy intent, though neuer so it labours to preuaile.  
 This I reade not the replie; for no faith is so great,  
 That I should report, but it must, with held up hands indicate.  
 Thus said the chamber maide that held the *Ewer* and *Basin* by,  
 And drew water on his hands; when looking to the skie,  
 She saw a bright shew; did sacrifice, and thus implor'd: O *Love*,  
 If thou beest he, fulfill thy commands, in all deserts aboute  
 My prayers; vouchsafe me safe, and pittie in the sight  
 Of all *Achilles*; and for trust, to that wilt grace; excite  
 Me, that wing'd messenger, most strong, most of aires region lov'd,  
 To my right hand; which sight, may firmlye see approu'd  
 Of all our summons, and my speed. He prayd, and heauens king heard,  
 And sent him; call from his nest, ayres all-commanding birds;  
 The blacke wing'd huntresse, perfectest of all fowles, which gods call  
 The eagle. And how broad the chamber nuptiall  
 Of a mighty man, hath dores, such breadth cast either wing,  
 Which show the usde, and spread them wide, on right hand of the king.  
 At the doore, and reioyce, and up to chariot heaule,  
 Brace with the *Portali* and the *Portch*, resounding as he goes.  
 His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd, as if he went to die.  
 And hanging him past towne, to field; all left him: and the eye  
 Of *Hector* was then his guard; who pittied him, and usde  
 His words to *Hermes*: *Citireure*, thy helpe hath bene profusde,  
 And with most grace, in comforts of travaillers distrest;  
 Now comfort *Prism* to the fier: but lo, that not the least  
 Supplest of him beattaild, till at *Achilles* tent,  
 Thy word hath turn'd him safe. This change incontinent  
 He made sacrifice. To his feet, his featherd shoes he tide,  
 And a crown of gold; with which he usde to ride  
 The *Phrygian* and *Phrygian* earth, and equald in his pace  
 The *Phrygian* wind. Then tooke he up his rod, that hath the grace  
 To turne the sleeper hilt with sleep, and open them againe  
 To fight; and as he held, flew forth, and did attaine  
 To the *Phrygian* strait: then like a faire yong Prince,  
 He came on, and of such a grace, as makes his lookes convince  
 The eyes of men: forth he went to meet the King,  
 And with the righte tombe of *Ilios*; watering  
 The *Phrygian* Xanthus; the dark Even, fell on the earth; and then  
 He said to the Mules: I discern'd this Grace of men,  
 And thus said to *Hermes*: Beware *Dardanides*.

Our

Our states aske counsell: I discern the dangerous accesse  
 Of some man nere us; now I feare we perill. Is it best  
 To flie, or kisse his knees, and aske, his ruth of men distrest?  
 Confusion strooke the king, cold Feare extremely quencht his veynes,  
 Vpright, upon his languishing head, his haire flood, and the chaires  
 Of strong amaze, bound all his powres. To both which, then came nere  
 The Prince turn'd Deitie; tooke his hand, and thus bespake the Peere.  
 To what place (father) driv'st thou out, through solitarie Night,  
 When others sleepe? give not the Greekes, sufficient cause of fright,  
 To these late trauailes? being so nere, and such vow'd enemies?  
 Or all which, if with all this lode, any should cast his eyes  
 On thy adventures, what would then, thy minde esteeme thy fate?  
 Thy selfe old, and thy follower old? Resistance could not rate  
 At any value: as for me, be sure I minde no harme  
 To thy grave person; but against the hurt of others arme.  
 Mine owne lov'd father did not get a greater loue in me  
 To his good, then thou dost to thine. He answerd: the degree  
 Of danger in my course (faire sonne) is nothing lesse then that  
 Thou urgest; but some gods faire hand, puts in for my safe state,  
 That sends so sweet a Guardian, in this so sterne a time  
 Of night, and danger, as thy selfe; that all grace in his prime  
 Of body, and of beauty shew'd: all answerd with a minde  
 So knowing, that it cannot be, but of some blessed kinde,  
 Thou art descended. Not untrue (said *Hermes*) thy conceit  
 In all this holds; but further truth relate, if of such weight  
 As I conceive thy carriage be; and that thy care conuaies  
 Thy goods of most price, to more guard; or goe ye all your waies,  
 Frighted from holy *Ilios*? So excellent a sonne  
 As thou had'st, (being your speciall strength) false to Destruction;  
 Whom no Greeke betterd for his sight? O what art thou (said he)  
 (Most worthy youth?) of what race borne: that thus recount'st to me,  
 My wretched sonnes death with such truth? Now father (he replide)  
 You tempt me faire, in wondering how the death was signified  
 Of your divine sonne, to a man, so meeke a stranger here,  
 As you hold me: but I am one that oft have seene him beare  
 His person like a god, in field; and when in heapes he flew  
 The Greekes, all routed to their flier: his so victorious view,  
 Made me admire; not feeble his hand, because *Aeacides*  
 (incens'd) admitted not our fight, my selfe being of access  
 To his high person, serving him; and both to *Ilios*  
 In one ship saild. Besides, by birth, I breathe a Myrmidon,  
*Polydor* (call'd the rich) my sire; declin'd with age like you.  
 Sixe sonnes he hath, and me a seventh, my chance did onely fall,  
 In *Phthia*; since all casting lots, my chance did onely fall,  
 To follow hither. Now for walke, I left my Generall.  
 To morrow all the Sunne-burn'd Greekes, will circle Troy with armes,  
 The Princes rage to be with-held, to idly; your alarmes  
 Not given halfe hot enough they thinke, and can containe no more.

Hec

He answerd; If you serue the Prince, let me be bold to implore  
This grace of thee, and tell me true, lies *Hektor* here at fleet,  
Or haue the dogs his flesh? He said, nor dogs nor fowle haue yet  
Touche at his person: still he lies at fleet, and in the tent  
Of our great Capitaine, who indeed is much too negligent  
Of his seruage: but though now, twelve daies haue spent their beate  
On his cold body, neither wormes with any raint haue eate,  
Nor putrefaction perisht it: yet euer when the morne  
Lits her diuine light from the sea, unmercifully borne  
About *Patroclus* sepulcher; it beares his friends dildaine,  
Bound to his chariot, but no fies of further outrage raigne  
In his distemper: you would muse to see how deepe a dew  
Euen steepes the body, all the bloud wash off, no slenderest shew  
Of gore or quittance, but his wounds all close, though many were  
Opened about him. Such a loue the blest immortals beare,  
Euen dead to thy deare sonne; because his life shew'd loue to them.

He so, full answerd, O my sonne, it is a grace supreme  
In any man, to serue the gods. And I must needs say this,  
For no cause (hauing reason fit) my *Hektors* hands would misse  
Advancement to the gods with gifts, and therefore doe not they  
Misse his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray  
Thy graces to receiue this cup, and keepe it for my loue;  
Nor leaue me till the gods and thee haue made my prayers approue  
*Achilles* pittie, by thy guide, brought to his Princely tent.

*Hermes* replide; you tempt me now (old king) to a consent  
I ure from me; though youth aptly erres. I secretly receiue  
Gifts, that I cannot broadly vouch; take graces that will giue  
My Lord dishonour? or what he knows not? or will esteeme  
Perhaps unfit? such briberies, perhaps at first may seeme  
Sweet and secure; but surely, they still proue sowre, and breed  
Both feare and danger. I could wish thy graue affaires did need  
My guide to Argos; either ship, or lacking by thy side,  
And would be studious in thy guard, so nothing could betride,  
But care in me to keepe thee safe, for that I could excuse,  
And vouch to all men. These words past, he put the deeds in use,  
For which *Ioue* sent him; up he leapt to *Priams* chariot,  
Tooke his iourne and reines, and blew in strength, to his free steeds, and got  
The navall towres and deepe dike strait. The guards were all at meat,  
Those he enlumbeard; op't the ports, and in he safely let  
Old *Priam*, with his wealthy prize. Forthwith they reacht the Tent  
Of great *Achilles*. Large and high, and in his most ascent  
A singulare rooof of seely reedes, mowne from the meades, a hall  
Of state they made their king in it, and strengthened it withall,  
Thicke with firre rafters; whose approach was let in by a dore  
That had but one barre; but so bigge, that three men euermore  
E. I. I. to shut three fresh take downe: which yet *Aecides*  
Would shut and ope himselfe. And this with farre more ease  
*Hermes* let ope, entring the king; then leapt from horse, and said:

Now know (old king) that *Mercurie* (a god) hath given this aide  
To thy endeavour, sent by *Ioue*; and now, away must I:  
For men must envy thy estate, to see a Deitie

Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace *Achilles* knee,  
And by his fire, sonne, mother pray, his ruth and grace to thee.

This said, he high Olympus reacht, the king then left his coach  
To grave *Idæus*, and went on; made his relou'd approach:

And entred in a goodly roome; where, with his Princes fate  
*Ioue*-lov'd *Achilles*, at their feast, two onely kept the state

Of his attendance, *Alymus*, and Lord *Antimedes*.

At *Priams* entry, a great time, *Achilles* gaz'd upon  
His wondred-at approach; nor eate: the rest did nothing see,  
While close he came up, with his hands; fast holding the bent knee  
Of *Hektors* conqueror; and kist that large man-slaughtering hand,  
That much bloud from his sonnes had drawne; and as in some strange land,  
And great mans house; a man is driven, (with that abhor'd dismay,

That followes wilfull bloudshed still, his fortune being to slay  
One, whose bloud cries aloud for his) to pleade protection

In such a miserable plight, as fright the lookers on:

In such a stupified estate, *Achilles* fate to see,

So unexpected, so in night, and so incredibly,

Old *Priams* entry; all his friends, one on another star'd,

To see his strange lookes, seeing no cause. Thus *Priam* prepar'd

His sonnes redemption: See in me, O godlike *Thetis* sonne,

Thy aged father, and perhaps, euen now being outrunn  
With some of my woes; neighbour foes, (thou absent) taking time

To doe him mischief; no meane left, to terrifie the crime

Of his oppression; yet he heares thy graces still survive,

And joyes to heare it; hoping still to see thee safe arrive,

From ruin'd Troy: but I (curst man) of all my race, shall live

To see none living. Fiftie sonnes, the Deities did give,

My hopes to live in; all aliv, when neare our trembling shore

The Greeke ships harbord, and one wombe, nineteene of those sons bore.

Now *Mars*, a number of their knees, hath streaghtlefe left, and he

That was (of all) my onely joy, and Troyes sole guard, by thee

(Late fighting for his country) slaine; whose tenderd person, now

I come to ransom. Infinite is that I offer you,

My selfe conferring it; expose alone to all your oddes:

Onely imploring right of armes, *Achilles* feare the gods,

Pittie an old man, like thy fire; different in onely this,

That I am wretcheder; and beare that weight of miseries

That never man did: my curst lips, enforce to kisse that hand

That shue my children. This mov'd teares, his fathers name did stand

Mention'd by *Priam* in much helpe, to his compassion,

And mov'd *Aecides* so much, he could not looke upon

The weeping father. With his hand he gently put away

His grave face, calmer remission now, did mutually display

Her power in others heaviness, old *Priam*, to record



He shall be rearefull, thou being full, not here, but Ilium  
 Shall see thee weeping roomes enow. He said, and so arose,  
 And could a silver-fleece sheepe, kill'd, his friends skills did dispose  
 The fleeing, cutting of it up, and cookely spitted it;  
 Roasted, and drew it artfully. *Automedon* as fit  
 Was for the reverend *Sewers* place, and all the browne joynts serv'd  
 On wicker vessell to the board; *Achilles* owne hands ker'd,  
 And close they fell too. Hunger slancht, talke, and observing time  
 Was ulse of all hands; *Priam* late amaz'd to see the prime  
 Of *Thetis* sonne, accomplisht so, with stature, looks and grace,  
 In which the fashion of a god he thought had chang'd his place.  
*Achilles* fell to him as fast; admir'd as much his yeares,  
 (Told in his graue, and good aspect) his speech even char'd his cares:  
 So orderd, so materiall. With this food seal'd too,  
 Old *Priam* spake thus: Now (*Ioves* seed) command that I may goe,  
 And adde to this feast grace of rest: these lids nere close mine eyes  
 Since under thy hands fled the soule of my deare sonnes; sighes, cries,  
 And woes, all ulse from food and sleepe, have taken: the base courts  
 Of my sad Pallace, made my beds, where all the abject sorts  
 Of sorrow, I have varied, tumbld in dust, and hid;  
 No bit, no drop of sustenance toucht. Then did *Achilles* bid  
 His men and women see his bed laid downe, and covered  
 With purple Blankets, and on them an Arras Couerlid,  
 Wastcoates of silke plush laying by. The women strait tooke lights,  
 And two beds made, with utmost speed, and all the other rites  
 Their Lord nam'd, ulse, who pleasantly, the king in hand thus bore:  
 Good father, you must sleepe without, lest any Counsellor

Make his accesse in depth of night, as oft their industrie  
 Brings them t' impart our warre-affaires, of whom should any eye  
 Discerne your presence, his next steps, to *Agamemnon* flie,  
 And then shall I lose all these gifts. But goe to signifie  
 (And that with truth) how many daies you meane to keepe the state  
 Of *Hectors* funerals: because so long would I rebate  
 Mine owne edge, set to sacke your towne, and all our host containe  
 From interruption of your rites. He answerd, If you meane  
 To suffer such rites to my sonne, you shall performe a part  
 Of most grace to me. But you know, with how dismaid a heart  
 Our host tooke Troy; and how much feare will therefore apprechnd  
 Their spirits to make out againe, so farre as we must send  
 For wood, to raise our heape of death; unlesse I may assure,  
 That this your high grace will stand good, and make their passe secure;  
 Which if you seriously confirme, nine daies I meane to mourne,  
 The tenth, keepe funerall and feast: th'eleventh raise and adorne  
 My sonnes fit Sepulcher. The twelfth (if we must needs) weeke fight.

Be it (replyed *Achilles*) doe *Hector* all this right;  
 I hold warre backe those whole twelve daies of which, to free all feare,  
 Take this my right hand. This confirm'd, the old King rested there.  
 His Herald lodg'd by him, and both, in forefront of the tent;

Achilles

*Achilles* in an inmost room of wondrous ornament,  
 Whose side, bright-checkt *Brieteu* warm'd. Soft Sleepe tam'd gods and men,  
 All, but most usefull *Mercurie*; Sleepe could not lay one chaine  
 On his quicke temples, taking care for getting off againe  
 Engaged *Priam*, undiscern'd of those that did maintaine  
 The sacred watch. Above his head he stood with this demand.

O father, sleept thou so secure, still lying in the hand  
 Of so much ill? and being dismiss'd by great *Achilles*?  
 'Tis true, thou hast redeem'd the dead, but for thy lifes release  
 (Should *Agamemnon* heare thee here) three times the price now paid.  
 Thy sonnes hands must repay for thee. This said, the King (affraid)  
 Start from his sleepe; *Idaeu* cold, and (for both) *Mercurie*  
 The horse and mules, (before los'd) joynde so soft and curiously,  
 That no care heard, and through the host drave, but when they drew  
 To gulphy *Xanthus* bright-wav'd streame, up to *Olympus* flew  
 Industrious *Mercurie*. And now the saffron morning rose,  
 Spreading her white robe over all the world. When (full of woes)  
 They scour'd on with the Corse to Troy, from whence no eye had seene  
 (Before *Cassandra*) their returne. She (like loves golden Queens,  
 Ascending *Pergamus*) discern'd her fathers person nie,  
 His Herald, and her brothers Corse, and then the cast this cry  
 Round about Troy; O Troians, if ever ye did greet

*Hector*, retorne from fight alive, now looke ye out, and meet  
 His ransomd person. Then his worth was all your cities joy,  
 Now doe it honour. Out all rust, woman, nor man in Troy  
 Was left: a most unmeasur'd cry, tooke up their voyces. Close  
 To *Scæas* Ports they met the Corse, and to it, headlong goes  
 The reverend mother, the deare wife; upon it, strow their haire,  
 And lye entranced. Round about the people broke the ayre  
 In lamentations, and all day had staid the people there,  
 If *Priam* had not cryed, Give way, give me but leave to beare  
 The body home, and mourne your fils. Then cleft the prease, and gave  
 Way to the chariot. To the court Herald *Idaeu* drave,  
 Where on a rich bed they bestow'd the honour'd person, round  
 Girt it with Singers; that the woe with skilfull voyces crownd.  
 A wofull Elegie they sung, wept singing, and the dames  
 Sigh'd as they sung: *Andromache* the downright prose exclaims  
 Began to all, lye on the necke of slaughter'd *Hector* fell  
 And cried out: O my husband! thou, in youth badst youth farewell,  
 Leftst me a widow: thy sole sonne, an infant, our selues curst  
 In our birth, made him right our childe, for all my care, that nurs't  
 His infancie, will never give life to his youth, ere that,  
 Troy from her top will be destroy'd, thou guardian of our state,  
 Thou even of all her strength, the strength, thou that in care wert past  
 Her carefull mothers of their babes, being gone, how can the last?  
 Soone will the twaine flecte fill her wombe, with all their servitude,  
 My selfe with them, and thou with me (deare sonne) in labours rude,  
 Shall be emplot, sternely furvaied by cruel Conquerors,

G g 2

Or

*Mercurie* ap-  
 pears to *Priam*  
 in a Raye.

*Ca. And to the*  
*Troians.*

*And* makes  
*lament* a major  
*her* band.

Or rage not (suffering life so long) some one, whose hate abhorres  
Thy presence, (putting him in minde of his fire slaine by thine,  
His brother, sonne, or friend) shall worke thy ruine before mine,  
Toft from some towre, for many Greeks have eat earth from the hand  
Of thy strong father: In sad sight, his spirit was too much man'd,  
And therefore mourne his people, we, thy Parents (my deare Lord)  
For that, thou mak'st endure a woe, blacke, and to be abhor'd.  
Of all yet, thou hast left me worst; not dying in thy bed;  
And reaching me thy last-raild hand: in nothing counselled,  
Nothing commanded by that powre thou hadst of me, to doe  
Some deed for thy sake: O for these will never end my woe;  
Never my teares cease. Thus wept she, and all the Ladies cloide  
Her passion with a generall shriek. Then *Hecuba* dispold

Her thoughts in like words: O my sonne, of all mine, much most deare;  
Deare while thou liv'st too, even to gods; and after death they were  
Carefull to save thee. Being best, thou most wer't envied;  
My other sonnes, *Achilles* sold; but thee, he left not dead.  
*Imber* and *Samos*, the false Ports of *Lemnos* enchain'd  
Their persons; thine, no Port but death; nor there, in rest remain'd,  
Thy violated Corse, the Tombe of his great friend was spherd  
With thy dragg'd person; yet from death he was not therefore rerd.  
But (all his rage usde) so the gods have tenderd thy dead state,  
Thou liest as living, sweet and fresh, as he that felt the fate  
Of *Phobus* holy shafts. These words the Queene usde for her moene,  
And next her, *Hellen* held that state of speech and passion.

O *Hecktor*, all my brothers more, were not so lov'd of me,  
As thy, most vertues. Nor my Lord I held so deare as thee  
That brought me hither, before which, I would I had beene brought  
To ruine, for, what breeds that wish (which is the mischief wrought  
By my accesse) yet never found one barsh taunt, one words ill  
From thy sweet carriage. Twenty yeeres doe now their circles fill,  
Since my arrivall; all which time thou didst not onely beare  
Thy selfe without checke: but all else, that my Lords brothers were  
Their sisters Lords, sisters themselves, the Queene my mother in law,  
(The King being never but most milde) when thy manspirit saw  
Gowre and reprochfull, it would still reprove their bitterness  
With sweet words. And thy gentle soule. And therefore thy decafe,  
I truly mourne for, and my selfe, curse, as the wretched cause,  
All broad Troy yeelding me not one, that any humane lawes  
Of pittie or forgiveness mou'd, t'entreate me humanely,  
But onely thee, all else abhor'd me for my destinie.

These words made even the commons mourn, to whom the king said, Friends,  
Now fetch wood for our funerall fire, nor feare the foe intends  
Ambush, or any violence, *Achilles* gave his word  
At my dismissal, that twelve daies he would keepe sheath'd his sword,  
And all mens elfe. Thus Oxen, Mules, in chariots trait they put,  
Went forth, and an unmeasur'd pile of Sylvane matter cut,  
Nine daies emploide in carriage, but when the tenth morne shinde

On wretched mortals; then they brought the fire to be a chaine  
Forth to be burn'd: Troy swim in teares. Upon the pile most bright  
They laid the person, and gave fire; all day it burn'd, it might  
But when the tenth morne let on earth, her roile fingers shone,  
The people flockt about the pile, and first, with blackish wine  
Quencht all the flames. His brothers then and friends, the new way bore  
Gatherd into an urne of gold, still powring on their mones.  
Then wrapt they in soft purple veiles, the rich urne, digg'd a pit,  
Grav'd it; ram'd up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it  
A sepulcher. But while that worke, and all the funerall rites  
Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, dayes and night,  
For feare of false surpris before they had imposd the crowne  
To these solemnities. The tombe, advanc't once, all the towne  
In love nurs'd *Prisms* Courtpartooke, a passing lump of merriment,  
And so horse-raming *Hectors* rites, gave up his soule to rest.

Thus farre the Ilian ruines I have laid  
Open to English eyes. In which (I paid  
With thine owne value) goe unvalued. Booke.  
Live, and be lov'd. If any envious looke  
Hurt thy cleare fame, learne that no state more he  
Attends on vertue: then pin'd envies eye.  
Would thou wert worth it, that the best doth woe;  
Which this age feedes, and which the last shall bound.

Thus with labour enough (though with more comfort in the merits of my  
divine Author) I have brought my translation of *the Iliad* to an end. I feare  
ther therein, or in the harsh utterance, or matter of my Comments before I came,  
for haste, scatterd with my burthen (lesse then *Spenser* weake being the whole  
time that the last twelve books translati in flood me in) I do not present will, and  
(I doubt not) *habitus* (if God give life) to reforme and perfect all hereafter, may  
be ingeniously accepted for the absolute worke. The rather, considering the most  
learned (with all their helps & time) have been so often & unanswerably mispra-  
bly taken halting. In the meane time, that most affisill and wisest care, first  
by whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration, I have finished this labour, doth  
the fruitfull borne of his blessings through these goodliest finishing watchings  
without which, utterly dry and bloudlesse is what soever mortality sweath

But where our most diligent *Spondanus* ends his worke with a prayer to be  
taken out of these *Mæanders*, and *Euphrates* rivers (as he termes them) of *the*  
and prophane writers (being quite contrary to himselfe at the beginning) I have  
humbly beseech the most deare and divine mercy (ever most incomparably pre-  
ferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures) I may  
ever be enabled, by resting wondrous in his right comfortable shewes in these,  
to magnifie the cleareness of his almighty appearance in the other.

And with this salutation of Poetic given by *Spondanus* in his Preface to  
these *Iliads*. (All haile Saint-sacred Poetic, that under such gall of fiction,  
such abundance of honey doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the unwar-  
thy worldly, wouldst thou but so much make mee, that amongst thy Nations I

*mi. he be numbered, no time should ever come neare my life, that could make mee forsake thee.) I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer, learned of the most learned Simplicius.*

Supplico tibi Domine, Pater, & Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur qua tu nos ornaſti; & ut tu nobis præſto ſis, ut ijs qui per ſeſe mouentur: ut & à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque ſuperemus, & regamus, & ſicut decet, pro instrumentis ijs utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjuvento ſis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem; & coniunctionem cum ijs que verè ſunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori ſupplex oro; ut ab oculis animorum noſtrorum caliginem proſuſ abſtergas, ut (quod apud *Homerum* eſt) Norimus bene qui

Deus, aut mortalis habendus.

*Amen.*

*FINIS.*

## TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS and worthy, the Duke of LENNOX.



Mongſt th' Heroes of the worlds prime yeares,  
Stand here, great Duke, & ſee the ſhine about you:  
Informe your princely minde and ſpirit by theirs,  
And then, like them, live ever; looke without you,  
For ſubieſts fit to uſe your place, and grace  
Which throw about you, as the Sunne, his raies,  
In quickning with their powre, the dying race  
Of friendleſſe Vertue, ſince they thus can raiſe  
Their honor'd Raiſers to Eternitie.  
None ever liv'd by Selfe-love: Others good  
Is th' obiect of our owne: they (living) die,  
That burie in themſelves their fortunes brood.  
To this ſoule, then, your gracious count'nance give;  
That gave, to ſuch as you, ſuch meanes to live.

## TO THE MOST GRAVE AND honored Temperer of Law and Equity, the Lord, CHANCELOR, &c.



That Poëſie is not ſo remov'd a thing  
From grave adminiſtry of publike wcales,  
As theſe times take it; heare this Poet ſing,  
Moſt judging Lord, and ſee how he reveals  
The myſteries of Rule, and rules to guide  
The life of man, through all his choicceſt waies.  
Nor be your timely paines the leſſe applyed  
For Poëſies idle name, becauſe her Raies  
Have ſhin'd through greateſt Counſellors and Kings.  
Heare Royall *Hermes* ſing th' Egyptian Lawes,  
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroaſtes* ſings  
Their Lawes in verſe: and let their juſt applauſe  
(By all the world given) yours (by us) allow;  
That, ſince you grace all vertue, honour you.

G g 4



## TO THE MOST VVORTHIE

*Earle, Lord Treasurer, and Treasurer of our  
Country, the Earle of SALISBURY, &c.*

**V**ouchsafe, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,  
And see the opening of a Grecian Mine,  
Which, wisdom long since made her treasure,  
And now her title doth to you resigne.  
Wherein as th' Ocean walks not, with such waves  
The round of this Realme, as your wisdomes seas,  
Nor, with his great eye, sees, his Marble, saves  
Our State, like your Vlyssian policies :  
So, none like HOMER, hath the world enspher'd,  
Earth, seas, and heaven, fixt in his verse, and moving;  
Whom all times wisest men, have held unperde;  
And therefore would conclude with your approving.  
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac't,  
And made things ever fitting, ever last.

*An Anagram,*  
Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisbury.  
Curb foes; thy care is all our erly Be.

## TO THE MOST HONOR'D RE-

*flover of ancient Nobility, both in bloud and  
vertue, the Earle of SUFFOLKE, &c.*

**E**oyne, Noblest Earle, in giving worthy grace,  
To this great gracer of Nobilitie :  
See here what fort of men, your honor'd place  
Doth properly command; if Poetic  
(Protest by them) were worthily exprest.  
The gravest, wisest, greatest, need not then,  
Account that part of your command the least,  
Nor them such idle, needlesse, worthlesse men.  
Who can be worthier men in publike weales,  
Then those (at all parts) that prescrib'd the best ?  
That stir'd up noblest vertues, holiest zeales,  
And evermore have liv'd as they protest ?  
A world of worthiest men, see one create,  
(Great Earle;) whom no man since could imitate.

## TO THE MOST NOBLE AND

*learned Earle, the Earle of NORTHAMPTON, &c.*

**I**f you, most learned Earle, whose learning can  
Reiect unlearned Custome, and embrace  
The reall vertues of a worthy man,  
I prostrate this great Worthy, for your grace,  
And pray that Poesies well-deserv'd ill Name  
(Being such, as many moderne Poets make her)  
May nought eclipse her cleare essentiall flame :  
But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.  
Nor doe I hope, but even your high affaires  
May suffer intermixture with her view,  
Where Wisdom fits her for the highest chaires;  
And mindes, growne old, with cares of State, renew :  
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue know  
This King of Poets, see his English show.

## TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY

*singular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.*

**S**tand by your noblest stocke; and ever grow  
In love, and grace of vertue most admird;  
And we will pay the sacrifice we owe  
Of prayre and honour, with all good desir'd  
To your divine soule, that shall ever live  
In height of all blisse prepar'd here beneath,  
In that ingenuous and free grace you give  
To knowledge, only Bulwarke against Death.  
Whose rare sustainers here, her powres sustaine  
Hereafter. Such reciprocall effects  
Meete in her vertues. Where the love doth raigne,  
The act of knowledge crownes our intellects.  
VWhere th' act, nor love is, there, like beasts men die :  
Not Life, but t'ne is their Eternitie.

## TO THE LEARNED AND

*most noble Patron of learning, the Earle of  
PEMBROOKE, &c.*

**A**bove all others may your Honour shine,  
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames  
Exhale into your grace the forme divine  
Of godlike Learning, whose exiled streames  
Runne to your succour, charg'd with all the wracke  
Of sacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch  
(Foule Ignorance) sits charming of them backe  
To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich;  
Though our great Sovereigne counter-checke her charms  
(Who in all learning, reignes so past example)  
Yet (with her) turkish Policie puts on armes,  
To raze all knowledge in mans Christian temple.  
(You following yet our King) your guard redouble:  
Pure are those streams, that these times cannot trouble.

## TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS

*Illustrator of vertue, and worthy of the fauour  
Royall, the Earle of MONTGOMRIE.*

**T**here runs a blood, faire Earle, through your clear vains,  
That well entitles you to all things Noble;  
Which still the living Sydian soule maintaines,  
And your names ancient Noblenesse doth redouble:  
For which I needs must tender to your Graces  
This noblest worke of man, as made your Right.  
And though Ignoblenesse, all such workes defaces,  
As tend to Learning, and the soules delight:  
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,  
That Wisedome, which is Learnings naturall birth)  
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maiestie,  
And Image of his goodnesse here in earth,  
If you the daughter with, respect the Mother:  
One cannot be obtain'd without the other.

## TO THE MOST LEARNED

*and noble Concluser of the Warres Antie,  
and the Muses, the Lord LISLE, &c.*

**N**Or let my paines herein (long honour'd Lord,  
Faile of your ancient Nobly good respects,  
Though obscure Fortune never would afford  
My service thow, till these thus late effects.  
And though my poore deserts weigh'd neuer more:  
Then might keepe downe their worthlesse memorie  
From your high thoughts (enrich't with better store)  
Yet yours in me are fixt eternally,  
Which all my fit occasions well shall prove.  
Meane space (with your most noble Nephewes, daime  
To shew your free and honourable loue  
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.  
You cannot more the point of death controule,  
Then to stand close by such a living soule.

## TO THE GREAT AND VER-

*tuons, the Countesse of MONTGOMERIE.*

**M**Our Fame (great Lady) is so lowd refounded,  
By your free trumpeter, my right worthy friend,  
That, with it, all my forces stand confounded,  
Ar n'd and disarm'd at once, to one iust end,  
To honour and describe the blest content  
Twixt your high blood and soule, in vertues rare.  
Of which, my friends praise is so eminent,  
That I shall hardly like his Eccho fare,  
To render onely th'ends of his shrill verse.  
Besides, my bounds are short, and I must meereely,  
My will to honour your rare parts, rehearse  
With more time, singing your renowne more clearly  
Meane-time, take *Homer* for my wants supply:  
To whom adjoynd, your name shall neuer dye.

## TO THE HAPPY STARRE, DIS-

*covered in our Sydneim Asterisme, comfort of  
learning, Sphere of all the vertues, the Lady  
WROTHE.*

**W**hen all our other Starres set (in their skies)  
To vertue, and all honour of her kinde,  
That you (rare Lady) should so clearly rise,  
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your minde.  
And let true Reason and Religion try,  
If it be Fancie, nor judiciall right,  
If you oppose the times apostasie,  
To take the soules part, and her saving Light,  
While others blinde and burie both in sense,  
When tis the onely end for which all live.  
And, could those soules, in whom it dies, dispense  
As much with their religion, they would give  
That as small grace. Then shun their course faire Starre,  
And still keepe your way pure, and circular.

## TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PA-

*tronesse and Grace of Vertue, the Countesse  
of BEDFORD.*

**I**O you faire Patronesse, and Muse to Learning,  
The fount of learning, and the Muses sends  
This Cordiall for your vertues, and forewarning  
To leave no good, forthill the world commends.  
Custom seduceth but the vulgar sort;  
With whom, when Noblenesse mixeth, she is vulgar,  
The truly-Noble, still repaire their Fort,  
With learning good excitements, and gifts rare,  
In which the narrow path to Happinesse  
Is onely beaten. Vulgar pleasure sets  
Nets for her selfe, in twinge of her excesse,  
And beates her selfe there dead, ere free she gets.  
In pleasure then with pleasure still doth waste,  
In pleasure with vertue Madame; that will last.

## TO THE RIGHT VALOROUS

*and vertuous Lord, the Earle of  
SOUTH-HAMPTON, &c.*

**I**N choice of all our Countries Noblest spirits  
(Borne slaver her barbarisme to convince)  
I could not but invoke your honour'd Merits,  
To follow the swift vertue of our Prince.  
The cries of Vertue, and her Fortresse, Learning,  
Brake earth, and to Elysium did descend,  
To call up *Homer*: who therein discerning  
That his excitements to their good, had end  
(As being a Grecian) puts on English armes,  
And to the hardie natures in these climes,  
Strikes up his high and spiritfull alarmes,  
That they may cleare earth of those impious Crimes  
Whose conquest (though most faintly all apply)  
You know (learn'd Earle) all live for, and should dye.

## TO MY EXCEEDING GOOD

*Lord, the Earle of SURREY: with duty alwaies  
remembred to his honor'd Countesse.*

**Y**Ou that have made in your great Princes Name  
(At his high birth) his holy Christian vowes,  
May witnesse now (to his eternall Fame)  
How he performs them thus far: and still growes  
Above his birth in vertue; past his yeares,  
In strength of Bountie, and great fortitude.  
Amongst this traine, then of our choicest Peers,  
That follow him in chace of vices rude,  
Summon'd by his great Herald *Homer*'s voice,  
March you, and euer let your Familie  
(In your vowes made for such a Prince) reioyce.  
Your service to his State shall never dye.  
And, for my true observance, let this show,  
No meanes escapes when I may honour you.

## TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND

*Heroicall, my singular good Lord, the Lord  
of WALDEN, &c.*



Or let the vulgar (way Opinion beares  
(Rare Lord) that Poesies fauer theues men vaine.  
Ranke you amongst her sterne distaunners;  
She all things worthy fauour doth maintaine.  
Vertue, in all things else, at best she better;  
Honour she heightens, and giues Life in Dearth;  
She is the ornament, and soule of letters:  
The worlds deceit before her vanishest.  
Simple she is as Doues, like Serpents wife;  
Sharpe, graue, and sacred: nought but things diuine,  
And things diuining, fit her faculties;  
(Accepting her as she is genuinee)  
If she be vaine then, all things else are vile;  
If vertuous, still be Patrone of her stile.

## TO THE MOST TRVELY-NO-

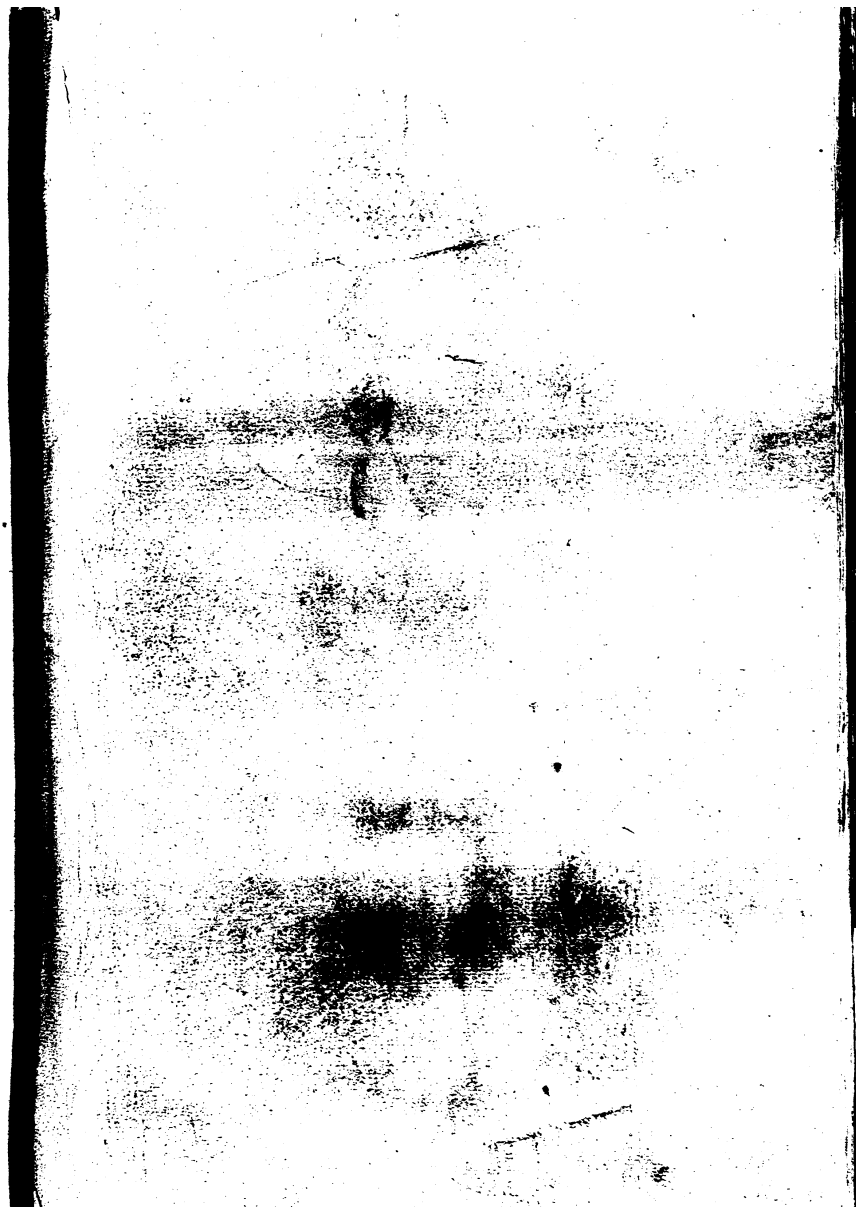
*ble and Vertue-gracing Knight, Sir*

THOMAS HOWARD.



He true and nothing-lesse-then sacred spirit  
That moues your feete so farre from the prophane,  
In scorne of Pride, and grace of humblest merit,  
Shall fill your Names sphere, neuer seeing it wane.  
It is so rare, in bloud so high as yours  
To entertaine the humble skill of truth,  
And put a vertuous end to all your powres,  
That th'other age askes, we giue you in youth,  
Your youth hath wonne the maistrise of your minde,  
As Homer sings of his *Antilochus*,  
The parallell of you in euery kinde,  
Valiant, and milde, and most ingenious.  
Goe on in vertue, after death and grow,  
And shine like *Ledas* twins, my Lord & you.

*Ever most humbly and faithfully desired to you  
and all the rare Patrons of diuine Homer.  
Geo. Chapman.*





# HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

Translated according to y<sup>e</sup> Greecke.

By. Geo. Chapman.

At mihi q<sup>ui</sup> viuo detraxerit Inuida Turba.  
Post obitum duplici fenore reddet Honor.

Solus sapit.

sic homo.

Reliqui vero.

Umbrae moventur.

Pallas.

Ulysses.

Imprinted at London by  
Rich. Field, for Nath-  
aniell Butter.

# HOMERS ODYSSES.

TRANSLATED ACCORDING  
TO THE GREEK.

---

BY  
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

---

*At mibi quod vivo detraxeris frivida turba  
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet Honos.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for Nathaniel Butter.

THE  
 DEEDS  
 OF



# TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONO-

RED, MY SINGVLAR

GOOD LORD, ROBERT,

Earle of SOMERSET,

Lord Chamber-

laine, &c.



*Have adventured (Right Noble Earle) out of  
 my utmost, and ever-owed service, to your  
 Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patro-  
 nage of Homers English life: whose wisbe  
 naturall life, the great Macedon would  
 haue protected, as the spirit of his Em-  
 pire,*

That he to his vnmeasur'd mightie Acts,  
 Might adde a Fame as vast; and their extracts,  
 In fires as bright, and endlesse as the starres,  
 His breast might breathe; and thunder out his warres.  
 But that great Monarks loue of fame and praise,  
 Receiues an enuious Cloud in our foule daies:  
 For since our Great ones, cease themselves to do  
 Deeds worth their praise; they hold it folly too,  
 To feed their praise in others. But what can  
 (Of all the gifts that are) be given to man,  
 More precious then *Eternitie* and *Glorie*,  
 Singing their praises, in vnfilenct storie?  
 Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;  
 No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

A 3

Shall



THE EPISTLE

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,  
Where *Homer* liu'd entir'd, would ensue:

*Cuius de gurgite vino*

*Ex Angeli Po-  
litiani Anab.*

*Combibit arcanos natum omnis turba furor, &c.*  
From whose deepe Fount of life, the thirstier rout  
Of Thespian Prophets, haue lien sucking out  
Their sacred rages. And as th'influent stone  
Of Father *Ioues* great and laborious Sonne,  
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implies  
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,  
In vertuous guide of euery sea-driuen course,  
To all aspiring, his one boundlesse force:  
So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,  
That euer did the hidden heate inspire  
In each true Muse, came cleerly sparkling downe,  
And must for him, compose one flaming Crowne.

He, at *Ioues* Table set, sits out to vs,  
Cups that repaire Age, sad and ruinous;  
And giues it Built, of an eternall stand,  
With his all-sinewie *Odyssæan* band.  
Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free state;  
And Life doth into Ages propagate.  
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;  
His suell Vertue, blowne by *Praise* and *Fame*:  
And with the high soules, first impulsions driuen,  
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.  
The Nerues of all things hid in Nature, lie  
Naked before him; all their Harmonie  
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beasts breathe Minds.  
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,  
What fires Æthereall; what the Gods conclude  
In all their Counsels, his Muse makes indue  
With varied voices, that euen rocks haue mou'd.  
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)  
Honors without her, he, as abiect, prizes;  
And foolish Fame, deriud from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,  
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muse is crown'd;

He

DEDICATORIE.

He sits and laughs, to see the iaded Rabble,  
Toile to his hard heights, & all access vnable. &c.

*Thus far Angel,  
Politianus, for  
the most part  
translated.*

And that your Lordship may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the  
first word of his *Iliads*, is *wrath*: the first word of his *Odysses*,  
is *Man*; contracting in either word, his each workes Proposition. In  
one, Predominant Perturbation; in the other, ouer-ruling Wise-  
dome: in one, the Bodies seruour and fashion of outward Fortitude, to  
all possible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward,  
constant, and vnconquer'd Empire; vnbroken, vnakerd, with any most  
insolent, and tyrannous infliction. To many most soueraigne praises is this  
Poeme entitl'd; but to that Grace in chiefe, which sets on the Crowne,  
both of Poets and Orators; in the *periphras*; *καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους*; that is,  
*Parua magnè dicere; peruulgata nouè, ieiuna plenè*: To speake  
things litle, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and empirie,  
fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrie, is his whole  
scope and object; which, in it selfe, your Lordship may well say, is ieiune  
and fruitlesse enough; affoording nothing feastfull, nothing magnificent.  
And yet euen this, doth the diuine inspiration, render vast, illustrious, and  
of miraculous composure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme pre-  
ferred to his *Iliads*; for therein much magnificence, both of person and  
action, giues great aide to his industrie; but in this, are these helpes, ex-  
ceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure so elaborate, and  
pompous, that the poore plaine Ground worke (considered together) may  
seeme the naturall rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much won-  
derd at therefore, is the Censure of *Dionysius Longinus* (a man o-  
therwise affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing *Homer*  
in his *Iliads*, to the Summe rising; in his *Odysses*, to his descent, or set-  
ting. Or to the Ocean robd of his esture; many tributorie floods, and  
rivers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obseruance. When this  
his worke so farre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concourse;  
that all his Sea, is onely a seruiceable streame to it. Nor can it be com-  
pared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-sorted  
and digested Confluence of all. Where the most solide and graue, is made  
as nimble and fluent, as the most aerie and fire; the nimble and fluent, as  
firme and well bounded as the most graue and solid. And (taking all to-  
gether) of so tender impression, and of such Command to the voice of the  
Muse; that they knocke heauen with her breath, and discouer their foun-  
dations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poetic, phantasique,

A 4

or

or meere fiction; but the most material and doctrinall illustrations of Truth; both for all manly information of Manners in the yong, all prescription of Justice, and even Christian pietie, in the most graue and high-gouern'd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) seemes fictiue, and beyond Possibilitie to bring into Act: the sence then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expresseure of Vertue, for her louelineesse; and of Vice for her ugliness, in their seuerall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can possibly delineate. Why then is Fiction, to this end, so hatefull to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked Truth, (that peradventure will last his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wixards, then Homer for his naked Vlysses, clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer Dionysius, and the rest of these graue, and reputatiuely learned, (that dare undertake for their grauities, the headstrong censure of all things; and challenge the vnderstanding of these Toyes in their childhoods: when euen these childish vanities, retaine deepe and most necessarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in these absolutely diuine Infusions, allowed either voice or relisb: for, Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. (sayes the Diuine Philosopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the Muses, sine Musarum furore, is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a litle insist on these contempts; not tempting too farre your Lordships Vlysslean patience) presume to these doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in Poetic a twofold rapture, (or alienation of soule, as the abovesaid Teacher termes it) one Infania, a disease of the mind, and a meere madnesse, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanitie: & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: (for which, poore Poetic, in this disease and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified) the other is, Diuinus furor, by which the sound and diuinely healthfull, supra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. One a perfection directly infused from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine Furie (my Lord) your Homer hath euer bene, both first and last Instance; being pronounced absolutely, *ἡ δὲ θεὸς ἐπέειπεν, καὶ τὸν Διὸς υἱὸς ἦν ὁ ποιητής*; the most wise and most diuine Poet.

Poet. Against whom, who so ever shall upon his prophane mouth, may worthily receive answer, with shote of his diuine defender, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicurus, &c. being of Homers part) *ἔκ τινος, &c.* Who against such an *Armie*, and this General Homer dares attempt the assault, but he must be reput'd ridiculous? And yet against this host, and its invincible *Commander*, shall we haue every Belaguer & foal a Leader. The common herd (I assure my self) ready to receive it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders, Such men, as fiddling ride the ambling Muse, VWhole *Life* is as frequent as the Ruse. Whole Raptures are in every Paganes scuse, In every Vain fallacie, and Dancing greene: VWhen he that writhes by any beame of Truth, Must diue as deepe as he; past shallow youth. Truth dwels in Gulphs; whose Deeper hide shades so rich, That Night sits must there, in clouds of pitch: More Darke then nature made her, and requires (To cleare her tough mist) Heavens great fire offires, To whom, the Sunbe *is* selfe is but a Beame. For sicke soules then (but rapt in foolish Dreame) To wrestle with these Heav'n-strong mysteries, VWhat madnesse is it? when their light, serues eyes That are not worldly, in their least aspect; But truly pure, and aime at Heaven, direct: Yet these, none like: but what the brazen head Blatters abroad, no sooner borne, but dead.

Holding then in eternal contempt, *any Lord* these short-lived Bubbles, eternize your coertise and judgement with the Grecian Monark: esteeming, not as the least of your New-yeares Presents, Homer (three thousand yeares dead) now revived, VWhen none conceited him, none understood, That so much life, in so much death as blood Conveys about it, could mixe. But when Death Drunke up the bloody Mist, that humane breath Pour'd round about him (Povertie and Spigitz, Thickning the haplesse vapor) then Truths light Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pitch soule,

(Amidst

THE EPISTLE

(Amidst the Myſteries it did enroule)  
 Brake pow'rfully abroad. And as we ſee  
 The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length, got free,  
 Through ſome forc't couert, over all the wayes,  
 Neare and beneath him, ſhoots his vented rayes  
 Farre off; and ſtickes them in ſome little Glade:  
 All woods, fields, rivers, left beſides in ſhade:  
 So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,  
 Cloſde in his Poems body: ſhot to fight  
 Some few forc't Beames: which neare him, were not ſcene,  
 (As in his life or countrey) Fate and Spleene,  
 Glouning their radiance, which when Death had clear'd:  
 To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:  
 In which, all ſtood and wondred, ſtriving which,  
 His Birth and Rapture, ſhould in right enrich,

Twelve Labours, of your *Theſſian Hercules*,  
 I now preſent your Lordſhip: Doe but pleaſe  
 To lend Life meanes, till th'other twelve receive  
 Equall atchievement: and let Death then reave  
 My life now loſt in our Patrician Loves,  
 That knocke heads with the herd; in whom there moves  
 One bloud, one ſoule: both drownd in one ſet height  
 Of ſtupid Envie, and meere popular Spight.  
 VVhole loves, with no good, did my leaſt veine fill:  
 And from their hates, I feare as little ill,  
 Their Bounties nourish not, when moſt they feed,  
 But where there is no Merit, or no Need:  
 Raine into rivers ſtill, and are ſuch ſhowres,  
 As bubbles ſpring, and overflow the ſhowres.  
 Their worſe parts, and worſt men, their Beſt, ſubornes,  
 Like winter Cowes, whoſe milke runnes to their hornes.  
 And as litigious Clients Bookes of Law,  
 Coſt infinitely: taſte of all the Awe,  
 Bench't in our kingdomes Policie, Picie, State:  
 Earne all their deepe explorings: ſatiare  
 All ſorts there thruſt together by the heart,  
 VVith thirſt of wiſedome, ſpent on either part

*Monid*

DEDICATORIE.

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,  
 From their fine ſtuffe wouen: yet when once the breath  
 Of ſentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne  
 As drie as duſt; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:  
 So theſe men ſet a price vpon their worth,  
 That no man giues, but thoſe that trot it forth,  
 Through Needs ſoule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all coſt,  
 Though *Iudgement* ſterues in them: *Roue: State* engroſt  
 (At all Tabacco benches, ſolemne Tables,  
 Where all that croſſe their Enuies, are their fables)  
 In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd  
 Fit Penance for their Oppoſites: none low'd  
 But thoſe that rub them: not a Reaſon heard,  
 That doth not ſooth and glorifie their preſerd  
 Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* reſume  
 The cauſe to his hands; all would flie in ſume  
 Before his ſentence; ſince the innocent mind,  
 Juſt God makes good; to whom their worſt is wind.  
 For, that I freely all my Thoughts expreſſe,  
 My Conſcience is my Thouſand witneſſes:  
 And to this ſtay, my conſtant Comforts vow;  
 You for the world I haue, or God for you.





## Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Translated.

*All starres are drunke up by the fierie Sunnes,  
And in so much a flame, lies forunke the Moone:  
Homers all-liv'd Name, all Names lesmer in Deatht,  
whose splendor onely, Muses Bosomes breath.*

Another.

*Heavns fires shall first fall darkn'd from his Spheres,  
Grave Night, the light weed of the Day shall weere:  
Fresh streames shall chase the Sea, tough Plumes shall teare  
Her sibbie bottomes: Men in long date dead,  
shall rise, and live, before Oblivion freed  
Those still-green leaves; thus stonne great Homers head.*

Another.

*The great Mazonides doth onely write,  
And to him dictates the great God of Light.*

Another.

*Seven kingdomes strowe, in which should swell the wombe  
That bore great Homer, whom Fame freed from Tumber:  
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophon;  
The learn'd Athenian, and Vlyscian Throne.*

Another.

*Art thou of Chius? No: Of Salamin:  
As little was the Smyrnean Countie thine?  
Nor so, which then? Was Cumae? Colophon:  
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,  
That Fame proclames thee? No: One. Thy Reason calls  
If I confesse of one, I anger all.*



## THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gods in counsaile sit, to call  
Vlysses from Calypso's thrall;  
And order their high pleasures, thus;  
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus  
(In Ithaca) her way address;  
And did her beaueuty liues must  
In Menta's likeness; thus did raigne  
King of the Taphians (as the Moone,  
Whose rough waves neare Leucadia runne)  
Admiring wise Vlysses come  
To seeke his father; and address  
His course to young Tantalides  
That gener'd Sparta. Thus much said,  
She shew'd she was Heavns martiall Maid,  
And vanish from him. Next to this,  
The Banquet of the wooers is.

Another.

*Alas! The Deities sit;  
The Muses sit;  
The Vlysses sit,  
By Pallas sit.*



He Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,  
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay.  
That wandred wondrous farre, when, He, the towne  
Of sacred Troy, had sackt, and shuerd downe.  
The cities of a world of nations,  
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions  
He saw and knew. At Sea felt many woes,  
Much care sustaine, to save from ouerthrowes  
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreat for home.  
But so, their fares, he could not overcome,  
Though much he thirsted it. O men vnwise,  
They perisht by their owne impieties,  
That in their hungers rapine would not shunne  
The Oxen of the lustie-going Sunne:

given him in the first verse: *homo cuius ingenium vixit per suavitatem, & varias vias, virtutem in v-*  
*rum.*

*The information  
or fashion of an  
absolute man;  
and necessary  
(or said) passage  
through many  
afflictions (ac-  
cording with the  
most sacred Let-  
ter) to his natu-  
rall house and  
concomity: is the  
whole argument,  
and scope of this  
imitable, and  
miraculous Po-  
eme. And there-  
fore is the epi-  
tome thereof*

B

Who

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft  
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,  
Tell vs, as others, deified seed of *Ioue*.

Now all the rest that austere Death our-stroue  
At *Troy*: long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,  
Free from the malice both of sea and waite;  
Onely *Vlysses* is denide access  
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesse  
The reuerend Nymph *Calypso* did detain  
Him in her Caves: past all the race of men,  
Enslam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.  
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,  
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,  
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)  
Should be his haue; Contention still extends  
Her enue to him, euen amongst his friends.  
All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he  
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,  
Diuine *Vlysses* euer did enue,  
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.

But he himsele solemniz'd a retreat  
To th' *Ethiops*, farre dislunder in their seat;  
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,  
And vnderneath his golden Orient,  
The first and last of men) 'enjoy their feast  
Of buls and lambes, in Hecatombs addrest:  
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.

The other Gods, in heauens supreamest height  
Were all in Councell met: To whom began  
The mightie Father, both of God and man,  
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclin'd  
To wife *Vlysses*; calling to his mind  
Faultfull *Egishus*, who to death was done,  
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnon*'s sonne.  
His memorie to the Immortals then,  
Mou'd *Ioue* thus deeply: O how fally, men  
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill,  
When, by the bane their owne bad liues instill,  
They suffer all the miseries of their states,  
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.  
As now *Egishus*, past his fate, did wed  
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread  
To suffer death himsele) to thumne his ill,  
Incur'd it by the loofe bent of his will,  
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreat.

Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set

*Neptunus* pro-  
gress to the  
*Ethiops*.

These notes fol-  
lowing, I am in-  
forced to insert,  
(since the words  
they containe,  
differ from all  
other translati-  
ons) lest I be  
thought to erre  
out of that igno-  
rance, that may  
perhaps misse  
my depraue,  
a passage  
translated in  
place inculpati-  
lizand made the  
epithete of *AE-  
gishus*; as from  
the true sense of  
the word, as it is  
here to be vnder-  
stood: which is  
quite contrary.  
As arund' it  
to be expounded  
in some place  
Diuius; or Deo  
similitur in a-  
mother (some after)  
contrarius Deo. The person to whom the Epithete is giuen, giuing reason to dissent with it And so arund' an  
Epithete giuen to *Atlas* instantly following, in one place signifies: Menie perniciosa: in the next, qui ueneria mente gerit.

To his murtherous purpose, sending *Mercurie*  
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our confident spie,  
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,  
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,  
With ransom of thine owne; impolde on thee  
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be  
*Atrides* selfe renewd; and but the prime  
Of youths spring put abroad, in thirst to clime  
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.  
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts  
*Egishus* powres; good counsell he despide,  
And to that Good, his ill is sacrifice.

*Pallas* (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)  
Answerd: O Sir! supream of Deities;  
*Egishus* past his Fate, and had desert  
To warrant our infliction; and conuert  
May all the paines, such impious men inflict  
On innocent sufferers; to reuenge as strict,  
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*  
(Thus neuer meriting) should suffer thus,  
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
Diuides him from these fortunes. Though unkind  
Is Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,  
More suffering then the most infortunate,  
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,  
Where the seas namie is a syluane Ile,  
In which the Goddesse dwels, that doth deriue  
Her birth from *Atlas*, who, of all aliue,  
The motion and the fashon doth command,  
With his wife mind, whose forces vnderstand  
The inmost deepes and gulfes of all the seas:  
Who (for his skill of things superiour) staves  
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.  
His daughter tis, who holds this<sup>c</sup> homelesse-driven,  
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse  
Of soft and winning speeches; that abuse  
And make fo<sup>d</sup> languishingly, and posselt  
With fo remitte a mind; her loued guest  
Manage the action of his way for home.  
Where he (though in affection overcome)  
In iudgement yet; more longs to shew his hopes,  
His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,

*Pallas* to *Iepi-  
ten*.

b In this place  
is *Atlas* giuen  
the Epithete  
omogen, which  
signifies qui uen-  
ta mea me-  
gixat. here giuen  
him, for the po-  
wer the flares  
to be in all  
things. Yet this  
reueres other  
interpretation  
in other places,  
as above said.  
c *Arctus* is  
here turned by  
others, in scilicet  
in the generall  
colle. *Titan*; when  
it hath here a  
particular ex-  
pression, applied to

expresseth *Vlysses* desert errors, upon so close, ut si, quibus locum inuenire possit vbi consistat. d This is thus transla-  
ted, she rather to expresse and approue the Allegorie driven through the whole *Odyssee*. Disciphering the intangling of the weft  
in his afflictions; and the tennents that breake in every place minded to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desire, as the  
proper and easily at naturall course of every worthy man, whose house is home and the next life, to which, this life is but a  
few, in continuall after and variation. The words reuealing all this, are *potamum*, *repa*; *potamum* signifying, qui languide, &  
non potest reuolui rem aliquam gerit; which being the effect of *Calypso*'s sweet words to *Vlysses*, is here applied passively to his  
own sufficiency of their operation.

And death asks in her armes. Yet neuer shall  
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,  
(Austere *Olympius*;) did not euer he,  
In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?  
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?  
O *Ioue*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?

The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words flie  
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of *Iuorie*?

As if I euer could cast from my care  
Diuine *Vhysses*, who exceeds so farre  
All men in wisdome; and so oft hath giuen  
To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,  
So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,  
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,  
Stand to *Vhysses* longings so extreme,

For taking from the God-foe *Polypheme*  
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd

All other *Cyclops*: with whole burden swell'd  
The Nymph *Thoosa*, the diuine increase  
Of *Phorcis* seed, a great God of the seas.

She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,  
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.

For whose lost eye, th'Earth-shaker did not kill  
Erring *Vhysses*; but reserves him still

In life for more death. But vse we our powres,  
And round about vs cast these cares of ours,

All to discouer how we may preferre  
His wisht retreat; and *Neptune* make forbear

His sterne eye to him: since no one God can  
In spite of all, preuaile, but gainst a man.

To this, this answer made the gray-eyd Maide:  
Supream of rulers, since so well aside

The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee  
To limit wise *Vhysses* miserie;

And that you sprake, as you referd to me  
Prescription for the meanes; in this sort be

Their sacred order: let vs now addresse  
With vmoost speed, our swift *Argicides*,

To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Tresse  
In th'ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will

She should not stay our lou'd *Vhysses* still;  
But suffer his returne: and then will I

To *Ithaca*, to make his sonne apply  
His Sires inquest the more; infusing force

Into his soule, to summon the concourse  
Of curld-head Greekes to counsaile: and deterre

Each wooer that hath bene the slaughterer  
Of his fat sheepe and crooked-headed beecus,

From

From more wrong to his mother, and their leaues  
Take in such termes, as fit defers to great.

To *Sparta* then, and *Pylas*, where doth beate  
Bright *Amathea*, the flood and epibete

To all that kingdome; my aduice shall send  
The spirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the plots end

Of seeking his lost father; if he may  
Receiue report from Fame, where rests his stay;

And make, besides, his owne successiue worth,  
Knowne to the world; and let in action forth.

This said, her wingd shoes to her feete she tied,  
Formd all of gold, and all eternified;

That on the round earth, or the sea, sustaine  
Her rauisht substance, swift as gusts of wind.

Then tooke she her strong Lance, with Steele made keene,  
Great, massie, actiue, that whole hostis of men

(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire  
Their wrongs inflame, backt by so great a Sire.

Downe from *Olympus* tops, she beaullous diu'd;  
And swift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,

Closet at *Vhysses* gates; in whose first course,  
She made her stand; and for her breasts support,

Leand on her iron Lance: her forme impress'd  
With *Mentus* likeness, collic, as being a guest.

There found she those proud wooers, that were then  
Set on those Oxe-hides that themselves had slaine,

Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.  
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,

Fill'd wine and water; soure, still as they plaid;  
And some, for solemne suppers staid, perau'd;

With porous sponges, cleansing tables seru'd  
With much rich feast; of which to all they seru'd.

God-like *Telemachus*, amongst them sat,  
Griev'd much in mind; and in his heart began

All representation of his absent Sire;  
How (come from far-off parts) his spirits would fire

With those proud wooers fight; with slaughter parting  
Their bold concourse; and to himselfe conceiuing

The honors they vsurp, his owne commanding.  
In this discourse, he, first, *Penelope* standing

Vnbidden entrie: vp rose, and addrest  
His pace right to her; angrie that a guest

Should stand so long at gate: and coming neare,  
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her speare;

And thus saluted: Grace to your repaire,  
(Fairst guest) your welcome shall be like mine faire.

Enter, and (cheard with feast) did lose th' intent  
That caus'd your coming. This said, first he went,

B 3

And

The preparation  
of Penelope  
for  
Ithaca.

Penelope  
Mentor.

*Impiter to Palles*  
e. space aduanc'd,  
villains or  
claustrum den-  
tians: which, for  
the better sound  
in our language,  
is here turn'd,  
Pale of *Iuorie*.  
The teeth being  
that vampier or  
pale, given vs by  
nature in that  
part, for re-  
straint and com-  
pression of our  
speech, till the  
imagination, ap-  
petite and soule  
(thas ought to  
rule in their ex-  
amination, be-  
fore their delu-  
sion) have giuen  
worthy passage  
to them. The most  
grace and diuine  
Poet, teaching  
therein, that not  
so much for the  
necessarie  
clewing of our  
sustenance, our  
teeth are giuen  
vs, as for their  
stay of our  
words, lest we  
riuer them  
rashly.

*Calypso*.

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,  
 Steepe, and of state, the Iaulin of the Dame,  
 He set against a pillar, vast and hie,  
 Amidst a large and bright-kept Armorie,  
 Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,  
 Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd  
 The man-turnd Goddesse, vnder which was spread  
 A Carpet, rich, and of deuicfull thred;  
 A footstoolle staying her feete; and by her chaine,  
 Another seate (all garnisht wondrous faire,  
 To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set  
 Farre from the preale of wooers; left at meate  
 The noise they still made, might offend his guest,  
 Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,  
 Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,  
 That kept no noble forme in their affaires.  
 And these he set farre from them, much the rather  
 To question freely of his absent father.

A Table fairely polish't then, was spread,  
 On which a reuerend officer set bread;  
 And other seruitors, all sorts of meate,  
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)  
 Seru'd with obseruance in. And then the Sewer,  
 Prow'd water from a great and golden Ewre,  
 That from their hands, a siluer Caldron ran;  
 Both wash't, and seated close; the voicefull man  
 Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them; and round  
 Those cups with wine, with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rust in the rude wooers; themselves plac't;  
 The heralds water gaue; the maids in haste  
 Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,  
 And set before them; the bold wooers shar'd;  
 Their Pages plying their cups, past the rest.  
 But lustie wooers must do more then feast;  
 For now (their hungers and their thirsts allaid)  
 They call'd for songs, and Dances. Those, they said,  
 Were th'ornaments of feast. The herald strait  
 A Harpe, car'd full of artificial sleight,  
 Thrust into *Phemius* (a leard fingers) hand,  
 Who, till he much was wr'd, on termes did stand;  
 But after, plaid and sung with all his art.

*Telemachus* to *Pallas* then (apart,  
 His eare inclining close, that none might heare)  
 In this sort said: My Guest, exceeding deare,  
 Will you not sit incens't, with what I say?  
 These are the cares these men take; feast and play:  
 Which easly they may vie, because they eate,  
 Free, and vnpunisht, of anothers meate.

And

And of a mans, whose white bones wasting lie  
 In some farre region, with th'incessancie  
 Of shoures pow'd downe vpon them; lying ashore,  
 Or in the seas wash't nak'd. Who, if he wore  
 Those bones with flesh and life, and industrie,  
 And these, might here in *Phoebe's* eye  
 On him return'd; they all would wish to be,  
 Either past other, in celeritie  
 Of feete and knees; and not contend to exceed  
 In golden garments. But his vertues feed  
 The fate of ill death: nor is left to me  
 The least hope of his lifes reuenerie;  
 No not, if any of the mortall race  
 Should tell me his returne, the chearfull face  
 Of his return'd day, neuer will appeare.

But tell me; and let Truth, your witnesse beare;  
 Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?  
 What parents? In what vessell set you forth?  
 And with what mariners arriu'd you here?  
 I cannot thinke you a foote passenger.  
 Recount then to me all; to teach me well,  
 Fit vlage for your worth. And if it fell  
 In chance now first that you thus see vs here,  
 Or that in former passages you were  
 My fathers guest? For many men haue bene  
 Guests to my father. Studios of men,  
 His sociable nature euer was.

On him againe, the grey-cyd Maide did passe  
 This kind reply; Ile answer passing true,  
 All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew  
 From wife *Anchialus*. The name I beare,  
 Is *Mentor*, the commanding Ilander  
 Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art  
 Of Navigation. Hauing toucht this part  
 With ship and men; of purpose to maintaine  
 Course through the darke seas; & other languag'd men.  
 And *Temesis* sustaines the cities name,  
 For which my ship is bound, made knowne by fame;  
 For rich in brasse, which my occasions need,  
 And therefore bring I shining Steele in heed,  
 Which their vse wants; yet makes pay vessels freight;  
 That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight.  
 Apart this citie, in the harbor call'd  
*Retrus*, whose waues, with *Nemus* woods are wall'd.  
 Thy Sire and I, were euer mutual guests,  
 At eithers house, still in exchanging feasts.  
 I glorie in it. Aske, when thou shalt see  
*Laertes*, th'old *Hecus*, these of mee;

B 4

From

From the beginning. He, men say, no more  
 Visits the Citie; but will needs deplore  
 His sonnes belcud losse, in a private field;  
 One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld  
 Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes  
 His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes  
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,  
 Which husbandman-like (though a King) he proines.  
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest;  
 I heare he wanders, while these woods feast.  
 And (as th'Immortals prompt me at this houre)  
 Ile tell thee, out of a propheticke powre,  
 (Nor as profess a Prophet, nor cleare scene  
 At all times, what shall after chance to men)  
 What I conceive, for this time, will be true:  
 The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.  
 Diuine *Vhyffes*, yet, abides not dead  
 About earth, nor beneath; nor buried  
 In any seas, (as you did late conceiue)  
 But, with the broad sea seg'd, is kept a line  
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,  
 That in his spire, his passage home detain;  
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tread  
 His countries deare earth; though solicited,  
 And held from his returne, with iron chaines.  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,  
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one,  
 For his returne, so much relide vpon.  
 But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed  
 So much <sup>e</sup> a sonne, as to be said the seed  
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much  
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Meete at this houre, before he did apply  
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,  
 In hollow ships were his associates.  
 But since that time, mine eyes could neuer see  
 Renownd *Vhyffes*, nor met his with me.  
 The wife *Telemachus* againe replide:  
 You shall withall I know, be satiside.  
 My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne:  
 I know not; nor was euer simply knowne  
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.  
 But would my veins had tooke in liuing fire  
 From some man happie, rather then one wife,  
 Whom age might see seizd, of what youth made prize.  
 But he, whoeuer of the mortall race  
 Is most ynblest, he holds my fathers place.

*I want more  
 Tactus filius.  
 Tellas thus en-  
 forcing her que-  
 stion, to stirre up  
 the son the more  
 to the fathers  
 worthinesse.*

*Telemachus to  
 Pollas.*

This, since you aske, I answer. She, againe:

The Gods sure did not make the future straine  
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,  
 Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.  
 The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,  
 Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.

Say truth in this then: what's this feasting heret  
 What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall chere?  
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?  
 For here no shots are, where all shewes be.  
 Past measure contumeliously, this crew  
 Fare through thy house; which should th'ingenuous view  
 Of any good or wise man come and find,  
 (Impietie seeing playd in euery kind)  
 He could not but through euery vein be mou'd.

Again *Telemachus*: My guest much lon'd,  
 Since you demand and list these fights so fame,  
 I grant twere fit, a house so regular,  
 Rich, and so faultlesse, once in government,  
 Should still at all parts, the same forme present,  
 That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.  
 But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,  
 Haue otherwise appointed; and disgrace  
 My father most, of all the mortall race.  
 For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,  
 Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered  
 By common enemies; or in the hands  
 Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;  
 After he had egregiously bestow'd  
 His powre and order in a warre so vow'd;  
 And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had dones;  
 That to all ages he might leaue his sonne  
 Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue  
 Dig'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.  
 Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;  
 And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.  
 Nor shall I any more moume him alone;  
 The Gods haue given me other cause of moue.  
 For looke how many Oprimates remaine  
 In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dalichian*,  
 Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare  
 Rule in the rough browes of this land here;  
 So many now, my mother and this house.  
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.  
 And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,  
 Nor will dispatch their importunities:  
 Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,  
 All my free house yeelds: and the little rest

*Pollas to Tele-  
 machus.*

This

Of



Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend  
 To bring, ere long, to some vntime end.  
 This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answer'd: O (saide she)  
 Absent *Ulysses* is much mist by thee:  
 That on these shamelesse suiters he might lay  
 His weakefull hands. Should he now come, and stay  
 In thy Courts first gates, arm'd with helme and shield,  
 And two such darts as I haue scene him wield,  
 When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,  
 Feasting, and doing his defects disport,  
 When from *Ephyrius* he returned by vs  
 From *Iliu*, sonne to *Centaure Mermerus*,  
 To whom he traueled through the warrie dreads,  
 For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,  
 That death, but toucht, caus'd; which he would not giue,  
 Because he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,  
 Would plague such death with death; and yet their feare  
 Was to my fathers bosome not so deare  
 As was thy fathers loue (for what he fought,  
 My louing father found him, to a thought.)  
 If such as then, *Ulysses* might but meete  
 With these proud wooers; all were at his secte  
 But instant dead men; and their nuptials  
 Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.  
 But these things in the Gods knes are reposed;  
 If his returne shall see with wreake inclosed,  
 These in his house, or he returne no more.  
 And therefore I aduise thee to explore  
 All waies thy selfe, to set these wooers gone;  
 To which end giue me fit attention;  
 To morrow into solemne counsell call  
 The Greeke *Herots*; and declare to all  
 (The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is:  
 Command to townes of their natiuities,  
 These frondesse wooers. If thy mothers mind,  
 Stands to her second nuptials, so enclinde;  
 Returne she to her royall fathers towers,  
 Where th'one of these may wed her, and her dowers  
 Make rich, and such as may consort with grace,  
 So deare a daughter, of so great a race.  
 And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well  
 Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built saile,  
 With twentie owers mann'd, and haste t'enquire  
 Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;  
 If any can informe thee, or thine eare  
 From some the fame of his retreatate may heare;  
 (For chiefly some giues all that honours men).  
 To *Pylus* first be thy adirection then

To god-like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haste  
 To gold-locke *Menelaus*, who was last  
 Of all the brasse-arm'd Greekes that saild from *Troy*.  
 And trie from both these, if thou canst enioy  
 Newes of thy Sires returne life, any where,  
 Though sad thou sufferst in his search, a yeare.  
 If of his death thou hearst, returne thou home;  
 And to his memorie erect a tombe:  
 Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,  
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame:  
 And then thy mother a fit husband giue.  
 These past, consider how thou maist deprive  
 Of worthlesse life, these wooers in thy house;  
 By open force, or proicts enginous.  
 Things childish fit not thee; th'art so no more:  
 Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore  
 Diuine *Orestes*, after he had slaine  
*Agisthus*, murdering by a trecherous traine  
 His famous father: Be then (my most lou'd)  
 Valiant and manly; euery way approu'd  
 As great as he. I see thy person fit,  
 Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;  
 All giuen thee, so to vse and manage here,  
 That euen past death they may their memories beare.  
 In meane time Ile descend to ship and men,  
 That much expect me. Be obseruant then  
 Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine  
 In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.

*Telemachus* replide: You open (saire Guest)  
 A friends heart, in your speech; as well exprest,  
 As might a father serue t'informe his sonne:  
 All which, sure place haue in my memorie wonne.  
 Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;  
 That hauing bath'd, and dignified your stay  
 With some more honour; you may yet beside,  
 Delight your mind, by being gratified  
 With some rich Present, taken in your way;  
 That, as a Iewell, your respect may lay  
 Vp in your treasure; bestowd by me,  
 As free friends vie to guests of such degree.

Detaine me not (saide she) so much inclinde  
 To haste my voyage. What thy loued minde  
 Commands to giue; at my returne this way,  
 Bestow on me; that I directly may  
 Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)  
 The more it asks my recompence to thee.

This said, away gray-eyed *Minerva* flew,  
 Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue

His mind with strength and boldnesse; and much more  
Made him, his father long for, then before.  
And weighing better who his guest might be,  
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie  
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd  
His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd  
Amongst the wooers; who were silent set,  
To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat  
The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence  
Proclaim'd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which diuine song, was perceiu'd to beare  
That mournfull subiect, by the listning eare  
Of wife *Penelope* (*Icarus* seed,  
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)  
Downe she descended by a winding staires,  
Not solely; but the State, in her repaire,  
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene  
Of women, stoop'd so low, she might be scene  
By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe  
(Ent'ring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly rooffe)  
She stood, in shade of gracefull vailles implide  
About her beauties: on her either side,  
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus  
She chid the sacred Singer: *Pheonius*,  
You know a number more of these great deeds,  
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds  
And proper subiects of a Poets song,  
And those due pleasures that to men belong)  
Besides these facts that furnish *Trois* retreat,  
Sing one of those to these, that round your seate  
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:

But cease this song, that through these cares of mine,  
Conuey deseru'd occasion to my heart  
Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the desert  
In me, vnmeasur'd is, past all these men;  
So endlesse is the memorie I retaine;  
And so desertfull is that memorie  
Of such a man, as hath a dignitie  
So broad, it spreds it selfe through all the pride  
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide  
Inspir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies  
My mother, him that fits & societies  
With so much harmonie, to let him please  
His owne mind, in his will to honor these  
For these ingenious, and first sort of men,  
That do immediately from *Ioue* retaine

*E. uiride endis.*  
Cantors, cuius  
tam apta est so-  
cietas homini-  
bus.  
h. artem,  
adipiscitur.  
Adipiscitur hanc  
Epitheta proper  
to Poet: for their  
first finding  
out of Arts and  
documents sen-  
ding to elocution  
and government:  
inspired vnto by  
Ioue: and are  
here called the  
first of men: since  
first they gave  
rules to manly  
life: and haue  
their informatiō  
immediately from Ioue: (as Plato in *Ion* witnesseth) The word deduc'd from *epos*, which is taken for him, and *primes* present all  
in res. And will aduocates then be sufficient's exprest with ingeniousist then which, no suspicion goes further,

Thick

Their singing raptures; are by *Ioue* as well  
Inspir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.  
*Ioues* will is free in it, and therefore theies;  
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires  
The Greekes make homeward, sings: for his fieth Muse,  
Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.

And therefore in his note, your eares employ:  
For, not *Phyllis* onely lost in *Troy*

The day of his returne; but numbers more,  
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.  
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;  
Your web, and distaffe, and your maids command  
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,  
And those reprotuing counsels you pursue,  
And most to me, of all men; since I beare  
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.  
She went amaz'd away; and in her heart,  
Laid vp the wisdom *Pallas* did impart  
To her lou'd sonne so lately, turn'd againe  
Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne  
In manly counsels. To her women, she  
Applied her sway; and to the wooers, he  
Began new orders; other spirits bewraid  
Then those, in spite of which, the wooers swaid.  
And (whales his mothers teares, still walnt her cics,  
Till gray *Minerva* did those teares surprise  
With timely sleepe; and that her wooer's did rouse  
Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the shade house,  
Dispos'd to sleepe because their widow was)  
*Telemachus*, this new-given spirit did passe  
On their old insolence: Ho! you that are  
My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare  
Your petulant spirits: sit; and while ye may  
Enjoy me in your banquets: see ye lay  
These loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,  
(Because my mother hath dislike his song)  
To grace her interruption: tis a thing  
Honest, and honour'd too, to heare one sing  
Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,  
As this man flows in. By the mornes first light,  
He call ye all before me, in a Court,  
That I may cleerly banish your resort  
With all your rudenesse, from these roofes of mine.  
Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine:  
Consume your owne goods, and make mutual feast  
At eithers house. Or if ye still hold best,  
And for your humors more suffic'd fill,  
To feed, to spoile (because vapourish still)

*Telemachus in  
new terms  
teach the wooers.*

*h. iacob,  
prima lecta.*

C

On

On other findings: spoile, but here I call  
Th'eternall Gods to witnesse, if it fall  
In my wisht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,  
(By *Iones* high bountie) these your present checks,  
To what I giue in charge, shall adde more reines  
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines  
Ye then must suffer, shall passe all your pride,  
Euer to see redrest, or qualifide.

At this, all bit their lips; and did admire  
His words sent from him, with such phrase, and fire:  
Which so much moud them; that *Antinous*  
(*Euphis* sonne) cried out: *Telemachus!*  
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height  
Of elcution; and this great conceit  
Of selfe-abilitee. We all may pray,  
That *Ioue* inuest not in this kingdome sway,  
Thy forward forces; which I see put forth  
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.

Be not offended, (he replide) if I  
Shall say, I would asume this emperie,  
If *Ioue* gaue leaue. You are not he that sings,  
*The rule of kingdomes is the worst of things.*  
Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne:  
A man may quickly gaine possession  
Of mightie riches; make a wondrous prize  
Set of his vertues; but the dignities  
That decke a King, there are enough beside  
In this circumsiuous Ile, that want no pride  
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,  
And old as you are. An ascent so hie,  
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held  
Desert of vertue to haue so exceed.  
But of these turrets, I will take on me  
To be the absolute King; and reigne as free  
As did my father, ouer all, his hand  
Left here, in this house, slaues to my command.

*Eurymachus*, the sonne of *Polysbus*,  
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus!*  
The Girland of this kingdome, let the knees  
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,  
This house is seald of, and the turrets here,  
Thou shalt be Lord of; nor shall any beare  
The least part of, of all thou dost possesse,  
As long as this land is no wilderness,  
Nor rul'd by out-laws). But giue these their passe,  
And tell me (best of Princes) who he was

Upon this answer  
of Telemachus  
because it hath  
sodain a changes  
and is so farre let  
down, frō his late  
height of heare,  
altering & rem-  
pering, so coman-  
dingly, his affe-  
ctious, I thought  
me amisse to in-  
sert here; ponda-  
nus further An-  
notation, which  
is this: Pruden-  
ter Telemachus  
iocos, futurem  
Antinoi ac alpe-  
riat emollit.  
Nam ita dictū  
illius interpreta-  
tur vt existime-  
tur: censere io-  
cose illa etiam  
ab Antico ad-  
uertum se pro-  
muncata. Et pri-  
tum ironice se  
Regem esse ex-  
optat propter  
commoda quæ  
Reges solent  
comitari. Ne ta-  
men inuidiam  
in se ambitione  
conciat, tellu-  
tur se regum  
libera non am-  
bire, mortuo Vhsie, cum id alij possidere queant se longe præstantiores ac digniores hoc vnum sibi se moliri, ut proprium  
adjuua & bonorum solus sit dominus, sibi exclusis ac cæcis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.

That

That guested here so late: from whence? and what  
In any region boasted he his state?  
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes  
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues  
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?  
How sodainly he rush into the aire?  
Nor would sustaine to stay, and make him knowne?  
His Port shewd no debauchd companion.

He answerd: The returne of my lou'd Sire,  
Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire  
From any place, a flattering messenger,  
With newes of his furiuall; he should beare  
No least belife off, from my desperate loue.  
Which if a sacred Prophet should approue,  
(Cald by my mother for her cares vnrest)  
It should not moue me. For my late faire guest,  
He was of old my Fathers: touching here  
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare  
*Nentus*; the sonne of wife *Anchialus*;  
And gouernes all the *Taphians*, studious  
Of Navigation. This he said: but knew  
It was a Goddesse. These againe withdrew  
To dances, and attraction of the song.  
And while their pleasures did the time prolong,  
The fable Euen descendd; and did sleepe  
The lids of all men in desire of sleepe.

*Telemachus*, into a roome built hie,  
Of his illustrious Court; and to the cie  
Of circular prospect; to his bed ascended;  
And in his mind, much weightie thought contendd.  
Before him, *Eurycles* (that well knew  
All the obsequence of a handmaids due,  
Daughter to *Opis Pysanorides*)  
Bore two bright torches. Who did so much please  
*Laertes* in her prime; that for the price  
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize  
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame  
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.  
Yet neuer durst he mixe with her in bed;  
So much the anger of his wife he fled.  
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*  
Two torches bore; and was obsequious,  
Past all his other maids; and did apply  
Her seruice to him, from his infancy.  
His wel-built chamber, reacht the opt the dore;  
He, on his bed sat. The soft weeds he wore,  
Put off; and to the diligent old maid  
Gane all; who sily all in thicke folds laid,

C 2

And

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed,  
 That round about was rich embrodered.  
 Then made she haste forth from him; and did bring  
 The doore together with a filuer ring;  
 And by a string, a barre to it did pull.  
 He laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,  
 Wouen in silke quilts: all night employd his minde  
 About the taske that *Pallas* had design'd.

*Finis libri primi Hom. Odyss.*



## THE

# THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**Elemaachus to Court doth call;  
 The wooers; and commands them all  
 To leave his house: and taking them  
 From wife *Minerua*, ship and men;  
 And all things fit for him beside,  
 That *Euryclia* could provide,  
 For sea-rates, till he found his Sire;  
 He boist's sale, when beauen stoopes his fire.

Another.

*Bala.* The old *Mada* store  
 The voyage chert;  
 The ship leaves shore,  
*Minerua* steres.

**N**ow when with rosie fingers, th'early borne,  
 And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the mome;  
*Vlysses* lou'd sonne from his bed appeard;  
 His weeds put on; and did about him gird  
 His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung; and tied  
 To his faire feete, faire shooes; and all parts plied  
 For speedie readinesse; who when he trod  
 The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to comfort  
 The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.  
 They summon'd; th'other came, in vtmost haste;  
 Who all assembl'd, and in one heape plac't;  
 He likewise came to counsell; and did beare  
 In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare:  
 Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;  
 But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.  
*Pallas* supplied with her high wisdomes grace,  
 (That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.  
 His entring preface, all men did admire;  
 Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;  
 To which the graue *Pectes* gaue him reuerend way.  
 Amongst whom, an *Egyptian Heroe*,  
 (Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
 The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,  
 That with diuine *Vlysses* did ascend  
 His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to *serue* which end,

*The Greekes cal-  
 led to counsell  
 by Telemaachus.*

He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;  
 And in the cruell *Cyclops* sterne alarms,  
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;  
 Whose entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;  
 And made of him (of all *Vlysses* traine)  
 His latest supper, being latest flaine.  
 His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,  
 This crooked growne; this wife *Egyptian*,  
 Had three sonnes more; of which, one riotous,  
 A wooer was, and call'd *Eurynomus*;  
 The other two, tooke both, his owne wisht course.  
 Yet, both the best fates, weighd not downe the worke;  
 But left the old man mindfull still of monie;  
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:  
 Hearc, *Ithacensians*, all I fildy say;  
 Since our diuine *Vlysses* parting day  
 Neuer was counsell call'd, nor lesson;  
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?  
 Whom did Necessitie so much compell,  
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell  
 Of any coming armie; that he thus now  
 May openly take boldnesse to auow?  
 First hauing heard it. Or will any here  
 Some motion for the publicke good preferre?  
 Some worth of note there is in this command;  
 And, me thinks, it must be some good mans hand  
 That's put to it; that either hath direct  
 Meanes to assist, or, for his good affe<sup>r</sup>,  
 Hopes to be happie in the proofe. he makes;  
 And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.  
*Telemachus* (reioycing much to heare  
 The good hope, and opinion men did beare  
 Of his yong actions) no longer sat,  
 But longd to approue, what this man pointed at;  
 And make his first prooffe, in a cause so good;  
 And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he stood;  
 When strait, *Pysenor* (Herald to his Sire,  
 And leard in counsels) felt his heart on fire,  
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand  
 The Scepter that his Father did command;  
 Then (to the old *Egyptian* turn'd) he spoke:  
 Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke  
 To call this counsell, whom you soone shall know.  
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefes will make me show,  
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;  
 Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;  
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;  
 Nor for the publicke good, can aught relate;

*Telemachus pro-  
 poses his office  
 to the Greekes.*

Only

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,  
 That in my house a double ill endure;  
 One, hauing lost a Father so renownd,  
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crown'd:  
 The other is, what much more doth augment }  
 His weightie losse, the ruine imminent }  
 Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.  
 And of all this, the wooers, that are sonnes  
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confusions:  
 Importuning my Mothers marriage  
 Against her will, nor dares their blouds bold rage  
 Go to *Icarus*, her fathers Court,  
 That, his will ask, in kind and comely sort,  
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;  
 And, the consenting, at his pleasures powre,  
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behau'd)  
 May haue fit grace; and see her honor sau'd;  
 But these, in none but my house, all their liues  
 Resolue to spend; slaughtring my sheepe and beeces;  
 And with my fattest goates, lay feast on feast;  
 My generous wine, consuming as they list.  
 A world of things they spoile; here wanting one,  
 That like *Vlysses*, quickly, could set gone  
 These peace-plagues from his house, that spoile like warre.  
 Whom my powres are vnfit, to vnge so farre,  
 My selfe immartiall. But had I the powre,  
 My will should serue me, to exempt this house  
 From out my life time. For past patience,  
 Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence  
 Of any honor. Falling is my house,  
 Which you should shame to see so ruinous.  
 Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,  
 That dwell about you; and for feare to liue  
 Expole to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay  
 Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray  
 Or *Themis*, both which, powres haue to restrain  
 Or gather Councels; that ye will abstaine  
 From further spoile; and let me onely waste  
 In that most wretched griefe I haue embrac't  
 For my lost Father. And though I am free  
 From meriting your outrage, yet, if he  
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart  
 Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert  
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take  
 Of his ill, on my life; and all these, make  
 Ioyne in that iustice, but to see abuse  
 Those goods that do none ill, but being ill vs'd,  
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

C 4

My

My whole possessions, and my rents to see  
 Consum'd by you; then lose my life and all;  
 For on your rapine a reuenge may fall,  
 While I live; and so long I may complain  
 About the Cities, till my goods againe  
 (Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.  
 But in the meane space, your mis-rule hath laid  
 Griues on my bolome, that can onely speake,  
 And are denied the instant powre of wreake.

This said, his Scepter gainst the ground he threw,  
 And teares still'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:  
 The Court strooke silent; nor a man did dare  
 To giue a word, that might offend his eare.

*Antinous* onely, in this sort replied:

High-spoken, and of spirit vnpacified,  
 How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?  
 Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?  
 Your mother (first in craft) is first in cause.

Three yeares are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,

Since first she mocked the Peeres *Achaian*.

All, she made hope, and promist euery man:

Sent for vs euer; left loues shew in nought;

But in her heart, conceald another thought.

Besides, (as curious in her craft) her loome

She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome,

And thus belpake vs: Youths that seeke my bed,

Since my diuine Spouse rests among the dead,

Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most

This funerall weed; lest what is done, be lost.

Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate

Of bitter death, shall take into his state,

*Laertes* the *Hecor*; it shall decke

His royall corse; since I should suffer checke

In ill report, of euery common dame,

If one so rich, should shew in death his shame.

This speech she vsde; and this did soone perswade

Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made

So hugely long; vndoing still in night

(By torches) all, she did by dayes broad light;

That three yeares her deceit, did past our views,

And made vs thinke, that all she faind, was true.

But when the fourth yeare came; and those flie houres,

That still surpris at length, Dames craftiest powres;

One of her women, that knew all, disclosed

The secret to vs; that she still vnfolded

Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.

And then, no further she could force her sleight,

But, of necessitie, her worke gaue end.

*Antinous to Te-  
lemachus.*

*The wife of Pe-  
nelope to her  
mothers.*

*Telemachus to Pe-  
nelope.*

And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,  
 Professing loue to her, reply to thee;  
 That euen thy selfe, and all Greeks else may see,  
 That we offend not in our stay, but thee. }  
 To free thy house then, send her to her Sire;  
 Commanding that her choice be left entire  
 To his election, and one sett'd will.  
 Nor let her vex with her illusions still,  
 Her friends that woo her; standing on her wit;  
 Because wife *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,  
 So full of Art; and made her vnderstand  
 All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.  
 But (for her working mind) we reade of none  
 Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath showne  
 Her rarest peeces, that could equall her:  
*Tyro*, *Alcmena*, and *Myce* were  
 To hold comparisn in no degree  
 (For solide braine) with wife *Penelope*.  
 And yet in her delays of vs, she shoves  
 No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;  
 For all this time, thy goods and victuals go  
 To vtter ruine; and shall euer so  
 While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.  
 Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose  
 Thy longings euen for necessary food;  
 For we will neuer go, where lies our good;  
 Nor any other where; till this delay  
 She puts on all, she quits with th' endlesse stay  
 Of some one of vs; that to all the rest  
 May giue free farewell with his nuptial feast.

The wife yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!  
 I may by no meanes turne out of my house,  
 Her that hath brought me forth, and nourisht me.  
 Besides, if quicke or dead my Father be  
 In any region, yet abides in doubt,  
 And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)  
 To tender to *Isarius* againe  
 (If he againe, my mother must maintaine  
 In her retreat) the dowre she brought with her.  
 And then, a double ill it will conserue,  
 Both from my Father, and from God, on me;  
 When (thrust out of her house) on her bent knee,  
 My Mother shall the horrid Furies raise  
 With imprecations; and all men dispraise  
 My part in her exposure. Neuer then  
 Will I performe this counsell. If your spleene  
 Swell at my courtes; once more I command  
 Your absence from my house. Some others hand

*Telemachus to  
Antinous.*

Charge with your banquet. On your owne goods care;  
 And either other mutually intreate,  
 At either of your houles, with your feast.  
 But if ye still esteeme more sweete and best,  
 Another spoile, so you still weaklesse liue:  
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes giue  
 To your deuouring; it remains that I  
 Inuoke each euer-liuing Deitie;  
 And vow if *Ioue* shall daigne in any daye,  
 Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;  
 From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reuel'd so,  
 Vnwreakt, your ruines, all shall vndergo.

Augurium.

Thus spake *Telemachus*, t' assure whose threat,  
 Farre-seeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions set  
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill,  
 That, mounted on the winds, together fill  
 Their strokes extended. But arriuing now  
 Amidst the Councell; ouer euery brow,  
 Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)  
 Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Scrres.  
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,  
 Aboue both Court and Citie: with whose view  
 And studie what euents they might foretell,  
 The Councell into admiration fell.

Haliburfes an Augur.

The old *Herse*, *Haliburfes* then,  
 The sonne of *Nestor*, that of all old men  
 (His Peeres in that Court) onely could foresee:  
 By sight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;  
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interpretor:  
 Heare (*Ithacensians*) all your doubts disclose,  
 The woocers most are toucht in this ostent,  
 To whom are dangers great and imminent.  
 For now, not long more shall *Vlysses* beare  
 Lacke of his most lou'd; but sit some place neare,  
 Addressing to these woocers, Fate and Death.  
 And many more, this mischief menaceth  
 Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.  
 Let vs consult yet, in this long forewhile,  
 How to our selues we may preuent this ill.  
 Let these men rest secure, and reuell still:  
 Though they might find it safer, if with vs  
 They would in time preuent what threats them thus:  
 Since not without sure trial, I foretell  
 These coming stormes; but know their issue well.  
 For to *Vlysses*, all things haue euent,  
 As I foretold him; when for *Iliou* went  
 The whole Greeke flecte together; and with them,  
 Th' abundant in all counsels, tooke the streame.

I told him, that when much ill he had past,  
 And all his men were lost; he should at last,  
 The twentieth yeare turne home, to all vnknowne;  
 All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Eurymachus*, the sonne of *Polybus*,

Oppos'd this mans preface, and answerd thus:

Hence, Great in yeares, go; prophetic at home;  
 Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.

In these, superiour farre to thee, am I.

A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames sicke }  
 That are not fit t'enforme a prophetic.

Besides, *Vlysses* perisht long ago,

And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so;

Since so, thy so much prophetic had spar'd

Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward

Expected home with thee, hath summon'd vs

Within the anger of *Telemachus*.

But this will I preface, which shall be true,

It any sparke of anger, chance t' ensoe

Thy much old art, in these deepe Auguries,

In this yong man incensed by thy lies;

Euen to himselfe, his anger shall confesse

The greater anguish; and thine owne ends erre

From all their objects: and besides, thine age

Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse preface,

With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee neare.

But I will soone giue end to all our feare,

Preuenting whatsoeuer chance can fall,

In my suite to the yong Prince, for vs all

To send his mother to her fathers house,

That he may sort her out a worthy spouse;

And such a dowre bestow, as may best

One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.

Before which course be, I beleue that none

Of all the Greekes will cease th' ambition

Of such a match. For, chance what can to vs,

We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,

Though ne're so greatly spoken. Nor care we

For any threats of austere prophetic

Which thou (old dotard) vanst of so in vaine.

And thus shalt thou in much more ease remaine;

For still the Gods shall beare their ill expence;

Nor euer be disposed by competence,

Till with her nuptials, she dismiss our suites.

Our whole liues dayes shall low hopes for such fruites.

Her vertues we contend to; nor will go }

To any other, be the neuer so }

Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

*Eurymachus* con-  
 cepts against the  
 prophetic.

I told

He

*Telemachus to  
the wooers.*

He answerd him: *Euonymachus*! and all  
Ye generous wooers, now, in generally,  
I see your braue resolves; and will no more  
Make speech of these points; and much lesse, implore.  
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
And all the Gods besides, iust witness beare,  
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent  
On your forbearance, and their vaine censure.  
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile  
To fit me with a vessell, free of saile;  
And twentie men; that may diuide to me  
My readie passage through the yeelding sea.  
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon Pylis* shore  
I now am bound; in purpose to explore  
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame  
(Or *Jove*, most author of mans honourd name)  
With his returne and life, may glad mine eares;  
Though toild in that proofe, I sustaine a yeare.  
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state, here  
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will reare  
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate  
Such royall parent rites, as fits his state.  
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

*Mentor for  
Telemachus.*

This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose  
*Mentor*, that was *Ulysses* chosen friend;  
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend  
His compleate family; and whom he willed  
To see the mind of his old Sire fulfilld;  
All things conseruing safe, till his retreat;  
Who (tender of his charge; and seeing so set  
In slight care of their King, his subiects there,  
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)  
Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:

No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,  
Beneuolent, or milde, or humane be;  
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,  
But euer feed on blood, and facts vnjust  
Commit, euen to the full swing of his lust;  
Since of diuine *Ulysses*, no man now  
Of all his subiects, any thought doth show.  
All whom he gouern'd; and became to them  
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)  
A most indulgent father. But (for all  
That can touch me) within no enuie fall  
These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,  
Commit things foule, by th'ill wit of the mind;  
And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure  
*Ulysses* house; since his returning houre,

They

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,  
(Ye dull plebcians) that all this doth touch  
Your free States nothing; who (stooke dumbe) afford  
These wooers, not so much wreake as a word;  
Though few, and you, with onely number might  
Extinguish to them the prophaned light.

*Euenors* sonne (*Lincurus*) replide;

*Mentor*! the railer, made a foole with pride;  
What language giu'st thou: that would quiet vs,  
With putting vs in storme? exciting thus  
The rout against vs: who, though more then we,  
Should find it is no easie victorie  
To driue men, habited in feast, from feasts;  
No not if *Ithacus* himselfe, such guests  
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,  
And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.  
His wife should little ioy in his arriuie,  
Though much she wants him: for, where she, aliuie  
Would hers enjoy, there Death should claime his rights:  
He must be conquerd, that with many fights.  
Thou speakest vnfit things. To their labours then,  
Disperse these people; and let these two men  
(*Mentor* and *Halietheres*) that so boast,  
From the beginning to haue gouern'd most  
In friendship of the Father; to the sonne  
Confirm the course, he now affects to runne.  
But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse  
A little patience; he should here heare newes  
Of all things that his wish would vnderstand;  
But no good hope for, of the course in hand.

This said; the Councell rose; when euery Peere  
And all the people, in dispersion were  
To houses of their owne; the wooers yet  
Made to *Ulysses* house their old retreat.

*Telemachus*, apart from all the prease,  
Prepar'd to shoo; and (in the aged seas,  
His faire hands wash't) did thus to *Pallas* pray:  
Heare me (O Goddess) that but yesterday  
Didst daigne access to me at home; and lay  
Graue charge on me, to take ship, and enquire  
Along the daik seas for mine absent Sire;  
Which all the Greekes oppose; amongst whom, most  
Those that are proud still at anothers cost,  
Past measure, and the ciuill rights of men,  
(My mothers wooers) my repulse maintaine.

Thus spake he praying; when close to him came  
*Pallas*, resembling *Mentor*, both in frame  
Of voice and person; and aduise him thus:

D

Those

*Lincurus to  
Mentor.*

*Telemachus  
prays to Pallas.*



*Minerva in the  
person of Men-  
tor, exhortes to  
the voyage.*

Those wooers well might know; *Telemachus!*  
Thou wilt not euer weake and childish be;  
If to thee be in filld the facultie  
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.  
And if (like him) there be in thee encha't  
Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;  
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend  
Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,  
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their opposite spleene.  
But if *Ulysses*, nor *Penelope*  
Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee  
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;  
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,  
Are like their parents; many that are worse;  
And most few, better. Those then that the nurse,  
Or mother call true borne; yet are not so;  
Like worthy Sires, much lesse are like to grow.  
But thou shewst now, that in thee fades not quite  
Thy Fathers wisdome; and that future light  
Shall therefore shew thee farre from being vnwise,  
Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.  
*Hope* therefore sayes, that thou wilt to the end  
Pursue the braue act, thou didst erst intend.  
But for the foolish wooers, they bewray  
They neither counsell haue, nor soule; since they  
Are neither wise nor iust; and so must needs  
Rest ignorant, how blacke about their heads  
Fate houer, holding Death; that one sole day  
Will make enough to make them all away.  
For thee; the way thou wishest, shall no more  
Flie thee a step; I that haue bene before  
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewise now will be;  
Prouide thy ship my selfe, and follow thee.  
Go thou then home, and looth each wooers vaine;  
But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;  
Wine, in as strong and sweete casks as you can;  
And meale, the very marrow of a man;  
Which put in good sure lether sacks; and see  
That with sweete foode, sweete vessels still agree.  
I, from the people, strait will presse for you  
Free voluntaries; and (for ships) enow  
Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* contains, both new  
And old built; all which, I'll exactly view,  
And chuse what one fouer most doth please;  
Which riggd, wee'll strait lanch, and assay the seas.  
This spake *Ioues* daughter, *Pallas*; whose voice heard;  
No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;  
But hasted home; and, sad at heart, did see

Amidst

Amidst his Hall, th'insulting wooers sica  
Goates, and rost swine. Mongst whom, *Antinous*  
Carlesse, (discouering in *Telemachus*  
His grudge to see them) laught; met; tooke his hand,  
And said, High spoken! with the mind so mannd;  
Come, do as we do; put not vp your spirits  
With these low trifles; nor our louing merits,  
In gall of any hatefull purpose, sleepe;  
But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe.  
The things thou thinkst on, all, at full shall be  
By th' *Achives* thought on, and performd to thee:  
Ship, and choise Oares, that in a trice will land  
Thy hastie Fleete, on heau'nly *Pylus* land;  
And at the fame of thy illustrious Sire.

*Antinous to  
Telemachus.*

He answerd: Men whom Pride doth so inspire,  
Are no fit comforts for a humble guest;  
Nor are constraind men, merrie at their feast.  
Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue  
Op't in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?  
And while I was a child, made me partake?  
My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:  
And (hearing speake, more iudging men then you)  
Perceiue how much I was misgouern'd now.  
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home  
An ill Fate to comfort you; if it come  
From *Pylus*, or amongst the people, here.  
But thither I resolute, and know that there  
I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I stay,  
Though in a merchants ship I fere my way:  
Which shewes in your sights best; since me ye know  
Incapable of ship, or men to row.

This said; his hand he coily snatcht away  
From forth *Antinous* hand. The rest, the day  
Spent through the house with banquets; some with iests,  
And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.  
To whom, a iest-proud youth, the wit began:

*Telemachus* will kill vs euery man.  
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylus* land,  
He will raise aides to his impetuous hand.  
O he affects it strangely! Or he meanes  
To search *Ephyra* as far shores; and from thence  
Bring deathfull poisons, which amongst our boules  
Will make a generall shipwracke of our soules.

Another said: Alas who knowes, but he  
Once gone; and erring like his Sire at sea,  
May perish like him, farre from aide of friends?  
And so he makes vs worke; for all the ends  
Left of his goods here, we shall share; the house

*The wit of the  
wooers vpon the  
purpose of Tele-  
machus to seek  
his Father.*

D 2

Left

Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse.

Thus they. While he a roome ascended, hie  
And large, built by his Father, where did lie  
Gold and brasse heapt vp; and in coffers were  
Rich robes; great store of odorous oiles; and there  
Stood Tuns of sweete old wines along the wall;  
Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall  
*Ulysses* old heart, if he turnd againe  
From labors fatall to him to sustaine.  
The doores of Planke were; their close exquisite,  
Kept with a double key; and day and night  
A woman lockt within; and that was she,  
Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.

*Telemachus* to  
*Eurycles*.

Old *Eurycles*, (one of *Opus* race,  
Sonne to *Pisenor*, and in passing grace  
With gray *Minerva*; her, the Prince did call;  
And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all  
The wine thou keepst; next that, which for my Sire,  
Thy care referues, in hope he shall retire.  
Twelue vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.  
Then into well-sewd sacks, of fine ground meale,  
Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one  
But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.  
All this see got together; I, it all  
In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.  
*Sparta* and *Pylus*, I must see, in care

*Eurycles* answer.  
Iver.

To find my Father. Out *Eurycles* cried,  
And askt with reares: Why is your mind applied  
(Deare sonne) to this course; whither will you go?  
So fare off! leaue vs; and beloued for  
So onely; and the sole hope of your race:  
Royall *Ulysses*, farre from the embrace  
Of his kind cuntry; in a land vnknowne  
Is dead; and you (from your lou'd cuntry gone)  
The wooers will with some deceit assay  
To your destruction; making then their prey  
Of all your goods. Where, in your owne yare strong,  
Make sure abode. It fits not you so yong,  
To suffer so much by the aged seas,  
And erre in such a waylesse wilde cresse.

*Telemachus* com-  
forts *Eurycles*.

Be chear'd (lou'd nurse, said he) for not without  
The will of God, go my attempts about,  
Swear therefore, not to wound my mothers eares  
With word of this; before from heauen appears  
Th'eleuenth or twelfth light; or her selfe shall please  
To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;  
Left her faire bodie, with her woe be woe.

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;  
Which, hauing sworne; and of it, euery due  
Perform'd to full: to vessels, wine she drew;  
And into well-sewd sacks powr'd foodie meale;  
In meane time he (with cunning to conceal  
All thought of this from others) himselfe bore  
In broade house, with the wooers, as before.

Then grey-cy'd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;  
And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;  
Commanding all his men, in th'eu'n to be  
Aboord his ship. Againe then question'd she  
*Neremon* (fam'd for aged *Phronimus* sonne)  
About his ship; who, all things to be done,  
Assur'd her freely should. The Sunne then set,  
And sable shadowes slid through euery streete,  
When forth they lancht; and soone aboard did bring  
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing;  
That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddesse then  
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men  
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,  
Whose euery breast, she did with spirit enflame.  
Yet still fresh proiects, laid the grey-cy'd Dame.

Straight to the house she hasten'd, and sweete sleepe  
Powr'd on each wooer; which so laid in sleepe  
Their drowfie temples, that each brow did nod,  
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode  
(The cup) let fall. All start vp, and to bed,  
Nor more would watch, when sleepe so suffeted  
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call  
*Telemachus*, (in bodie, voice, and all  
Resembling *Mentor*) from his native nest:  
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest  
To vse their Oares; and all expected now  
He should the spirit of a souldier shew.  
Come then (said she) no more let vs deferre  
Our honor'd action. Then she tooke on her  
A rauiht spirit, and led as she did leape;  
And he her most haste, tooke out, step by step.

Arriu'd at sea, and ship; they found ashore  
The souldiers, that their fashio'd long haire wore;  
To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring  
Our voyages prouision: euery thing  
Is heapt together in our Court; and none  
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one  
Knowes our intention. This exprest, he led;  
The souldiers close together followed;  
And all together brought aboard their store.  
Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* still before

The care of *Minerva* for *Telemachus*.

*Telemachus* to  
his souldiers.

Sat at the Sterne: he close to her; the men  
Vp, hasted after. He, and *Pallas* then,  
Put from the shore. His fouldiers then he bad  
See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.

Nauigatur.

A beechen Mast then, in the hollow bafe  
They put, and hoisted; fixt it in his place  
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halfers hoise  
Their white sailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes  
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.  
The purple waues (so swift cut) roar'd againe  
Against the ship sides, that now ranne, and plowd  
The rugged seas vp. Then the men bestowd  
Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice  
With crownd wine cups, to th' endlesse Deities.  
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd above,  
They most obleru'd the grey-cy'd feed of *Joue*:  
Who from the euening, till the morning rose,  
And all day long, their voyage did dispose.

xiiij.

mappuor.

*Finis libri secundis Hom. Odyss.*



## THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, and his wife Deme,*  
*That neuer husband had, now came*  
*To Nestor; who, his sister guest*  
*Recens'd at the religious feast*  
*He made to Neptune, on his shore,*  
*And there told what was done before*  
*The Trojan current; and the state*  
*Of all the Greekes, since Ilious fell.*  
*This booke, she's three of great off place,*  
*Dash seru with many a varied grace.*  
*(Which past); Minerva takes her leave.*  
*Whose state, when Nestor dash perceiues,*  
*With sacrifice he makes it knowne,*  
*Where many a pleasing rite is shewne,*  
*Which done, Telemachus had gaind*  
*A chariot of him; who ordaind*  
*Pisitratu, his sonne, his guide*  
*To Sparta; and when starre eyd*  
*The ample bea'n began to be;*  
*All heu's rites to afford them free*  
*(In Pheris) Diocles did please,*  
*His surname Orthochides.*

Pallas.

*Vid. Minerva,*  
*Nestor & Tele-*  
*machus.*

### Another.

*Tauqua. Vlysses sonne*  
*With Nestor lies;*  
*To Sparta goes,*  
*Thence Pallas flies.*

**T**He Supre now left the great and goodly Lake,  
And to the firme heau'n, bright ascens did make,  
To shine as well vpon the mortall birth,  
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,  
As on the suer bedders vpon Death.  
And now to *Pyles*, that so garbitheth  
Her selfe with buildings, old *Atene* towne,  
The Prince and Goddesse come, had strange fights shewne;  
For on the Marine shore, the people there  
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare,  
Beues that were wholly blacke, gaue holy flame.  
Nine seates of State they made to his high name;

And every Seate set with five hundred men;  
And each five hundred, was to furnish then  
With nine blacke Oxen, every sacred Seate.  
These, of the entrails onely, pleas'd to eate,  
And to the God enflam'd the fleslie thies.

By this time *Pallas*, with the sparkling cies,  
And he she led, within the haven bore:

*Minerva to Telemachus*

Strooke saile, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.  
She first, he after. Then said *Pallas*: Now  
No more befits thee the least bashfull brow;  
Tembolden which, this act is put on thee  
To seeke thy Father, both at shore, and sea:  
And learne in what Clime, he abides so close;  
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repose.

Come then; go right to *Nestor*; let vs see,  
If in his bosome any counsell be,  
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace  
The common courtship; and to speake in grace  
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:  
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth;  
For such preuention; for he louses no lies;  
Nor will report them, being truly wile.

*Telemachus to Minerva,*

He answerd: *Mentor*! how alas shall I  
Present my selfe: how greete his grauitie;  
My youth by no means that ripe forme affords;  
That can digest my minds instinct, in words  
Wile, and befitting th' eares of one so sage.  
Youth of most hope, blisht to vse words with Age!

She said: Thy mind will some conceit impresse,  
And something God will prompt thy towardnesse.  
For I suppose, thy birth and breeding too,  
Were not in spite of what the Gods could do.

This said, she swiftly went before, and he  
Her steps made guides, and followd instantly.  
When soone they reacht the *Pylus* throngs and seats,  
Where *Nestor* with his sonnes late; and the meates  
That for the feast seru'd; round about them were  
Adherents dressing all their sacred ebeare,  
Being rost and boyld meates. When the *Pylus* saw  
These strangers come: in thrust did all men draw  
About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid  
They both would sit: Their entrie first assaid  
By *Nestor* sonne; *Pisistratus*. In grace

*They are received as guests.*

Of whose repaire, he gaue them honor'd place  
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Ibrafid*,  
Who sate at feast, on soft fells that were spread  
Along the sca sands. Seru'd, and teacht to them  
Parts of the inwards; and did make a streame

Of spritely wine, into a golden bouley  
Which to *Minerva*, with a gentle soule  
He gaue, and thus spake: Ere you eate, faire guest,  
Inuoke the Seas King; of whose sacred feast,  
Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:  
When (sacrificing, as becomes) bestow  
This bouley of sweete wine on your friend, that he  
May likewise vse these rites of pietie:  
For I suppose, his youth doth prayers vse,  
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuse  
First in this cups dispofure; since his yeares  
Seeme short of yours; who more like me appeares:  
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleasant wine,  
And since a wile and iust man did designe  
The golden bouley first to her free receipt,  
Euen to the Goddesse it did adde delight.

*The humbilitie of Pisistratus to strangers.*

Who thus inuokt: *Hear thou whose vast embrace  
Enspheeres the whole earth; nor disdaine thy grace  
To vs that aske it, in performing this:*

*Minerva's grace.*

To *Nestor* first, and these faire sonnes of his,  
Vouchsafe all honor: and next them, bestow  
On all these *Pylus*; that haue offerd now  
This most renowned Hecatombe to thee,  
Remuneration fit for them, and free;  
And lastly daigne *Telemachus*, and me,

(*The worke performd, for whose effect we came*)  
Our safe returne, both with our ship and fame.  
Thus praid she; and her selfe, her selfe obaid;  
In th' end performing all for which she praid.  
And now to pray, and do as she had don;

She gaue the faire round bouley to *Vlysses* sonne.  
The meate then drest, and drawne, and seru'd each guest;  
They celebrated a most lumptuous feast.  
When (appetite to wine and food allaid)  
Horse-taming *Nestor* then began, and said:

Now lifes desire is seru'd, as farr as farr;  
Time fits me to enquire, what guests these are.  
Faire guests, what are ye? and for what Coast tries  
Your ship the moist deepes: For fit merchandize,  
Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize?  
The rough seas tempting; desperately crying  
The ill of others, in their good conferring?

*Nestor to the strangers.*

The wile Prince, now his boldnesse did begin;  
For *Pallas* selfe had hardned him within;  
By this deuice of trauell to explore  
His absent Father; which two Girlonds wore;  
His good, by manage of his spirits; and then  
To gaine him high grace, in th' accounts of men.

Telemachus answers,

O Nestor! still in whom *Neleus* lives!  
And all the glorie of the Greeks survives;  
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:  
From *Ithaca* (whose seat is situate  
Where *Nieus* the renowned Mountaine reares  
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares  
To be our Sea-marke) we assaid the waues;  
The businesse I must tell; our owne good craues,  
And not the publicke. I am come to enquire,  
If in the fame that best men doth inspire,  
Of my most suffering Father, I may heare  
Some truth of his estate now; who did beare  
The name (being joynd in fight with you alone)  
To euen with earth the height of *Ilium*.  
Of all men else, that any name did beare,  
And fought for *Troy*, the seuerall ends we heare;  
But his death, *Ioue* keeps from the world vnknowne,  
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.  
If on the Continent, by enemies flaine;  
Or with the waues eat, of the rauinous *Maine*.  
For his loue tis, that to your knees I sue;  
That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,  
T'allure his sad end; or say, if your care  
Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,  
To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.  
You then, by all your bounties I implore,  
(If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,  
By my good Father promist, rendered good  
Amongst the Troians; where ye both haue tried  
The Grecian sufferance) that, in nought applied  
To my respect or pitie, you will close,  
But vnclodh Truth, to my desires disclose.

Nestor to Telemachus,

O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew  
Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing *Greece*,  
Amongst *Troy's* people; I must touch a peece  
Of all our woes there; either in the men  
*Achilles* brought by sea, and led to gaine  
About the Country; or in vs that fought  
About the Citie, where to death were brought  
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.  
There *Mars*-like *Aiax* lies; *Achilles* there;  
There the in-counsell-like the Gods; his \*friends  
There my deare sonne *Antilochus* tooke end;  
Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.  
A number more, that ils felt infinite:  
Of which to reckon all, what mortal man  
(If fise or fixe yeares you should stay here) can

Patruus,

Serue such enquire: You would backe againe,  
Affected with vnufferable paine,  
Before you heard it. Nine yeares fled we them,  
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem  
That could be thought. Ill knit so ill, past end:  
Yet still they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* send  
Rest to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.  
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set  
His wi'edome, by *Phyfes* policie,  
(As thought his equal) so excessively  
He stood superiour all wayes. If you be  
His sonne indeed; mine eyes euen rauiſh me  
To admiration. And in all consene,  
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.  
Nor would one say, that one so yong could vse  
(Vnlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.  
And while we liu'd together, he and I  
Neuer in speech mainzaind diuerſitie:  
Nor set in counsell: but (by one soule led)  
With spirit and prudent counsell furnished  
The Greeks at all houres: that with faireſt course,  
What best became them, they might put in force.  
But when *Troy's* high Towres, we had leueld thus;  
We put to sea; and God diuided vs.  
And then did *Ioue*, our sad retreat deuise;  
For all the Greeks were neither iust nor wise;  
And therefore many felt so sharpe a fate;  
Sent from *Mineruas* most pernicious hate;  
Whose mightie Father can do fearefull things.  
By whose helpe ſine, betwixt the brother Kings  
Let fall Contention: who in counsell met  
In vaine, and timeleſſe, when the Sunne was set;  
And all the Greeks call'd; that came changd with wine.  
Yet then the Kings would vtter their deſigne;  
And why they ſummond. *Menelaus*, he  
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.  
But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;  
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice  
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo  
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know  
She would not so be wonne: for not with ease  
Th'eternall Gods are turnd from what they please.  
So they (diuided) on foule language stood.  
The Greekes, in huge rout roſe: their wine heate bloud,  
Two wayes affecting. And that nights ſleepe too,  
We turnd to ſtudying either others wo.  
When *Ioue* beſides, made readie woes enow.  
Morne came, we lancht; and in our ſhips did ſtow

De Greecorum  
diffidia.

Serue

Our

Disfors nauiga-  
tio Græcorum.

Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men

The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;  
 And halfe (being now aboard) put forth to sea,  
 A most free gale gaue all ships prosperous way.  
 God settld then the huge whale-bearing lake;  
 And *Tenedos* we reacht, where, for times sake,  
 We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*  
 (Inexorable still) bore yet no loue  
 To our returne; but did againe excite  
 A second sad Contention, that turnd quite  
 A great part of vs backe to sea againe,  
 Which were th'abundant in all counsels men,  
 (Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie  
 The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie,  
 But I fled all, with all that followd me;  
 Because I knew, God studied miserie,  
 To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled  
 Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,  
 Gat to go with him. Winds our flecte did bring  
 To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King  
 (Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choise  
 A tedious voyage; if we saile should hoise  
 Aboue rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)  
 To th' Ile of *Pfiris*; or that rugged land  
 Saile vnder, and for windie *Mimas* sterre.  
 We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare  
 Our cloudie businesse: who gaue vs signe,  
 And charge, that all should (in a middle line)  
 The sea cut, for *Eubæa*; that with speed,  
 Our long-sustained infortune might be freed.  
 Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,  
 And swiftly flew we through the fishie skies,  
 Till to *Geraïus* we in night were brought;  
 Where (through the broad sea, since we safe had wrought)  
 At *Neptunes* altars, many solid thies  
 Of slaughterd buls, we burnd for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when *Tydeus* sonne did greete  
 The haue of *Argos*, with his complete flecte.  
 But I, for *Phylas* strait ster'd on my course,  
 Nor euer left the wind his fore-right force,  
 Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came  
 (Deare sonne) to *Phylas*, vninformed by fame;  
 Nor know one sau'd by Fate, or ouercome.  
 Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)  
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left vnshowne.

The expert speare-men, eury Myrmidon,  
 (Led by the braue heire of the mightieould  
 Vnpceerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philoctetes*, *Pæans* famous seed:

And safe *Idomeneus*; his men led  
 To his home, (*Cretes*) who fled the armed field;  
 Of whom, yet none, the sea from him withheld.

*Atrides* (you haue both heard, though ye be  
 His farte off dwellers) what an end had he;  
 Done by *Ægisthus*, to a bitter death;  
 Who miserably paid for forced breath;  
*Atrides* leauing a good sonne, that did  
 In blood of that deceitfull parricide  
 His wreakfull sword. And thou my friend (as he  
 For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee  
 Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see  
 Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;  
 That after-times, as much may thee commend.

He answered: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*,  
*Orestes* made that wreake, his master peece;  
 And him the Greeks will giue, a master praise;  
 Vcrif finding him, to last all after daies.  
 And would to God, the Gods would fauour me  
 With his performance; that my iniurie,  
 Done by my mothers woocers, (being so foule)  
 I might reuenge vpon their eury foule.  
 Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare  
 Such things as past the powre of vicerance are.  
 But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my desire;  
 With no such honor. Both my Sire and I,  
 Are borne to suffer euerlastingly.

Because you name those woocers (Friend, said he)  
 Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,  
 (Wooing thy mother) in thy house commit  
 The ils thou nam'st. But say, proceede to it  
 From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile;  
 Or from thy subiects hate, that with thy spoile:  
 And will not aide thee, since their spirits reie  
 (Against thy rule) on some grane Angurie?  
 What know they, but at length thy Father may  
 Come; and with violence, their violence pay:  
 Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?  
 But if *Minerva* now did so effecme  
 Thee, as thy Father, in times past, whom, past  
 All measure, she, with glorious fauours grac't  
 Amongst the *Troians*, where we suffered so;  
 (O I did neuer see, in such cleare show,  
 The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,  
 To all our eyes, appeared in all her trim)  
 If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to loue,  
 And that her minds care, thou so much couldst moue,

E

Telemachus  
Nestor.Nestor Tele-  
macho.

As

As did thy Father, every man of these,  
Would lose in death their seeking marriages.

*Telemachus.*

O Father, (answerd he) you make amaze  
Seise me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase  
You raise expression; but twill neuer be,  
That I shall moue in any Deitie,  
So blest an honour. Not by any means,  
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fooles), or eury Deitie  
Should will it; for, tis past my destinie.

*Minerva.*

The burning-cyd Dame answerd: What a speech  
Hath past the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach  
Fit question of thy words before they stier }  
God easily can (when to a mortall eie }  
Hee's furthest off) a mortall satisfie:  
And does, the more still. For thy car'd for Sire;  
I rather wish, that I might home retire,  
After my sufferance of a world of woes;  
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might disclofe  
The day of my returne; then strait retire,  
And perish standing by my household fire.  
As *Agamemnon* did; that lost his life,  
By false *Ægisthus*, and his falser wife.

*Volente Deo,  
nihil est difficile*

For Death to come at length, tis due to all;  
Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call  
Their most lou'd man, extend his vitall breath  
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.

*Telemachus.*

*Mentor!* (said he) let's dwell no more on this,  
Although in vs, the sorrow pious is.  
No such returne, as we wish, Fates bequeath  
My erring Father; whom a present death,  
The deathlesse haue decreed. He now vie speech  
That tends to other purposes; and beseech  
Instruction of graue *Nestor*; since he flowes  
Past shore, in all experience; and knows  
The sleights and wisedomes; to whose heighs aspire  
Others, as well as my commended Sire,  
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three  
Ages of men; and doth in fight to me  
Shew like th' Immortals. *Nestor!* the renowne  
Of old *Neleus*, make the cleare truth knowne,  
How the most great in Empire, *Atræus* Ionue,  
Sustaind the act of his destruction.  
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,  
That false *Ægisthus*, being so farre vnto  
A match for him, could his death fo enforce?  
Was he not then in *Argo*? or his course  
With men so left, to let a coward breathe

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death

He tell thee truth in all (saie *Sonne*) said he:  
Right well was this cuent conceiu'd by thee.

If *Menelaus* in his brothers house,  
Had found the idle liuer with his spouse,  
(*Arriu'd from Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead  
Had the diggd heape powrd on his lustfull head:  
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,  
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,  
Had giuen him any teare; so foule his fact  
Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troy*; warres had rackt  
To eury sinewes sufferance; while \* he  
In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from those workes free.  
And *Agamemnon*s wife, with force of word  
Flatterd and softu'd; who, at first abhord  
A fact so infamous. The heau'nly Dame,  
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.  
There was a Poet, to whose care, the King  
His Queene committed; and in eury thing  
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply  
Himselfe in all guard to her dignitie.

*Nestor Telemachus  
cho de Ægisthi  
adultero.*

*Ægisthus.*

*maie cry.*

But when strong Fate, so wrapt in her affects,  
That she resolu'd to leave her fit respects;  
Into a desert Ile, her Guardian led,  
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.  
Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize;  
On sacred Altars offerd many Thies:  
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;  
Garments and gold; that he the vast euents  
Of such a labor, to his wish had brought,  
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.

At last, from *Troy* saild *Spartas* king and I,  
Both, holding her vntouchs. And (that his eie  
Might see no worse of her) when both were blowne  
To sacred *Samius* (of *Minerua*s towne  
The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts seuer  
*Angus Apollo* slue him that did stee  
*Atrides* ship, as he t'ue sterne did guide,  
And she the full speed of her saile applide.  
He was a man, that nations of men  
Excell'd in safe guide of a vessell; when  
A tempest rush't in on the rusht seas:  
His name was *Phrontis Onetorides*.  
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,  
Whose way he thirsted so to ouercome;  
To giue his friend the earth, being his pursuite,  
And all his exequies to execute.  
But failing still the \*wind-hew'd seas, to reach

Spirit

E 2

Some

*apena merta: al  
ret causa facies  
vinidrepresentat*

Some shore for fit performance; he did fetch  
The steepe Mount of the *Malians*; and there  
With open voice, offended *Iupiter*,  
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;  
And pow'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,  
That nourisht billowes, heightned like to hills.  
And with the Fleets diuision, fulfils  
His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Creete*  
Casting the Nauie, where the sea-waues meete  
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydons* liue.

There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driue;  
Bare, and all broken; on the confines set  
Of *Cortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret;  
And hither sent the South, a horrid drift  
Of waues against the top, that was the left  
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phebus* Strand.  
A lide stone, the great seas rage did stand.  
The men here driuen, capt hard the ships fore shocks;  
The ships themselues being wrackt against the rocks;  
Saue onely fise, that blue fore-castles bore,  
Which wind and water cast on *Egyptus* shore.  
When he (there viding well, and store of gold  
Aboard his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,  
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.  
Meane space *Agisthus* made sad worke at home;

*Agamemnonis*  
*interitus.*

And slue his brother, forcing to his sway,  
*Atrides* subiects; and did seuen yeares lay  
His yoke vpon the rich *Mycenean* State.  
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)  
Diuine *Orestes* home from *Athens* came;  
And what his royall Father felt, the same  
He made the false *Agisthus* grone beneath:  
*Death euermore is the reward of Death.*

*Orestes patrem*  
*viciatur.*

Thus hauing slaine him; a sepulchrell feast  
He made the *Argiues*, for his lustfull guest,  
And for his mother, whom he did detest.  
The selfe-same day, vpon him stole the King,  
(Good at a martiall shout) and goods did bring,  
As many as his freighted Fleet could beare.  
But thou (my sonne) too long, by no means erre,  
Thy goods left free for many a spoillfull guest,  
Left they consume some, and diuide the rest;  
And thou (perhaps besides) thy voyage lose.  
To *Menelaus* yet thy counse dispose,  
I with and charge thee, who but late arriu'd,  
From such a shore, and men; as to haue liu'd  
In a returne from them; he neuer thought;  
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within a sea so vast, that in a ycare  
Not any fowle could passe it any where,  
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
With ship and men (or if thou pleasest now  
To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee  
Both horse and chariot; and thy guides shall be  
My sonnes themselues) to *Sparta*, the diuine,  
And to the King, whose locks like Amber shine.  
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;  
Wisedome in truth is; and hee's passing wife.

This said, the Sunne went downe, and vp rose Night,  
When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right  
Beare thy directions. But diuide we now  
The sacrifices tongues; mixe wine, and vow  
To *Neptune*, and the other euer blest;  
That hauing sacrificd, we may to rest.  
The fit houre runnes now; light dines out of date;  
At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.

She said: They heard; the Herald water gaue;  
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue  
Their euall shares; beginning from the cup,  
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;  
The fire they gaue them; sacrificde, and rose;  
Wine, and diuine rites, vnde to each dispose;  
*Minerua* and *Telemachus* decide  
They might to ship be, with his leaue, retire.

He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:  
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,  
Your leauing me, to sleepe aboard a ship:  
As I had drunke of poore *Penius* whip,  
Euen to my nakednesse; and had nor threete,  
Nor couering in my house; that warme nor sweete  
A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;  
Where I, both weeds and wealthy coverings keepe  
For all my guests: nor shall Fame euer say,  
The deare sonne of the man *Phyllis*, lay  
All night a ship boord here; while my dayes shine;  
Or in my Court, while any sonne of mine  
Enioyes suriuall: who shall guests receiue,  
Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leaue.

My much lou'd Father, (said *Minerua*) well  
All this becomes thee. But perswade to dwell  
This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;  
For more conuenient is the course for vs,  
That he may follow to thy house, and rest.  
And I may boord our blacke saile; that addrest  
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare  
All with my presence; since of all men there

*Pallas Nestori.*



I boast my selfe the senior; th'others are  
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,  
 Great-sould *Telemachus*; and are his petres,  
 In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.  
 For their conformance, I will therefore now  
 Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light shall shew  
 Her siluer forehead, I intend my way,  
 Amongst the *Caucons*; men that are to pay  
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
 Take you him home; whom in the morne dismisst,  
 With chariot and your sonnes; and giue him horse  
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

Disparet Minerva.

Nestor Telemachus.

This said; away she flew; formd like the fowle  
 Men call the *Osisfrage*; when euery foule  
 Amaze inuaded: even th'old man admir'd;  
 The youths hand tooke; and said: O most desir'd;  
 My hope sayes, thy prooffe will no coward shew,  
 Nor one vnskil'd in warre; when Deities now  
 So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:  
 Nor any of the heauen-houlds States besides;  
 But *Trisogenias* selfe; the seed of *Ioue*;  
 The great in prey; that did in honor moue  
 So much about thy Father; amongst all  
 The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall  
 On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;  
 Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,  
 And all my children. I will burne to thee  
 An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-freee,  
 To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I  
 (His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.

Thus praid he; and she heard; and home he led  
 His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindred;  
 Who entring his Court royall, euery one  
 He marshald in his feuerall seate and throne.  
 And euery one, so kindly come, he gaue  
 His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to haue  
 Before this leuenth yeare, landed him from *Troy*;  
 Which now the Butleresse had leaue t'employ.  
 Who therefore pierst it, and did giue it vent.  
 Of this, the old Duke did a cup present  
 To euery guest: made his maid many a praire  
 That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurses haire;  
 And gaue her sacrifice. With this rich wine  
 And food suffisde, Sleepe all eyes did decline.  
 And all for home went: but his Court alone,  
*Telemachus*, diuine *Plysses* sonne,  
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,  
 He brought his guest to; and his beddere was  
*Pisistratus*, the martiall guide of men,  
 That liu'd, of all his sonnes, vnwed till then.  
 Himselfe lay in a by-roome, farr about;  
 His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.

The rose-fingerd morne, no sooner shone;  
 But vp he rose, tooke airc, and sat vpon  
 A seate of white, and goodly polishd stone,  
 That such a glosse as richest ointments wore  
 Before his high gates; where the Counsellor  
 That matcht the Gods (his Father) vnde to sit.  
 Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.  
 And here sat *Nestor*, holding in his hand  
 A Scepter; and about him round did stand  
 (As early vp) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,  
 The God-like *Thrasimed*, and *Arctus*,  
*Echephron*, *Stratius*; the first and last  
*Pisistratus*; and by him (halfe embrac't  
 Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*;  
 To these spake *Nestor*, old *Gerennus*:

Haste (loued sonnes) and do me a desire,  
 That (first of all the Gods) I may aspire  
 To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchsaf't to me,  
 At *Neptunes* feast, her sight so openly.  
 Let one to field go; and an Oxe with speed  
 Cause hither brought; which, let the Heardsmen leade;  
 Another to my deare guests vessell go,  
 And all his souldiers bring, saue onely two.  
 A third, the Smith that works in gold, command  
 (*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,  
 To plate the both hornes round about with gold;  
 The rest remaine here close. But first, see told  
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast;  
 Set seates through all the Court: see strait addrest  
 The purest water; and get fuell fild.

This said; nor one, but in the seruice held  
 Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;  
 The Souldiers troop from ship; the Smith he came,  
 And those tooles brought, that seru'd the aduall frame,  
 His Art conceiu'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,  
 Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
*Minerua* likewise came, so let the Crowne  
 On that kind sacrifice, and mak't her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Nestor* gaue the Smith the gold,  
 With which he strait did both the hornes infold;  
 And trimm'd the Offering so, the Goddesse ioyd.  
 About which, thus were *Nestors* sonnes employd:

E 4

Diuine

Nestor's Disparet Minerva's Iulus Minor ux. sacrum apparant.

The forme of the Sacrifice.

Divine *Echepbron*, and faire *Stratius*,  
 Held both the hornes: the water odorous,  
 In which they wash't, what to the rites was vow'd,  
*Aetna* (in a caldron, all bestrow'd  
 With herbes and floweres) seru'd in from th' holy roome  
 Where all were drest; and whence the rites must come.  
 And after him, a hallow'd virgin came,  
 That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.  
 The axe, with which the Ox should both be fild  
 And cut forth, *Thrasimed* stood by, and held.  
*Perseus* the vessell held, that should retaine  
 The purple licour of the offering flaine.

Then wash't, the pious Father: then the Cake  
 (Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.  
 Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the state  
 Of all the offering, did initiate.  
 In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast  
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,  
 And all the Cake broke; manly *Thrasimed*  
 Stood neare, and sure; and such a blow he laid  
 Aloft the offering, that to earth he sunke,  
 His neck-nerues Sunderd, and his spirits shrunke.  
 Out shriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife  
 Of three-ag'd *Nestor*, (who had eldest life  
 Of *Clymens* daughters) chaf't *Eurydice*.  
 The Ox on broad earth, then layd laterally,  
 They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte  
 Dissolu'd and fet, the fable blood afflote,  
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
 They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie;  
 That with the far they dubb'd, with art alone;  
 The throte-briske, and the sweet-bread pricking on.  
 Then *Nestor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,  
 Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stood,  
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which (when burn'd  
 The solid Thies were) they transfixt, and turn'd  
 The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate  
 Vow'd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and eate.

In meane space, *Polycaeste* (call'd the faire,  
*Nestors* yongst daughter) bath'd *Phyllis* heire;  
 Whom, hauing clean'd, and with rich balmes bespred;  
 She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,  
 And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,  
 And did the person of a God present,  
 Came, and by *Nestor* tooke his honourd seate,  
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meate  
 Of all the spare parts rosted, off they drew;  
 Sate, and fell to. But soone the temperate few,

Rose, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.  
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline;  
*Nestor* his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,  
 And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the course  
 The Prince resolu'd. Obaid, as soone as heard  
 Was *Nestor* by his sonnes, who strait prepar'd  
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,  
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,  
 As should the feast of Ioue-fed Kings compose;  
 Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, rose  
*Phyllis* sonne, and close to him ascended  
 The Duke *Pisistratus*; the reines intended,  
 And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;  
 And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.  
 Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;  
 But now the Sunne set, darkning every way,  
 When they to *Pheno* came; and in the house  
 Of *Diocles* (the sonne of *Ortilochus*,  
 Whom flood *Alpheus* got) slept all that night:  
 Who gaue them each due hospitable rite.  
 But when the rose-fingerd morne arose,  
 They went to Coach, and did their horse inclose;  
 Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds  
 Each breath a sound; and to the fruitfull fields  
 Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;  
 Who strenuously performd their wonted speeds.  
 Their journey ending iust when Sunne went downe;  
 And shadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

*Finis libri tertij Hom. Odyssej.*

Telemachus  
 proficitur ad  
 Menelaum.

THE

Rose,

# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGVMENT.

**R**eciev'd now, in the Spartan Court  
Telemachus, preferres report.  
To Menelaus, of the throng  
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.  
Atides tells the Greekes retreat,  
And doth a Prophecie repeat,  
That Proteus made; by which he knew  
His brothers death; and then doth shew  
How with Calypso he did the fire  
Of his yong guest. The woo'rs confpire  
Their Princes death: whose treachery knowne,  
Penelope in teares doth drowne,  
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheare,  
And in similitude appeare  
Of faire Iphithima, knowne to be  
The sister of Penelope.

Another.

*Δειτα. Here, of the Sire*  
The Sonne doth heare:  
The woo'rs confpire;  
The mothers feare.

*Αναβύσιον εν-  
ταυται which is  
expounded Spat-  
tani ampliam, or  
proprio magis  
nam: where aut-  
signifies properly  
plurima cete  
nutritum,*

**I**n Lacedaemon now, the nurse of Whales,  
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals  
(With mightie concourse) the renowned King,  
His sonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.  
Alcitors daughter, he did giue his sonne  
Strong *Megapemhe*, who his life begunne  
By *Menelaus* bondmaid; whom he knew  
In yeares. When *Hellen* could no more renew

In issue like diuine *Hermione*,  
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree  
As golden *Venus*. Her he married now  
To great *Achilles* sonne; who was by vow  
Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods  
To constant loues, giue nuptiall periods.  
Whose stat here past, the *Myrmidons* tich towne  
(Of which the shar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)  
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.  
Meane space, the high huge house, with feast did flow

Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.  
Amongst whom, did a heavenly Poet sing,  
And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't  
Two; who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,  
Would prompt \*the Singer, what to sing and play.  
All this time, in the vtter Court did stay,  
With horse and chariot, *Telemachus*,  
And *Nestors* noble sonne, *Pisistratus*.  
Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, decidied,  
And being a seruant to the King, most tried  
In care, and his respect; he ranne and cried:  
Guests! *Ione* kept *Menelaus*! two such men,  
As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* strain.  
Informe your pleasure, if we shall vncluse  
Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose  
Their way to some such house, as may embrace  
Their knowne arrivall, with more welcome grace.

He (angry) answerd, Thou didst neuer shew  
Thy selfe a foole? (*Βεβήδης*) till now;  
But now (as if turn'd child) a childish speech  
Vents thy vaine spirits. We our selues now reach  
Our home, by much spent hospitalitie  
Of other men; nor know, if *Ione* will trie,  
With other after wants, our state againe:  
And therefore, from our feast, no more detain  
Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,  
And with attendance guide in their approach.

This said, he rusht abroad, and call'd some more  
Trid in such seruice; that together bore  
Vp to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that sweet  
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,  
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't  
Their Chariot by a wall so cleare, it cast  
A light quite thorough it. And then they led  
Their guests to the diuine house; which so fed  
Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,  
That Admiration seild them. Like the lights  
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw  
A luster through it. Sate with whose view,  
Downe to the Kings most bright-kept Baths, they went;  
Where handmaids did their seruices present:  
Bath'd, balmd them; shirrs, and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by *Arides* side, set each his throne.  
Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,  
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,  
Of massie gold, pow'd: which she plac't vpon  
A siluer Caldron; into which, might runne  
The water as they walt. Then set the neare

*αυτου του βασι-  
λεως αυστρι-  
καυτου αυστρι-  
καυτου, the Cris-  
affirme, the sal-  
tantes motu  
suo indicant  
cantori, quo  
genere cantus  
saltant forent.  
The capture of  
Eteoneus at fight  
of Telemachus  
and Pisistratus.*

*Menelaus re-  
bates his seruice  
for his death to  
entertaine guests  
worthly.*

A polish'd table, on which, all the cheare  
The present could afford; a reuerend Dame  
That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,  
And diuers dishes, borne thence, seru'd againe;  
Furnish't the boord with bolles of gold; and then  
(His right hand giuen the guests) *Atrides* said,  
Eate, and be chearfull, appetite allaid,  
I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend;  
For not from parents, whose race namelesse end,  
We must denie your offspring. Men obscure,  
Could get none such as you. The portraiture  
Of Ioue, sustain'd, and Scepter-bearing Kings,  
Your either person, in his presence brings.  
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,  
And set before the guests; which was a gift,  
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne tast.  
They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,  
And fell to it. But food and wines care past,  
*Telemachus* thus prompted *Nestor* sonne;  
(His care close laying, to be heard of none)

*Telemachus to Nestor, in observation of the house, not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seem'd, desirous he should not heare.*

*Menelaus relates his travels to his guests.*

Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)  
The brasse-works here, how rich it is in beames;  
And how besides, it makes the whole house founde  
What gold, and amber, siluer, iorie, round  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall  
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all  
This state, the like. How many infinites,  
Take vp to admiration, all mens fights?  
*Atrides* ouer-heard, and said, Lou'd sonne,  
No mortall must affect contention  
With Ioue, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.  
Perhaps (of men) some one may emulate,  
(Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,  
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.  
Much error felt by sea; and till th' eight yeare,  
Had neuer stay; but wander'd farr and neare,  
*Cyprus, Phoenicia, and Sydonia;*  
And fetcht the farre off *Aethiopia*;  
Reacht the *Erembi of Arabia;*  
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:  
Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.  
Where neither King, nor shepheards; want comes neare  
Of cheefe, or flesh, or sweete milke. All the yeare  
They eate milke their Ewes. And here while I  
Errd, gathering meanes to liue: one, murderously,  
Vnwares, vnscene, bereft my brothers life;  
Chiefly betrayd by his abhorred wife.  
So, hold I, (not enjoying) what you see.

And

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)  
You must haue heard this: since my falling, I wept  
So great and famous. From this Palace here,  
(So rarely well-built, furnish'd so well,  
And substantia'd with such a precious deale  
Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom  
Of Fate, and erring as I had to do,  
And now I haue, and vie it, not to take  
Th' entire delight it offers; but to make  
Continuall wishes, that a triple paine;  
Of all it holds, were wanting, to my heart  
Were eas'd of sorrowes (taken for their deale,  
That fell at *Troy*) by their return'd breath.  
And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still  
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill  
(In paying ill tears for their losse) my ill.  
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy,  
The pleasure looke aduises fatier.  
But all these mens wants, wet not in mine eye;  
(Though much they moue me) as one sole miserie,  
For which, my sleepe and meane much loathome is,  
In his renew'd thought; since no *Gauck* hath wonne  
Grace, for such labours, as \* *Laertes* sonne  
Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, sought else  
But future sorrowes forging to me hel.  
For his long absence; since I know not know  
If life or death detain him: since such woe  
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,  
And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,  
He left as firelesse. This speech, gride to tears  
(Pow'd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares  
(Told of the Father) did excite, who kept  
His cheekes drie with his red wead, as he wept:  
His both hands vnde therein. *Atrides* then  
Began to know him; and did thus reaine,  
If he should let himselfe confesse his Sire,  
Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.

*Intending to flye.*

While this, his thoughts dispos'd, forth did stime,  
(Like to the golden \* distaffe-deck diuine)  
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,  
*Hellen*, To whom (of an elaborate loome)  
*Adretha* set a chaire: *Aleppo* brought  
A peece of Tapestry, of fine wood wrought.  
*Philo*, a siluer Cabinet conferr'd:  
(Given by *Alexandra*, Nuptially endear'd  
To Lord *Polybus*, whose abode in *Thebes*,  
Th' Egyptian citie was,) where wealth in heapes,  
His famous house held: out of which did go

*Diana, Hellen's rap-  
tance and orna-  
ment.*

in

F

In

In gift t' *Atrides*, silver bath-rubs two;  
Two Tripods; and of fine gold talents ten.  
His wife did likewise send to *Helen* then;  
Fairst gifts; a Distaffe that of gold was wrought;  
And that rich Cabinet that *Phylis* brought;  
Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:  
On which extended (crown'd with finest wooll,  
Of violet gloffe) the golden Distaffe lay.

*Hellen to Menelaus concerning the gifts.*

She tooke her State-chaires; and a foot-stoolke stay  
Hath for her feete; and of her husband, these  
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,  
(King *Menelaus*) whom theſe men commend  
Themſelves for; that our Court, now takes to friends:  
I muſt affirme, (be I deceiu'd or no)  
I neuer yet ſaw man nor woman ſo  
Like one another, as this man is like  
*Vyſſes* ſonne. With admiration ſtrike  
His looks, my thoughts; that they ſhould carrie now  
Powre to perſwade me thus; who did but know,  
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.  
But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more  
His grace reſembles; that makes me retaine  
Thought; that he now, is like *Telemachus* then.  
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vnder take  
*Troy*; bold waire, for my impudencies ſake.

He answerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,  
The true caſt of his Fathers eye, doth ſhow  
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,  
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.  
Of whom (ſo well rememberd) I ſhould now  
Acknowledge for me, his continuall ſlow  
Of cares and perils: yet ſtill patient.  
But I ſhould too much moue him, that doth vent  
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene ſpoken;  
Which (thunning ſoft ſhew) ſee how he would cloke;  
And wiſh his purple weed, his weepings hide.

*Piſſistratus tells who they are.*

Then *Nefſors* ſonne, *Piſſistratus* replide:  
Great Paſtor of the people, kept of God!  
He is *Vyſſes* ſonne; but his abode  
Not made before here; and he modeſt too;  
He holds it an indignitie to do  
A deed ſo vaine, to vie the boalt of words,  
Where your words are on wing, whole voice affords  
Delight to vs, as if a God did breake  
The aire amongſt vs, and vouchſafe to ſpeake.  
But me, my father (old Duke *Nefſor*) ſent  
To be his comfort hither; his content,  
Not to be heightned ſo, as with your ſight.

In

In hope that therewith words and actions might  
Informe his comforts from you; ſince he is  
Extremely grieu'd and inui'd, by the miſſe  
Of his great Father; ſuffering euen at home.  
And few friends found, to helpe him overcome  
His too weak ſufferance, now his Sire is gone.  
Amongſt the people, not afforded one  
To checke the miſeries, that mate him thus;  
And this the ſtate is of *Telemachus*.

O Gods (ſaid he) how certaine, now, I ſee  
My houſe enioyes that friends ſonne, that for me  
Hath vndergone ſo many willing fights;  
Whom I reſolu'd, paſt all the Grecian Knights,  
To hold in loue; if our returne by ſea,  
The ſare-off Thunderer did euer pleaſe  
To grant our wiſhes. And to his reſpect,  
A Pallace and a Citie to erec,  
My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then  
His riches and his ſonne, and all his men  
From barren *Ithaca*, (ſome one ſole Towne  
Inhabited about him, batterd downe)  
All ſhould in *Arges* liue. And there would I  
Eaſe him of rule; and take the Emperie  
Of all on me. And often here would we  
(Delighting, louing eithers companie)  
Meete and conuerſe; whom nothing ſhould diuide,  
Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.  
But this perhaps had bene a meane to take  
Euen God himſelfe with enuie; who did make  
*Vyſſes* therefore onely the vnbleſt,  
That ſhould not reach his loued countries reſt.

Theſe woes made euerie one wiſh woe in loue;  
Euen *Argine Hellen* wept, (the ſeed of *Ioue*)  
*Vyſſes* ſonne wept, *Atræus* ſonne did weepe;  
And *Nefſors* ſonne, his eyes in teares did ſteepe.  
But his teares fell not from the preſent cloud,  
That from *Vyſſes* was exhal'd; but ſlowd  
From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due,  
Whom the renown'd *Sonne* of the Morning ſlue.  
Which yet he thus excuſe: O *Atræus* ſonne!  
Old *Nefſor* ſayes, There liues not ſuch a one  
Amongſt all mortals, as *Atrides* is,  
For deathleſſe wiſedome. Tis a praife of his,  
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home  
Our ſpeech concerns you. Since then overcome  
You pleaſe to be, with ſorrow euen to rears,  
That are in wiſedome ſo exempt from peres;  
Vouchſafe the like effect in me excuſe.

*Menelaus ſay  
for Telemachus,  
and more for  
Vyſſes abſence.*

*Menelaus.*

*Piſſistratus weeps  
with remembrance  
of his brother  
Antilochus,  
ſid. Memnon.*

F 2

(If

(If it be lawfull) I affect no vfe  
Of teares thus, after meales; at least at night:  
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,  
It shall not then empaire me to bestow  
My teares on any worthies outthrow.  
It is the onely right, that wretched men  
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.  
But Death my brother tooke, whom none could call  
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.  
I was not there, nor saw; but men report,  
*Antilocheus* exceld the common sort,  
For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;  
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.

O friend (said he) since thou hast spoken so,  
At all parts, as one wife should say and do;  
And like one, farre beyond thy selfe in yeares;  
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.  
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,  
That of his Father hath not onely wonne  
The person, but the wisdomes; and that Sire,  
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire;  
*Ioue* did not onely his full Fate adorne,  
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.  
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,  
Hath *Nesfors* blisse raist to as steepe a state:  
Both in his age to keepe in peace his house;  
And to haue children wife and valorous.

But let vs not forget our rere Feast thus;  
Let some giue water here. *Telemachus*!  
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,  
To do what fits; and reason mutually.  
This said; the carefull seruant of the King;  
(*Asphalion*) powr'd on, th' issue of the Spring;  
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.  
But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did stand;  
Infusing strait a medicine to their wine,  
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline  
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed  
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were;  
Not if his brother, child, or chiefeft deare,  
He should see murderd then before his face.  
Such vifull medicines (onely borne in grace,  
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.  
And this Iuyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue  
The wife of *Thoon*; an *Aegyptian* borne;  
Whose rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne  
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

*Hellen's potion  
against Cares.*

And

And many banefull. Every man is there  
A good Phyfition, out of natures grace;  
For all the nation sprung of *Paeon* race.

When *Hellen* then her medicine had infus'd,  
She bad powre wine to it, and this speech vs'd:  
*Atrides*, and these good meens soanes, great *Ioue*  
Makes good and ill, one after other moue  
In all things earthly: for he can do all.  
The woes past therefore, he so late let fall;  
The comforts he affords vs, let vs take;  
Feast, and with fit discourses, merrie make.  
Nor will I other vfe. As then our blood  
Grien'd for *Thyestes*, since he was so good;  
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare  
How good he was, and what his sufferings were.  
Though every fight and every suffering deede,  
Patient *Thyestes* vnderwent; exceed  
My womans powre to number; to name.  
But what he did, and sufferd, when he came  
Amongst the Troians, (where ye *Grecians* all  
Tooke part with sufferance) I in part can call  
To your kind memories. How with chafte wounds  
Himselfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds  
(Thrust thicke with enemies) adventured on:  
His royall shoulders, hauing cast vpon  
Base abiect weeds, and enterd like a slave.  
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue.  
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greeke fleet  
Brought not besides. And thus through every streete  
He crept discouraging: of no one man knowne.  
And yet through all this difference, I alone  
Smok't his true person. Talkt with him. But he  
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,  
Till I disclaimd him quite. And so (as moud  
With womanly remorse, of one that prou'd  
So wretched an estate, what ere he were)  
Wonne him to take my house: And yet euen there,  
Till freely I (to make him doubtlesse) swore  
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the shore  
Of ships and tents, before *Troy* vnderstood.  
I could not force on him his proper good.  
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then  
Confest, and told me all. And (hauing slain  
A number of the Troian guards) retir'd,  
And reacht the Fleet, for flight and force admind.  
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues  
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their foes.  
For then my heart concei'd, that once againe

*Helen of Phyfion  
and the facke of  
Troy.*

F 3

I

I should reach home; and yet did still retaine  
Woe for the slaughters, *Venus* made for me:  
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,  
And bridall roome, she robd of so much right,  
And drew me from my countie, with her sleight.  
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,  
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

*Meneclaus to  
Helen and his  
guests.*

Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,  
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.  
And I my selfe, that now may lay, haue scene  
The minds and manners of a world of men:  
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,  
Haue neuer (by these eyes that light me) found  
One, with a bosome, so to be below'd,  
As that in which, th'accomplisht spirit, mou'd  
Of patient *Phyfes*. What (braue man)  
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan  
The towne of *Lion*, in the braue-built horse,  
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,  
Were house'd together, bringing Death and Fate  
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.  
For you, at last, came to vs; God that would  
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you should  
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*  
(The god-like) follow'd. Thrice ye circ'd vs,  
With full furay of it; and often tried  
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

*Helen counter-  
facted the wines  
voices of those  
Kings of Greece,  
that were in the  
woodden horse,  
and calls their  
husbands.*

When all the voices of their wines in it  
You took on you; with voice so like, and fit;  
And euery man by name, so visited;  
That I, *Phyfes*, and King *Diomed*,  
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)  
*Tydid*, and my selfe, (as halfe appall'd  
With your remorsefull plaints) would, passing faine  
Haue broke our silence; rather then againe  
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.  
But, *Ithacus*, our strongest fantasies  
Containd within vs, from the slenderest noise,  
And euery man there, sat without a voice.  
*Antichus* onely, would haue answerd thee:  
But, his speech, *Ithacus* incessantly  
With strong hand held ins till (*Minerua* call,  
Charging thee off) *Phyfes* sau'd vs all.

*Telemachus to  
Meneclaus,*

*Telemachus* replide: Much greater is  
My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.  
For all this doth not his sad death diuerr;  
Nor can, though in him sweld an iron heart.  
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest:

Sleepe

Sleepe (that we heare not) will conuert vs best.

Then *Argine Helen* made her handmaid go,  
And put faire bedding in the *Paries*;  
Lay purple blankets on, *Rugs* *winne* and soft;  
And cast an Arras couerlet aloft.

*Iust ad Iocundum.*

They torches took; made haffe, and made the bed,  
When both the guests were to their lodgings led,  
Within a *Paries*, without the house.  
*Atrides*, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,  
(The excellent of women) for the way,  
In a retir'd reccit, together lay.  
The morne arose; the King rose, and put on  
His royall weeds; his sharpe sword hung vpon  
His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,  
And did the person of a God present.

*Telemachus* accosts him; who began  
Speech of his iourneys proposition.

And what (my yong *Vlyssian* Heroe)  
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the sea,  
To visit *Lacedaemon* the Diuine?  
Speake truth; Some publicke; or onely thine:

*Meneclaus en-  
quires the cause  
of his voyage.*

I come (said he) to heare, if any flame  
Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.  
My house is sackt; my far workes of the field,  
Are all destroid; my house doth nothing yeeld  
But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe;  
And sinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe  
Their steeles without them. And these men are they,  
That wooc my Mother; most inhumanely  
Committing iniurie on iniurie.

To thy knees therefore I am come, I attend  
Relation of the sad and wretched end,  
My ering Father felt: if wimst by  
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that stie  
From others knowledges. For, more then is  
The visuall heape of humane milcries,  
His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then  
(Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)  
The plaine and simple truth of all you know.  
Let me beseech so much. If euer yow  
Was made, and put in good effect to you  
At *Troy* (where sustenance bred you so much smart)  
Vpon my Father, good *Phyfes* part;  
And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)  
Vnfolding onely the vnclodsd truth.

He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame  
That such poore vassals should affect the same,  
To share the ioyes of such a Warthies Bed!

F 4

As

As when a Hinde (her calves late farrowed  
To giue sucke) enters the bold Lions den:  
He, rootes of hills, and herbie vallies then  
For food (there feeding) hunting, but at length  
Returning to his Cauerne, giues his strength  
The liues of both the mother and her brood,  
In deaths indecent, to the woovers blood  
Must pay *Phyffes* powres, as sharpe an end.  
O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,  
(The wife *Minerva*) that thy Father were  
As once he was, when he his spirits did ree  
Against *Philomelides*, in a fight  
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*; where, downe-right  
He strooke the earth with him, and gat a shout  
Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out  
He were as then; and with the woovers cop't,  
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't  
Would proue as desperate. But for thy demand,  
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee vnderstand  
The truth directly; nor decline a thought  
Much lesse decciue, or sooth thy search inought.  
But what the old, and still-true-spoken God,  
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,  
Disclose to me; to thee Ile all impart,  
Nor hide one word from thy solicitous heart.

Menelai nauigatio.

I was in *Egypt*, where a mightie time,  
The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime,  
I neuer so desir'd; because their homes  
I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.  
For they will put men euermore in mind,  
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is (besides) a certaine Iland, calld  
*Pharos*, that with the high-wau'd sea is walld;  
Iust against *Egypt*; and so much remote,  
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,  
A hollow ship can faile. And this Ile beares  
A Port, most portly, where sea-passengers  
Put in still for fresh water, and away  
To sea againe. Yet here the Gods did stay  
My Fleet, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are  
Masters at sea) no prosprous puffe would spare,  
To put vs off: and all my vielles here,  
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;  
Had not a certaine Goddesse giuen regard,  
And pittide me in an estate to hard:  
And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* seed,  
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
With my compassion, when (walkt all alone,

From

From all my souldiers, that were euer gone  
About the Ile on fishing, with hookes bent;  
*Hunger*, their bellies, on her errand sent)  
She came close to me; spake, and thus began:

Of all men, thou art the most foolish man,  
Or slacke in businesse, or stayst here of choice;  
And doest in all thy suffrances reioyce,  
That thus long liu'st detaind here; and no end  
Canst giue thy tarriance. Thou doest much offend  
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:

Who euer thou art of the Deified,  
I must affirme, that no way with my will,  
I make abode here: but it seemes, some ill  
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, sustaine  
Against my getting off. Informe me then,  
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he  
That stayes my passage, from the fishie sea?

Stranger (said she) Ile tell thee true: there liues  
An old Sea-farer in these seas, that giues  
A true solution of all secrets here.  
Who, deathlesse *Proteus* is, th' Egyptian Peeres  
Who can the deepes of all the seas exquire;  
Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they say) the Sire  
That did beget me. Him, if any way  
Thou couldst inuagle, he would cleare display  
Thy course from hence, and how farre off doth lie  
Thy voyages whole scope through *Neptunes* skie,  
Informing thee (O Godpreser'd) belide  
(If thy desires would so be satisfide)  
What euer good or ill hath got euent,  
In all the time, thy long and hard course spent,  
Since thy departure from thy house. This said;  
Again I answerd: Make the flightis displaid,  
Thy Father vseth; lest his foresight see,  
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,  
He flies the first place of his vnde abode;  
Tis hard for man to countermeine with God.

She strait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;  
When heauens supremest height the Sunne doth skall,  
The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides  
Amidst a blacke storme, when the West wind chides;  
In caues still sleeping. Round about him sleepe  
(With short feete swimming forth the fomie deepe)  
The Sea-calues (louely *Haloffdues* calld)  
From whom a noisome odour is exhalld,  
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whose earth they lie.  
Here, when the morne illustrates all the skie,  
Ile guide, and seate thee, in the fittest place,

Idothea to Menelai.

Idothea counsell to take her father Proteus.

For



For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
In meane time, reach thy Fleete; and chuse out three  
Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.

*The fleights of  
Proetus.*

But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods fleights;  
He first will number, and take all the fights  
Of those, his guard, that on the shore arrives.  
When hauing view'd, and told them forth by fives;  
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleepe,  
Like to a shepheard midst his flocke of sheepe.  
In his first sleepe, call vp your hardiest cheare,  
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,  
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.  
He then will turne himselfe to euery one  
Of all things that in earth creepe and respire,  
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.  
Yet still hold you him firme; and much the more  
Presse him from passing. But when, as before  
(When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye see,  
Then cease your force, and th'old Heroe free;  
And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee  
That so afflicts you, hindring your retreat,  
And free sea-passage to your native seae.

This said, the diu'd into the wauie seas;  
And I my course did to my ships addresse,  
That on the sands stucke; where arriv'd, we made  
Our supper readie. Then th' Ambrosian shade  
Of night fell on vs; and to sleepe we fell.  
Rose *Aurora* rose; we rose as well;  
And three of them, on whom I most relied,  
For firme at euery force; I chulde, and bied  
Strait to the many-riuer-fersed seas.  
And all assistance, askt the Deities.

Meane time *Edon*, the seas broad brest  
Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my rest,  
Foure of the sea-calues skins, but newly flead,  
To worke a wile, which she had fashioned  
Vpon her Father. Then (within the sand  
A couert digging) when these Calues should land,  
She fate expecting. We came close to her:  
She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare  
Each one his Calues skin. But we then must passe  
A huge exploit. The sea-calues fauour was  
So passing lowre (they still being bred at seas)  
It much afflicted vs: for who can please  
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?  
But the preferues vs; and to memorie calls  
A rare commoditie: she fetcht to vs  
*Ambrosia*, that an aire most odorous

*Ironie.*

Bears

Bears still about it; which hee invited to and  
Our either nostrils; and in it going, as they say  
The naffie whale-funell. Then the great coming  
The whole morne date, with spirits patient  
We lay expecting. When bright *Minotaur* did shew  
Forth from the sea, in Sholes the sea-calues came,  
And orderly, at last, lay downe and slepe, in order  
Along the sands. And then th'old sea-god arose  
From forth the deepes; and found his faddeles  
Surnaid, and numberd; and came neerer  
The craft we vnde, but told vs fine for mists  
His temples then discald, with sleepe hee fild;  
And in rusht we, with an abhorred crye  
Cast all our hands about him manfully;  
And then th'old Forger, all his former game  
First was a Lion, with a mightie moane  
Then next a Dragon; a pidge Panther then  
A vast Boare next; and lastly did straine  
All into water. Last, hee was met  
Culd all at top, and thor' vp to the skie  
We, with resolu'd hearts, held him firmly still.  
When th'old one (held to freight for all his skill,  
To extricate) gaue words, and question'd thus:

Which of the Gods, O *Athen* (said hee)  
Advis'd and taught thy fortitude thus? To take  
To take and hold me thus, in my deploration  
What asks thy with now? I replide: I know not  
Why dost thou aske? What wiles are these thou shov'st?  
I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde,  
A wondrous time; and can by no means find  
An end to my retention. It hath spent  
The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent  
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)  
Which of the Godheads, doth so fowly fall  
On my addresseion home, to stay me here?  
Avert me from my way: The finickie  
Bar'd to my passage? He replide: Of force  
(If to thy home, thou wilt not see recourse)  
To *Ioue*, and all the other Deities.  
Thou must exhibite solemne sacrifice;  
And then the blacke sea for thee shall be cleare,  
Till thy lou'd countries fend reach. But where  
Aske these rites thy performance? Tis a fate  
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,  
That thou shalt neuer see thy friends, nor tread  
Thy Countries earth; nor see inhabited  
Thy so magnificent house; till thou make good  
Thy voyage backe to the Egyptian flood,

*Proetus taken  
by Menelaus.*

Whose

Whose waters fell from *Ioue*: and there haft given  
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, bound in ample beauen,  
Dedicated Hecatombs, and then free wayes  
Shall open to thee, cleard of all delays.

This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,  
In such a long and hard comde to diuert  
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,  
As farre as *Egypt*. I made answer yet:

Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,  
Resolve me truly, if their naturall shore,  
All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,  
That *Nefor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*  
We first raide saile: Or whether any died  
At sea a death vnwisht? Or (satisfied)

When warre was past, by friends embrac't, in peace  
Resign'd their spirits? He made answer: Cease

To aske so farre; it fits thee not to be  
So cunning in thine owne calamities.

Nor seeke to learne, what leard, thou shouldst forget;  
Mens knowledges haue proper limits set.

And should not preale into the mind of God.  
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)

Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.  
Many of those, whose states do tempt thine cares,

Are stoopt by Death; and many left aliue:  
One chiefe of which, in strong hold doth suruiue,

Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,  
Are done to death. I list not to repeat,

Who fell at *Troy*; thy selfe was there in fight.  
But in returne, swift *Aiax* lost the light,

In his long-oard ship. *Neptune* yet a while,  
Safte him vnwrackt: to the *Gyrean* Ile,

A mightie Roke removing from his way.  
And surely he had scapt the fatal day,

In spite of *Pallas*, if to that soule deed,  
He in her Phane did, (when he rauished

The Trojan Prophetesse) he had not here  
Adioynd an impious boast: that he would beare

(Despite the Gods) his ship safe through the waues  
Then raide against him. These his impious braues,

When *Neptune* heard; in his strong hand he tooke  
His massie Trident; and so soundly strooke

The rocke *Gyrean*, that in two it cleft:  
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;

The other fell into the troubled seas;  
At which, first rusht *Aiax* Oileades,

And split his ship: and then himselfe afloat  
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vast mote;

The wracke of  
*Aiax* Oileades.

*Cassandra*.

Till hauing drunke a salt cup for his sinne,  
There perisht he. Thy brother yet did winne  
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they stroue,  
Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.

But when the steepe Mount of the *Malean* shore,  
He seemd to reach; a most tempestuous shore,  
Faile to the filhie world, that fighes so fore,  
Strait raiust him againe; as farre away,  
As to th'extreme bounds where the *Agrians* stay;  
Where first *Thibes* dwelt: but then his *Loane*  
*Egishum* I hieftades liu'd. This done,

When his returne vntoucht appeard againe;  
Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and let him then

Hard by his house. Then, full of ioy, he left  
His ship; and clost his countie eath he cleft;

Kist it, and wept for ioy: powd teare on teare,  
To set so withedly his footing there.

But see: a Sentinell that all the yeare,  
Crastie *Egishum*, in a watchtowre let

To spie his landing; for reward as great  
As two gold talents; all his powres did call

To strict remembrance of his charge; and all  
Discharg'd at first fight; which at first he cast

On *Agamemnon*; and with all his haft,  
Informd *Egishum*. He, an instant traine

Laid for his slaughter: I wentie choicd men  
Of his *plebeians*, he in ambush laid.

His other men, he charg'd to see puruaid  
A Feast: and forth, with horse and chariots grac't,

He rode to moue him: but in heart embrac't  
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,

With trecherous slaughter, the vnwarie King.  
Receiu'd him at a Feast; and (like an Oxe

Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.  
No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one

Sau'd to *Egishum*; but himselfe alone:  
All strowd together there, the bloudie Court.

This said: my soule he sunke with his report:  
Flat on the sands I fell: teares spent their store;

I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.  
When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;

Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted spirits did cheare:  
No more spend teares nor time, ô *Atrous* sonne;

With ceaseles weeping, neuer with was wonne.  
Vt vttermost assay to reach thy home,

And all vnwares vpon the murderet come,  
(For torture) taking him thy selfe, aliue;

Or let *Orestes*, that should farre out-strue

*Agamemnon*  
slaine by *Egishum* treachery.

There in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
Of such a darke soule: and do thou the right  
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.

With these last words, I fortifide my breast;  
In which againe, a generous spring began,  
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;  
But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.  
Yet forth I went; and told him the returne  
Of these I knew: but he had nam'd a third,  
Heid on the broad sea; still with life inspir'd;  
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,  
And I must mourne alike. He answered:

He is *Laertes* sonne, whom I beheld  
In Nymph *Callypos* Pallace; who compeld  
His stay with her: and since he could not see  
His countrie earth, he mournd incessantly.  
For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,  
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.  
Where, leaue we him; and to thy selfe descend;  
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;  
But the immortal ends of all the earth,  
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,

*Elisium describ'd.*

(The fields *Elisium*) Fate to thee will giue:  
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue  
A neuer-troubl'd life: where know, nor shewres,  
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;  
But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* still resumes  
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy hire;  
And *Ioue* himselfe, is by her side thy Sire.

*Proteus leaues Helenus.*

This said; he diu'd the deepe some warrie heapes;  
I, and my tried men,ooke vs to our ships;  
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps.

Arriu'd and shipt, the silent solemn Night,  
And Sleepe bereft vs of our visuall light.  
At morne, masts, sailes reard, we fate; left the shores,  
And beate the fomie Ocean with our oares.

Againe then we, the *Ioue*-false flood did fetch,  
As farre as *Egypt*: where we did beseech  
The Gods with Hecatombs, whose angers cease;  
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.

All rites performd; all haste I made for home;  
And all the prosperous winds about were come;  
I had the Pasport now of euery God,  
And here close all these labours period.

Here stay then, till th' eleuenth or twelfth daies light;  
And Ile dismiss thee well; gifts exquisite  
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horses three;

A

A Cup of curious frame to serue for thee,  
To serue th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,  
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.

He answerd: Stay me not too long time here;  
Though I could sit, attending all the yeare;  
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,  
Take my affections from you; so on fire  
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but so,  
My *Pylas* friends, I shall afflict with wo,  
Who mourne euen this stay. Whatsoeuer be  
The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me,  
Vouchsafe them such, as I may beare and saue,  
For your sake euer. Horse, I list not haue,  
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leaue them here,  
To your soles dainties, where the broad fields beare  
Sweet *Cypers* grasse; where men-fed *Lote* doth flow;  
Where wheate-like *Spelt*; and wheate it selfe doth grow;  
Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:  
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be  
(For any length it comprehends) a race  
To trie a horses speed: nor any place  
To make him fat in: fitter fare to feed.  
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raise or please a Sced.  
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth least provide,  
Or meades to feed a horse, or wayes to ride.

*Telemachus to Helenus.*

*Ithaca described by Telemachus.*

He, smiling said: Of good blood art thou (sonne):  
What speech, so yong? what obseruation  
Hast thou made of the world? I well am please  
To change my gifts to thee, as being confessd  
Vnsit indeed: my store is such, I may.  
Of all my house-gifts then, that vp I lay  
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee  
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.  
I will bestow on thee a rich car'd Cup  
Of siluer all: but all the brims wrought vp  
With finest gold: it was the onely thing  
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King  
Presented to me, when we were to part  
At his receipt of me, and twas the Art  
Of that great Artist, that of heauen is free;  
And yet euen this, will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring  
Muttons (for Presents) to the God-like King:  
And spirit-prompt wine, that strenuous makes.  
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:  
And in *Phylas* house, Actiuitie  
The woovers practise: Tossing of the Spaine;

*The woovers converse against Telemachus.*

G 2

The

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where  
They exercise such insolence before:  
Even in the Court, that wealthy paucements wore.

*Antinous* did still their strifes decide;

And he that was in person deside

*Eurymachus*; both ring-leaders of all;

For in their virtues they were principal.

These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Phronimus*)  
Were sided now; who made the question thus:

*Antinous*! does any friend here know,  
When this *Telemachus* returnes? or no,  
From *landie Pylas*? He made bold to take  
My ship with him: of which, I now should make  
Fit use my selfe; and saile in her as farre  
As spacious *Elus*; where, of mine, there are  
Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their sides, go  
Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know  
The yoke, nor labour: some of which should beare  
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.

This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he  
*Nestor* *Pylas*, euer thought to see;

But was at field about his flocks furstay:

Or thought, his heardsmen held him so away.

*Eupitheus* sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:

When went he? or with what Train dignified  
Of his selected *Ithacensian* youth?

Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.

Could he effect this? let me truly know:

To gaine thy vessell, did he violence show,

And vnde her gainst thy will? or had her free,

When sitting question, he had made with thee?

*Noemon* answerd: I did freely giue

My vessell to him, who deserves to liue,

That would do other: when such men as he,

Did in distresse aske: he should churlish be,

That would denie him: Of our youth, the best

Amongst the people; to the interest

His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,

With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.

Their Captaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;

Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,

Maskt in his likeness. But to thinke twas he,

I much admire; for I did clearly see,

But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here;

Yet, th'other euening, he tooke shipping there,

And went for *Pylas*. Thus went he for home,

And left the rest, with enuie ouercome:

Who fate, and pastime left. *Eupitheus* sonne

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerunne)

His eyes like flames; thus interpos'd his speech.

Strange thing, an action of how proud a reach,

Is here committed by *Telemachus*?

A boy, a child; and we, a sort of vs,

Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus,

With ship, and choise youth of our people too?

But let him on; and all his mischief do;

*Ioue* shall conuert vpon himselfe his powres,

Before their ill presum'd, he brings on ours.

Provide me then a ship, and twentie men

To giue her manage; that against again

He turns for home; on th' *Ithacensian* seas,

Or *Cliffie Samios*, I may interpret;

Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,

Saile with his ruine, for his Father's sake.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;

Rose, and to greete *Phylas* house, did go.

But long time past not, ere *Penelope*

Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.

*Medon* the Herald told her; who had heard

Without the Hall, how they within conferr'd:

And hastid fraik, to tell it to the Queene:

Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* scene

Prents him thus: Now Herald; what affaere

Intend the famous woos, in your repaire?

To tell *Phylas* maids, that they must cease

From doing our worke, and their banquets dresse

I would to heauen, that (leaving wooing me,

Nor euer troubling other companie)

Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,

That euer any shall addresse for them.

They neuer meete, but to consent in spoile,

And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.

O did they neuer, when they children were,

What to their Fathers, was *Phylas*, heare?

Who neuer did gainst any one proceed,

With vnjust vsage, or in word or deed?

Tis yet with other Kings, another right,

One to pursue with loue, another spight;

He still yet iust; nor would, though might deuoure;

Nor to the worst, did euer taste of powre.

But their vnild acts, shew their minds estate:

Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

*Medon*, the learn'd in wisdome, answerd her:

I wish (O Queene) that their ingratitude were

Their worst ill towards you: but worse by farre,

And much more deadly their endeuours are;

*Antinous* argues  
for the escape of  
*Telemachus*.

*Penelope* to *Medon*.

*Medon* to *Penelope* relates the  
voyage of *Telemachus*.

Which *Ioue* will faile them in: *Telemachus*  
 Their purpose is (as he returnes to vs)  
 To giue their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:  
 Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe  
 Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylian* shore,  
 And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.

This newes diffolu'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence held her, ere one word would part:  
 Her eyes stood full of teares; her small soft voice,  
 All late vie lost; that yet at last had choice  
 Of wonted words; which briefly thus she vnde:

Why left my sonne his mother: why refuse  
 His wit the solid shore, to trie the seas,  
 And put in ships the trust of his distresse:  
 That are at sea to men vnbridld horse,  
 And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,  
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vnsaid:  
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid  
 To liue and leaue posteritie his name?

I know not (he replide) if th'humor came  
 From current of his owne infinit, or flowd  
 From others instigations; but he vowd  
 Attempt to *Pylas*; or to see delectid  
 His Sires returne, or know what death he died.

This said, he tooke him to *Phyffes* house  
 After the wooers; the *Phyffean* Spouse  
 (Runne through with woes) let *Torture* scife her mind;  
 Nor, in her choice of state-chaires, stood endin'd  
 To take her seate; but th'abiect threhold chose  
 Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repose,  
 And mournd most wretch-like, Round about her fell  
 Her hand maids, ioynd in a continuate yell.  
 From euery corner of the Pallace, all  
 Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall  
 Their owne deuotions: to whom, her complaint  
 She thus enforce't: The Gods beyond constraint  
 Of any measure, vrge these teares on me;  
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,  
 So past degree grieu'd. First, a Lord, so good,  
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood.  
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall;  
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,  
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne  
 So worthily belou'd, a course to runne  
 Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests haue  
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.  
 Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,  
 (Though in the reach of euery one, must fall

*Penelope rebu-  
 keth her Ladies  
 for not telling her  
 of Telemachus.*

His taking (hip) sustaind the carefull mind,  
 To call me from my bed; who, this designd,  
 And most vowd course in him, had either staid,  
 (How much soeuer hastid) or dead laid  
 He should haue left me. Many a man I haue,  
 That would haue calld old *Delius* my slaue,  
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue  
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told  
*Laertes* this; to trie if he could hold  
 From running through the people; and from teares,  
 In telling them of these vowd murders;  
 That both diuine *Phyffes* hope, and his,  
 Resolue to end in their conspiracies.

His Nurse then, *Euerycles* made reply:  
 Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;  
 Or cast me off here: Ile not keepe from thee,  
 One word of what I know: He trusted me  
 With all his purpose; and I gaue him all  
 The bread and wine, for which he pleas'd to call.  
 But then a mightie oath he made me sweare,  
 Not to report it to your royall eare,  
 Before the twelfth day either should appeare,  
 Or you should aske me, when you heard him gone.  
 Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,  
 But wash, and put vnteaie-staind garments on:  
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here;  
 And pray the seed of Goat-nurst *Iupiter*,  
 (Diuine *Athenia*) to preferue your ionne,  
 And she will saue him from confusion.  
 Th'old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,  
 For his graue counsels, you perhaps may find  
 Vnsit affected, for his ages sake.  
 But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make  
 Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts neuer will  
 Belceue the heauenly powres conceit so ill,  
 The seed of righteous *Arcefiades*,  
 To end it viterly; but still will please  
 In some place euermore, some one of them.  
 To saue; and decke him with a Diadem:  
 Giue him possession of erected Towres,  
 And farre-stretcht fields, crown'd all of fruits and flowres.  
 This cald her heart, and dride her humorous cyes,  
 When hauing washt, and weeds of sacrifice  
 (Pure, and vntaind with her distrustfull teares)  
 Put on; (with all her women-ministers)  
 Vp to a chamber of most height, she rose,  
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose  
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke

*Euerycles from  
 comfort of Pe-  
 nelope.*

*Laertes saue to  
 Arcefiades the son  
 of Iupiter.*

*Penelope to  
Pallas.*

In decent order, thus she did inuoke:

Great Virgin of the Goat-preserved God;

If euer the inhabited abode

Of wife *Phyllis*, held the fatted Thies

Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice

By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget

His pious seruices; but safe see let

His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence

These wooers, past all meane in insolence.

This said, the shrieks; and *Pallas* heard her praise.

The wooers broke with tumult all the aire

About the shadie house; and one of them,

Whose pride, his youth had made the more extreme,

Said; Now the many-woor-honour Queene,

Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,

And one of vs, in instant nuptials take.

Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,

Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.

So said he; but so said, was not so done;

Whole arrogant spirit, in a vaunt so vaine,

*Antinous to the  
rest.*

*Antinous* chid; and said; For shame containe

These brauing speeches; who can tell who heares;

Are we not now in reach of others eares?

If our intentions please vs, let vs call

Our spirits vp to them, and let speeches fall.

By watchfull Danger, men must silent go;

What we resolute on, let's not say, but do.

This said, he chulde out twentie men, that bore

Best reckning with him; and to ship and shore,

All hasted, reacht the ship, lancht, raid the mast;

Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast

The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring;

All giuing speed, and forme to euery thing.

Then to the high-deepes, their riggd vessell driuen,

They sapt; expecting the approaching Euen.

Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,

And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor slept;

Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blamelesse sonne;

Still in contention, if he should be done

To death; or scape the impious wooers designe.

Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine

To hunt, and close him in a craftie ring;

Much varied thought conceiues; and feare doth sting

For virgent danger: So far'd he, till sleepe,

All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerves did sleepe

In his dissoluing humor. When (at rest)

*Pallas* her fauours varied; and addrest

An Idoll, that *Iphisima* did present

In \* structure of her euery lineament.

Great-sould *Icarus* daughter: whom, for Spouse

*Euclidus* tooke, that kept in *Phryia* house.

This, so diuine *Phyllis* house she sent,

To trie her best meane, how she might content

Mournfull *Penelope*, and make Resent

The strict addition in her to deplore.

This Idoll (like a \* worne, that kisse or more,

Contracts or straines her) did in self conuey,

Beyond the wards, or windings of the key.

Into the chamber; and about her head,

Her seate assuming, thus she comforted

Distrest *Penelope*. Dost sleepe thus seate

Thy powres, affected with so much disease?

The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not let

Thy teares nor griefes, in any least degree,

Sustaind with cause, for they will guard thy sonne,

Safe to his wisht, and native mansion;

Since he is no offender of their States,

And they to such, are firmer then their Fates.

The wife *Penelope* receiue her thus;

(Bound with a slumber most delicious,

And in the Port of dreames) O sister, why

Repaire you hither? since so farre off lie

Your house and houthold? You were neuer here

Before this houre, and would you now giue cheare

To my so many woes and miseries?

Affecting fitly all the faculties

My soule and mind hold; hauing lost before

A husband, that of all the vertues bore

The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne

So ample was, that *Fame* the sound hath blowne

Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.

And now againe; a sonne that did conuert

My whole powres to his loue, by ship is gone.

A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne

To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;

For whom, more then my husband I complaine;

And lest he should at any sufferance touch

(Or in the sea, or by the men so much

Estrang'd to him, that must his consorts be)

Feare and chill tremblings, shake each ioynt of me.

Besides: his danger sets on, foes proffert

To way-lay his returne; that haue addrest

Plots for his death. The scarce-discerned Dreame,

Said: Be of comfort; nor feares so extreme,

Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate

Attending thee, as some at any rate

*Aeneas mon-  
strum stru-  
ctura,*

*euclidus  
Icarus. Iam,  
affectus cur-  
culonis signi-  
ficat quod lo-  
gior & grati-  
lor euasit.*

*Minerva (sub  
Iphibima per-  
sona) solatur Pe-  
nelopen in  
somnis.*

*Penelope to the  
Dreame.*

*Penelope to the  
Idol.*

Would with to purchase, for her powre is great;  
*Minerva* pities thy delights defence;  
Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.

If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,  
And heardst her tell thee these; thou mayst as well  
From her tell all things else; daigne then to tell,  
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,  
(My husband) liues; and sees the Sunne adorne  
The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head  
In *Plutos* house, and liues amongst the dead.

I will not (she replide) my breath exhale,  
In one continue, and perpetuall tale;  
Liues he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vs,  
To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.  
This said, she through the key-hole of the dore  
Vanisht againe into the open blowre.

*Icarus* daughter started from her sleepe,  
And *Ioyes* fresh humor, her lou'd brest did sleepe;  
When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,  
She saw the scene dreame vanish from her sight.

The woocers (shipt) the seas moist waues did plie;  
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death should die.  
There lies a certaine Iland in the sea,  
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Nhaca*,  
That cliffe is it selfe, and nothing great;  
Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two wayes let  
Ships in and out, call'd *Asteris*: and there  
The woocers hope to make their massacre.

*Finis libri quarti Hom. Odys.*

THE

## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

**A** Second Court, on *Ioue* attends;  
Who, *Hermes* to *Calypso* sends;  
Commanding her to cleare the wayes  
*Vlysses* sought; and she obeyes.  
When *Neptune* saw *Vlysses* free,  
And, so in *safer*, plow the seas;  
*Euryd*, he rustles up the waues,  
And splits his ship. *Leucothea* saues  
His person yet; as being a *Dane*,  
Whose Godhead governd in the frame  
Of those seas tempests, But the meane  
By which she curbs *Neptunes* spleene,  
Is made a leuell; which she takes  
From off her head; and that she makes  
*Vlysses* on his bosome weare,  
About his necke, she ties it there:  
And when he is with waues beset,  
Bids weare it as an Amulet;  
Commanding him, that not before  
He toucht upon *Phaeacias* shore,  
He should not part with it; but then  
Returne it to the sea againe,  
And cast it from him. He performs;  
Yet after this, bides bitter stormes;  
And in the rockes, sees *Death* engrau'd;  
But on *Rhaecias* shore is sauid.

Another.

**E.** *Vlysses* build:  
A ship; and gaires  
The *Gassie* fields;  
Pays *Neptune* paines.



From rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,  
That men and Gods might be illustrated;  
And then the Deities fate. Imperiall *Ioue*,  
That makes the horrid murmure beate about,  
Tooke place past all; whose height for euer springs;  
And from whom flows th'eternal powre of things.

Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlysses*) told  
The many Cares, that in *Calypso* hold,  
He still sustaind; when he had felt before,  
So much affliction, and such dangers more.





Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not see  
*Vlysses* there within. Without was he  
 Set sad alhore, where twas his vse to view  
 Th'vnquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and emptie drew  
 His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne  
 (That beames cast vp, to Admiration)  
 Diuine *Calyss*, question'd *Hermes* thus:

*Calyss* to *Mer-*  
*curie.*

For what cause (deare, and much-esteem'd by vs,  
 Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)  
 Arriu'lt thou herer: thou hast not vidē t'apply  
 Thy passage this way. Say, what euer be  
 Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,  
 If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.  
 But first, what hospitable rights exact,  
 Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set  
 A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,  
 Such as the Gods taste; and scru'd in with it,  
 Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, sit  
 He had confirm'd his spirits; he thus exprest  
 His cause of coming: Thou hast made request  
 (Goddesse of Goddesses) to vnderstand  
 My cause of touch here: which thou shalt command,  
 And know with truth: *Ioue* caus'd my course to thee,  
 Against my will, for who would willingly  
 Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?  
 Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine  
 Receiues with solemne rites and Hecatombs:  
 But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;  
 No other God can crosse or make it void.  
 And he affirms, that one, the most annoyd  
 With woes and toiles, of all those men that fought  
 For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought  
 Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.  
 For in the tenth yeare, when roy *Victorie*  
 Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;  
 Returne they did professe, but not enioy,  
 Since *Pallas* they incens'd; and she, the waues  
 By all the winds powre, that blew ope their granes.  
 And there they rested. Only this poore one,  
 This Coast, both winds and waues haue cast vpon:  
 Whom now forthwith he wils thee to dismiss;  
 Affirming that th'vnalerd destinies,  
 Not onely haue decreed, he shall not die  
 Apart his friends; but of Necessitie  
 Enioy their sights before those fatal houres,  
 His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.

*Mercurie* to *Calyss*.

This strook a loue-checkt horror through her powres;  
 When (naming him) she this reply did giue:

*Calyss* displea-  
 sed reply to  
*Mercurie.*

Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that line;  
 In all things you affect; which still connects  
 Your powres to Enuies. It afflicts your hearts,  
 That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine  
 The vse of earthly Dames) enioy the men;  
 And most in open marriage. So ye far'd  
 When the delicious-finger'd *Morning* shad'  
*Oriens* bed: you ease-living Sates,  
 Could neuer satisfie your emulous hates;  
 Till in *Orygia*, the precise-liu'd Dame  
 (Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,  
 And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,  
 (When rich-haired *Ceres* pleas'd to giue the raiues  
 To her afflictions; and the grace did yeeld  
 Of loue and bed amidst a three-cropt field;  
 To her *Iasion*) he paid angric *Ioue*,  
 Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;  
 But with a glowing lightning, was his death.  
 And now your enuies labour vnderneath  
 A mortals choice of mine; whose life, I took  
 To liberall factrie; when his ship, *Ioue* strooke  
 With red-hot flashes, peece-meale in the seas,  
 And all his friends and fouldiers, succourlesse  
 Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast  
 With blasts and billowes; I (in life giuen lost)  
 Prefer'd alone, lou'd, nourish, and did vow  
 To make him deathlesse; and yet neuer grow  
 Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.  
 But since no reason may be made so strong,  
 To strue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;  
 No not if all the other Gods should straine  
 Their powres against it; let his will be law;  
 So he afford him fit meanes to withdraw,  
 (As he commands him) to the raging *Maene*:  
 But meanes from me, he neuer shall obtaine,  
 For my meanes yeeld, nor then, nor ship, nor oares,  
 To set him off from my so enuid shores.  
 But if my counsell and goodwill can aide  
 His safe passe home, my best shall be affaid.

Vouchsafe it so, (said heauens Ambassador)  
 And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre  
 T'incense *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace  
 He may hereafter, all thy wils embrace.

Thus took the *Argo*-killing God, his wings.  
 And since the reuerend *Nymphs*, these awfull things  
 Recei'd from *Ioue*, she to *Vlysses* went:  
 Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent;  
 His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,

*Mercurie* leaves  
*Calyss*.

And waste his deare age, for his wisht returne.  
Which still without the Cause he vnde to do,  
Because he could not please the Goddesse so.  
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their rest,  
The willing Goddesse, and th' unwillling Guest.  
But he, all day in rockes, and on the shore  
The next sea viewd, and did his Fate deplore.  
Him, now, the Goddesse (coming neare) bespake:

Calyps to Physse

Vnhappie man, no more discomfort take,  
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age;  
I now will passing freely disengage  
Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,  
And build a ship, to saue thee from the flood.  
Ile furnish thee with fresh waue, bread and wine,  
Ruddie and sweet, that will the Piner pine;  
Put garments on thee; giue thee winds forsoight;  
That euery way thy home-bent appetite  
May safe attaine to it; if so it please  
At all parts, all the heauen-hous'd Deities!  
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;  
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.

Hunger.

Physse to Calypso

He stood amaz'd, at this strange change in her;  
And said: O Goddesse! thy intents preferre  
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;  
Commanding things of too high consequence  
For my performance. That my selfe should build  
A ship of powre, my home affaies to shield  
Against the great Sea, of such dread to passe;  
Which not the best-built ship that euer was,  
Will passe exulting, when such winds as Ioue  
Can thunder vp, their tims and tacklings proue.  
But could I build one, I would ne're aboard,  
(Thy will opposde) nor (won) without thy word,  
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
Not to beguile me in the least degree.  
The Goddesse smilede, held hard his hand, and said:  
O y'are a shrewd one; and so habited  
In taking heed, thou knowst not what it is  
To be vnwarie; nor vfe words amisse.  
How hast thou charmd me, were I ne're so slie;  
Let earth know then; and heauen, so broad, so hie;  
And th' vnder-funke waues of th' infernall streame;  
(Which is an oath, as terribly supream,  
As any God sweares) that I had no thought,  
But stood with what I spake; nor would haue wrought,  
Nor counfeld any act against thy good;  
But euer diligently weigh'd, and stood  
On those points in pctrwading thee; that I

Calysses oath.

Would

Would vfe my selfe in such extreme,  
For my mind simple is, and innocent,  
Not giuen by cruell sleights to circumuent,  
Nor beare I in my breast a heart of trick,  
But with the Sufferer, willing Insurance take.  
This said, the Grace of Goddesse led home,  
He trac'd her steps; and (to the Cause came)  
In that rich Throue, whence *Minerva* came,  
He sat. The *Nymph* her selfe did then appeare,  
For food and beuidge to him; all best was  
And drinke, that mortals vfe to take and ease.  
Then sat the opposite, and for her Feast  
Was *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* addrest  
By handmaids to her. Both what was present  
Did freely fall to. Having sudy sat,  
The *Nymph Calypso* this discourse began:  
*Ioue-bred Physse!* many-witted man!  
Still is thy home so wisht, so loone away  
Be still of cheare, for all the world I say;  
But if thy soule knew what a summe of woes  
For thee to cast vp, thy sterne Faces shew;  
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes remove,  
Vndoubtedly thy choice would bee remoue;  
Keepe house with me, and be a liue euer,  
Which (me thinks) should thy house and thee differ;  
Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire;  
And all thy dayes are spent in her desire;  
And though it be no boast in me to say,  
In forme and mind, I match her euery way,  
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,  
T' affect those termes with vs, that deable be are.  
The great in counsels, made her this reply:  
Renowm'd, and to be reuerend Decie!  
Let it not moue thee, that so much I vow  
My comforts to my wife; though well I know  
All cause my selfe, why wife *Penelope*  
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;  
In feature, stature, all the parts of show;  
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;  
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.  
Yet her desire, shall all my dayes see told;  
Adding the fight of my returning day,  
And naturall home. If any God shall lay  
His hand vpon me, as I passe the seas;  
Ile beare the worst of what his hand shall please;  
As hauing giuen me such a mind, as shall  
The more still rife, the more his hand lets fall.  
In warres and waues, my sufferings were not small.

Calysses promise  
of immortalitye  
to Physse.

I now haue sufferd much; as much before;  
Hereafter let as much result, and more.

This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadows gaue;  
When these two (in an in-roome of the Caire,  
Left to themselves) left Loe: no rites without.  
The early Morn vp; vp he rose; put on  
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe in chaces  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the *Graues*,  
Ample, and pleared, thicke, like fiftie scales.  
A golden girdle then, her waste empales;  
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;  
And now began *Vlysses* to go home.

A great Axe, first the gaue, that two wayes cut;  
In which a faire wel. polishd helme was put,  
That from an Olive bough receiu'd his frame:  
A plainier then. Then led the till they came  
To lostie woods, that did the Ile confine.  
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-scaling Pine,  
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were  
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,  
He chufde for lighter saile. This place, thus shewne,  
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downie;  
And twentie trees he stoopt, in fittie space,  
Plaind, vnde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.  
In meane time did *Calyppo* wimbles bring.  
He bor'd, close, naild, and orderd every thing;  
And rooke how much a ship-wright will allow  
A ship of burthen; (one that best doth know  
What fits his Art) so large a Keele he cast.  
Wrought vp her decks, and hatchies, side-boords, mast;  
With willow watlings armd her, to resist  
The billowes outrages; added all the mist;  
Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought  
Linnen for sailes; which, with dispatch, he wrought.

Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the Frame  
In foure dayes space, to full perfection came.  
The fift day, they dismiss him from the shore;  
Weeds, neat, and odorous gaue him; vnder store;  
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.  
To which, *Vlysses* (fit to be diuin'd)  
His sailes expold, and hoised. Off he gat;  
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,  
And ster'd right artfully. No sleepe could seise  
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleiadess*,  
The Beare, furnam'd the *Waine*, that round doth moue  
About *Orion*; and keeps still aboue  
The billowie Ocean. The slow-fering starre,  
*Bootes* calld, by some, the *Waggon*.

*This foure dayes  
worke (you will  
say) is too much  
for one man: and  
Plinius affirms,  
that there (a  
king of Sicilie)  
in five and forty  
dayes built two  
hundred and  
twentie ships,  
rigged them, and  
put to sea with  
them.*

*Calyppo* warn'd him, he his course should here  
Still to his left hand. Seuentene dayes did cleare  
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;  
And by the eighteenth light, he might display  
The shade hils of the *Phaeacia* shore;  
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
The countie did a pretie figure yeeld,  
And lookt from off the darke seas, like a shield.  
Impetuous *Nepheus* (making his retreache  
From th' *Ethiopian* earth; and taking feare  
Vpon the mountaines of the *Salyus*,  
From thence, farre off discouering) did descrie  
*Vlysses*, his fields plowing. All on fire  
The sight strait set his heart; and made desire  
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile to him.  
When (his head nodding) O impietie  
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconstancie  
Is most apparent, altring their designs  
Since I the *Bishops* law; and here confines  
To this *Vlysses* fate, his misery.  
The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,  
Lies in *Phaeacia*. But I hope he shall  
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calm befall.  
This said, he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;  
Frighted the seas vp; snatcht into his hand,  
His horrid Trident; and aloft did tosse  
(Of all the winds) all stormes he could engrosse.  
All earth tooke into sea with clouds; grim *Nights*  
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.  
The East and Southwinds iustled in the aire;  
The violent *Zephire*, and *North-making* faire,  
Rould vp the wanes before them; and then, bent  
*Vlysses* knees; then all his spirit was spent.  
In which despaire, he thus spake: Woe is me!  
What was I borne to? man of miseriee  
*Fate* tels me now, that all the Goddesse said,  
*Truths* selfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid  
*Griefes* whole summe due from me, at sea, before  
I reacht the deare touch of my countries shore.  
With what clouds *Io*, heauens heightened forehead binds;  
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds;  
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes;  
And in the bottomes, all the tops he steepes:  
Thus dreaddfull is the presence of our death.  
Thrice foure times blest were they that sunke beneath  
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,  
But to knowme *Atides* with their end:  
I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,

*Calyppo*

H 4

That

That day had held the power to terminate;  
When showres of darts, my life bore vnderpreſt,  
About diuine *Æacides* decaſt.  
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,  
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;  
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)  
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.

This ſpoke, a huge waue tooke him by the head,  
And hurld him o're-board: ſhip and all it laid  
Inuerted quite amidſt the waues; but he  
Farre off from her ſprawld, ſtrowd about the ſea:  
His Sterne ſtill holding, broken off; his Maſt  
Burſt in the miſt: ſo horrible a blaſt  
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sailer and ſaile-yards fell  
Amongſt the billowes; and himſelfe did dwell  
A long time vnder water: nor could get  
In haſte his head out: waue with waue ſo met  
In his depreſſion, and his garments too,  
(Given by *Calyſſo*) gaue him much to do,  
Hindring his ſwimmings; yet he left not fo  
His drenched veſſell, for the ouerthrow  
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe  
(Wreſtling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then  
Sat in her Bulke, inſulting ouer *Death*,  
Which (with the ſalt ſtreame, preſt to ſtop his breath.)

He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe; to giue  
To other men. His ſhip ſo ſtriu'd to liue,  
Floting at randon, cuſt from waue to waue,  
As you haue ſeene the *Northwind* when he draue  
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Graſhoppers,  
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,  
Another that; and makes them often meete  
In his conſulde gales; ſo *Vhyſſis* ſecte,  
The winds hurld vp and downe: now *Boreas*  
Toſt it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it paſſe  
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it purſue  
The horrid *Tennis*. This ſport call'd the view  
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele,  
(*Iuo Leucothea*) that fiſt did ſeele  
A mortall Dames deſires; and had a tongue.  
But now had ſh' honor to be nam'd among  
The marine Godheads. She, with pittie ſaw  
*Vhyſſis* iuſt'd thus, from ſlaw to ſlaw;  
And (like a *Cormorand*, in forme and flight)  
Roſe from a whirl-poolle: on the ſhip did light,  
And thus beſpeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus  
In thy purſuite extremely furious,  
Oppreſſing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

*Leucothea to  
Vhyſſis.*

Even to thy death? He muſt not ſerue his will,  
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduiſe,  
As my thoughts ſerue; thou ſhalt not be vnwiſe  
To leaue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands  
Of theſe rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,  
Paſſe to *Phœacia*; where thy auſtere *Fate*,  
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.  
Take here this Tablet, with this riband ſtring,  
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hung  
By whole eternall vertue, neuer feare  
To ſuffer thus againe, nor periſh here.  
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,  
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;  
But caſt it farre off from the Continent,  
And then thy perſon farre aſhore preſent.

Thus gaue ſhe him the Tablet; and againe  
(Turn'd to a *Cormorand*) diu'd paſt ſight the Maine.

*Patient Vhyſſis* ſigh'd at this; and ſtucke

In the conceit of ſuch faire ſpoken Lucke:

And ſaid; Alas, I muſt ſuſpect euen this;

Leſt any other of the Deities

Adde ſlight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me

To leaue my veſſell, and ſo farre off ſee

The ſhore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare

Will I obey her: but to me appeare

Theſe counſels beſt, as long as I perceiue

My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue

The helpe ſhe may afford me; but abide,

And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be tri'd.

When the is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miracle can

Paſt nature and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.

While this diſcourſe emplotid him, *Neptune* raid

A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that ſcald

Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;

As when the violent winds together take

Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them euery way;

So his long woodſtacke, *Neptune* ſtrooke aſtray.

Then did *Vhyſſis* mount on rib, perforce,

Like to a rider of a running horſe,

To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift

His drenched weeds, that were *Calyſſis* gift.

When putting ſtrait, *Leucothea* Amulet

About his necke, he all his forces ſet

To ſwim; and caſt him proſtrate to the ſea.

When powerfull *Neptune* ſaw the ruthleſſe preſe

Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,

And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:

So, now ſeele thy enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

*Patience ſtill ſuffe-  
ring of ſea  
fortunes.*

*Neptune in V-  
hyſſis tole-  
mance.*

Till to your *Ioue*-lou'd Ilanders you row.  
 But my mind sayes, you will not so avoid  
 This last taske too, but be with sufferance cloid.  
 This said, his rich-man'd horse he madd'd; and reacht  
 His house at *Egea*. But *Minerva* fetcht  
 The winds from sea, and all their wayes but one  
 Bar'd to their passage; the bleake *North* alone  
 She set to blow; the rest, she charg'd to keepe  
 Their rages in; and bind themselves in sleepe.  
 But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,  
 Till *Ioue*-bred *Ithacus*, the more with care,  
 The navigation-skild *Phaesian* States  
 Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,  
 At length escaping. Two nights yet, and daies,  
 He spent in wrestling with the fable seas,  
 In which space, often did his heart propose  
 Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,  
 And threw the third light from her orient haire;  
 The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;  
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might descric  
 (Raish'd by the high seas) cleare, the land was nie.  
 And then, looke how to good sonnes that esteeme  
 Their fathers life deare, (after paines extream,  
 Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long  
 Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,  
 Wasted his bodie, made his life his lode,  
 As being inflicted by some angrie God)  
 When on their praires, they see descend at length  
 Health from the heaucn; clad all in spirit and strength;  
 The sight is precious: so, since here should end  
*Vlysses* toiles; which therein should extend  
 Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)  
 And on which, long for him, *Discase* did tire.  
 And then besides, for his owne sake to see  
 The shores, the woods so neare, such ioy had he,  
 As those good sonnes for their recoverd Sire.  
 Then labourd fette and all parts, to aspire  
 To that wisht Continent; which, when as neare  
 He came, as *Clamor* might informe an ear;  
 He heard a found beate from the sea-bred rocks,  
 Against which gaue a huge sea horrid shocks,  
 That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and some;  
 With which were all things hid there; where no roome  
 Of fit capacitie was for any port;  
 Nor (from the sea) for any mans resort;  
 The shores, she rocks, and cliffes so prominent were.  
 O (said *Vlysses* then) now *Iupiter*  
 Hath giuen me sight of an vnhop't for shore,

(Though

(Though I haue wrought these seas so long, so fure)  
 Of rest yet, no place shewes the sleadrest print;  
 The rugged shore so brist'ls with stines:  
 Against which, euery way the winds to flocke;  
 And all the shore shewes as one eminent rocke.  
 So neare which, tis so deepe, that not a sand  
 Is there, for any tired foote to stand:  
 Nor sic his death-fast following maieries,  
 Left if he land, vpon him foresight flies  
 A churlish waue, to crush him gainst a Cliff;  
 Worse then vaine rendring, all his landing strife.  
 And should I swim to seek a haven else where,  
 Or land, leise way-beate; I may iustly feare  
 I shall be taken with a gale againe,  
 And cast a huge way off into the Maine.  
 And there, the great Earth-shaker (hauing scene  
 My so neare landing; and againe, his spleene  
 Forcing me to him) will some Whale send out,  
 (Of which a horrid number here about,  
 His *Amphitrite* breeds) to swallow me.  
 I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie  
 He treads my steps. While this discourse he held,  
 A curst Surge, gainst a cutting rocke impeld  
 His naked bodie, which it gash'd and tore;  
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea more  
 Had cast him on it. But \* the prompter him,  
 That neuer faild; and bad him no more swim  
 Still off and on; but boldly force the shore,  
 And hug the rocke, that him so rudely tore.  
 Which he, with both hands, sigh'd and clasp't; till past  
 The billowes rage was; which scap't; backe, so fast  
 The rocke repulst it, that it rest his hold,  
 Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.  
 And as the *Polypos*, that (forc't from home  
 Amidst the soft sea; and neare rough land come  
 For shelter gainst the stormes that beate on her  
 At open sea, as the abroad doth ere)  
 A deale of grauill, and sharpe little stones,  
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:  
 So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,  
 Shunning the smoother) where he best hop't, still  
 The worst succeded: for the cruell friend,  
 To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend  
 From his broad hands, the soken flesh so forc't,  
 That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.  
 Quire vnder water fell he; and, past fate,  
 Haplesse *Vlysses*, there had lost the state  
 He held in life, if (still the grey-eyd Maid,

Per asperiora  
 viare ietna.

His

His wisdom prompting) he had not affaid  
 Another course; and ceas'd attempt that shore;  
 Swimming, and casting round his eye, explore  
 Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found  
 Of faire Callicoes flood; whose shores were crown'd  
 With most apt succors: Rocks so smooth, they seem'd  
 Polish'd of purpose; land that quite redeem'd  
 With breathlesse courtes, th' others blasted shores.  
 The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:  
 King of this River! heare, what euer name  
 Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame  
 My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is  
 To all the euer-living Deities,  
 What erring man soeuer seeks their aid.  
 To thy both flood and knees, a man dismay'd  
 With varied sufferance sues. Yeld then some rest  
 To him that is thy suppliant proffert.

This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;  
 Her Current strait staid; and her thicke waues cleard  
 Before him, smooth'd her waters; and iust where  
 He praid, halfe drown'd; entirely sau'd him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees saluting, both  
 His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth  
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing. Voice and breath  
 Spent to all vse; and downe he sunke to Death.

The sea had soakt his heart through: all his vaines,  
 His toiles had rackt, & a labouring womans paines.  
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find  
 A passe reciprocally; and in his mind,  
 His spirit was recollected: vp he rose,  
 And from his necke did th' Amulet vnloose,  
 That *Ioo* gaue him; which he hurl'd from him  
 To sea. It sounding fell; and backe did swim  
 With th' ebbing waters; till it strait arriv'd,  
 Where *Iuon* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.  
 Then kiss'd he th' humble earth; and on he goes,  
 Till bulrushes shewd place for his repose;  
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soule:  
 O me, what strange perplexities controule  
 The whole skill of thy powres, in this euent?  
 What feeble I: if till Care-nurse Night be spent,  
 I watch amidst the flood; the seas chill breath,  
 And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:  
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,  
 A passing sharpe aire euer breathes at sea.  
 If I the pitch of this next mountaine scale,  
 And shade wood; and in some thicker fall  
 Into the hands of Sleep: though there the cold

*Q' d'us of s'um:  
 à partu dolor.*

May well be checkt; and healthfull slumber hold  
 Her sweete hand on my powres; all once allid,  
 Yet there will beasts deuoure me. Best assur'd  
 Doth that course make me yet; for there, some strife,  
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life.  
 Which, though empair'd, may yet be fresh apply'd,  
 Where perill, possible of escape is try'd.  
 But he that fights with heauen, or with the sea,  
 To Indiscretion, addes Impietie.

Thus to the woods he hast'd, which he found  
 Not farre from sea; but on farre-facing ground;  
 Where two twin vnder-woods, he cutt out  
 With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrown:  
 Through which, the moist force of the loud-voic'd wind,  
 Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phobus* shin'd;  
 Nor showre beate through; they grew to one in one;  
 And had, by turnes, their powre to exlude the Sunne.  
 Here enterd our *Vlysses*, and a bed  
 Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance spread  
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for there,  
 For two or three men, ample Coverings were;  
 Such as might shield them from the *Winter* worst;  
 Though \* Steele it breath'd; and blew as it would burst.

Patient *Vlysses* ioyd, that euer day  
 Shewd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,  
 Store of leaues heaping high on enery side.  
 And as in some out-field, a man doth hide  
 A kindle brand, to keepe the seed of fire;  
 No neighbour dwelling neare; and his desire  
 Seru'd with selfe store; he else would aske of none;  
 But of his fore-spent sparks, rakes th' ashes on:  
 So this out-place, *Vlysses* thus receiu'd;  
 And thus nak't vertues seed, lies hid in leaues.  
 Yet *Pallas* made him sleepe, as soone as men  
 Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daime.  
 And all that all his labours could comprise,  
 Quickly concluded in his clos'd cics.

*A metaphorical  
 Hyperbole, ex-  
 pressing the Win-  
 ters extremities  
 of sharpness.*

*Simile.*

*Finis libri quinti Hom. Odysf.*

I

THE

# THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**M**INERVA in a vision stands  
Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood, her weeds should beare,  
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.  
Nausicaa her charge obeys:  
And then with other virgins plays.  
Their sports make wake: Virgins rise,  
Walke to them, and beseech supplies  
Of food and clother. His naked sight  
Putt the other Maids, afraid, to flight.  
Nausicaa only boldly stays,  
And gladly his desire obeys.  
He (surmised with her fauour's shewme)  
Attends her, and the rest, to T come.

Another.

*Zula. Here Odisee leaves  
T'hide shame, began.  
The Maide receiues  
The naked man.*

*Odisee & Nausicaa  
Somno & labor  
afflictus: Sleep  
(cautus) for the want of  
sleep.*

**T**He much-sustaining, patient, heavenly Man,  
Whom *Toile* and *Sleepe* had worne so weak and wan;  
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went  
To the *Phaëcian* citie; and descent  
That first did broad *Hyperia* lands diuide,  
Neare the vast *Cyclopi*, men of monstrous pride.  
That preyd on thole *Hyperians*, since they were  
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there  
Diuine *Nausithous* dwelt not; but arose,  
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres dispose:  
Farre from ingenious Art-inuening men.  
But there did he erect a Citie then.  
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;  
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields  
Lastly diuiding. But he (stoopt by Fate)  
Diu'd to th' infernals; and *Alcinous* late  
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,  
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach  
Of grey *Amermas* proict; to provide,  
That great-sould *Ithacus* might be supplide

With

With all things fitting his returne. She went  
Vp to the chamber, where the faire \*descent  
Of great *Alcinous* slept. A maid, whole parts  
In wit and beautie, wore diuine defers.  
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore  
Did seeme to lighten; such a glosse it bore  
Betwixt the posts: and now flew open, to find  
The Goddess's entrie. Like a puff of wind  
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay  
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,  
Figure, and manners. But aboue the head  
Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tread  
The subtile aire; and put the person on  
Of *Dymas* daughter, from comparison  
Exempt in businesse Nauall. Like his seed,  
*Minerua* lookt now; \* whom one yeare did breed,  
With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaind  
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:

*Nausicaa*

*Intending Dy-  
mas daughter.*

*Nausicaa*! why bred thy mother one  
So negligent, in rites so stood vpon  
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie  
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nic.  
When, rich in all attire, both thou shouldst be,  
And garments giue to others honoring thee,  
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name  
Grows amongst men for these things; they enflame  
Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.  
Come, when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,  
Let's to the riuer, and repurifie  
Thy wedding garments: my societie  
Shall freely serue thee, for thy speedier aid,  
Because thou shalt no more stand on the Maid.  
The best of all *Phaëcia* wooe thy *Grace*,  
Where thou wert bred, and ow' st thy selfe a race.  
Vp, and stirre vp to thee thy honour Sire,  
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;  
Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
To beare in state. It suites thy high-borne blood;  
And farre more fits thee, then to foote so farre;  
For far from towne thou knowst the Bath-founts are.  
This said; away blue-eyd *Minerua* went  
Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,  
That beares in endlesse being, the desired kind;  
That's neither sou't with showres, nor shooke with wind;  
Nor childd with snow; but where *Serennitie* flies,  
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies  
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,  
Giue the delights of blessed *Deities* praise.

*Olympus descri-  
bed.*

I 2

And

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,  
When she had all that might excite her, said.  
Strait rose the lovely *Morne*, that vp did raise  
Faire-veild *Nausicaa*, whose dreame, her praise  
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent  
To giue the rapture of her vision vent,  
To her lou'd parents: whom she found within.  
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
A Rocke, whose tincture with sea-purple shind;  
Her maids about her, But the chanc't to find  
Her Father going abroad: to Counsell call'd  
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhal'd

*This familiar & neare relation*  
Her smotherd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (said she)

Will you not now command a Coach for mee?  
Seately and complete: fit for me to beare  
To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare  
Before repurified: Your selfe it fits  
To weare faire weeds; as euery man that sits  
In place of counsell. And sue sonnes you haue;  
Two wed; three Bachelors; that must be braue  
In euery dayes shift, that they may go dances,  
For these three last, with these things must aduance  
Their states in marriage: and who else but I  
Your sister, should their dancing rites supply?

This generall cause she shew'd; and would not name  
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.

He vnderstood her yet, and thus replide:

Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,

I either will denie thee, or deferre,

Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,

Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall

Serue thy desires, and thy command in all.

The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid;

Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid

Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid

All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't

A maund of viciles varied well in taste,

And other iunkets. Wine she likewise fill'd

Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd

Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse;

Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vse;

To fotten their bright bodies, when they rose

Clen'd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes

Th'obserued Maid: takes both the scourge and raines;

And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.

Nor these alone, but other virgins gra't

The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beue plac't;

*Nausicaa* scourgd to make the Coach Mules runne;

That neigh'd, and pac'd their vnsall speed; and soone,  
Both maids and weeds brought to the river side;  
Where Baths for all the yeare, their vse supplide.  
Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine;  
But still ran faire forth, and did more remaine  
Apt to purge stains; for that purg'd staine within,  
Which, by the waters pure store, was not seen.

These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue  
Vp to the gulphie riuers shore, that gaue  
Sweet graffe to them. The maids from Coach then tooke  
Their cloaths, and sleepe them in the fable brooke.  
Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,  
With cleanly feet; aduenturing wagers then,  
Who should haue soonest, and most cleanly done.  
When hauing thoroughly cleand, they sped them on  
The floods shore, all in order. And then, where  
The waues the pibbles wash't, and ground was cleare,  
They bath'd themselves, and all with glistening oile,  
Smooth'd their white skins: refreshing then their toile  
With pleasant dinner, by the riuers side.  
Yet still watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.  
Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nausicaa*  
With other virgins, did at foot-ball play;  
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.

*Nausicaa* (with the wrists of Ivory)

The liking stroke strooke, fingering first a song;

(As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,

Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;

As when the Chast-borne, Arrow-louing Queene,

Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer

*Spartan Taygetus*, whose tops farre discover;

Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;

Or swift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *swar* faire race

(The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see

How farre *Diana* had prioritye

(Though all were faire) for fairness; yet of all,

(As both by head and forehead being more tall)

*Latona* triumpht; since the dullest fight,

Might easly iudge, whom her paines brought to light;

*Nausicaa* so (whom neuer husband cam'd),

About them all, in all the beauties stam'd.

But when they now made homewards and amid,

Ordering their weeds, disorderd as they plac't

Mules and Coach ready; then *Menelaus* thought,

What means to wake *Vesper*, might he wrought,

That he might see this lovely sighted maid,

Whom he intended, should become his aid:

Being him to Towne; and his returne aduance.



The pitié and  
wisdom of the  
Past was such,  
that (agreeing  
with the sacred  
letter) not the  
least of things he  
makes come to  
pass, fine Nu-  
minis prou-  
dentia. As Spand  
well notes of him

Her meane was this, (though thought a stool-ball chance)  
The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball  
Quite wide off th' other maids; and made it fall  
Amidst the whirlpools. At which, out shricket all,  
And with the shricket, did wife *Phyllis* wake:  
Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make  
That fodaine our crye; and in mind, thus stru'd:  
On what a people am I now arru'd?

At ciuill hospitable men, that feare  
The Gods; or dwell iniurious mortals here:  
Vniust, and churlish; like the female crie  
Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,  
On tops of hills; or in the founts of floods:  
In herbie marshes; or in leauy woods:  
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?  
Ile proue, and see. With this, the wary Peere  
Crept forth the thicker; and an Olive bough  
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow  
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,  
Put hastie head out: Look how from his den,  
A mountaine Lion looks, that, all embrewd  
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;  
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,  
A burning fomace glowes; all bent to prey  
On sheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart,  
His belly charging him; and he must part  
Stakes with the Heard-man, in his beafts attempt,  
Euen where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:  
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with Need,  
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,  
*Phyffes* was to force forth his accessse,  
Though meerly naked; and his sight did presse  
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was  
His rough appearance to them: the hard passe  
He had at sea, stucke by him. All in sight  
The Virgins scatterd, frighted with this sight,  
About the prominent windings of the flood,  
All but *Nausicaa* fled; but she fast stood:  
*Pallas* had put a boldnesse in her breast,  
And in her faire lims, tender Feare compressd.  
And still she stood him, as resolu'd to know  
What man he was; or out of what should grow  
His strange repaire to them. And here was he  
Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee,  
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;  
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,  
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine  
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Similar.

Her

Her grace to shew and guide him to the Towne.  
The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,  
In weighing both well: to keepe still aloofe,  
And giue with soft words, his desires their proofe;  
Left pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,  
He might incense her maiden modestie.  
This faire and fil'd speech then, shewd this was he.

Let me beseech (O Queene) this truth of thee;  
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?  
If of the Gods, that th' ample beauiens embrace;  
I can resemble you to none about,  
So neare as to the chaff-borne birth of *Ioue*,  
The beaui *Cynthia*. Her you full present,  
In grace of every God-like lineament;  
Her goodly magnitude; and all th' addressse  
You promise of her very perfectnesse.  
If sprong of humanes, that inhabite earth,  
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;  
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts,  
Must euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;  
To see so like the first trim of a tree,  
Your forme adorne a dance. But most blest he  
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift & engage  
Your bright necke in the yoke of marriage,  
And decke his house with your commanding merit.  
I haue not seene a man of so much spirit.  
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer see,  
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.  
T' enjoy your sight, doth *Admiratio* seife  
My cies, and apprehensiu faculties.  
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men  
Arru'd, that renderd me most wretched then,  
Now making me thus naked) I beheld  
The burthen of a Palme, whose illue sweld  
About *Apollus Phane*; and that put on  
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none  
Of all her Syluane illue so adorn'd:  
Into amaze my very soule was turnd,  
To giue it obseruation; as now thee  
To view (O Virgin) a stupiditie  
Past admiration strikes me; joynd with feare  
To do a suppliants due, and preale so neare,  
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange,  
For one of fresh and firme spirit, would change  
T' embrace so bright an obiect. But, for me,  
A cruell habite of calamitie,  
Prepar'd the strong impresson thou hast made:  
For this last Day did sic Nights twelvish shade

*Phyllis to Xan-  
dria.*

I 4

Since

Since I at length, escape the fable seas,  
When in the meane time, th'wrelescing prease  
Of waues and sterne stormes, tost me vp and downe,  
From th' Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne  
My wracke on this shore, that perhaps I may  
My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,  
I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before  
These late afflictions, it hath lent me thore.  
O Queene, daine pittie then, since first to you  
My Fate importunes my distresse to vow.  
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,  
And neighbour Citie, I haue seene or knowne.  
The Towne then shew me, giue my nakednes  
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas,  
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cleanse.  
God giue you, in requittall, all th' amends  
Your heart can wish: a husband, family,  
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,  
More sweet, more worthy is, then firme consent  
Of man and wife, in household government.  
It ioyes their withers well, their enemies wounds;  
But to themselves, the speciall good redounds.

*Nausicaa to  
Ulysses*

She answered: Stranger! I disceeme in thee,  
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I see,  
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,  
That Industry nor wisdom make endure  
Men with those gifts, that make them best to th'eies,  
*Ioue* onely orders mans felicitie.  
To good and bad, his pleasure fashions still,  
The whole proportion of their good and ill.  
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,  
Of which, thou must be patient, as he, free.  
But after all thy wandrings, since thy way,  
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,  
As being expos'd to our cares to relieue,  
Weeds, and what else, a humane hand should giue,  
To one so suppliant, and tam'd with woe,  
Thou shalt not want. Our Citie, I will show;  
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,  
And all this kingdome, the *Phaeacians* owne.  
And (since thou seemd'st so faine, to know my birth,  
And mad'st a question, if of heauen or earth)  
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name  
*Aleinous* is; that in the powre and frame  
Of this Iles rule, is supereminent.

Thus (passing him) she to the Virgins went,  
And said: Giue stay, both to your feet and flight;  
Why thus disperse ye, for a mans meere fight?

*Esteeme*

Esteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long since  
Made vs to prey vpon our Citizens?  
This man, no moile man is; (nor wasth thing,  
That's euer sitting; euer rauishing  
All it can compass; and, like it, doth range  
In rape of women; neuer staid in change)  
This man is truly \*manly, wife, and staid;  
In soule more rich; the more to sense decayd.  
Who, nor will do, nor suffer to be done,  
Acts leud and abiect; nor can such a one  
Greete the *Phaeacians*, with a mind enuious;  
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.  
Besides, diuided from the world we are;  
The outpart of it; billowes circulare  
The sea reuoluing, round about our shore;  
Nor is there any man, that enters more  
Then our owne countreimen, with what is brought  
From other countries. This man, minding nought  
But his reliefe: a poore unhappie wretch,  
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.  
Him now we must prouide for, from *Iacaron*:  
All strangers, and the needie of a home.  
Who any gift, though ne're so small it be,  
Esteeme as great, and take it gratefully.  
And therefore Virgins, giue the stranger food,  
And wine; and see ye bath him in the flood;  
Neare to some thore, to shelter most endur'd,  
*To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.*  
Not onely rugged making th' outward skin,  
But by his thin pawres, pierceth parts within.

This said; their flight in a returne they see;  
And did *Ulysses* with all grace entreate:  
Shewd him a shore, wind-prooffe, and full of shade;  
By him a shirt, and vnder mantle laid.  
A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;  
Bad wash; and all things as *Nausicaa* bad.

Diuine *Ulysses* would not vie their aid;  
But thus bespake them: Euery louely maid,  
Let me entreate to stand a litle by;  
That I alone the fresh flood may apply,  
To cleanse my bosome of the sea-wrought brine.  
And then vie oile, which long time did not shine  
On my poore shoulders. He not wash in fight  
Of faire-haired maidens. I should blush outright,  
To bathe all bare by such a virgin light.

They mou'd, and mus'd, a man had so much grace;  
And told their Mistis, what a man he was.

He clend his broad-shoulders; backe and head

*diuine Ulysses.*  
Cum vitulis vel  
sentibus hu-  
midis inest,  
Repre à s'us;  
videtur quasi  
corruere, et  
quod nihil sit  
magis fluxum  
quam homo.  
\*viri aut  
mo praeziosi,  
fortis, magna-  
nimus. Ne are  
eius affirmato  
be mens qui ter-  
tile quidpiam  
& abiectionem fa-  
ciumus vel, facere  
sufficiunt: accom-  
ding to this of  
Heraclitus in  
Thales, et in eodem  
ad Symonem eum,  
dixit d' Aristotele.  
At any mens  
formis, sustinere,  
but few are men.

According to an  
other translation:  
Ab loue nam  
supplect pauper,  
procedit & hot-  
pes: Res breuis,  
at chara est,  
Magen quoque  
muneris illar.  
which I cite to  
show how good  
when he keeps  
him to the Ori-  
ginal; and more  
in any degree ex-  
pounds it.

*Ulysses modestie  
to the Virgins.*

He taughte their  
youths modestie,  
by his aged iudg-  
ment. At recei-  
uing the custome  
of maids then re-  
fused to their en-  
tertainment of  
maids; notwith-  
standing the mo-  
destie of that  
age, could not be

Yet

Yet neuer tam'd. But now, had some and weced,  
 Knit in the faire curls. Which dissol'd; and he  
 Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charitie,  
 The vntoucht virgin shewd in his attire,  
 He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,  
 More then before, into his sparkling eies;  
 His late foile set off, with his soone fresh guise.  
 His locks (clen'd) curl'd the more; and matcht (in power  
 To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.  
 And as a workman, that can well combine  
 Siluer and gold; and make both striue to shine;  
 As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerua* too,

Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,  
 In strife of eminence, when worke sets forth  
 A worthy foule, to bodies of such worth;  
 No thought reproving th'act, in any place;  
 Nor *Ars* no debt to *Nature* liueliest grace:  
 So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,  
 From head to shoulders; and ashore did seate  
 His goodly presence, To which, such a guise  
 He shewd in going, that it raiust eies.

All which (continue) as he fate apart,  
*Nausicaas* eye strooke wonder through her heart;  
 Who thus bespake her consorts: Heare me, you  
 Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)  
 Treds not our country earth, against the will  
 Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.  
 He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;  
 But now he looks, as he had Godhead got.  
 I would to heauen, my husband were no worse;  
 And would be call'd no better; but the course  
 Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell our here:  
 Obserue and serue him, with our utmost cheare.

She said; they heard, and did. He drunke and cate  
 Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate  
 A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now  
 Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:  
 Had horse to Chariot ioynd, and vp the rose:  
 Vp chear'd her guest, and said: Guest, now dispose  
 Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see  
 My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be  
 Of our *Phaasian* State. At all parts then,  
 Obserue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain;  
 Though I need vther you with no aduice,  
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise.  
 While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;  
 So long (in these maids guides) directly beare  
 Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,

For cause that after comes: to which, this more  
 Be my induction) you shall then see end  
 Your way to Towne; whose Towne, you see ahead  
 To such a steepclicke. On whose either side,  
 A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide.  
 An enterer passage: on whose both hands ride  
 Ships in faire harbors; which, once past, you win  
 The goodly market place, (that circles in  
 A Pheae to *Neptune*, built of curious stone,  
 And passing ample) where munition,  
 Gables, and masts men make, and polish oares;  
 For the *Phaasian* are not conquerors  
 By bowes nor quivers; Oares, masts, ships they are,  
 With which they plow the sea, and wage their warre.  
 And now the cause comes, why I leade the way,  
 Not taking you to Coach. The men that stay  
 In worke of those tooles, that so fit our State,  
 Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late  
 Worke in the market place; and those are they  
 Whose bitter tongues I shun; who strait would say,  
 (For these vile vulgar are extremely proud,  
 And foully langu'd) What is he allow'd  
 To coach it with *Nausicaa*? so large set,  
 And fairly fashion'd: where were these two more?  
 He shall be sure her husband. She hath bene  
 Gadding in some places; and (of faine men,  
 Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home  
 In her owne ship. He must, of force, be come  
 From some farre region; we haue no such man.  
 It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran  
 On some wisht husband) out of heauen, some God  
 Dropt in her lap; and there lies she at rode,  
 Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she  
 Ranging abroad, a husband such as he,  
 Whom now we saw, laid hand on; she was wife,  
 For none of all our Nobles, are of prife  
 Enough for her: he must beyond-sea come,  
 That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.  
 Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,  
 Yet he will none. Thus these folks will confesse  
 Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,  
 The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
 And this would be reproches to my fame;  
 For euen my selfe, iust anger would enflame,  
 If any other virgin I should see  
 (Her parents liuing) keepe the companie  
 Of any man; to any end of floure,  
 Till open Nuptials should her act approue.

The Cities de-  
 scription so far  
 forth as may in  
 parts induce her  
 prompt reason,  
 why she tooke up  
 Physica to coach  
 with her.

And therefore heare me guests; and take such way,  
That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,  
Your quick deduction, by my Fathers grace;  
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.

We shall not fare out of our way to Towne,  
A neuer-feld Groue find, that Poplars crowne;  
To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes,  
And round about the Groue, a Meadow growes;  
In which, my Father holds a Mannor house;  
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;  
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shout.  
There stay, and rest your foote paines, till full out  
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may guesse  
We are arriv'd, and enter our access  
Within my Fathers Court; then put you on  
For our *Phaesian* State, where, to be shorne  
My Fathers house, desire. Each instant there  
Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare  
Distinguish it from others: for no shoves,  
The Citie buildings make, compar'd with those  
That King *Aleinous* state doth celebrate.  
In whose rooves, and the Court, (where men of state,  
And suiters sit and stay) when you shall hide:  
Strait passe it, entring further: where abide  
My Mother, with her withdrawne houswiferies;  
Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies  
Her Rocks, all purple, and of pompous show:  
Her Chaire plac'd gainst a Pillar: all arow  
Her maids behind her set; and to her here,  
My Fathers dining Throne looks. Seated where  
He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.  
This view once past, for th'end of your abode,  
Adresse suite to my Mother; that her meane,  
May make the day of your redition scene.  
And you may frolicke strait, though farre away  
You are in distance from your wished stay.  
For if she once be won to wish you well,  
Your *Hope* may instantly your Passport scale;  
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,  
Faile house, and all, to which your heart contends.

*Not without  
some little more  
of our civill  
civill flowers;  
merall touch of  
the least fitness  
lying in his way,  
may this courtly  
discretion be de-  
scribed in *Uau-*  
*scian* be observed,  
if you please.*

This said, she vnde her shining scourge, and lasht  
Her Mules, that foone the shore left, where she walkt;  
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,  
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.  
Which yet \* the temperd so; and vnde her scourge  
With so much skill; as not to over-vige  
The foote behind; and make them straggle so,  
From close societie. Firme together go

*Ulysses*

*Ulysses* and her maids. And now the Sunne  
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne  
The neuer-feld, and found-erching wood,  
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good  
*Ulysses* rested; and to *Pallas* praid:

Heare me, of Goate-kept *Iou*, th'vconquerd Maid,  
Now thoroughly heare me; since in all the time  
Of all my wracke, my prayrs could neuer clime  
Thy far-off cares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost  
Vpon his watry bristles, my imboft  
And rock-torne body: heare yet now, and daine  
I may of the *Phaesian* State obtaine  
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:  
By no meanes yet (expolde to fight) appear'd,  
For feare to offend her Vnkle, the supreme  
Of all the \*Sea-Gods; whose wrath still extreme  
Stood to *Ulysses*; and would neuer cease,  
Till with his Country shore, he crown'd his peace.

*More of our  
Poets curious  
and force pittie;*

*Neptune.*

*Finis libri sexti Hom. Odysse.*

K

THE



# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Nausicaa arrives at Towne;  
And then Vlysses. He makes knowne  
His suite to Arete: who, view  
Takes of his vesture, which she knew;  
And asks him, from whose hands it came.  
He tells, with all the haplesse frame  
Of his affaires, in all the while,  
Since he forsooke Calypson Ile.*

Another.

*He. The honor'd minds,  
And welcome things,  
Vlysses finds,  
In Scherias Kings.*

**T**Hus paid the wife and God-observing Man.  
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan  
Access to Towne; and the renowned Court,  
Reacht of her Father, where, within the Port,  
She staid her Coach; and round about her came  
Her Brothers, (made as of immortal frame.)

Who yet disdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;  
But tooke from \*Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.

And she ascends her chamber, where puruaid  
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid

*Eurymedusa*, th' *Aperian* borne,  
And brought by sea, from *Apera*, a' adorne  
The Court of great *Alcinous*, because  
He gaue to all, the blest *Phaeacians* lawes;  
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in speech, acquir'd  
The peoples cares. To one then so admir'd,  
*Eurymedusa* was esteem'd no worse,

Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse  
To Ivory-armed *Nausicaa*; gaue heate  
To all her fires, and dress'd her priue meate.

Then rose *Vlysses*, and made way to Towne;  
Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne  
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,  
Left in the sway of enuies popular,  
Some proud *Phaeacian* might foule language passe,  
Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.

*Hæc fuit illius  
seculi simplici-  
tas: nam vel fra-  
ternas quoque  
Amor, tantum  
fuit: ut liberati  
hæc redeunt  
charissimæ so-  
rori, operam  
præstarent.  
Spond.*

Ent'ring the lonely Towne yet: through the cloud  
*Pallas* appeard; and like a yong wench shoud  
Beating a pitcher; Stood before him so,  
As if objected purposely to know.

What there he needed, whom he questiond thus:

Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,  
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore distrest  
Meere stranger here; know none I may request,  
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father, I will see you satisfied  
In that request: my Father dwels, iust by?  
The house you seeke for; but go silently;  
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I  
Shall be enough to shew your way: the men  
That here inhabite, do not entertaine  
With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth;  
Or state soeuer: nor haue taken forth  
Lessons of ciuill vsage, or respect  
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres  
Of swift ships building) top the watry towres:  
And *lose* hath giuen them ships, for sailers wrought,  
They cut a fether, and command a thought.

This said, she witherd him; and after, he  
Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.  
The free-saild sea-men could not get a sight  
Of our *Vlysses*, yet: though he forthright,  
Both by their houses and their persons past:  
*Pallas* about him, such a darknesse cast,  
By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,  
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cause to stare.

He wonderd, as he past, to see the Ports;  
The shipping in them; and for all resorts,  
The goodly market steds; and Iles beside  
For the *Heroes*, walls so large and wide,  
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall;  
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At last they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* said:  
Now, honourd stranger; I will see obaid  
Your will, to shew our Rulers house; tis here;  
Where you shall find, Kings celebrating cheare;  
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;  
*Mere bold a man is, he prenailes the more;  
Though man nor place, be euer saw before.*

You first shall find the Queene in Court, whose name  
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the same  
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree  
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he,  
Of *Peribæa*, (that her sex out-shone,

*Vlysses, à Mi-  
nerus in arde  
Alcinooi perda-  
ctor, sepono;  
bula.*

*non enim ubi  
naues reloeas  
veluti pennis,  
arque cogitatione.*

*Arete the wife  
of Alcinous.*

And yongest daughter was, *Eurymedon*;  
 Who of th'vnmcafurd-mind'd Giants, twaid  
 Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid  
 Of men so impious, with cold death; and died  
 Himfelfe foone after) got the magnified  
 In mind, *Nausithous*; who the kingdome state  
 Firft held in fupream rule. *Nausithous* gat  
*Rhexenor*, and *Alcinous*, now King:  
*Rhexenor* (whose feed did no male fruite fpring;  
 And whom the filuer-bow-glac't *Phabus* flue  
 Yong in the Court) his fhed blood did renew  
 In onely *Arete*, who now is Spoule  
 To him that rules the kingdome, in this houfe,  
 And is her Vnkle, King *Alcinous*.

Who honors her, paff equall. She may boaff  
 More honor of him, then the honord moft  
 Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;  
 How many more fouer, Realmes affoord,  
 That keepe houfe vnder husbands. Yet no more  
 Her husband honors her, then her bleffed ftore  
 Of gracious children. All the Citie caft  
 Eyes on her, as a Goddeffe; and giue tafte  
 Of their affections to her, in their praifes,  
 Still as the decks the ftreets. For all affaires,  
 Wrapt in contention, fhe diffolues to men.  
 Whom the affects, fhe wants no mind to deigne  
 Goodneffe enough. If her heart ftand inclin'd  
 To your difpatch; hope all you wifh to find;  
 Your friends, your longing family, and all,  
 That can within your moft affections fall.

This faid, away the grey-eyd Goddeffe flew  
 Along th'vntamed fea. Left the louely hew,  
*Scheria* prefented. Out flew *Marathon*,  
 And ample-ftreeted *Athens* lighted on.  
 Where, to the houfe that cafts fo \*thicke a fhaide,  
 Of *Erethous*, the ingreffion made.

*Vlyffes*, to the loftie-built Court  
 Of King *Alcinous*, made bold refort;  
 Yet in his heart caft many a thought, before  
 The brazen pauement of the rich Court, bore  
 His enterd perfon. Like heauens two maine Lights,  
 The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.  
 On euery fide flood firme a wall of braffe,  
 Euen from the threshold to the inmoft paffe;  
 Which bore a rooffe vp, that all Saphire was;  
 The brazen thresholds both fides, did enfold  
 Siluer Pilafters, hung with gates of gold;  
 Whole Portall was of filue; ouer which

For the more per-  
 fectioe of this  
 pedigree, I haue  
 her: set down the  
 Diogenes as Spon-  
 danius hath it.  
 Neptune begot  
 Nausithous of  
 Periboea.  
 By Nausithous,  
 Rhexenor, Alci-  
 nous, were begot  
 By Rhexenor, A-  
 rete wife of  
 her vnkle Alci-  
 nous.

The honor of A-  
 rete (or vertue)  
 alleg.

nourer: Spilius:

The Court of  
 Alcinous.

A golden Cornish did the front enrich.  
 On each fide, Dogs of gold and filuer fram'd,  
 The houfes Guard flood; which the Deitie (\*Iam'd)  
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,  
 That Death nor Age, fhould their eternes invade.

Along the wall, flood euery way a throne;  
 From th'entry to the Lobby: euery one,  
 Caft ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of ftate.  
 Beneath which, the *Phaeacian* Princes fate  
 At wine and food; and feasted all the yeare.  
 Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,  
 Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night  
 Gane through the houfe, each honourd Guest, his light.

And (to encounter feaft with houfe-wifery)  
 In one roomie fiftie women did apply  
 Their feuerall tasks. Some, apple-colourd come  
 Ground in faire Quermes; and fome did fpinacles turne.  
 Some worke in loomes: no hand, leaft rest receiues;  
 But all had motion, apt, as *Aspen* leaues.  
 And from the weeds they woue, (fo fast they laid,  
 And fo thicke thrust together, thred by thred)  
 That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)  
 Did with his moisture, in light dewes diffill.

As much as the *Phaeacian* men excell'd  
 All other countreimen, in Art to build  
 A swift-faild fhip: fo much the women there,  
 For worke of webs, paff other women were.  
 Paff meane, by *Pallas* meane, they vnderftood  
 The grace of good worke; and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and clofe vpon the Gate,  
 A goodly Orchard ground was fquare,  
 Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led  
 A loftie Quickfet. In it flourifhed  
 High and broad fruit trees, that *Pomegranates* bore;  
 Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more  
 Moft vifcfull Plants, did there produce their ftore.  
 Whose fruits, the hardeft Winter could not kill;  
 Nor hoteft Summer wither. There was fill  
 Fruite in his proper feafon, all the yeare.  
 Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blafits that were  
 Of varied tempers: thefe, he made to beare  
 Ripe fruites: thefe bliffomes: Pearre grew after Pearre;  
 Apple fuccceeded apple; Grape, the Grape;  
 Fig after Fig came; Time made neuer rape,  
 Of any daintie there. A fprightly vine  
 Spred here his roote, whole fruite, a hote fun-fhine  
 Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.  
 Here, fome were gathering; here, fome preffing fceene.

Falcon.

Horns Alcinou  
 memorabilia.

A large-allotted feuerall, each fruite had;  
And all th' adorn'd grounds, their apparance made,  
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,  
To the pretiest order he could claime.

Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one  
Powrd out a winding streame, that ouer-runne  
The grounds for their vse chiefly: th' other went  
Close by the lofty Pallace gate; and lent  
The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus  
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.

Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze;  
But (hauing all obseru'd) made instant pace  
Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,  
And Capitaines of *Phaeacia*, with Cups crown'd,  
Offering to sharp-ey'd *Hermes*: to whom, last  
They vld to sacrifice, when *Sleepe* had cast  
His inclination through their thoughts. But these,  
*Vlysses* past; and forth went; nor their cyes  
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light  
With mists about him; that, vnstaid, he might  
First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,  
Present his person; and of both them, she  
(By *Pallas* counsell) was to haue the grace  
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace,  
He cast about her knee. And then off flew  
The heavenly aire that hid him, When his view,  
With silence and with *Admiration* strooke  
The Court quire through: but thus he silence brooke:

Divine *Rhexenor*s offspring, *Arete*,  
To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,  
A man whom many labours haue distress'd,  
Is come for comfort; and to currey guest:  
To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightfome liues;  
And after, to your issue that suruiues,  
A good refigement of the Goods ye leaue;  
With all the honor that your selues receiue  
Amongst your people. Onely this of me,  
Is the Ambition; that I may but see  
(By your vouchsafte meane; and betimes vouchsafte)  
My country earth; since I haue long bin left  
To labors, and to errors, barr'd from ends,  
And farre from benefit of any friend.

He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;  
Went to the harth, and in the ashes lay,  
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;  
And *Echinos*, th' old *Heroe* spake.  
A man that all *Phaeacians* past in yeares,  
And in perswasive eloquence, all the Peeres;

Mercurie.

Arete, Vlysses  
supplex orat.

Knew

Knew much, and vnde it well; and thus spake he:

*Alcinous*! it shewes not decently;  
Nor doth your honor, what you see, admit;  
That this your guest, should thus abashly sit:  
His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;  
*Athes*, as if appo'd for food: a Throne  
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand  
To see his person plac't in; and command  
That instantly your Herald fill in wine;  
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,  
We may do sacrifice: for he is there,  
Where these his reuerend suppliants appeare,  
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,  
To sup the stranger. All these would haue shew'd  
This fit respect to him; but that they stay  
For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well inclin'd,  
And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;  
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seild;  
And from the ashes, his fair: person rais'd;  
Aduanc'd him to a well-adorn'd Throne;  
And from his seate rais'd his most lou'd sonne,  
(*Laodamas*, that next himselfe was set)  
To giue him place. The handmaid then did get  
An Ewre of gold, with water fill'd; which plac't  
Vpon a Caldron, all with siluer grac't)  
She powd out on their hands. And then was spread  
A Table, which the Butler set with bread;  
As others seru'd with other food, the boord;  
In all the choise, the present could afford.  
*Vlysses* meate and wine tooke; and then thus;  
The King the Herald call'd: *Pantamos*!  
Serue wine through all the house; that all may pay  
Rites to the Lighner, who is still in way  
With humble suppliants; and them pursue,  
With all benigne, and hospitable dues.

*Pantamos*, gae act to all be willd,  
And hony-tweetnesse-giuing-minds: wine filld;  
Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.  
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke  
Fit for due sacrifice, *Alcinous* said:  
Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Phaeacians* leade;  
And you our Counsellors; that I may now  
Discharge the charge, my mind suggests to you,  
For this our guest: Feast past, and this night sleepe;  
Next morne (our Senate summon'd) we will keepe  
Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest  
Receiue in solemne Court, with fixing Feast:

Echinus to Alcinus.

The word that  
hears the long  
Epithet & as trans-  
lated only dis-  
cussible signi-  
fies more,  
parastrophes u-  
ter sapient:  
Visum quod  
melles dulce-  
dine, amorem  
persuade, &  
oblectat.

K 4

Then

Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction; his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;  
And that soone giuen him; how farre hence distit  
Soeuer it can be) he may ascend;

*Ascent to his  
Country; floor.*

And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
Or other want; fit meanes to that ascent.

What, after austere Fates, shall make th'euert  
Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began  
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)  
He must endure in all kinds. If some God,

Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;

And other things will thinke vpon then we;

The Gods wils stand: who euer yet were free

Of their appearance to vs; when to them

We offerd Hecatombs, of fit esteem.

And would at least fit with vs; euen where we

Orderd our Session. They would likewise be

Encounters of vs, when in way, alone

About his fit affaires, went any one.

Nor let them cloke themselves in any care,

To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,

As are the Cyclops; or the impious race,

Of earthy Giants, that would heauen outface.

*Ulysses* answerd; Let some other doubt

Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;

Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I

Should shadow in this shape, a Deitie.

I beare no such least semblance, or in wit,

Vertue, or person. What may well besit

One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know,

Bears vp and downe, the burthen of the woe

Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;

Of whose mones I sit, in the most degree;

And might say more; sustaining grieues that all

The Gods consent to: no one twixt their fall

And my vnpietied shoulders, letting downe

The least diuersion. Be the grace then showne,

To let me taste your free-giuen food, in peace.

*Through greatest griefe, the belly must haue ease.*

*Worse then an enuious belly, nothing is.*

It will command his strict Necessities,

Of men most grieu'd in body or in mind,

That are in health, and will not giue their kind,

A desperate wound. When most with cause I griue,

It bids me still, Eate man, and drinke, and lute;

And this makes all forgot. What euer ill

I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.

*Enthusiasm will  
haue this compa-  
rison of the Phe-  
acians with the  
Giants and Cy-  
clops, to proceede  
out of the inuete-  
rate virulence of  
Antinous to the  
Cyclops, who were  
cruel (as u before  
said) of their re-  
morse from their  
country; & with  
great endeavour  
labours the appa-  
ration of it: but  
(vnder his peace)  
from the purpose  
for the sense of  
the Poet is clear,  
that the Cyclops  
& Giants being  
in part the issue  
of the Gods; and  
yet afterward  
their deserts, (as  
Polyph. hereafter  
dares professe)  
Antinous (out of  
bold and manly  
resolue, euen to  
the face of one  
that might haue  
bin a God, for the  
past mainly ap-  
pearance he made  
there) would tell  
him, and the rest  
in him, that if  
they graced those  
Cyclops with  
their open appa-  
rance, that though  
discarded from  
them, durst yet  
denie them; they  
might much more  
do them the honor  
of their open pre-  
sence that ado-  
red them.*

But this case is but forc't, and will not last,  
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;  
And therefore let me with you would partake  
In your late purpose; when the Morne shall make  
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,  
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace  
My country earth: though I be still thrust at,  
By ancient ill; yet make me but see that,  
And then let life go. When (withall) I see  
My high-roof't large house, lands and family.

This, all approu'd, and each, wild euerie;  
Since he hath laid so fairly, set him gone.

Feast past, and sacrifice, to sleepe, all vow

Their eies at eithers house. *Phylles* now,

Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,

The all-lou'd *Arete*. The handmaids then

The vessell of the Banquet, tooke away.

When *Arete* set eye on his array;

Knew both his out, and vnderwee'd, which she

Made with her maids; and mude by what meanes he

Obtaind their wearing: which she made request

To know; and wings gaue to these speeches: *Goest!*

First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?

And then, who grac't you with the weeds you wear?

Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas?

And thence arriv'd here? *Laertides*

To this, thus answerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)

Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and Greene;

Of which, the Gods haue opened store in me;

Yet your will must be seru'd: Farre hence, at sea,

There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygis* name;

Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,

Faire-haired *Calypso* liues: a Goddesse graue,

And with whom, men, nor Gods societie haue.

Yet I (past man vnhappie) liu'd alone,

By heau'ns wrath forc't) her house companion.

For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleft

My ship in twaine; and farre at blacke sea left

Me and my souldiers; all whose liues I lost.

I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was tost

Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.

The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities drave

Me and my wracke, on th' Ile, in which doth dwell

Dreadfull *Calypso*; who exactly well

Receiu'd and nourisht me; and promise made,

To make me deathlesse: nor should Age invade

My powres with his deserts, through all my dayes.

All mow'd not me; and therefore, on her staves,

*Arete to Phylles.*

*Phylles to Arete.*



Seuen yeares she made me lie: and there spent I  
 The long time, sleeping in the miserie  
 Of ceaselesse teares, the Garments I did weare  
 From her faire hand. The eight resolu'd yeare,  
 (Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)  
 She gaue prouokt way to my wisht remouce;  
 And in a many-joynted ship, with wine,  
 (Daintie in fauour) bread, and weeds diuine;  
 Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passage.  
 Then, seuentene dayes at sea, I homeward was;  
 And by the eighteenth, the darke hills appeard,  
 That your Earth thrusts vp. Much my heart was cheard;  
 (Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;  
 To shew I yet, had agonies extream,  
 To put in sufferance: which th' Earth-shaker sent,  
 Croffing my way, with tempests violent;  
 Vnmeasur'd seas vp-lifting: nor would giue  
 The billowes leaue, to let my vessel liue  
 The least time quiet: that euen sigh'd to beare  
 Their bitter outrage: which, at last, did teare  
 Her sides in peeces, set on by the winds.  
 I yet, through-swomme the waues, that your shore binds,  
 Till wind and water threw me vp to it;  
 When, coming forth, a ruthlesse billow smit  
 Against huge rocks, and an accesslesse shore  
 My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,  
 And swom till I was false vpon a flood,  
 Whose shores, me thought, on good aduantage stood,  
 For my receit: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.  
 And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.  
 Then the diuine Night came; and treading Earth,  
 Close by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.  
 Within a thicket I repose, when round  
 I rusht vp false leaues in heape; and found  
 (Let fall from heauen) a sleepe interminate.  
 And here, my heart (long time exccruciate)  
 Amongst the leaues I rested all that night;  
 Euen till the morning and meridian light.  
 The Sunne declining then; delightfome sleepe,  
 No longer laid my temples in his steepe;  
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see  
 Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie  
 She shin'd aboue them; and I praid to her:  
 And she, in disposition did prefer  
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low then might  
 Become the goodnesse of a Goddesse height.  
 Nor would you therefore hope (suppos'd distressed  
 As I was then, and old) to find the least

Of any Grace from her; being yonger faire.  
*With young folks, Wisdom maketh her commerce rare.*  
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow,  
 Both wine (that makes the "blood in humanes grow")  
 And food; and bath'd me in the blood; and gaue  
 The weeds to me, which now ye see me haue.  
 This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.  
*Alcinous answered: Guest! my daughter knew*  
 Least of what most you giue her; nor became  
 The course she tooke, to let, with every Dame,  
 Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought  
 Your selfe home to, which first you had befoight.  
 O blame her not (said he) Hecateall Lord;  
 Nor let me heare, against her worth, a word.  
 She faultlesse is; and wisht I would haue gone  
 With all her women home: but I alone  
 Would venture my receit here; having feare  
 And reuerend aw of accidents that were  
 Of likely issue: both your wrath to moue,  
 And to inflame the common peoples loue,  
 Of speaking ill: to which they soone giue place;  
*We men are all a most suspicious race.*

My guest (said he) I vfe not to be sturd  
 To wrath too rashly; and where as pretend  
 To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile,  
 The noblest euer should the most preuaile.  
 Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,  
 That (were you still as now, and could but runne  
 One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,  
 And be my son-in-law, still vowd to leade  
 Your rest of life here. I a house would giue,  
 And household goods; so freely you would liue,  
 Confin'd with vs: but gainst you will, shall none  
 Containe you here; since that were violence done  
 To *Ioue* our Father. For your passage home,  
 That you may well know, we can overcome  
 So great a voyage; thus it shall succeed:  
 To morrow shall our men take all their heed  
 (While you securely sleepe) to see the seas  
 In calmest temper; and (if that will please)  
 Shew you your Country and your house ere night;  
 Though farre beyond *Euboea* be that sight.  
 And this *Euboea* (as our fabricks say,  
 That haue bin there, and scene) is farre away  
 Farthest from vs, of all the parts they know.  
 And made the triall, when they hept to row  
 The gold-locked *Rhindamant*, to giue him view  
 Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their speeds did shew

as the  
 ciendi viti  
 bene.

(In that far-off *Enbee*) the same day  
They set from hence, and home made good their way;  
With ease againe, and him they did conuay.  
Which, I report to you, to let you see  
How swift my ships are; and how matchlesly  
My yong *Phaeacians*, with their oares pusuile,  
To beate the sea through, and assit a saile.

This cheard *Vlysses*, who in priuate praid:  
I would to *Ioue* our Father, what he said,  
He could performe at all parts; he should then  
Be glorified for euer; and I gaue  
My naturall Country. This discourse they had;  
When faire-armed *Arete*, her handmaids bad  
A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie  
With cloaths; the Couering Tapeftrie;  
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Waftcoates too,  
To weare for more warmth. What these had to do,  
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;  
They mou'd *Vlysses* for his rest; and said:

Come Guest, your Bed is fit; now frame to rest.  
Motion of sleepe, was gracious to their Guest;  
Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid  
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid  
The sounding *Portico*. The King tooke rest  
In a retir'd part of the house; where drest  
The Queene her selfe; a Bed, and Trundlebed;  
And by her Lord, repoided her reuerend head.

*Finis libri septimi Hom. Odysf.*



THE

## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT

**T**he Peeres of the *Phaeacians* doe  
A Councell call to confulate  
*Vlysses*, with all meanes for *Homer*  
The Councell to a Banquet come  
Invited by the king; which done  
Assies for hearing of the story  
The *Teuthis* make with the *Phrygian*  
Demodocus, at first *Phaeacian*  
The Adulterie of the God of *Arares*  
With her that rules, in *Amaunus* cheate  
And after, sings the entercourse  
Of *Atis* about the *Epizean Harfe*.

Another.

*Calas*. The Councell frame,  
At feate applyd;  
Infrises of *Game*.  
*Vlysses* tried.

**N**ow when the *Rose* flagd more red  
The sacred powre *Athena* did dispell  
Did likewise rise; and like him, left her Bed;  
The *Cario* takes *Leucothea* O  
The Councell aske the *Phrygian*  
To which *Aleinos*, with the *Phrygian*  
Came first of all. On *Polixenes* they set  
Neare to the *Narke*. To *Minerva* the *Phrygian*

*Minerva* tooke the heralds forme on her  
That seru'd *Aleinos*; studious to prefer  
*Vlysses* suite for home. About the towne  
She made quick way, and filld with the *Phrygian*  
Of that designe, the cares of *Phrygia*  
Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phaeacian*!  
And men of Councell: all haue saide  
To heare the stranger that made *Phrygia*  
To king *Aleinos*: long time lost at *Sea*;  
And is in person, like a *Deitie*.

This, all their powres set up, and *Phrygia*  
And straight the Court and *Phrygia*  
The whole State wonderd at *Lamea* Son  
Whcu they beheld him. *Phrygia* put him on

*Pallas* like the  
Hera.

A supernaturall, and heavenly dresse,  
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlinesse  
In breast, and shoulders; that he might appeare  
Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and beare  
A perfect hand in his performances thence,  
In all the trials they resolv'd impose,

All met; and gather'd in attention close;

*Alcinous instructs  
the Phæacians  
to the belies of  
Ulysses.*

*Alcinous* thus bespake them : Dukes, and Lords;  
Heare me digest, my hearty thoughts in words:  
This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court;  
I know not ; nor can tell if his resort  
From East or West comes : But his suite is this;  
That to his Countrey earth we would dismiss  
His hither-forced person; and doth beare  
The minde to passe it vnder euery Peere:  
Whom I prepare, and stirre vp; making knowne  
My free desire of his deduction.

Nor shall there euer, any other man  
That tries the goodnesse *Phæacian*,  
In me, and my Courts entertainment; stay  
Mourning for passage vnder least delay.  
Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,  
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our preale;  
Chuse two and fiftie Youths; of all, the best  
To vse an oare. All which, see straight impress;  
And in their Oare-bound seats. Let others hie  
Home to our Court; commanding instantly  
The solemne preparation of a feast;  
In which, prouision may for any guest  
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,  
I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,  
Confort me home; and helpe with grace to vse  
This guest of ours : no one man shall refuse.

Some other of you, haste, and call to vs  
The sacred singer, graue *Demodocus*;  
To whom hath God giuen, song that can excite  
The heart of whom he listeth with delight.  
This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent  
Their free attendance; and with all speede, went  
The herald for the sacred man in song.  
Youths two and fiftie, chosen from the throng  
Went, as was willd, to the vtmost seas shore;  
Where come; they lancht the ship : the Mast it bore  
Aduanc't, sailes hoisted; euery seate, his Ore  
Gauē with a lether thong : the deepe moist then  
They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;  
That troupt vp to the kings capacious Court.  
Whole *Porticos*, were chok't with the resort:

Whole

Whole wals were hung with men : young, old, thrust there,  
In mighty concourse, for whose promise chace  
*Alcinous* thus twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothed Swine;  
Two crook-hancht Beeces; which stead, and drest, dinne  
The show was of so many a iocund Guest  
All set together, at so set a feast.

To whose accomplisht state, the Herald then  
The lovely Singer led, Who past all mean  
The Muse affected; gaue him good, and ill;  
His eies put out, but put in soule at will.

His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't  
With siluer studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;  
Where, as the Center to the State, he rests;  
And round about, the circle of the Guests.

The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head  
His soundfull harpe hung : to whose height, he led  
His hand for taking of it downe at will.

A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill  
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.

The rest then, fell to feast; and when the fire  
Of appetite was quencht : the Muse inflam'd  
The sacred Singer. Of men highest fam'd,

He sung the glories; and a Poeme pend,  
That in applause, did ample heauen ascend.

Whole subject was, the sterne contention  
Betwixt *Ulysses*, and Great *Troilus* Sonnet;

As, at a banquet, sacred to the Gods  
In dreadfull language, they exprest their odds.

When *Agamemnon*, far reioyct in soule  
To heare the Greeke Poetes iare, in termes so foule;

For *Augur Phœbus*, in preface had told  
The king of men, (desirous to vnfold

The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone  
In heavenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of store,)

That then the end, of all griefes should begin  
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to winne

That witht conclusion) in her kings should iare;  
And pleade, if force, or wit must end the warre.

This braue contention did the Poet sing;  
Expressing to the spleene of either king;

That his large purple weede, *Ulysses* held  
Before his face, and eies; since thence distilld

Teares vncontaind; which he obseru'd, in feare  
To let th'observing Prefence, note a teare.

But when his sacred song the meere Diuine  
Had giuen an end; a Goblet crown'd with wine

*Ulysses* (drying his wet eies) did scife;  
And sacrifice to those Gods that would please

L 2

*Demodocus  
Poets.*

*The contention  
of Achilles and  
Ulysses.*

*Ulysses ungonne  
teares.*

T in.

The continued  
poetic of Phylas  
through all pla-  
ces, times, and oc-  
casions.

I inspire the Poet with a song to fit  
To do him honour, and renewme his wit.  
His teares then staid, But when againe began  
(By all the kings desires) the moving man;  
Againe *Phylas*, could not chuse but yeeld  
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,  
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none  
(Except *Alcinous* him selfe, alone)  
Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;  
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext  
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd  
His utterance of it; and would haue it held  
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this  
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:

Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate  
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:  
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;  
In all kinds our approu'd actiuitie;  
That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know  
In his returne: that we, as little owe  
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,  
As these our Court-rites, and commend our grace  
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led  
The Peeres and people, troupe'd vp to their head:  
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;  
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinnes;  
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought  
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought  
That did the Princes: and what they would see  
With admiration, with his companie  
They wisht to honour. To the place of Game  
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,  
Of all sort infinite. Of Youths that stroue,  
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.

Vp rose *Acronius*, and *Ocyalus*;  
*Elatreus*, *Prymnus*, and *Anchylus*;  
*Nausus*, *Erectus*, *Tibon*, *Proreus*;  
*Pontus*, and the strong *Amphialus*,  
Sonne to *Telesides*, *Polinius*.

Since the Phae-  
cians were not  
only dwellers; by  
sea; but studious  
also of sea qual-  
ties: their names  
seeme to suppo-  
se their faculties  
therein.

All consisting of  
sea-faring signi-  
fication, except  
*Laodamas*.

As *Acronius*,  
suma seu extre-  
ma Nautis part.  
*Ocyalus* velox  
in mari. *Elatre-  
us* or *Eury* the  
more Remex,  
&c.

Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;  
In action like the homicide of warre.  
*Nauolides*, that was for person farr  
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;  
Nor any thought improue, *Laodamas*.  
Vp *Anabesinus* then arose;  
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;  
Were *Halius*, and fore-praiste *Laodamas*;  
And *Chytomus*, like a God in grace.

These

These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists  
Tooke start together. Vp the dust, in mist  
They builde about; as in their speede, they flew;  
But *Chytomus*, first, of all the crew  
A Stiches length in any fallow field  
Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld  
The prize, and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.  
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they stru'd;  
At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outshone.  
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone  
*Elatreus* exceld. At buffets, last,  
*Laodamas*, the kings faire sonne surpass.

When all had stru'd in these affaires their fill,  
*Laodamas* said; Come friends; let's proue what skill  
This Stranger hath attaind to, in our sport;  
Me thinks, he must be of the active fort.  
His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,  
That *Nature* disposition did bestow  
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.  
But sower *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,  
Makes *Time* the more scene. Nor imagine I,  
A worse thing to enforce debilitie,  
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong  
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,  
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood  
With what you question. In the midst then stood  
Renown'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;

*Laodamas* re-  
geth *Phylas* to  
their sports.

Come (stranger Father) and affaie with vs  
Your powrs in these contentions: If your show  
Be answerd with your worth, tis fit that you  
Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand  
On any worth more, in a mans command,  
Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:  
Come then, make proofe with vs; discharge your mind  
Of discontentments: for not farr behind  
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now,  
And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou  
Mocke me *Laodamas*: and these strifes bind  
My powrs to answer: I am more inclind  
To cares, then conflict. Much sustaind I haue,  
And still am suffering. I come here to craue  
In your assemblies, meanes to be dismiss,  
And pray, both Kings, and subiects to assist.

The word is  
seem signifying:  
deductio, qua  
transferebatur  
curamus cum  
qui nobiscum  
aliquando est  
versatus.

*Euryalus*, an open brawle began;  
And said: I take you Sir, for no such man.  
As fits these honourd strifes. A number more  
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.  
To one that loues to lie a ship-boord much,

*Euryalus* vpo-  
breds *Phylas*.

Or is the Prince of sailours; or to such  
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde  
But freight, and passage, and a foreright winde,  
Or to a victler of a ship: or men

*supplis appro-  
an.*

That set vp all their powers for rampant Gaine,  
I can compare, or hold you like to be:  
But, for a wrestler, or of qualitie  
Fit for contentions nobles; you abhor  
From worth of any such competitor.

*Phyfes angry.*

*Phyfes* (frowning) answers; Stranger! farre  
Thy words are from the fashions regular  
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.

*ambrosius  
Dumorum  
magorum  
auctor.*

I see, the Gods to all men, giue not all  
Manly addition; wife dome, words that fall  
(Like dice) vpon the square fill. Some man takes  
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes  
That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire  
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;  
That makes him speake securely: makes him shine  
In an assembly, with a grace diuine.

Men take delight, to see how euently lie  
His words asleepe, in honey modestie.  
Another then, hath fashion like a Gods;  
But in his language, he is foule and broad:  
And such art thou. A person faire is giuen;  
But nothing else is in thee, sent from heauen.  
For in thee lurkes, a base, and earthy foule  
And t' hast compeld me, with a speech most foule  
To be thus bitter. I am not vnseene

In these faire strifes, as thy words ouerweene:  
But in the first ranke of the best I stand.

At least, I did, when youth and strength of hand  
Made me thus confident: but now am worne  
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne  
To beare all anguill. Sufferd much I haue.  
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue  
Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all  
My waste in sufferance: what yet may fall  
In my performance, at these strifes Ile trie;  
Thy speech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.

This said; with robe, and all, he grasp't a stone,  
A little grauer then was euer throwne  
By these *Phaicians*, in their wrestling rout;  
More firme, more massie, which (turn'd round about)  
He hurried from him, with a hand so strong  
It sung, and flew: and ouer all the throng  
(That at the others marks stood) quite it went:

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing spent  
The force that drane it flying from his hand,  
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.  
And, fare past all the markes of all the rest  
His wing stole way. When *Pallas* straight imprest  
A marke at fall of it; resembling then  
One of the nauy-giuen *Phaician* men;  
And thus aduanc't *Phyfes*: One, (though blinde)  
(O stranger!) groping, may thy stones fall finde;  
For not amidst the rout of markes it fell,  
But fare before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;  
And stand in all strifes: no *Phaician* here,  
This bound, can either better or come nere.  
*Phyfes* ioyd, to heare that one man yet  
Vide him benignly; and would Truth abet  
In those contentions. And then, thus smoothe  
Heooke his speech downe: Reach me that now Youth,  
You shall (and straight I thinke) haue one such more;  
And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core  
Stands sound, and great within him (since ye haue  
Thus put my spleene vp) come againe and braue  
The Guest ye tempted, with such grosse disgrace:  
At wrestling, buffets, whilbar, speed of race.  
At all, or either, I except at none,  
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one  
I will not challenge, in my forced boast,  
And that's *Leodamas*; for hee's mine Host.  
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?  
Vnwise he is, and base, that will contend  
With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;  
And takes all edge off, from his owne fought grace.  
None else except I here; nor none despise;  
But with to know, and proue his faculties,  
That dares appeare now. No strife ye can name  
Am I unskilld in; (reckon any game  
Of all that are, as many as there are  
In vs (with men) for Archerie I dare  
Assume my selfe not meane. Of all a troupe  
Ile make the first foe with mine arrow stoupe;  
Though, with me ne're so many fellows bend  
Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;  
Onely was *Philoetes* with his bow  
Still my superiour; when we Greekes would show  
Our Archerie against our foes of *Troy*:  
But all that now by bread, traile life enioy,  
I farre hold my interiours. Men of old  
None now aliue, shall witness me so bold  
To vant equality with such men as these;

*He names Leo-  
damus onely for  
all the other  
brothers since  
in his exception,  
the others can-  
not be con-  
sidered: for  
brothers ei-  
ther are or  
should be of one  
acceptation in  
all things.  
And Leodamas,  
he calls the best,  
being eldest son  
to Alcimus:  
the heirs being  
ouer the young  
master: nor  
might he conue-  
niently prefer  
Alcimus in his  
exception, since  
he stood not in  
competition at  
these contenti-  
ons.*

*Oechalian, Eurystus, Hercules,*  
Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.  
And therefore caught *Eurystus* soone his end.  
Nor did at home, in age, a reuerend man;  
But by the Great incens'd *Delphian*  
Was shot to death, for daring competence  
With him, in all an Archers excellence.  
A Speare he hurle as farre, as any man  
Shall shoote a shaft. How at a race I can  
Bestire my feete, I onely yeeld to *Faire*,  
And doubt to meeete with my superiour here.  
So many seas, so too much haue misus'd  
My lims for race; and therefore haue diffus'd  
A dissolution through my loued knees.

The ingenuous  
and sweet speech  
of Alcimus to  
Polytes.

This said, he shild all talking properties;  
*Alcimus* onely answerd: O my Guest  
In good part take we, what you haue bene prest  
With speech to answer. You would make appeare  
Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where  
Your onely looke is. Yet must this man giue  
Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue  
In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs  
That iudgement hath to speake becoming things)  
That will depraue your vertues. Note then now  
My speech, and what, my loue presents to you;  
That you may tell *Heracles*, when you come  
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,  
(Mindfull of our worth) what deseruings *Ioue*  
Hath put on our parts likewise; in remoue  
From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace  
Kinde, and perpetuall. We must needs giue place  
To other Countrey men; and freely yeeld  
We are not blamelesse, in our fights of field;  
Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in speede of feete,  
And all the Equipage that fits a fleet,  
We boast vs best. For table euer spread  
With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;  
For *Poesie*, *Musique*, *Dancing*, *Baths*, and *Beds*.  
And now, *Phaeacians*, you that beare your heads  
And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance;  
Enflame our guest here; that he may aduance  
Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;  
As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends  
Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs  
That flie a race best. And so, all affaires,  
At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;  
As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and *Poesie*.  
Some one, with instant speede to Court retire,

And

And fetch *Demodocus*, his soundfull lyre.

This said, the God-grac't king; mid quick reſort  
*Pentopolus* made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lot-chuſe publicke Rulers roſe,  
That all in thoſe contentions did diſpoſe;  
Commanding a moſt ſmooth ground, and a wide,  
And all the people, in faire game, aſide.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pentopolus*  
And in the miſt, tooke place *Demodocus*.

About him then ſtood forth, the choiſe young men,  
That on mans firſt youth, made freſh entr'e then:  
Had Art to make their naturall motion ſweete  
And ſhooke a moſt diuine dance from their feete;  
That twinckld Star-like, mou'd as ſwift, and fine,  
And beate the aire ſo thinne, they made it ſhine.  
*Ulyſſes* wonder'd at it, but amaz'd

He ſtood in minde, to heare the dance ſo phras'd.  
For, as they can't, *Demodocus* did ſing,

The bright-crown'd *Peneus* loue, with *Battails* king,  
As firſt they cloſely mixt, in t'houſe of fire.

What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his deſire,  
Who then, the night-and-day-bed did deſile

Of good king *Peleus*. But in little while

The Sunne their mixture ſaw; and came, and told.

The bitter newes, did by his cares take hold

Of *Peleus* heart. Then to his Forge he went,

And in his ſhrewd mind, deepe ſtuffe did inuent.

His mightie Anvile, in the ſtocke he put;

And forg'd a net, that none could looſe, or cut;

That when it had them, it might hold them faſt.

Which, hauing finiſht, he made vtmoſt haſte

Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wou'd:

And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all beſtrow'd

The bed, and bed-poſts: all the beame about

Thar croſt the chamber; and a circle ſtrove,

Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.

And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,

The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God

Could ſet his eie on it: a ſleight ſo odde,

His Art ſhew'd in it. All his craft beſpent

About the bed: he ſaind, as if he went

To well-built *Lemnos*; his moſt loued towne,

Of all townes earthly. Nor leſt this vnknowne

To golden-bridle-vſing *Mars*; who kept

No blinde watch ouer him: but, ſeeing ſtepe

His riual ſo aſide, he haſted home

With faire-wreath'd *Peneus* loue ſtung; who was come

New from the Court of her moſt mightie Sire.

propagat  
sanguine  
splendor  
vibrans  
twinkld  
splen-  
dor: sanguine  
Vibrare veluti  
radios solatus,  
Aure variegata  
turn: figi.

The matter  
whereas most  
can see.

exclusus a'ne.

Mars

*Mars* enterd; wrung her hand; and the reſt  
Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and ſaid:  
Now (*Love*) is *Vulcan* gone, let vs to bed,  
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid  
Was *Venus* with it; and afreſh affaid  
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and ſtraight  
About them 'cling'd, the artificiall ſleight  
Of moſt wiſe *Vulcan*; and were ſo enſnar'd,  
That neither they could ſtirre their courſe prepar'd,  
In any lim about them; nor ariſe.  
And then they knew, they could no more diſguiſe  
Their cloſe conueiance; but lay, fore't, ſtone ſtill.  
Backe ruſht the Both foote cook't; but ſtraight in ſkill,  
From his neare ſkout-hole turn'd; nor ever went  
To any *Lemnos*; but the ſure euent  
Left *Phabus* to diſcover, who told all.  
Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall,  
Stood in the Portall, and cried out ſo hie;  
That all the Gods heard. Father of the ſkie  
And euery other deathleſſe God (ſaid he)  
Come all, and a ridiculous object ſee;  
And yet not ſufferable neither; Come,  
And witneſſe, how when ſtill I ſtep from home,  
(Lame that I am) *Iones* daughter doth profeſſe  
To do me all the ſhamefull offices,  
Indignities, deſpites, that can be thought;  
And loues this all-things-making- come to nought  
Since he is faire forfooth; foote-found, and I  
Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;  
And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,  
Who ſhould not get, if mocke me, with my halt.  
But ſee how faſt they ſleepe, while I, in moue,  
Am onely made, an idle looker on.  
One bed their turne ſerues; and it muſt be mine;  
I thinke yet, I haue made their ſelfe-loues ſhine.  
They ſhall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:  
Nor will they ſleepe together, I beleue  
With too hote haſte againe. Thus both ſhall lie  
In craft, and force; till the extremitie  
Of all the dowrie, I gaue her Sire (to gaue  
A dogged ſet-fac't Girle, that will not ſtaine  
Her face with bluſhing, though ſhe ſhame her head)  
He paires me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.  
While this long ſpeech was making, all were come  
To *Vulcan*; he ſole brazen-founded home.  
Earth-shaking *Neptune* viſfull *Mercurie*,  
And far-ſhot *Phabus*. No She Deitie  
For ſhame, wo uld ſhow there: all the giue-good Gods

*Vulcan com-  
plaint.*

flood in the Portall; and paſt periods  
Gau'e length to laughter; all ſmiling and ſmiling  
That which they ſaid, that ſeem'd to be a ſhame  
Finds good ſucceſſe at th' end. And now (*ſaid he*)  
The ſlow outgoes the ſwift; *Lemnos* and *Iones*  
To be the ſloweſt of the Gods, outgoes  
*Mars* the moſt ſwift; And this is that, which grows  
To greaſt inſuſice; that *Adulteries* ſpoile  
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other ſort,  
(And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,  
That found lims turning home the ſame, ſo ſort.

This ſpeech amongſt themſelves they entertain'd  
When *Phabus*, thus aſk'd *Hermes*: Thus enſaid  
Would'ſt thou be *Hermes*, to be thus diſcorder?  
Though, with thee golden *Venus* were reposer.

He ſoone gaue that an answer: O (*ſaid he*)  
Thou king of Archers) would'ſt thou be thus with me.  
Though thrice ſo much ſhame; may, though inſuſice  
Were powrd about me; and that euery light  
In great heauen ſhining, witneſſe all my ſhames;  
So golden *Venus* ſlumberd in mine *Armes*.

The Gods againe laugh; even the watry ſtate  
Wrung out a laughter: But propinate  
Was ſtill for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire  
He would diſſolue him; offering the deſire  
He made to *Ioue*, to pay himſelfe, and ſaid,  
All due debes, ſhould be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (*ſaid he*) where deeds ſhould paine;  
Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.  
How ſhall I binde you in th' immortal fight  
If *Mars* be once looſ'd; nor will pay his right.

*Vulcan* (*ſaid he*) if *Mars* ſhould ſlie, nor ſie  
Thy right repaid, it ſhould be paid by me:  
Your word, ſo giuen, I muſt accept (*ſaid he*):  
Which ſaid; he loo'd them: *Mars* then ruſh'd from ſkate  
And ſtoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deitie  
For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphos* ſtate:  
Where, She a *Grove*, ne're cut, hath conſecrate:  
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath  
An Altar there, at which the *Groves* bathe,  
And with immortal Balms beſmooth her ſkin,  
Fit for the bliſſe, Immortals ſolace in;  
Deckt her in to-be ſtudied attire,  
And apt to ſet beholders hearts on fire.

This ſung the ſacred Muſe, whoſe notes and words  
The dancers ſeene kept, as his hands his coo'ds  
*Phyſſes*, much was pleaſed, and all the crew:  
This would the king haue varied with a new.

*Intending the  
ſound of voices,  
when they en-  
gaze the ſoundſet.*

*This is  
the ſame place,  
where the Pa-  
tris magne dice-  
tes graues ſon-  
dances out of  
lightſet vapors.*

And pleasing measure, and performed by  
Two, with whom none would strine in dance;  
And those, his sonnes were, that must therewith dance  
Alone, and onely to the happy dance,  
Without the words; And this first couple was  
Yong *Halios*, and diuine *Laodamia*:  
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,  
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)  
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the kike,  
And then danc't backe; the other (capring kike)

Would surely catch it, ere his foot toucht ground,  
And vp againe aduanc't it; and so found  
The other, cause of dance; and then did he  
Dance lofty tricks; till next it came to be  
His turne to catch; and serue the other still.  
When they had kept it vp to eithers will,  
They then danc't ground tricks; oft mist hand in hand,  
And did so gracefully their change command;  
That all the other Youth that stood at park,  
With deafning shouts, gaue them the great applaus.

*Phyffes to Alcinoos.*

Then said *Phyffes*; O past all men here  
Cleare, not in powre, but in desert as cleare,  
You said your dancers, did the world surpass;  
And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.

This wonne *Alcinoos* heart; and equal prife  
He gaue *Phyffes*; saying; Matchlesse wife  
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our guest;  
And therefore let our hospitable beft  
In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings  
There are that order all the glorious things  
Of this our kingdome; and the thirtenth, I  
Exist, as Crowne to all: let instantly  
Be thirtene garments giuen him: and, of gold  
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold  
This our assembly; be all fetcht; and giuen;  
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heauen  
One guest may enter. And that nothing be  
Left vnperformed, that fits his dignity;  
*Euryalos* shall here conciliate  
Himselfe, with words and gifts; since past our rate  
He gaue bad language. This did all commend  
And giue in charge; and euery king did send  
His Herald for his gift. *Euryalos*  
(Answering for his part) said; *Alcinoos*!  
Our chiefe of all; since you command, I will  
To this our guest, by all meanes reconcile;  
And giue him this entirely mettal sword:  
The handle massie siluer; and the boord

That

That giues it couer, all of *Iuorie*,  
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitye.

This put he strait into his hand, and said:  
Frolicke, O Guest and Father; if words, fled,  
Haue bene offensive; let swift whirlwinds take,  
And rauish them from thought: May all Gods make  
Thy wives fight good to thee; in quick reuocate  
To all thy friends, and best-lov'd breeding feare,  
Their long misse quitting with the greater ioy;  
In whose sweet, vanish all thy worst annoy.

And frolicke thou, to all bight, Friend (said he)  
Which heauen confirme, with wisht felicitie.  
Nor euer giue againe desire to thee,  
Of this sword's vse, which with affects so free,  
In my reclame, thou hast bestowd on me.

This said; athwart his shoulders he put on  
The right faire sword; and then did set the Sunne.  
When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe  
(With King *Alcinoos*, in all the traine)  
Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;  
Which his faire sonnes tooke; and from the resort  
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne,  
Of all the Peeres (which yet were oneshone:  
In King *Alcinoos* command) ascended:  
Whom he, to passe as much in gifts contended,  
And to his Queene, said: Wife! see brought me here  
The fairest Cabinet I haue; and there  
Impose a well-cleansd, in, and vtter weed;  
A Caldron heate with water, that with speed  
Our Guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure;  
It may a ioyfull appetite procure  
To his succeeding Feast; and make him heare  
The Poets *Hymne*, with the secure care.  
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,  
In all frame curious, to make him hold  
My memory alwaies deare; and sacrifice  
With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to set on  
A well-siz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;  
Cleare water powr'd in, flame made so entire,  
It gilt the brass; and made the water fire.  
In meane space, from her chamber brought the Queene  
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)  
She put the garments, and the gold bestowd  
By that free State: and then, the other vowd  
By her *Alcinoos*, and said: Now Guest  
Make close and fast your gifts, lest when you rest  
A ship-boord sweetly, in your way you meet

M

Some



Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.

This when *Vlysses* heard; all sure he made;  
Enclosde and bound safe; for the sauing trade,  
The Reuerend for her wisdom (Circé) had  
In fortyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
His worth to bathing, which reioyc't his heart.  
For since he did with his *Calypso* part,  
He had no hote baths. None had fauour'd him;  
Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.  
But all the time he spent in her abode,  
He liu'd respect'd, as he were a God.

Cleas'd then and balm'd; faire shirt, and robe put on;  
Fresh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;  
*Nausicaa*, that from the Gods hands tooke  
The soueraigne beautie of her blessed looke,  
Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,  
And through her eye, her heart was ouercome  
With admiration of the Port imprint

*Nausicaa* infla-  
med with *Vlysses*

In his aspect; and said: God saue you Guest!  
Be chearfull, as in all the future state,  
Your home will shew you, in your better Fate.)  
But yet, euen then, let this remember'd be,  
Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.

The varied in all counsels gaue reply:  
*Nausicaa*! flowre of all this Empery!  
So *Junos* husband, that the strife for noise  
Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of Loyes,  
In the desir'd day, that my house shall show,  
As I, as I to a Goddesse, there shall vow,  
To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;  
Which Ile acknowledge euery houre I liue.

This said; *Aleinous* plac'd him by his side;  
Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide  
The feuerall dishes; fill'd out wine, and then  
The striu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,  
And reuerent of the State; *Demodocus*  
Was brought in by the good *Pontomonos*.  
In midst of all the guests, they gaue him place,  
Against a loffie Pillar, when, this grace  
The grac't with wisdom did him. From the Chine  
That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,  
(Being farr the daintiest ioyne) mixt through with fat,  
He caru'd to him, and sent it where he fat,  
By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:  
Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;  
Say, I salute him; and his worth embrace.  
Poets deserue past all the humane race,  
Reuerend respect and honor; since the *Queene*

Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men  
(*The Muse*) informs them; and loues all their race.

This reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace  
Receiu'd encourag'd: which, when feast was spent,  
*Vlysses* amplified to this ascent:

*Demodocus*! I must preferre you farr,  
Past all your fort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,  
*Ioues* daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)  
Or if the Sunne, that thole of *Troy* affects.  
For I haue heard you, since my coming, sing  
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admir'd string.  
How much our sufferance was; how much we wrought;  
How much the actions rose to, when we fought.  
So liuely forming, as you had bin there;  
Or to some free relator, lent your care.  
Forth then, and sing the wooden horses frame,  
Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,  
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of sleight,  
*Vlysses* brought into the Cities height;  
When he had stuf't it with as many men,  
As leueld losie *Iliou* with the Plaine.  
With all which, if you can as well enchant,  
As with expresseion quicke and elegant,  
You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,  
Inspir'd by God, past all that euer were.

This said; euen stir'd by God vp, he began;  
And to his Song fell, past the forme of man;  
Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-board went,  
And euery Chiefe, had set on fire his Tent.  
When th' other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,  
In *Troys* vast market place, the horse did hide:  
From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Iliou* drew  
The dreadfull Engine. Where (late all arew)  
Their Kings about it: many counsels giuen,  
How to dispose it. In three waies were driuen  
Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele  
The hollow woods heart, (searcht with piercing Steele)  
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)  
Deiect it headlong; or, that counterfeit,  
So vast and nouell, set on sacred fire;  
Vowd to appease each anger'd Godheads ire.  
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,  
They then should haue resolu'd: th' vnalterd law  
Of Fate presaging; that *Troy* then should end,  
When th' hostile horse, she should receiue to friends;  
For therein should the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,  
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.  
He sung besides, the Greeks eruption

*tegrumque*  
Poetam cuius  
hominibus dig-  
na est societas.

Phyllis.

As by the divine  
fury directly in-  
spired so, for P-  
hyllis glory.In that the  
slaughters he  
made were ex-  
press'd so lively.teares Of weep-  
ing, at etaph.  
figuring, con-  
sist, no, tabasco.

Simile.

From those their hollow crafts; and horse forgone;  
And how they made Depopulation tread  
Beneath her feet, so high a Citie head.  
In which affaie, he sung in other place,  
That of that ambush, some man else did race  
The *Ilion* Towres, then \**Laertiades*;  
But here he \*sung, that he alone did seife  
(With *Menelaus*) the ascended rooffe  
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like prooffe  
Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,  
Daring against him. And there vanquish quite,  
In litle time (by great *Minerva* aid)  
All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.  
This the diuine Expressor, did so giue  
Both act and passion, that he made it liue;  
And to *Phyllis* facts did breathe a fire,  
So \*deadly quickning, that it did inspire  
Old death with life; and renderd life, so sweet,  
And passionate, that all there felt it fleet,  
Which made him pittie his owne crueltie,  
And put into that ruth, so pure an eie  
Of humane frailtie, that to see a man  
Could so reuiue from Death; yet no way can  
Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made  
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade  
In \*teares, his feeling braine sweet: for in things  
That moue past vtterance, teares ope all their springs.  
Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,  
More true interpreters of all, then teares.  
And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lou'd Lord,  
That false before his Citie, by the sword,  
Fighting to rescue from a cruell Fate,  
His towne and children; and, in dead estate  
Yet panting, seeing him; wraps him in her armes,  
Weeps, shrieks, and powres her health into his armes;  
Lies on him, struiuing to become his shield  
From foes that still assaile him; speares impeld  
Through backe and shoulders; by whose points embrude,  
They raise and leade him into seruitude,  
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame  
Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame  
With miserable sufferance: So this King,  
Of teare-sweet anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:  
Nor yet was scene to any one man there,  
But King *Aleinous*, who fate so neare,  
He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) to brake  
From all his tempers, which the King d.d take  
Both note, and graue respect of, and thus spake:

Hearc

Hearc me *Phaeacian* Counsellors and *Petres*,  
And cease, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares  
Are not delighted with his song; for, euer  
Since the diuine Mufe sung, our Guest hath neuer  
Containd from secret mournings. It may fall,  
That something sung, he hath bin grieved withall,  
As touching his particular. Forbear;  
That *Feast* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;  
And we may cheare our Guest vp; tis our best,  
In all due honor. For our reuerend Guest,  
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,  
His soue hath added to our Festiuall.  
A Guest, and suppliant too; we should esteeme  
Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame  
He hath a soule; or touch but at a mind  
Deathlesse and manly; should stand so enclin'd.  
Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,  
(Lou'd Guest) what euer we shall aske of it.  
It now stands on your honest state to tell;  
And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,  
What of your parents, and the Towne that beares  
Name of your native; or of forreiners  
That neare vs border, you are call'd in fame.  
There's no man liuing, walks without a name;  
Noble nor base, but had one from his birth;  
Imposde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,  
People, and citie, owne you? Giue to know:  
Tell but our ships all, that your way must show;  
For our \*ships know th'expressed minds of men;  
And will so most intently retaine  
Their scopes appointed, that they neuer erre;  
And yet vfe neuer any man to sterre:  
Nor any *Rudders* haue, as others need.  
They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their speed.  
And there will set them. For you cannot name  
A Citie to them; nor fix Soile, that *Fame*  
Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,  
And will fie to them, though they ebbe and flow,  
In blackst clouds and nights; and neuer beare  
Of any wracke or rocke, the slenderest feare.  
But this I heard my Sire *Nausibolus* say  
Long since, that *Nausibolus* seeing vs conuay  
So safely passengers of all degrees,  
Was angry with vs; and vpon our seas,  
A well-built ship we had (neare harbor come,  
From safe deduction of some stranger home)  
Made in his fitting billowes, sticke stone still,  
And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,

M 3

With

This expression  
or affirmation of  
miracles, how  
impossible power  
in these times of  
fancy, yet in those  
ages they were  
withed absurd  
our fides. These  
inanimater things  
beating to some  
certain Genii, in  
whose powers,  
they supposed,  
short ships, for-  
sake. As others  
have affirmed  
Olen to have  
sawre of hearing;  
and so the ship of  
Arges was said  
to have a staff  
made of Dodona  
an Oke; thus was  
vocal, and could  
speake.

*Intending his fa-  
ther's confessions.*

With shade cast round about it. This report,  
The old King made; in which miraculous sort,  
If God had done such things, or left undone;  
At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
And truth relate vs; both whence you came;  
And to what Clime of men would be transferd;  
With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are;  
If rude, vniust, and all irregular;  
Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
The mightie Deitie. Which one of these  
You would be set at, say; and you are there;  
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare  
The Fate of *Greece* and *Iliou*, mourne you so?  
The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do  
Destine destruction; that from thence may rise  
A Poeme to instruct posterities.  
Fell any kinsman before *Iliou*?  
Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne?  
Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we loue?  
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue  
A knowing foule, and no vnpleasing thing?  
Since such a good one, is no vnderling  
To any brother: for, what fits true friends,  
True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

*True wisdom  
fits true friends.*

*Finis libri octauu Hom. Odysse.*



THE

## THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*V*lysses here, is first made knowne;  
Who tells the stern contention,  
His power did gainst the Cyclops trye;  
And thence to the Lotophagie  
Extends his compass: and from thence,  
Assages the Cyclop Polyphemus;  
And by the crafts, his wits apply,  
He put: him out his eadie eye.

### Another.

*Lala. The strangely fed  
Lotophagie.  
The Cyclops fed.  
The Cyclops eye.*



*V*lysses thus resolv'd the Kings demands.  
*Alcinous!* (in whom this Empire stands)  
You should not of so naturall right denier  
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.  
To heare a Poet, that in accent brings  
The Gods brefts downe; and breathes them as he sings,  
Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceiue,  
In any common weale, what more doth giue

*He begins where  
Alcinous com-  
manded Demo-  
dochus to end.*

Note of the iust and blessed Empery,  
Then to see *Comfort* vniuersally  
Cheare vp the people. When in euery rooffe,  
She giues obseruers a most humane prooffe  
Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast  
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breast  
Of the diuine Muse; men in order set;  
A wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate;  
Set close to guests, that are to vse it skill.  
The Cup-boords furnish; and the cups still fill.  
This shewes (to my mind) most homanely fire.  
Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly aire,  
That stirr'd my soule so; for I loue such teares,  
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,  
With repetitions of what heauen hath done;  
And breake from heartie apprehension  
Of God and goodnesse, though they shew my ill.  
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,

*beginne.*

M 4

To

To tell my bleeding money, but much more now,  
To scruce your pleasure; that, to ouer-flow  
My teares with such cause, may by sighs be driven;  
Though ne're so much plagu'd I may seeme by heauen.

And now my name; which, way shall leade to all  
My miseries after: that their sounds may fall  
Through your eares also; and shew (hauiug fled  
So much affliction) first, who rests his head  
In your embraces; when (so farre from home)  
I knew not where to obtaine it resting room.

I am *Phyfes Laertiades*;

The feare of all the world for policies;  
For which, my facts as high as heauen resound.  
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renown'd:  
All ouer-shadow'd with the \* Shake-leafe hill  
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill  
Ilands a number, well inhabited;

That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.  
*Dulichius*, *Samos*, and the full-of-<sup>food</sup>  
*Zacynthus*, likewise grac't with store of wood,  
But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)

Yet lies the so aloft, she casts her eye  
Yet ouer all the neighbour Continent.  
Farre Norward situate; and (being lent  
But little fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)  
With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.  
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.  
Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,  
More sweete and withfull. Yet, from hence was I  
Withheld with horror, by the Deitie  
Diuine *Calypso*, in her cautie house;  
Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.  
*Circe* *Rea* too, (that knowing Dame,  
Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)  
Detaind me like wife. But to neither Ioue,  
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;  
Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth;  
And ioy of those, from whom we claime our birth.

Though rooves farre richer, we farre off possesse,  
Yet (from our native) all our more, is lesse.

To which, as I contended, I will tell  
The much-distrest conferring facts, that fell  
By *Iones* diuine preuention; since I fer,  
From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.

From *Lion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast  
The *Cicon*s hold; where I emloid mine hoast  
For *Ismarus*, a Citie, built iust by  
My place of landings; of which, *Villory*

erripit illas  
quatenus  
seu agitentem  
frondes.

quedam quibus  
corpus a iour &  
vita sufficitur  
vix appellamus.

Amor patriæ.

Made

Made me expugner. I depeop'd it,  
Slue all the men, and did their wiaes remit,  
With much spoile taken, which we did diuide,  
That none might need his part. I then applide  
All speed for flight: but my command therein;  
(Fooles that they were) could no obseruance win  
Of many souldiers, who with spoile fed his;  
Would yet fill higher; and exccessfully  
Fell to their wine; gaue slaughter on the shore,  
Clouen-footed beemes and sheepe, in mightie store.  
In meane space, *Cicon*s did to *Cicon*s crie;  
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly  
Many and better souldiers made strong head,  
That held the Continent, and managed  
Their horse with high skill: on which they would fight,  
When firstest cause seru'd; and againe alight,  
(With sooneerne vantage) and on foote contend.  
Their concourse swift was, and had neuer end;  
As thicke and fodaine twas, as flowres and leaues  
Darke Spring discouers, when the \* Light reccaues.  
And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*  
To alter vs unhappie, which, euen stroue  
To giue vs suffrance. At our Fleet we made  
Enforced stand; and there did they innade  
Our thrust-vp Forces: darts encountred darts,  
With blowes on both sides: either making parts  
Good vpon either, while the Morning shone,  
And sacred *Day* her bright increase held on;  
Though much out-macht in number. But as soone  
As *Phabus* Westward fell, the *Cicon*s woonc  
Much hand of vs; sixe proued souldiers fell  
(Of euery ship) the rest they did compell  
To seekc of *Flight* escape from *Death* and *Fate*.

Thence (sad in heart) we saild: and yet our State  
Was something chear'd; that (being ouer-macht so much  
In violent number) our retreat was such,  
As sau'd so many. Our deare losse the lesse,  
That they furin'd; so like for like successe.  
Yet left we not the Coast, before we call'd  
Home to our country earth, the soules exhal'd,  
Of all the friends, the *Cicon*s ouercame.  
Thrice call'd we on them, by their severall name,  
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *Nymph*,  
Cloud-gathering *Ioue*, a dreadfull storme call'd forth  
Against our Nauie, couerd shore and all;  
With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall  
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurld here and there  
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,

After Night, he  
the first of the  
Morning.

The ancient tra-  
dition of sailing  
home the dead.

Ed

In three, in foure parts, all their sailes; and downe  
 Driuen vnder hatches were we, prest to drowne.  
 Vp rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand  
 (Two daies, two nights entoid) we gat nere land;  
 Labours and sorrowes, eating vp our minds.  
 The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds  
 We mastis aduanc't, we white sailes spread, and late.  
 Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,  
 Our ease and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;  
 Had not, by chance, a sodaine North-wind fetcht,  
 With an extreame sea, quite about againe,  
 Our whole endeouours; and our course constrain  
 To giddie round; and with our bowd sailes greete  
 Dreadfull *Maleia*; calling backe our fleet,  
 As farre forth as *Cythera*. Nine dayes more,  
 Aduerse winds tost me; and the tenth, the shore,  
 Where dwell the blossome-fed *Lotophagie*,  
 I fetcht fresh water tooke in; instantly  
 Fell to our food aship-boord; and then sent  
 Two of my choice men to the Continent,  
 (Adding a third, a Herald) to discover,  
 What sort of people were the Rulers ouer

*The Lotophagie.* The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,  
 Were the *Lotophagies*; that made them eate  
 Their Country diet; and no ill intent,  
 Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euert,  
 To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate  
 Their daintie viands; they did quite forget  
 (As all men else, that did but taste their feast)  
 Both country-men and country; nor addrest  
 Any returne, to informe what sort of men  
 Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,  
 Abode themselves there; and eate that food euer.  
 I made out after; and was faine to seuer  
 Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreat;  
 That striu'd, and wept, and would not leave their meate  
 For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to fleet;  
 I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feet,  
 And cast them vnder hatches; and away  
 Commanded all the rest, without least stay;  
 Left they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget  
 With such strange raptures, their despisde retreat.

All then aboard, we beate the sea with Ores;  
 And still with sad hearts saild by our-way shores;  
 Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race  
*The idle Cyclops.* Of proud-lu'd loiterers, that neuer sow,  
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor vse a Plow;  
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,

(Vnflowne, vnplowd) giues euery of spring birth,  
 That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines  
 That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;  
 And *rose* lends showres for all: no counsels there,  
 Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare  
 Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those sleepe,  
 And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe  
 In vaultie Caves; their households governd all  
 By each mans law, impoſſe in ſeueral;  
 Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.  
 None for another caring. But there stood  
 Another little Ile, well stor'd with wood,  
 Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie  
 The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.  
 Mens want it sufferd; but the mens supplies,  
 The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.  
 Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,  
 So tame, that no accesse disturbs their feeds.  
 No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,  
 And rub through woods with toile) ſecke them at all.  
 Nor is the ſoile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;  
 Nor euer in it any ſeed was ſowd.  
 Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,  
 In braue Vermilion prow-deck ships; nor wrights  
 Vſefull and ſkilfull, in ſuch works, as need  
 Perfection to thoſe trafficks, that exceed  
 Their naturall confines: to ſlie out and ſee  
 Cities of men; and take in, mutually  
 The preſe of others; To themſelues they liue,  
 And to their Iland, that enough would giue  
 A good inhabitant; and time of yeare  
 Obſerue to all things Art could order there.  
 There, cloſe vpon the ſea, ſweet meadowes ſpring,  
 That yet of freſh ſtreames want no watering  
 To their ſoft burthens: but of ſpeciall yeeld,  
 Your vines would be there; and your common field,  
 But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare  
 A loſtie harueſt when you came to ſheare.  
 For paſſing fat the ſoile is. In it lies  
 A harbor ſo opportune, that no ties,  
 Halſers, or gables need; nor anchors caſt.  
 Whom ſtormes put in there, are with ſtay embrac't;  
 Or to their full wils ſafe; or winds aſpire  
 To Pilots vſes their more quicke deſire.  
 At entry of the hauen, a ſiluer foord  
 Is from a rock-imprefling fountaine pow'd,  
 All ſet with ſable Poplars; and this Port  
 Were we arriu'd at, by the ſweet reſort

*The deſcriptions  
 of all theſe coun-  
 tries; ſeue admi-  
 rable allegories;  
 beſides their art-  
 ſy and pleaſing  
 relation.*

Of some God guiding vs: for twas a night  
 So gaffly darke, all Port was past our sight,  
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the Moone  
 Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Bloue  
 That then was vp, thou'd waues against the shore,  
 That then to an vnmeasur'd height put on.  
 We still at sea esteemd vs, till alone  
 Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke  
 Our gatherd sailes: our rest ashore we tooke,  
 And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,  
 We rose, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.  
 The *Nymphs*, *Iones* daughters, putting vp a heard  
 Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard  
 My fellow souldiers. To our Fleet we flew,  
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew  
 Our felues in three parts out; when, by the grace  
 That God vouch-saf't, we made a gainfull chase.  
 Twelue ships we had, and euery ship had nine  
 Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.  
 Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was set,  
 We fate and feasted; pleasant wine and meate,  
 Plenteously taking; for we had not spent  
 Our ruddie wine aship-board: supplement  
 Of large fort, each man to his vessell drew,  
 When we the sacred Citie ouerthrew,  
 That held the *Cicones*. Now then saw we neare,  
 The *Cyclops* late-prais'd Iland; and might heare  
 The murmur of their sheepe and goates; and see  
 Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we  
 (When Night succeeded) tooke our rest ashore.  
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,  
 I call'd my friends to counsell, charging them  
 To make stay there, while I tooke ship and streame,  
 With some associates; and explor'd what men  
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude disdaine,  
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewraid  
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,  
 I boarded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and souldiers, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our ship. They boarded, fate, and beate  
 The old sea forth, till we might see the feare,  
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;  
 Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common roode  
 Of ships that toucht there, thicke with Lawkes spread;  
 Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:  
 And neare to this, a Hall of torne-vp stone,  
 High built with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;

And

And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept house,  
 A man in shape, immane, and monstrous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord  
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abroad;  
 His mind, his body answering. Nor was he  
 Like any man, that food could possibly  
 Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)  
 Shew'd like a sicepe his top, all ouergrowne  
 With trees and brambles, like thought had I  
 Of such vast obiects. When, arriv'd so neer,  
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made stay aboard,  
 To guard my ship; and twelue with me I shot'd,  
 The choice of all. I tooke besides along,  
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and strong,  
 That *Mars* did present; *Enantheus* forme,  
 And Priest to *Phœbus*, who had mansion  
 In *Thracian Ismarus* (the Towne I tooke)  
 He gaue it me, since I (with reuerence strooke,  
 Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)  
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood  
 Sacred to *Phœbus*, stood his house; from whence  
 He fetcht me gifts of varied excellenc;  
 Seven talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd  
 Of massie siluer. But his gift, most fam'd,  
 Was twelue great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine,  
 As was incorruptible, and diuine.  
 He kept it as his iewell, which none knew  
 But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was so strong, that neuer any fill'd  
 A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,  
 And drunk it off; but twas before allaid  
 With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid  
 The spirit of that lide, that the whole,  
 A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.  
 Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,  
 It would haue vext you to forbear the taste.  
 But then (the taste gain'd too) the spirit it wrought,  
 To dare things high, set vp an end my thought.  
 Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,  
 And in a good linge knapsacke, victles store;  
 And longd to see this heape of fortune,  
 That so illiterate was, and vpland rude,  
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had leard.  
 With speed we reacht the Cauerne, nor discord  
 His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.  
 Enting his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld  
 Our admiration: shewes with cheeces heapt,  
 Sheds stuff with Lambs and Goates, distinctly kept,

Vincum Maro-  
neum memo-  
rabile.

N

Distinct

Distinct the biggest, the more meane distinct;  
 Distinct the yongest. And in their precinct  
 (Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pailles,  
 In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,  
 Set vp a creaming: in the Euening still,  
 All scouring bright, as dew vpon the hill.

Then were my fellowes infant to contray  
 Kids, cheefes, lambs, a ship-boord; and away  
 Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,  
 But better otherwife; and first would know,  
 What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew  
 My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view  
 Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
 For such bold vlsage: we were bold enough,  
 In what I sufferd; which was there to stay;  
 Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.  
 There fate we, till we saw him feeding come,  
 And on his necke a burthen lugging home,  
 Most highly huge of Sere-woods, which the pile  
 That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.  
 Downe by his den he threw it; and vp rose  
 A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close  
 Withdrew our selues, while he into a Caeue  
 Of huge receir, his high-fed cattell draue,  
 All that he milkt; the males he left without  
 His lottie roofes, that all bestrowd about  
 With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke  
 He lift aloft, that damd vp to his flocke,  
 The doore they enterd: twas so hard to wield,  
 That two and twentie Waggon, all four-wheeld,  
 (Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were  
 Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.  
 Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,  
 And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.  
 Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,  
 His halfe milke vp for cheefe, and in a presse  
 Of wicker prest it put in bolls the rest,  
 To drinke, and eate, and serue his supping feast.  
 All works dispatcht thus, he began his fire,  
 Which blowne, he saw vs; and did thus enquire:  
 Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence faile ye these seas?  
 Trafficke, or roue ye? and like theeues oppresse  
 Poore strange aduenturers; exposing so  
 Your soules to danger, and your liues to woe?  
 This vtterd he; when Feare from our hearts tooke  
 The very life; to be so thunder-strooke  
 With such a voice, and such a monster see.  
 But thus I answerd: Enring *Grecians* we,

From *Troy* were turning homeward; but by force  
 Of aduerse winds, in far-diuerst course,  
 Such vnkowne waies tooke, and on rude seas soft,  
 (As *Ioue* decreed) are cast vpon this Coast.  
 Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atrac* sonne)  
 We boast our selues the souldiers, who hath wonne  
 Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow  
 So great a Citie, and to ruine so,  
 So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
 Our prostrate bosomes; forc't with praies to trie,  
 If any hospitable right, or Boone  
 Of other nature, (such as haue bin wonne  
 By lawes of other houses) thou wilt giue.  
 Reuerence the Gods, thou greatst of all that line.  
 We suppliants are; and hospitable *Ioue*  
 Poures wrake on all, whom praies want powre to moue:  
 And with their plagues, together will provide,  
 That humble Guests shall haue their wants supplide.

He cruelly answerd: O thou foole (said he)  
 To come so farr, and to importune me  
 With any Gods feare, or obserued loue;  
 We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;  
 Nor other Bless ones; we are better farr.  
 To *Ioue* himselfe, dare I bid open warre;  
 To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.  
 But tell me: where's the ship, that by the seas  
 Hath brought thee hither: If farr off, or neare;  
 Informe me quickly. These his tempings were.  
 But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;  
 And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind  
 (Thrust vp from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)  
 Had dasht our ships against his rocks, and tore  
 Her ribs in peeces, close vpon his Coast;  
 And we from high wracke sau'd; the rest were lost.

He answerd nothing; but rust in, and tooke  
 Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke  
 Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew  
 About his shoulders; and did all embrew  
 The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tore  
 Two Lambs so sternly; lapt vp all their gore,  
 Gush't from their torne vp bodies; lim by lim,  
 (Trembling with life yet) rauisht into him.  
 Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eate,  
 And euen th'vncleanfed entrails made his meate.  
 We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view,  
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew  
 With all our after liues, to instant death,  
 In our belcud destruction. But when breath,

*This relation  
 of Agamemnon,  
 and his glory  
 shewes for Troyes  
 sake, with the  
 picture of suppli-  
 ants ready to  
 him that was so  
 barbarous and  
 impious, must be  
 intended spoken  
 by Polytes, with  
 supplications that  
 his hearers would  
 more, still as he  
 shewes how vain  
 they would be to  
 the Cyclops,  
 who respected li-  
 ue Agamemnon,  
 or their valiant  
 exploit against  
 Troy, or the Gods  
 themselves. For  
 otherwise the se-  
 rious obseruati-  
 on of the words  
 (though good &  
 great, if spoken  
 in another) wou-  
 shew inconstant  
 sterpe and  
 soft.*

The fury of his appetite had got,  
 Because the gulfe his belly reacht his throte;  
 Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,  
 Till neare chokt vp, was all the paffe for aire.  
 Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe  
 He rusht, and streakt him. When my mind was growne  
 Desperate, to step in, draw my sword, and part  
 His bosome, where the strings about the heart  
 Circle the Liuer, and adde strength of hand.  
 But that rash thought, More staide, did countermand;  
 For there we all had perisht, since it past  
 Our powres to lift aside a log so vast,  
 As barrd all outcasse; and so sigh'd away  
 The thought all Night, expecting aduine Day.  
 Which come, he first of all, his fire enflames,  
 Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams  
 Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,  
 With manly haste, dispatcht his houswifery.  
 Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two  
 Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go  
 His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by  
 The churlish barre, and clodde it instantly;  
 For both those works, with ease, as much he did,  
 As you would ope and shut your Quiuer lid.

With stormes of whistlings then, his flocks he draue  
 Vp to the mountaines; and occasion gaue  
 For me to vse my wits; which to their height,  
 I striu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might  
 By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now  
 Afford a full eare to my neediest vow.  
 This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay  
 Close by his milk-houfe, which was now in way  
 To drie, and season; being an Oliue tree  
 Which late he feld; and being greene, must be  
 Made lighter for his manage. I was so vast,  
 That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast,  
 To serue a ship of burthen, that was driuen  
 With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse giuen,  
 To beare a huge sea. Full so thicke, so tall  
 We iudg'd this club; which I, in part, hewd small,  
 And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue  
 Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shaue;  
 Which done, I sharp'd it at top, and then  
 (Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,  
 Within a nastie dunghill reeking there,  
 Thicke, and so moist, it issude euery where.  
 Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,  
 Whose fortune seru'd to dare the bor'd our eie

Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall  
 On foure I wisht to make my aid, of all;  
 And I, the fift made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the Euen; and he came from the feast  
 Of his fat cattell; draue in all, nor kept  
 One male abroad; if, or his memory slept  
 By Gods direct will, or of purpose was  
 His driving in of all then, doth surpasse  
 My comprehension. But he cloide againe  
 The mightie barre; milke, and did still maintaine  
 All other obseruation, as before.

His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,  
 At once he snatcht vp; and to supper went.  
 Then dar'd I words to him, and did present  
 A boll of wine, with these words: *Cyclop!* take  
 A boll of wine from my hand, that may make  
 Way for the mans flesh thou hast eate; and show  
 What drinke our ship held; which in sacred vow,  
 I offer to thee; to take ruth on me  
 In my diffinition home. Thy rages be  
 No more sufferable. How shall men  
 (Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe  
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
 If thus thou ragest, and castst vp their race.

He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently ioyd  
 To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd  
 My flagons powre, entreating more, and said:  
 Good Guest, againe afford my taste thy aid;  
 And let me know thy name; and quickly  
 That in thy recompence I may bestow  
 A hospitable gift on thy desert;  
 And such a one as shall reioyce thy heart;  
 For to the *Cyclops* too, the gentle Earth  
 Beares generous wine; and *Joue* augments her birth,  
 In store of such, with showres. But this rich wine,  
 Fell from the riuer that is meere diuine,  
 Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe  
 I gaue him; and againe; nor could the foole abstaine,  
 But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce  
 Had wrought vpon his spirit; I then gaue vsc  
 To fairer language, saying: *Cyclop!* now  
 As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name; do thou  
 Make good thy hospitable gift to me;  
 My name is *No-Man*; *Ny-Man*, each degree  
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.  
 He answerd, as his cruell soule became:  
*No-Man!* Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;  
 And this is that, in which so much amends



I vowd to thy deferuings; thus shall be  
 My hospitable gift, made good to thee.  
 This said; he vpwards fell; but then bent round  
 His fleshie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crown'd)  
 Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out  
 My wine, with mans flesh gobbers, like a spout;  
 When loded with his cups, he lay and snor'd.  
 And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd  
 The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.  
 Confirmd my fellowes minds, lest *Fear* should let  
 Their vowd assay, and make them flie my aid.  
 Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid  
 Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;  
 And glow'd extremely, though twas Greene, (which got  
 From forth the cinders) close about me stood  
 My hardie friends: but that which did the good,  
 Was Gods good inspiration, that gaue  
 A spirit beyond the spirit they vnde to haue:  
 Who tooke the Oliue sparre, made keene before,  
 And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,  
 Bent to the top close; and helpt poure it in,  
 With all my forces: And as you haue seene  
 A ship-wright bore a nauall beame, he oft  
 Thrusts at the *Augurs* Froose, works still aloft;  
 And at the thanke, helpe others, with a cord  
 Wound round about, to make it sooner bor'd;  
 All plying the round still: So into his eye,  
 The fire stake, we labourd to imply.  
 Out gusht the blood that scalded his eye-ball  
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all  
 His browes and eye-lids; his eye-fringes did cracke,  
 As in, the sharpe and burning rafter brake.  
 And as a Smith to harden any toole,  
 (Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole  
 The red-hote substance, that so feruent is,  
 It makes the cold waue strait to see the and hisse:  
 So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.  
 He roar'd withall; and all his Cauernie brake  
 In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flie,  
 Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his cie,  
 The fixed stake pluckt: after which, the blood  
 Flowd freely forth; and, mad, he hur'd the wood  
 About his houill. Out he then did crie  
 For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernies by,  
 Vpon a windie Promontorie dweld;  
 Who hearing how impetuously he yell'd,  
 Rusht euery way about him; and enquir'd,  
 What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

Simile.

Simile.

Such

Such horrid clamors, and in sacred Night,  
 To breake their sleepes for? Aske him, if his fright  
 Came from some mortall, that his flocks had driuen?  
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?  
 He answerd from his den; By craft, nor might,  
 No man hath giuen me death. They then laid right;  
 If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;  
 That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.  
 And what great *Ioue* infligts, no man can flie;  
 Pray to thy Father yet, \*a Deities,  
 And proue, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.  
 Thus spake they, leauing him. When all on fire,  
 My heart with ioy was; that so well my wit,  
 And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did split;  
 And groning vp and downe, he groping tride,  
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside;  
 But in the doore late, feeling if he could  
 (As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold;  
 Esteeming me a foole, that could deuise  
 No stratageme to scape his grosse surprise.  
 But I, contending what I could inuent,  
 My friends and me, from death so imminent,  
 To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woue,  
 (Life being the subiect) and did this approue;  
 Fat fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,  
 That did a \*burthen like a Violet beare.  
 These (while this leam'd in villanie did sleepe)  
 I yolt with Officers cut there, sheepe to sheepe;  
 Thre in a ranke; and still the mid sheepe bore  
 A man about his belly: the two more,  
 Mareht on his each side for defence. I then,  
 Chusing my selfe the fairest of the den,  
 His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't  
 His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast  
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.  
 And thus each man hung, till the Morning thin'd;  
 Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad  
 His male-flocks first: the females, vn milk stood  
 Bleating and braying; their full bags so fore,  
 With being vnemptied; but their shepheard more,  
 With being vnfighred, which was cause, his mind  
 Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)  
 The backs felt as they past, of those male dams:  
 (Grosse foole) beleueing, we would ride his Rams.  
 Nor euer knew, that any of them bore  
 Vpon his belly, any man before.  
 The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,  
 And me together, loded to the full:

\*Xephaus.

\*Wool of a violet  
colours.

N 4

For

For there did I hang: and that Ram he staid;  
And me withall had in his hands, my head  
Troubl'd the while, not causlesly, nor least.  
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beast!  
Why last art thou now? thou hast neuer vīde  
To lag thus hindmost: but till first hast brufide  
The tender blossome of a flower, and held  
State in thy steps, both to the flood and fild:  
First still at Fold, at Even; now last remaine:  
Doeft thou not wish I had mine eye againe,  
Which that abhord man *Nō-g-Man* did put out,  
Assistēd by his execrable rout,  
When he had wrought me downe with wine: but he  
Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.  
I would to heauen thou knewst, and could but speake,  
To tell me where he licks now; I would breake  
His braine about my Caue, strewd here and there,  
To ease my heart of those foule IIs, that were  
Th' inflixtions of a man, I priide at nought.

Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought  
A lile from his hold) my selfe first losde,  
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and dispoide,  
His strait-leggd fat fleece-bearers ouer land,  
Euen till they all were in my thips command;  
And to our lou'd friends, shewd our praid-fot fight,  
Escap't from death. But for our losse, outright  
They brake in teares; which with a looke I staid,  
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;  
And vp we all went, fate, and vīde our Ores,  
But hauing left as farre the sauage shores,  
As one might heare a voice; we then might see  
The *Cyclop* at the haue; when instantly  
I staid our Ores, and this insultance vīde:  
*Cyclop!* thou shouldst not haue so much abuse  
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least,  
Against a man immariall, and a guest,  
And eate his fellowes: thou mightst know there were  
Some IIs behind (rude swaine) for thee to beare;  
That feard not to deuoure thy guessts, and breake  
All lawes of humanes: *Ioue* sends therefore wreake,  
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more  
His burning furie; when the top he tore  
From off a huge Rocke; and so right a throw  
Made at our ship, that iust before the Prow,  
It ouerflew and fell: mist Malt and all  
Exceeding lile; but about the fall,  
So fierce a waue it raifd, that backe it bore  
Our ship so farre, it almost toucht the shore.

*Ulysses insults  
ouer the Cyclop.*

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)  
I snatcht vp, thrust hard, and so set vs gone  
Some lile way; and strait commanded all  
To helpe me with their Ores, on paine to fall  
Againe on our confusion. But a signe,  
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,  
In all performance. When we off were set,  
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,  
It would againe prouoke him: but my men  
On all sides rusht about me, to containe;  
And said: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke  
A man so rude; that with so dead a stroke,  
Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the sea thrust backe  
Our ship so farre; and nere hand forc't our wracker  
Should he againe, but heare your voice rebound,  
And any word reach; thereby would be found  
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,  
Crush peece-meale vs, quite split our ship and all;  
So much dart weilds the monster. Thus vīd they  
Impossible things, in feare; but I gaue way  
To that wrath, which so long I held deprest,  
(By great *Nēcesitie* conquerd) in my brest.

*Cyclop!* if any aske thee, who impoide  
Th' vīghtly blemish that thine eye enclōde;  
Say that *Ulysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
Whose fate is *Ithaca*; and who hath womne  
Surname of *Citic-racer*) bor'd it out.

At this, he braid so loud, that round about  
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;  
And said: O beast! I was premonisht faire,  
By aged Prophecie, in one that was  
A great and good man; this should come to passe;  
And how tis prou'd now? *Angur Telemus*,  
Surname of *Eurymedes* (that spent with vs  
His age in *Angurie*; and did exceed  
In all preface of *Truth*) said all this deed,  
Should this euent take, author'd by the hand  
Of one *Ulysses*; who I thought was mand  
With great and goodly personage; and bore  
A vertue answerable: and this shore  
Should shake with weight of such a conqueror;  
When now a weakling came, a dwarfe thing,  
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,  
That brought supply to all; and with his wine,  
Put out the flame, where all my light did shine.  
Come, land againe *Ulysses*! that my hand,  
May Guest-rites giue thee; and the great command,  
That *Neptune* hath at sea, I may conuert

*Ulysses continued  
insulting, no more  
to repeat what  
he said to the Cy-  
clop, then to let  
his hearers know  
Epichorus, and  
of actions in the  
world.*

To the deduction, where abides thy heart,  
With my sollicitings; whose Sonne I am;  
And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.  
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire  
Can soone repose in it the viduall fire,  
At his free pleasure; which no powre beside  
Can boast of men, or of the Deicide.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell  
Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell  
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then  
Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.

*Polyphemi im-  
precation a-  
gainst Vlyssa.*

Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*, both his hands  
To starre-borne heaven cast: O thou that all lands  
Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire  
Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;  
If I be thine, or thou maist iustly vane,  
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant  
That this *Vlysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne  
Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach  
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,  
That, and the sight of his faire roofes and friends,  
Be farall to him; let him that Amends  
For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,  
Till all his souldiers quite are cast away  
In others ships. And when, at last, the day  
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling shew,  
Let *Detrimēt* prepare him wrongs enow.

Thus praid he *Neptune*, who, his Sire appeard;  
And all his praire, to euery syllable heard.  
But then a *Rocke*, in size more amplified  
Then first, he rauisht to him; and implied  
A dismall strength in it, when (wheel'd about)  
He sent it after vs; nor flew it our  
From any blind aime; for a litle passe  
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:  
With which the sea, our ship gaue backe vpon,  
And thrunk vp into billowes from the stone;  
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare  
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were  
(Being warnd, more armd) and stronger sterd the flood  
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good  
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;  
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;  
And euery minute lookt when we should land.  
Where (now arriv'd) we drew vp to the sand;  
The *Cyclops* sheepe diuiding, that none there

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare  
Too much on powre. The *Ram* yet was alone,  
By all my friends made all my portion,  
Abooue all others; and I made him then,  
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,  
To cloud-compelling *Joue*, that all commands.  
To whom I bound the Thighs: but my sad hands,  
Receiu'd no grace from him, who studied how  
To offer, men and flecte to *Queribron*.

All day, till Sun-fer yet, we fate and eate;  
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.  
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,  
We slept, Morne came, my men I raisd, and made;  
All go aboard; weigh Anker, and away.  
They boorded, fate and beate the aged sea;  
And forth we made saile, sad for losse before,  
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

*Neceffitas les  
passe in Vlysses  
finitis our Po-  
ets singular wit  
and wisdom.*

*Finit libri noni Hom. Odysf.*

THE



# THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses now relates to us,  
The grace he had with AEolus,  
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:  
Which in a leather bag he binds,  
And gives Vlysses; all but one,  
Which Zephyrus was; who filld alone  
Vlysses sails. The Bag once seene  
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;  
They thinking it did gold inclose;  
To find it, all the winds did lose.  
Who backe flew to their guard againe,  
Forth said he; and did next attaine  
To where the Laestrigonians dwell,  
Where he eleven ships lost; and fell  
On the Aëcan coast; whose shore  
He sends Eurylochus explore,  
Dividing with him halfe his men:  
Who go, and turne no more againe;  
(All save Eurylochus, to swimme  
By Circe turn'd.) Their stayes encline  
Vlysses to their search; who got  
Of Mercurie an Antidote,  
(Which Moly was) gainst Circes charmes,  
And so avoids his souldiers harmes,  
A yeare with Circe all remaine;  
And then their native formes regaine.  
On utter shores, a time they dwell,  
While Ithacus descends to hell.

Another.

Kαὶ γὰρ. Great AEolus  
And Circe, friends,  
Find Ithacus;  
And Hell descends.

**T**O the Æolian Iland we attained,  
That swumme about still on the sea; where raig'n'd  
The God-lou'd Æolus Hippolydes.  
A wall of Steele it had; and in the seas,  
A wave-beat-smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.  
Twelve children, in his house imperiall,  
Were borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,  
And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did beare.

His

His daughters, to his sonnes he gave, as wives;  
Who spent in feastfull comforts all their lives;  
Close seated by their Sire, and his great Spouse.  
Past number were the dishes, that the house  
Made ever famous; and still full abill:  
As long as day shin'd; in the night, still, all  
Slept with their chaste wives. Each his faire cur'd bed  
Most richly furnish'd; and this life they led.

We reach the Citie, and faire roofes of the  
Where, a whole moneths time, all things that might please  
The King vouchsaf't vs. Of great Troy conquer'd,  
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks rear'd  
To all which, I gave answer, as behou'd.

The fit time come, when I dismissal men'd;  
He nothing would denie me, but addrest  
My passe with such a bountie, as might best  
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold  
Within an Oxe hide, dead at nine yeares old,  
All th'airie blasts, that were of stormie kind.  
Saturnus made him Steward of his winds;  
And gave him powre, to raise and to asswage,  
And these he gave me, cur'd thus of their rage.  
Which in a glittering siluer band I bound  
And hung vp in my ship: enclod to round,  
That no egression, any breath could find.  
Onely he left abroad the Westerne wind;  
To speede our ships and vs, with blasts secure.  
But our securities, made all vnsecure:  
Nor could he consummate our course alone,  
When all the rest had got egression.  
Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights  
We laid in safetie, and the tenth, the lights  
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might descie:  
So neere we drew, and yet open then fell I  
(Being on watch) into a fatall sleepe:  
For I would suffer no man else to keepe  
The foote that rul'd my vessels course; to leade  
The faster home. My friends then Envy fed,  
About the bag I hung vp; and supposed,  
That gold, and siluer, I had there enclod;  
As giv from Æolus. And said, O heauen!  
What grace, and graue price, is by all men given  
To our Commander: Whatsoever coast  
Or towne, he comes to, how much the encrease  
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from Troy:  
We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy  
In our returne, these empty hands for all.  
This bag now, Æolus was so liberall

Epitaph.

οὐδὲ γὰρ  
He calls the  
Sterne, the  
foote of the ship.

O

To

To make a Guest-gift to him. Let vs trie  
Of what consists, the faire-bound Treasures;  
And how much gold, and filuer it contains.

*Ill counsaile, present approbation giues.*

They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;  
When instant tempest did our vessell take,  
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew  
Our absent Countrey. Vp amaz'd I flew,  
And desperate things discourt; if I should cast  
My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste  
Amongst the liuing more mone, and sustaine:  
Silent, I did so; and lay bid againe  
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke  
My ships, backe to *Aeolia*: my men strooke  
With woe enough. We pumpt and landed then;  
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)  
I tooke a Herald to me, and away  
Went to the Court of *Aeolus*; Where they  
Were feasting still: he, wife and children set  
Together close. We would not (at their meate)  
Thrust in, but humbly on the threshold sat.  
He then, amaz'd, my presence wonder'd at;  
And call'd to me: *Phylas*! how, thus backe  
Art thou arriv'd here? what foule spirit brake  
Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?

We thought we had deduction, curious  
Giuen thee before; to reach thy shore and home:  
Did it not like thee? I (euen ouercome  
With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men  
Haue done me mischief; and to them hath bene  
My sleepe th' vnhappy motiue. But do you  
(Dearest of friends) daigne succour to my vow:  
Your powres command it. Thus endeuor'd I  
With soft speech to repaire my misery.  
The rest, with ruth, sat dumbe: but thus spake he;  
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,  
Thou worst of all that breathe; it fits not me  
To conuoy, and take in, whom heavens expose.  
Away, and with thee go, the worst of woes,  
That seek't my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.

Thus he dismiss'd me, sighing, forth we saild,  
At heart afflicted: and now wholly faild  
The minds my men sustaind: so spent they were  
With toiling at their oares; and worse did beare  
Their growing labours; that they caus'd their grought,  
By selfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought  
To see their Countrey more. Six nights and daies  
We saild; the seuenth, we saw faire *Lampro* raise

Her

Her lostie Towres (The *Leſtrigian* State)

That beares her Ports, so faire diſtinate.

Where \* Shephard, Shephard calls out; he at home

Is call'd out by the other that doth come

From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleepe,

The other issuing. He whose turne doth keepe

The Night obſeruaunce, hath his double liue;

Since Day and Night, in equal length expire,

About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd

At twice the Daies ward; since the charge that laid

Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of sleepe)

Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,

The other sheepe. But when the haven we found,

(Exceeding famous; and enuiron'd round

With one continu'd rocke: which, so much bent,

That both ends almost met; so prominent

They were; and made, the hauens mouth passing stright)

Our whole fleet, in we got; in whole receipt

Our Ships lay anchor'd close: nor needed we

Fear harme on any \* ſtaies; *Tranquillitie*

So purely fate there: that waues great, nor small

Did euer rise to any height at all.

And yet would I, no entrie make; but staid

Alone without the haven; and thence furaid

From out a lostie watch-tow'r rais'd there,

The Countrie round about: nor any where

The worke of man or beast appear'd to me;

Onely a smoke from earth brake, I might see.

I then made choice of two; and added more;

A Herald for associate, to explore

What sort of men liu'd there. They went, and saw

A beaten way, through which, carts v'de to draw

Wood from the high hills, to the Towne; and met

A maid without the Port; about to get

Some neare spring-water. She, the daughter was

Of mightie *Leſtrigian*, *Antiphon*:

And to the cleare spring, call'd *Artacia*, went;

To which the whole Towne, for their water sent.

To her they came, and askt who govern'd there?

And what the people, whom he order'd were?

She answer'd not, but led them through the Port,

As making haste, to shew her fathers Court.

Where, enter'd; they beheld (to their affright)

A woman like a mountaine top, in height.

Who ruſt abroad; and from the Counsaile place

Call'd home her horrid husband *Antiphon*.

Who (deadly minded) straight he snatcht vp one,

And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;

This place suffers different constructions, in all the Commentors, (in which all erre from the mind of the Poet: as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about 1225

309 vartu, &c.

Prope enim

noctis & diei

tunt vix, (or 6-

militer which

1225 significet)

which they will

have to be wonder-ful,

that the daies in that

region are long

and the nights

short; where

Hom. intends,

that the Equi-

noctial is there;

(for how else is

the course of day

and night more

or equal?) But

therefore the

nights-man

saith his double

liue, being as

long about his

charge as the o-

ther; and the

might being more

dangerous, &c.

And if the day

were so long,

why should the

nights-man, be

frighted in

ways?

\* For being call'd on the flares, as ships are by weather.

And

And to the fleete came. *Anipha*, a crie  
Draue through the Citie, (which heard,) instantly  
This way, and that, innumerable sorts,  
Not men, but Gyants, issued through the Ports;  
And mightie flints from rocks tore, which they threw  
Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noisc flew,  
Of shiuerd ships, and life-expiring men,  
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,  
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughterd these,  
That were engag'd in all th'advantages,  
The close-mouth'd, and most dead-calmc haven could giue;  
I (that without lay) made some meanes to liue;  
My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares  
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores  
Let sic amongst vs, we made haste to sic;  
My men, close working, as men loth to die.  
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay  
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way  
Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.  
Forth our sad remnant saild; yet still retaind,  
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,

Then to the Ile *Æas* we attaind;  
Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;  
*Æas* sister, both by Dame and Sire,  
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire;  
And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.  
The ship-fit Port here, soone we landed at:  
Some God directing vs. Two daies, two nights,  
We lay here pining in the fatal spights  
Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day  
When faire *Aurora* had inform'd, quick way  
I made out of my ship; my sword and lance  
Tooke for my surer guide; and made aduance  
Vp to a prospect, I assay to see  
The works of men; or heare mortalitie  
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height  
Rough and right hardly accessible; I might  
Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue  
Set thicke with trees, flood; a bright vapor moue.

I then grew \* curious in my thought to trie  
Some fit enquire; when so spritely sic  
I saw the yallow smoke. But my discourse,  
A first retiring to my ship gaue force  
To giue my men their dinner, and to send,  
(Before th'adventure of my selfe) some friend.  
Being neare my ship; of one so desolate  
Some God had pittie, and would recreate  
My woes a little, putting vp to me

\* *μυστικός*  
Cariolc cogito.  
\* *αὐθιγὰ νῆαρον*  
about signifying  
rutilant: by rea-  
son of the fire  
mist wish it.  
Fumus qui fit  
diu aliquid  
accenditur.

A great and high-palmd *Hart*, that (*fatalie*,  
Iust in my way it selfe, to taste a flood)  
Was then descending: the *Sunne* heare had sure  
Importun'd him, besides the temperance  
His naturall heate gane. Howsoeuer, I  
Made vp to him, and let my *laucelin* sic,  
That strooke him through the mid-part of his chine,  
And made him (braying) in the dust confine  
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew,  
When I stept in, and from the deaths wound drew  
My threwdly-bitten lance, there let him lie  
Till I, of cut-vp Officers, did imply,  
A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete  
I made together, in a sure league meete,  
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd  
The mightie barthen; of which, I receau'd  
A good part on my lance: for else I could  
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould  
(Ioynd with one shoulder) such a deathfull load.  
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands flood  
Needfull assistents: for it was a Deare  
Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming something neare  
Where rode my ships) I cast it downe, and re'd  
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cherr'd,  
In note particular, and said; See friends,  
We will not yet to *Platas* house, our ends  
Shall not be hastend, though we be declind  
In cause of comfort; till the day design'd  
By Fates sixt finger. Come, as long as food  
Or wine lasts in our ship; lets spirit our blood  
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.

This said; they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon  
With admiration, the huge bodied beast;  
And when their first-feru'd eyes, had done their feast;  
They washt, and made a to-be-strin'd-for meale,  
In \* point of honour. On which all did dwell  
The whole day long. And, to our vnzons store,  
We added wine till we could wish no more.

*Sunne* set, and darknesse vp; we slepe, till light  
Put darknesse downe: and then did I excite  
My friends to \* counsaile, vttering this: Now, friends,  
Affoord vnpassionat care; though ill Fate lends,  
So good cause to your passion; no man knowes  
The reason whence, and how, the darknesse growes;  
The reason, how the Mome is thus begonne:  
The reason, how the Man-enlightning *Sunne*  
Dives vnder earth: the reason how againe  
He rerets his golden head. Those counsailes then

\* *μυστικός* *δίστιον*.  
The whole end of  
the counsaile  
was to persuade  
his soldiers to  
explore those  
parts: which he  
knew would  
proue a most  
pleasing motion  
to them; for their  
followers terrible  
entertainment  
with *Antiphoe*,  
and *Polyphoe*, and  
therefore he pre-  
pares the little  
he hath to say,  
with this long  
circumstance:  
implying a ne-  
cessitie of these  
seruices, and ne-  
cessary solution  
to add the triall  
of the event, to  
their other ad-  
monition.

That passe our comprehension, we must leaue  
 To him that knowes their causes; and receaue  
 Direction from him, in our acts, as farre  
 As he shall please to make them regular;  
 And stoope them to our reason. In our state,  
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate  
 With all our counsailes, where we are? or know  
 (Without instruction, past our owne skils) how  
 (Put off from hence) to stee our course the more?  
 I thinke we can not. We must then explore  
 These parts for information; in which way  
 We thus farre are: last Morne I might display  
 (From off a high-raisd cliffe) an Iland lie  
 Girt with th' vnmeasur'd Seas; and is so nic  
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise  
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to aduise,  
 Who shall explore this. This strooke dead their hearts,  
 Remembring the most execrable parts  
 That *Lastrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:  
 And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellows braid  
 Betwixt his lawes; which mou'd them so; they cried.  
 But idle teares, had neuer wants supplied.  
 I, in two parts diuided all, and gaue  
 To either part his Captaine: I must haue  
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,  
*Eurylochus*, the other. Lots we shooke,  
 (Put in a caske together,) which of vs  
 Should leade th' attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.  
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:  
 All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore  
 The same wet badge, of weake humanity.  
 These, in a dale, did *Circes* house descricie;  
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way:  
 Before her gates, hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs, so tame she made;  
 That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man intade  
 With any violence, but all arose;  
 Their huge long tailed wags; and in fawnes would close,  
 As louing dogs, when masters bring them home  
 Relicks of feasts; in all obseruance, come  
 And sooth their entrie, with their fawnes and bounds;  
 All guests, still bringing, some scraps for their hounds:  
 So, on these men, the Wolues, and Lyons ramp't;  
 Their horrid paws set vp. Their spirits were damp't  
 To see such monstrous kindeesse; staid at gate,  
 And heard within, the Goddesse cleuate  
 A voice diuine, as at her web, she wrought,  
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought;

Circes house.

Simile.

As

As all the housewiferies of Deities are.  
 To heare a voice, so rauenishingly rare;  
*Polites* (one exceeding deare to me,  
 A Prince of men; and of no meane degree  
 In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whose mind  
 Discrete cares all wayes, vnder to turne, and wind)  
 Was yet surpris'd with it; and said; O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commends  
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;  
 As she some web wrought; or her spindles twine  
 She cherisht with her song: the pauement rings  
 With imitation of the tunes she sings;  
 Some woman, or some Goddesse tis; Affay  
 To see with knocking. Thus said he; and they  
 Both knockt, and call'd; and straight her shining gates  
 She opened, issuing: bade them in, to cates.  
 Led, and (vnwife) they follow'd; all, but one  
 Which was *Eurylochus*, who stood alone  
 Without the gates; suspicious of a sleight;  
 They enterd, she made sit; and her deceit  
 She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;  
 Set heary honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheefe;  
 But harmefull venoms, she commixt with these;  
 That made their Countrey vanish from their thought.  
 Which, eate, she toucht them, with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation, farre past humane wunts;  
 Swines snouts, swines bodies, tooke they, bristles, grunts;  
 But still retaind the soules they had before;  
 Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.  
 She shut them straight in sties; and gaue them meate  
 Oke-mast, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,  
 Groueling like swine on earth, in fowlest sort.  
*Eurylochus*, straight hastned the report  
 Of this his fellowes most remorsefull fate.  
 Came to the ships; but so exccruciate  
 Was with his woe; he could not speake a word:  
 His eyes stood full of teares; which shew'd how stor'd,  
 His mind with mone remaind. Vve all admir'd;  
 Askt what had chanc't him, earnestly desir'd  
 He would resolue vs. At the last, our eyes,  
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:  
 And out his griefe burst thus; You wil'd, we went  
 Through those thicke woods you saw; when, a descent  
 Shew'd vs a faire house, in a light some ground,  
 Where (at some worke) we heard a heavenly found  
 Breath'd from a Goddesse, or a womans brest:  
 They knockt, she op't her bright gates; each, her guest

and his  
 Caius animus  
 curas producit  
 veritas.

Seeing them, he  
 thought of his  
 fellowes.

Her faire inuitement made: nor would they stay,  
(Fooles that they were) when the once led the way.  
I enterd not, suspecting some deceit.

When all together vanisht; nor the sight  
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye  
Could any way discouer. Instantly,  
(My sword, and bow reacht) I had shew the place,  
When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,  
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,  
Do not thy selfe lose; nor to that aboard  
Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all  
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall  
In one sure ruine: with these few then flie;  
We yet may shunne the others destinie.

I answerd him: *Eurylochus*! stay thou  
And keepe the ship then; eat and drinke: I now  
Will vnder take th' aduerture; there is cause  
In great *Necessities* vnlalterd lawes.

This said, I left both ship and seas; and on  
Along the sacred vallies all alone  
Went in discouery: till at last I came

Where, of the maine, medicine-making Dame  
I saw the great house: where, encounterd me,  
The golden-rod, sustaining *Mercurie*,

Euen entering *Circes* doores. He met me in  
A yong mans likenesse, of the first-blown chin,  
Whose forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:

He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,  
And said, Thou no-place-finding, for repose;  
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes  
Thy erring foote? Th' art entering *Circes* house,

Where, (by her medicines, blacke, and forcerous)  
Thy souldiers all are shut, in well-arm'd sties,  
And turnd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with pride  
Fit for their ranfomes? Thou com'st out no more

If once thou enterst. Like thy men before  
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;  
And saue thee in her spire: receiue of me

This faire and good receipt, with which, once arm'd;  
Enter her rooves; for th' art to all prooffe charm'd  
Against the ill day: I will tell thee all

Her banefull counsaile. With a festiual  
Sheele first receiue thee; but will spice thy bread  
With slowrie poysons: yet vnalter'd  
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy

Stands most approv'd, gainst all her Sorcery.  
Which, thus particularly shunne: When she  
Shall with her long rod strike thee; instantly

Draw

Draw from thy thigh thy sword; and flie on her  
As to her slaughter. She, (surprised with feare  
And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;

Nor say the Goddesse nay; that welcomed  
Thou maist with all respect be; and procure  
Thy fellows freedoms. But before, make sure

Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take  
With which the blessed Gods assurance make  
Of all they promise: that no preiudice

(By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)  
She may so much as once attempt on thee.  
This said, he gaue his Antidote to me;

Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all  
The vertue of it: With what Deities call  
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impole

For name to it. The roote is hard to loose  
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre  
Can all things do. 'Tis blacke, but beares a flowre  
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*

Vp to immense *Olympus*, gliding by  
The syluan Iland. I, made backe my way  
To *Circes* house: my mind, of my assay

Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I staid  
And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;  
Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract

With some distraction. In a Throne she plac't  
My welcome person. Of a curious frame  
Twas, and so bright; I sat as in a flame.

A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule  
She then suborn'd a potion: in her soule,  
Deform'd things thinking: for amidst the wine

She mixt her man-transforming medicine:  
Which when the saw I had deuour'd; she then,  
No more obseru'd me with her soothing vaines;

But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Stray,  
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.  
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment

To take her life. When out the cri'd, and bent  
Beneath my sword, her knees, embracing mine;  
And (full of teares) said, Who? of what high line

Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustaine  
Thy native Citie? I amaz'd remaine  
That drinking these my venomes, th' art not turnd.

Neuer drunk any this cup; but he mournd  
In other likenesse; if it once had past  
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.

All but thy selfe, are brutishly declin'd:  
Thy breast holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

Thou

*Ulysses mov'd  
for his souldiers.  
Eurylochus.*

*Ulysses encounter  
Mercurie.*

*The herbe Moly  
which with P-  
olysses while  
Neraton hath  
in thise an Al-  
legorical ex-  
position. Yet with-  
standing I say  
with our Spon-  
dianus. Credo in  
hoc vasto mon-  
di ambitu extra-  
reces inimme-  
ras mirandæ fa-  
cultatis adeo,  
ut ne quid ista  
quæ ad trans-  
formandæ cor-  
poræ pestime,  
sunt e mundo  
eximii possint.*



Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man  
Of many virtues : *Ithacensis*,

Deepe-soul'd *Vlysses* : who, I oft was told,  
By that lie God, that beares the rod of gold,  
Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.  
Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enioy  
So much a man; that when the bed we proue,  
We may beleue in one anothers loue.

I then : O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me  
To mixe in any humane league with thee;  
When thou, my friends hast beasts turn'd : and thy bed  
Tenderst to me; that I might likewise leade  
A beasts life with thee; soft'n'd, naked stripes,  
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be sleept.  
I neuer will ascend thy bed, before  
I may affirme, that in heavens fight you swore  
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt  
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.

I said; she swore : when, all the oath-rites said,  
I then ascended her adorned bed;  
But thus prepar'd : foure handmaids seru'd her there;  
That daughters to her siluer fountaines were,  
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods;  
And to her vncut consecrated woods.  
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;  
And did, with silkes, the foote-pace, consecrate.  
Another, siluer tables set before  
The pompous Throne; and golden dishes store  
Seru'd in with seuerall featt. A third filld wine;  
The fourth brought water, and made fewell shine  
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of brasse.  
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was  
Disperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;  
That might my late, heart-hurting sorrowes checke  
With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,  
Men sometimes, may be something delicate.  
Bath'd, and adorn'd; she led me to a Throne  
Of masse siluer; and of fashion  
Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole set;  
Water appolde, and euery sort of meate  
Set on th'elaborately polish'd boord.  
She wisht my taste emloyd; but not a word  
Would my eares taste, of taste : my mind had food  
That must digest; eye meate would do me good.  
*Circe* (observing, that I put no hand  
To any banquet; having countermand  
From weightier cares; the light cares could excuse)  
Bowling her neare me; these wing'd words did vie :

Why fits *Vlysses*, like one dumber his mind  
Lessning with languors? Nor to food enclind;  
Nor wine? Whence comes it: out of any feare  
Of more illusion? You must needs forsake  
That wrongfull doubt, since you have heard me sweare.

O *Circe* ! (I replied) what man is he,  
Awd with the rights of true humanitie,  
That dares taste food or wine; before he sees  
His friends redeem'd from their deformities  
If you be gentle, and inderd incline  
To let me taste the comfort of your wine;  
Dissolue the charmes, that their forc't formes require  
And shew me here, my honord friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod;  
Went to her Ste, and let my men abroad,  
Like swine of nine yeares old. They oppose food;  
Obscu'd their brutish forme; and look't for food;  
When, with another medicine, (euery one  
All ouer smeer'd) their bristles all were gone,  
Produc't by malice of the other banes;  
And euery one, afresh, lookt vpa man.  
Both younger then they were; of stature more;  
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.  
All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry  
Of pleasing mourning, flew about so hie,  
The horrid rooffe refounded; and the Queene  
Her selfe, was mou'd, to see our kinde so keene.  
Who bad me now, bring ship and men ashore;  
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and restore  
My selfe to her, with all my other men.  
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine  
In all my men; whose violent ioy to see  
My safe returne, was passing kindly free  
Of friendly teares, and miscrably wept.  
You haue not seene yong Heifers (highly kept;  
Filld full of daises at the field, and driven  
Home to their houes; all so spritely giuen  
That no roome can containe them; but about,  
Bace by the Dams, and let their spirits out  
In ceaselesse bleating) of more iocund plight  
Then my kind friends, euen crying out with sight  
Of my returne so doubted. Circ'd me  
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they law  
Their naturall Countrie, clime *Ithaca*;  
And euen the rooffes where they were bred and borne.  
And vow'd as much, with teares : O your returne  
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our Countre to vs, and our naturall home.  
But what vnhappy fate hath rēd our friends?  
I gaue vnlookt for answer; That amends  
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,  
Our ship ashore draw; then in Caverns stall  
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutual prize,  
And then (said I) attend me, that your eies,  
In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,  
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.

They soone obeyd; all but *Eurylochus*;  
Who needes would stay them all; and counsell'd thus,

O wretches! whither will ye? why are you  
Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladnesse show  
For *Circes* house; that will transforme ye all  
To Swine, or Wolues, or Lions? Neuer shall  
Our heads get out; if once within we be,  
But stay compell'd by strong *Necessitie*.

So wrought the *Cyclops*, when 'his cause, our friends  
This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends  
By his one indiscretion. I, for this  
Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his  
Hewne from his necke) to gash vpon the ground  
His mang'd bodie, though my blood was bound  
In neare alliance to him. But the rest  
With humble suite contain'd me, and request,  
That I would leaue him, with my ship alone;  
And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.

I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,  
From their attendance on me: Our late fray  
Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,  
In *Circes* house, were all, in feuerall baine  
Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oile, and deckt  
With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret  
Seru'd in before them: at which, close we found  
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
When (mutuall sight had, and all thought on) then

Memoranda  
the  
Commemora-  
banquetomia  
Intending all  
their miseries,  
escapes, and  
meetings:

Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe  
About the house flew, driuen with wings of ioy.  
But then spake *Circe*, Now, no more annoy:  
I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,  
And men vnjust, haue plagu'd enough before  
Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feast as long;  
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,  
As when ye first forsooke your Countre earth.  
Ye now fare all, like exiles; nor a mirth  
Elasht in amongst ye, but is quencht againe  
With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine  
Of your distressed, should (me thinke) be now

Be-

Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow  
Her kind perswasions; and the whole yeare staid  
In varied feast with her. When, now arraid  
The world was with the Spring, and cubic houres  
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,  
The moneths absolu'd in order; till the daies  
Had runne their full race, in *Apollus* raies;  
My friends rememberd me of home; and said,  
If euer Fate would signe my passe, deiaid  
It should be now no more. I heard them wyl,  
Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell;  
And sleepe, his virtues, through our vapours shed.  
When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;  
Implor'd my passe, and her performed vow  
Which now, my soule vrg'd; and my souldiers now  
Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.  
All these I told her; and she answerd these;  
Much-skild *Vlysses* *Laertiades*!  
Remaine no more, against your wils with me:  
But take your free way: onely this must be  
Perform'd before you stee your course for home;  
You must the way to *Plato* overcome;  
And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,  
By thaged *Teban* Soule *Tiresias*;  
The dark-browd Prophet: whose soule yet can see  
Clearly, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,  
(Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone  
Might sing *Trunks* solide wisedome, and not one  
Proue more then shade, in his comparison.

This broke my heart; I sunke into my bed;  
Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted  
With light, nor life. But hauing now expectt  
My paines enough to her, in my vnrest,  
That so I might prepare her ruth; and get  
All I held fit, for an affaire so great;  
I said; O *Circe*, who shall stee my course  
To *Platos* kingdome? Neuer ship had force  
To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,  
Said, Secke no guide, raise you your Mast, and hoise  
Your ships white sailes; and then, sit you at peace;  
The fresh North spirit, shall waite ye through the seas.  
But, hauing past th'*Ocean*, you shall see,  
A little shore, that to *Persephone*  
Puts vp a consecrated wood; where growes,  
Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits soone looke:  
Cast anchor in the gulphes; and go alone  
To *Platos* darke house, where, as *Antenor*  
Corytus runnes, and *Pryphlegian*:

P

Corytus

*Cocytus* borne of *Styx*, and where a *Rocke*  
Of both the met floods, beares the roling shocke,  
The darke *Herce*, (great *Tiresias*)  
Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)  
Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;  
And powre (to all that are deceast) in it  
A solemne sacrifice. For which; first take  
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:  
Then sweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;  
And lastly, adde to these, the whitest flowre:  
Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,  
Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread  
The *Ithacensian* shore; to sacrifice  
A Heifer neuer tam'd, and most of prize;  
A pyle of all thy most-esteemed goods  
Enflaming to the deare streames of their bloods;  
And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow  
A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow  
With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:  
When the all-calling nation of the dead  
Thou thus hast paid to; offer on the place,  
A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face  
To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy selfe aside  
The floods shore walking. And then, gratified  
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,  
Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addest  
See then the offering that thy followes slew;  
Playd, and imposde in fire; and all thy Crew,  
Pray to the state of either Deitie,  
Graue *Plato*, and seuer *Persephone*.  
Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one  
Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,  
T'approch the blood, till thou hast heard their king,  
The wise *Tiresias*: who, thy offering  
Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,  
And all the measure of them, by the seas  
Ample vnfoling. This the Goddesse told;  
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,  
Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,  
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright,  
Her owne hands putting on, both shirt and weede,  
Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,  
An ornament that glitterd like a flame:  
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came  
Amongst my souldiers; rousd them all from sleepe;  
And bad them now; no more obsequance keepe  
Of ease, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,  
For now the Goddesse had inform'd me all:

*ad istum thesaurum  
which is ex-  
pounded Inolyta  
examina mor-  
tuorum. Est  
ad istum the-  
Epithete of Pla-  
to, and by Ana-  
logie belongs to  
the dead, quod  
ad se ornare ad-  
uocet.*

Their noble spirits agree'd, nor yet to cleare  
Could I bring all off; but *Athena* there  
His heedlesse life left: he was youngest man  
Of all my company, and one that wanne  
Least fame for armes; as little for his braiue;  
Who (too much sleept in wine, and so made faine,  
To get refreshing by the coole of sleepe;  
Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;  
And they as high in tumult of their way)  
Sodainly wak't, and (quite out of the stay  
A sober mind had giuen him) would descend  
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end  
Fell from the very rooffe; full pinching on  
The dearest ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;  
Which (quite dissolu'd,) let loose his soule to hell.  
I, to the rest; and *Circe* meanes did tell  
Of our returne (as crossing cleane the hope  
I gaue them first) and said: You thinke the scope  
Of our endeouours now, is straight for home,  
No: *Circe* otherwise design'd; whose doome  
Enioynd vs first, to greet the dreadfull house  
Of *Auster Plato*, and his glorious spoule;  
To take the counsaile of *Tiresias*  
(The reuerend *Teban*) to direct our passe.

This brake their hearts, and griefe made teare their haire.  
But grieue was neuer good, at great affaire.  
It would haue way yet. We went wofull on  
To ship and shore, where, was arriv'd as soone  
*Circe* vnscene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,  
Binding for sacrifice; and as she came  
Vanishd againe, vnwinnt by our eyes;  
Which griev'd not vs, nor checkt our sacrifice;  
For who would see God, loath to let vs leere  
This way, or that bent; still his waies are free.

*Finis decimi libri Hom. Odysse.*

THE

P.

# THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lysses way to Hell appears;  
Where he, the graue Tiresias beares;  
Enquires his owne, and others fates.  
His mother sees, and th' after states,  
In which, were held, by sad Decease  
Heroes, and Heroic fies;  
A number, that as Troy was d'warre;  
As Ajax that was still as ierre  
With Ithacus, for th' armes he lost;  
And with the great Achilles Ghost.

Another.

*Ulysses here  
Inuokes the dead;  
The lines appeare,  
Hereafter led.*

*They mourned the  
event before  
they knew it.*

**A**Rriu'd now at our ship, we lancht, and set  
Our Mast vp, put forth saile, and in did get  
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our sailes, we went,  
My wayward fellowes mourning now th' event.  
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,  
Circe, (the excellent viceroy of her mind)  
Supplied our murmuring comforts with, that was  
Both speed, and guide to our aduenturous galle.  
All day our sailes stood to the winds, and made  
Our voyage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shade  
All wayes obscuring: on the bounds we fell  
Of deepe Oceanus, where people dwell  
Whom a perpetuall cloud obscures outright;  
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends neuer light;  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauen;  
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:  
But Night holds fixt wings, fetherd all with Banes,  
About those most vnblest *Cimmerianes*.  
Here drew we vp our ship: our sheepe with-drew;  
And walkt the shore till we attained the view  
Of that sad region *Circe* had foretold;  
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimenides* bore.  
When I, my sword drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round,  
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crown'd  
First, honey mixt with wine; then, sweete wine-neate;  
Then water powr'd in; last the flowre of wheate.  
Much I importun'd then, the weak-neckt dead,  
And vowd, when I the barren soile should tread  
Of chissie *Ithaca*, amidst my hall  
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,  
And giue in offering: on a Pike compoild  
Of all the choise goods, my whole house encoild.  
And to *Tiresias*, himselfe, alone  
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the felsest one  
Of all my flocks. When to the powres beneath,  
The sacred nation, that suruiue with Death,  
My prayrs, and vowes, had done deuotions fit,  
I tooke the offerings, and vpon the pit  
Bereft their lines. Out gush't the fable blood,  
And round about me, fled out of the flood,  
The Soules of the decaist. There cluster'd then,  
Youths, and their wiues, much suffering aged men,  
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,  
By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.  
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,  
Wounded with lances, and with fualchions hew'd  
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalk,  
And threw vnmeasur'd cries, about their walke;  
So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surpris'd,  
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduise  
My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifices,  
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,  
Sterne *Pluto*, and *Persephone*, apply  
Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,  
My well-edg'd sword; step in, and firmly stood  
Betwixt the prease of shadows, and the blood;  
And would not suffer any one to dip  
Within our offering, his vnfolide lip;  
Before *Tiresias*, that did all controule.  
The first that preast in, was *Elpenor*'s soule;  
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet  
Vnmound, vnburied by vs, since we sweet  
With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,  
I wept to see; and ru'd it from my heare,  
Enquiring how, he could before me be,  
That came by ship: He mourning, answerd me:  
In *Circe* house, the spite some Spirit did beare,  
And the vnspcakable good licour there  
Hath bene my bane. For being to descend  
A ladder much in height, I did not tend

P 3

My

My way well downe; but forwards made a prooffe  
 To tread the rounds; and from the very rooffe  
 Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made  
 My soule thus visite this infernall shade.  
 And here, by them that next thy selfe are deare,  
 Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one  
 Gaue food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne  
 At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)  
 Do not depart by stealth, and leaue me thus,  
 Vnmour'd, vnburied: left neglected I  
 Bring on thy selfe, th'incens'd Deitie.  
 I know, that faild from hence, thy ship must touch  
 On th' *Ile Æet*; where vouchsafe thus much  
 (Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,  
 Bestow on me, thy royall memory;  
 To this grace, that my body, armes and all,  
 May rest consum'd in fire funerall.  
 And on the fomic shore, a Sepulchre  
 Erect to me; that after times may heare  
 Of one so haplesse. Let me these implore;  
 And fixe vpon my Sepulcher, the Ore  
 With which aline, I shooke the aged seas;  
 And had, of friends, the deare societie.

Miscnus apud  
 Virgilium, in-  
 genti mole, &c.

I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill  
 And execute to th' vtmost point, his will,  
 And, all the time, we sadly talkt; I still  
 My sword about the blood held; when aside  
 The Doll of my friend, still amplified  
 His plaint, as vp and downe, the shades he err'd.  
 Then, my deceased mothers Soule appeard;  
 Faire daughter of *Antolcus*, the Great;  
 Graue *Anticles*, Whom, when forth I set  
 For sacred *Ilium*, I had left aline.  
 Her sight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue  
 My note of her decesse: and yet, nor she  
 (Though in my ruth, she held the highest degree)  
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood;  
 Till from *Tiresias*, I had vnderstood  
 What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,  
*Theban Tiresias* soule; and in his hand  
 Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;  
 And said; O man vnhappy, why to hell  
 Admittst thou darke arriual; and the light:  
 The Sunne giues, leau' it; to haue the horrid sight  
 Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here:  
 Now sheath thy sharpe sword; and the pit forbear.  
 That I the blood may taste; and then relate  
 The truth of those acts, that affect thy Fate.

*Tiresias to Ve-  
 lysses.*

I sheath'd my sword; and left the pit, till be  
 The blacke blood tasting, thus instructed me;  
 Renoum'd *Vlysses*! all vnaskt, I know  
 That all the cause of thy arriual now,  
 Is to enquire thy wisht retreat, for home:  
 Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;  
 Since *Neptune* still will his opposure trie,  
 With all his laid vp anger, for the eye  
 His lou'd Sonne lost to thee. And yet through all  
 Thy suffering course, (which must be capital)  
 If both thine owne affections, and thy friends  
 Thou wilt containe, when thy access ascends  
 The three-forkt Iland, hauing scap't the seas;  
 (Where ye shall find fed, on the flowrie leas,  
 Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne,  
 To whom are all things, as well heard as showne:  
 And neuer dare, one head of those to slay;  
 But hold, vnharmsfull on, your wisht way)  
 Though through enough affliction; yet secure  
 Your Fates shall land ye. But *Presage* saies true,  
 If once ye spoile them, spoile to all thy friends,  
 Spoile to thy Fleet; and if the iustice ends  
 Short of thy selfe, it shall be long before,  
 And that length, forc't out, with inflictions store:  
 When, losing all thy fellows, in a fail  
 Of forreigne built (when most thy Fates preuaile  
 In thy deliuerance) thus th'euent shall fort;  
 Thou shalt find shipwracke, raging in thy Port:  
 Proud men, thy goods consuming, and thy Wife  
 Vrging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.  
 But all these wrongs, *Reuenge* shall end to thee;  
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter, free  
 Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,  
 Thou shalt a voyage make; and come to men  
 That know no Sea; nor ships, nor oares, that are  
 Wings to a ship; nor mixe with any fare,  
 Salts sauerie vapor. Where thou first shalt land,  
 This cleare-given signe, shall let thee vnderstand,  
 That there those men remaine: assume ashore,  
 Vp to thy roiall shoulder, a ship oare;  
 With which, when thou shalt meete one on the way,  
 That will, in Countey admiration, say  
 What dost thou with that wanne, vpon thy necker?  
 There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that shore decke  
 With sacred Rites to *Neptune*: slaughter there  
 A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth beare  
 The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.  
 And, coming home, vpon thy naturall shore,

Men that neuer  
 eate salt with  
 their foode.

Give pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods  
(Degrees obseru'd). And then the *Periods*  
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end  
Of ease death; which shall the lesse extend  
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea  
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,  
Shall chance in onely earnest pray-vow'd age:  
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;  
Thy subiects round about thee, rich and blest:  
And here hath *Truth* summ'd vp, thy vitall rest.

I answerd him, We will suppose all these  
Decreed in *Deity*; let it likewise please

*Tiresias* to resolve me, why so neare  
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare,  
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne:  
Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none  
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;  
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the blood;  
But whomsoever, you shall do that good,  
He will the truth, of all you wisb, vnfold;  
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.

Thus said the kingly soule, and made retreat,  
Amidst the inner parts of *Plutos* Seate,  
When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:  
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct  
My mother came, and drunke; and then she knew,  
I was her Sonne; had passion to renew  
Her naturall plaints, which thus she did pursue:  
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliue,  
This deadly darksome region vnderdiue?  
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,  
And horrid currents, interpose their prease:  
*Oceanus*, in chiefe, which none (vnlesse  
More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.  
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:  
Com'st thou from *Troy* but now: enforce't to ere  
All this time with thy fouldiers? Nor hast seene,  
Ere this long day, thy Country, and thy Queene?

I answerd; That a necessary end  
To this infernall state, made me contend;  
That from the wife *Tiresias Theban* Soule,  
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnroole:  
For I came nothing neare *Archaia* yet;  
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had set;  
But (mishaps suffering) cut'd from Coast to Coast;  
Euer since first, the mighty *Gracian* hoast  
Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilium*;  
And I, his follower, to set warre vpon

3096 οὐκ ἔγνω.  
Which all trans-  
late lenecture  
sub molli. The  
Epithete *Μηχανή*  
out of *Μηχανή*  
vix. pinguis of  
Μηχανή; pin-  
guiter. But *Μηχανή*  
signifying  
flagrantior o-  
rando To which,  
pious age is e-  
uer altogether  
addicted.

The rapefull *Trojans*: and so paid the wound  
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfold;  
That forc't her thither: if some long disease,  
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes please,  
(*Diana*, enuious of most eminent Dames)  
Had made her th' object of her deadly times:  
My Fathers state, and sonnes, I fought; if they  
Kept still my goods: or they became the prey  
Of any other, holding me no more  
In powre of safe returne, or if my store  
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne:  
If she, her first mind held, or had bene wonne  
By some chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed:

All this she answerd; that *Affliction* fed  
On her blood still at home; and that to griefe;  
She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,  
In teares, had consecrate. That none posselt  
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' interest  
My sonne had in it; still he held in peace.  
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increase  
Spent in his subiects good; administering lawes  
With iustice, and the generall applause  
A king should merit; and all call'd him king.  
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;  
And thun'd the Citie: vnde no sumptuous beds;  
Wonder'd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;  
But, in the Winter, strew'd about the fire  
Lay with his slaues in ashes; his attire  
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came,  
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;  
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,  
His couch with false leaues, made vpon the ground:  
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruit full state,  
Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.  
And now, the part of age, that in forme is  
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,  
She led, and perisht in; not slaughterd by  
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archeries  
Nor, by disease invaded, vast, and foule  
That waits the body, and sends out the soule  
With shame and honor: onely in her moone,  
For me, and my life, she consum'd her owne.  
She thus, when I, had great desire to proue  
My armes, the circle, where her soule did iue;  
Thrice prou'd I, thrice she vanish, like a sleeper;  
Or fleeting shadow, which *Beauke* much more deepe  
The wounds, my woes make; and made; ask her why  
She would my Loue to her embraces tie;

And not vouchsafe, that euen in hell we might;  
Pay pious Nature, her vnaltered right;  
And giue *Vexation* here, her cruel fill?  
Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill  
Of euery sufferance (which her office is)  
Enforce thy idoll, to afford me this?

*Proserpina or  
Persephone.*

O Sonne (the answerd) of the race of men  
The most vnhappy; our most equall Queene,  
Will mocke no solide armes, with empty shades;  
Nor suffer empty shades, againe inuade  
Flesh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire  
Of his last dyes; that, soone as spirits expire,  
And leaue the white bone, are his native right;  
When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.  
The light then, of the liuing, with most haste  
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taste  
Of this state is enough; and all this life,  
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

*The old Hero-  
ides appears to  
Tyro.*

This speech we had; when now repair'd to me  
More female spirits; by *Persephone*,  
Driuen on before her. All the heroes wiues  
And daughters, that, led there their second liues,  
About the blacke blood throng'd. Of whom, yet more;  
My mind impell'd meto enquire, before  
I let them altogether taste the gore;  
For then would all haue bene disperst, and gone,  
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one  
Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy  
And stand betwixt them made; when, severally  
All told their stockes. The first that quencht her fire,  
Was *Tyro*, issu'd of a noble Sire.

*Tyro.*

She said she sprong from pure, *Salmones* bed;  
And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Aeolus* did wed.  
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,  
Who much the most faire streame, of all floods mou'd.  
Neare whose streames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,  
Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:  
Like to a hill, the blew and Snakie flood  
Abooue th'immortal, and the mortall flood;  
And hid them both; as both together lay,  
Iust where his current, fallies into the Sea.  
Her virgine wast, dissolu'd, she slumberd then;  
But when the God had done the worke of men,  
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said;  
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;  
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round  
(Because the Gods loues, must in fruit abound)  
My loue shall make (to cheere thy teeming monies)

*Thy*

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;  
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see  
That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;  
Thou dost not tell, to glorifie thy birth:  
Thy Loue is *Neptune* shaker of the earth.  
This said, he plung'd into the sea, and he  
(Begot with child by him) the light let see  
Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became  
In *Iones* great ministrie, of mighty fame.  
*Pelias*, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,  
Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne  
Rul'd sandy *Pylus*. To these, issue more  
This Queene of women, to her husband bore:  
*Acteo*, and *Pheres*, and *Amphibion*,  
That for his fight on horsebacke, stoopt to none.

*Amphipolis Ty-  
ro.*

Next her, I saw admir'd *Amisiope*  
*Alcous* daughter; who (as much as she  
Boasted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)  
Boasted to slumber in the armes of *Ioue*:  
And two Sonnes likewise, at one burthen bore,  
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:  
*Amphion*, and faire *Zethus*; that first laid  
Great *Tebes* foundations; and strong wals conuaid  
About her turrets, that seuen Ports enclos'de.  
For though the *Thebans*, much in strength repos'de,  
Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,  
Without the added aides, of wood, and stone.

*Alcous.*

*Alcmena*, next I saw; that famous wife  
Was to *Amphytrion*, and honor'd life  
Gauo to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,  
That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increase.

*Megeara.*

I saw besides, proud *Creons* daughter there,  
Bright *Megara*; that nupiall yoke did weare  
With *Ioues* great Sonne; who neuer field did try,  
But bore to him, the flowre of victory.

*Epiclea the mo-  
ther of Oedipus.*

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I saw,  
Faile *Epiclea*; that beyond all law,  
Her owne Sonne married, ignorant of kind;  
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)  
His mother wedded, and his father slew;  
Whose blind act, heauen expos'de at length to view:  
And he, in all-lou'd *Tebes*, the supream state  
With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate  
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
To *Plato* darke house, from the loathed light  
Beneath a steepe beame, strang'd with a cord;  
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhor'd,  
As all the furies pow'd on her in hell.

*Then*

Chloris.

Then saw I *Chloris*, that did so excell  
In answering beauties, that each part had all;  
Great *Nelus* married her, when gifts not small,  
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowry.  
She was of all *Amphions* feed, the flower:  
(*Amphion*, call'd *Isides*, that then  
Rul'd strongly, *Argyrian Orchomen*)  
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;  
Because her beauties Empire ouerthroned.  
She brought her wife and husband, *Nelus*,  
*Nestor*, much honord; *Perclymenus*,  
And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with soueraigne vertues grac'd;  
But after, brought a daughter that surpass'd,  
Rare beautied *Pers*, so for forme exact;  
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,  
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.  
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,  
And drew them suiters to her. Which her Sire  
Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire  
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd  
Of *Oxen*, which the common fame so rer'd,  
Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man should be  
His *Pers* husband, that from *Phylax*,  
Those neuer-yet-driven *Oxen*, could not driue:  
Yet these, a strong hope held him to archieue;  
Because a Prophet that had neuer err'd,  
Had said, that onely he should be prefer'd  
To their possession. But the equall Fate  
Of God, withstood his stealth: inextricate  
Imprisoning Bands; and sturdy churlish Swaines  
That were the Heardsmen; who withheld with chaines  
The stealth attempter: which was onely he  
That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;  
None else would vndertake it; and he must:  
The king would needs, a Prophet should be iust;  
But when some daies and moneths, expired were,  
And all the *Floures* had brought about the yeare,  
The Prophet, did so satisfie the king  
(*Iphiclus*; all his cunning questioning)  
That he enfranchis'd him; and (all worst done)  
Iones counsaile made, th'all-safe conclusion.

Leda.

Then saw I *Leda*; (linkt in nuptiall chaine  
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, she did sustaine  
Sonnes much renown'd for wisdome; *Castor* one,  
That past, for vse of horse, comparison;  
And *Pollux*, that exceld, in what fight;  
Both these, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light  
Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found

Such

Such grace with *Aene*, that both liu'd vnder ground,  
By change of daies: life still did one sustaine,  
While th'other died; the dead then liu'd againe,  
The liuing dying, both, of one selfe date,  
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

Phemedia, after Leda came,

That did deriue from *Neptunus* too, the name  
Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:  
Life yet made short their admirations,  
Who God-opposed *Ouis* had to name,  
And *Ephialtes*, faire in sound of Fame.  
The prodigall Earth so fed them, that they grew  
To most huge stature; and had fairest hew  
Of all men, but *Ouis*, vnder heauen;  
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen  
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.  
They threatn'd to giue battell to the skie,  
And all th'Immortals. They were setting on  
Ossa vpon *Olympus*; and vpon  
Steepe *Ossa*, leauie *Pelion*, that euen  
They might a high-way make, with loslie heauen.  
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd  
Till they were Striplings. But *Aene* Sonne depriv'd  
Their lims of life, before th'age that began  
The flower of youth; and should adorne their chins.

Phaëra and Procris, with wife Minos flame,

(Bright *Ariadne*) to the offring came.  
Whom whilom *Theſeus* made his prize from *Crete*;  
That *Athen* sacred soile, might kisse her feete.  
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;  
Till, in the Sea-girt *Dis*, *Dians* powre  
Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her Phane,  
By *Bacchus* witness'd) was the fatal wane  
Of her prime Glorie. *Mars*, *Chlymene*,  
I witness there; and loth'd *Eryphile*;  
That honour'd \*gold more, then the lou'd her Spouse.

But all th'*Heroesses* in *Platus* house,  
That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might  
To name or number; and *Ambrosian* Night  
Would quire be spent; when now the formall houres,  
Present to *Sleepe*, our all-disposed powres.  
If at my ship, or here, my home-made vow,  
I leane for fit grace, to the Gods and you.

This said; the silence his discourse had made,  
With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.  
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this speech began;  
*Phæacians*! how appears to you this man?  
So goodly person'd, and so matche with mind:

Phemedia.

Phaëra and Procris.

Mars and Clymene.

*Amphion* was  
her husband; and  
she betray'd to his  
ruine at *Thetes*,  
for gold taken of  
*Aedon* her  
brother.

My



My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,  
In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then  
With carelesse haste dismiss him: nor the maine  
Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maime;  
The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iust claime  
To goods enow. This speech, the oldest man  
Of any other *Phaenician*,

The graue *Heroc*, *Echincus* gaue  
All approbation; saying: Friends! y<sup>e</sup> haue  
The motion of the wise *Queene*; in such words,  
As haue not mist the marke; with which, accords  
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,

In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;  
And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,  
If while I liue, I rule in the command  
Of this well-skild-in-Navigation State.

Endure then (Guest) though most importunate  
Be your affects for home. A litle stay  
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may  
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,  
Your due deduction asks; but Principall  
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:

*Alcinous*! the most duly glorified,  
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay  
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;  
So all the while, your preparations rise,

Venustē & falsū  
dictum.

As well in gifts, as \*time: ye can deuise  
No better with for me; for I shall come  
Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;  
And dearer to my people: in whole lous,  
The richer euermore the better proues.

He answerd: There is argue in your sight,  
A worth that works not men for benefit,  
Like Prolers or Impostors; of which crew,  
The gentle blacke Earth feeds not vp a few;  
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
Of neither praise, nor vse: you moue our eies  
With forme; our minds with matter, and our cares  
With elegant oration; such as beares,  
A musicke in the orderd historie

It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,  
With sweeter straines hath vsd to sing to vs,  
All the *Greeke* sorrowes, wept out in your owne.  
But say, of all your worthy friends, were none  
Obiectd to your eyes; that *Consorts* were  
To *Iliou* with you; and seru'd destinie there?  
This Night is passing long, vnmeasur'd: none  
Of all my household would to bed yet: On,

Relate

Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you;  
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,  
Till the diuine *Aurora* shewd her head,  
I should in no night relish thought of bed.

Most eminent King, (said he) *Times* all must keepe;  
There's time to speake much, time as much to sleepe.  
But would you heare still, I will tell you still,  
And vtter more, more miserable ill,

Of Friends then yet, that I scap't the dismall warres,  
And perisht homewards, and in household iarnes.  
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste \**Queene*,  
No sooner made these Ladie-ghosts vnseae,  
(Here and there sitting) but mine eie-sight wonne  
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Aircus* sonne)

Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,  
That in *Egyptus* house, endur'd their ends,  
With his sterne Fortunc. Hauing drunk the blood,  
He knew me instantly; and forth a flood  
Of springing teares gush't. Out he thrust his hands,  
With will embrace me; but their old commands,  
Flow'd not about him; nor their weakest part.

I wept to see; and mon'd him from my heart.  
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!  
What sort of cruell death, hath renderd flaine  
Thy royall person? *Neptune*, in thy Fleetet

Heauen, and his hellish billowes making meete;  
Rowling the winds? Or haue thy men by land  
Done thee this ill; for vsing thy command,  
Past their consents, in diminution

Of those full shares, their worths by lot had wonne,  
Of sheepe or oxen: or of any towne?  
In couetous strife, to make their rights, thine owne,  
In men or women prisoners? He replied:

By none of these, in any right, I died;  
But by *Egyptus*, and my muntherous wife,  
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life  
Hath thus bene rest me: to my slaughter led,  
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.

So miserably fell I; and with me,  
My friends lay massacred: As when you see  
At any rich mans nuptials, shot, or feast,  
About his kitchen, white-tooth'd swine lie drest.

The slaughters of a world of men, thine eies,  
Both priuate, and in preale of enemies,  
Haue personally witness'd; but this one,  
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:

To see how strewd about our Cups and Cates,  
As Tables set with Feast, so we with Fates,

Q 2

Here he begins  
his other relation,  
*Proserpina*.

Al

All gasht and flaine, lay; all the floore embrude  
 With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,  
 Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* seed,  
*Cassandra* breath'd; whom, she that wit doth feed  
 With banefull crafts, false *Clytemnestra* slew,  
 Close sitting by me; vp my hands I threw  
 From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my sword,  
 Gaue wretched life vp. When the most abhord,  
 By all her sexes shame, forooke the roome;  
 Nor dauid (though then so neare this heauie home)  
 To shut my lips, or close my broken eies.  
 Nothing so heapt is with impieties,  
 As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,  
 That married her a maid. When to my house  
 I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,  
 To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' Art  
 Of onely mischief heartie) not alone  
 Cast on her selfe, this foule aspersiō;  
 But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords  
 Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (said I) that *Ioue* should hate the liues  
 Of *Atreus* seed, so highly for thy wiues.  
 For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell,  
 For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.

For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind  
 Then wife to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind  
 Let words expresse to her. Of all she knowes,  
 Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.  
 But thou by thy wifes wiles, shalt lose no blood;  
 Exceeding wife she is, and wife in good.

*Icarus* daughter, chaste *Penelope*,  
 We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we  
 Forooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her breast,  
 Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,  
 Sits in the number of suruiuing men.  
 And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;  
 And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wise;  
 For, by her wisdom, thy returned eies  
 Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greece his Sire,  
 With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,  
 My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare sight;  
 And, as from me, will take from him the light,  
 Before she addes one iust delight to life;  
 Or her false wit, one truth that fits a wife.  
 For her sake therefore, let my harmes aduise,  
 That though thy wife be ne'e so chaste and wise,  
 Yet come not home to her in \*open view,  
 With any ship, or any personall shew.

This aduise he  
 followed as his  
 coming home.

But

But take close shrou disguise: nor let her know;  
 For tis no world, to trust a woman now.  
 But what sayes Fame? Doth my Soane yet suruine,  
 In *Orchomen*, or *Pylus*? or doth live  
 In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle: yet I see  
 Diuine *Orestes* is not here with me.

I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* sonne:  
 Enquire of me: who yet artia'd where none  
 Could giue to these newes any certaine winges  
 And tis absurd, to tell vncertaine things.

Such sad speech past vs; and as thus we stood,  
 With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good,  
*Achilles* and *Patroclus* Soule appear'd;  
 And his Soule, of whom neuer ill was heard,  
 The good *Antilochus*: and the Soule of him,  
 That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,  
 Excepting the vnmatcht *Esacles*,  
 Illustrious *Ajax*. But the first of these,  
 That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,  
 Was \* *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily  
 His state here taking) said: Vnworthy breath!  
 What act, yet mightier, imagineth  
 Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend  
 These vnder regions: where the dead mans end,  
 Is to be lookt on: and his foolish shade?

I answerd him: I was induc'd to invade  
 These vnder parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)  
 To visite wife *Tiresias*, for aduice  
 Of vertue to direct my voyage home  
 To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come  
 To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;  
 And so liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood  
 In mans vaine veins. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)  
 Hast equall all, that euer yet haue wonne  
 The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.  
 In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
 Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I see  
 Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,  
 To a renewd life of command beneath;  
 So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.  
 This comfort of him, this encounter found;  
 Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;  
 I rather wish, so liue in earth a Swaine,  
 Or serue a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine  
 Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)  
 Of all the dead, sway the Imperiall thone.  
 But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;  
 If he goes on, in first fights of the field;

Achilles

Achilles of the  
 next age.

Q 3

Or

Or lurks for safetie in the obscure Rere:  
 Or of my Father, if thy royall care  
 Hath bene aduertise, that the *Phthian* Throne,  
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?  
 Or that the *Phthian* and *Thessalian* rage,  
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)  
 Despise his Empire: Vnder those bright rayes,  
 In which, heuens seruour hurles about the dayes;  
 Must I no more shine his reuenger now;  
 Such as of old, the *Ilion* ouerthrow  
 Witnest my anger: th'vniuersall boast,  
 Sending before me, to this shadie Coast,  
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now resort,  
 (But for some small time) to my Fathers Court;  
 In spirit and powre, as then: those men should find  
 My hands inaccessible; and of fire, my mind,  
 That durst, with all the numbers they are strong,  
 Vnseate his honour, and suborne his wrong.

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low;  
 And this, I answerd thus: I do not know,  
 Of blamelesse *Peleus*, any least report;  
 But of your sonne, in all the vnmort fort,  
 I can informe your care with truth; and thus:

*Ulysses reports of  
 Neoptolemus: the  
 son of Achilles.*

From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,  
 By Fleet, I conuaid to the *Greeks*, where he  
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie  
 Retir'd to counsell; and our youth to fight.  
 In counsell still (so firie was *Conceit*,  
 In his quicke apprehension of a cause)  
 That first he euer spake; nor past the lawes  
 Of any graue stay, in his greatest haile.  
 None would contend with him, that counsell last;  
 Vnlesse illustrious *Nestor*, he and I  
 Would sometimes put a friendly contrary,  
 On his opinion. In our fights, the praise  
 Of great or common, he would neuer cease;  
 But farre before fight euer. No man there;  
 For force, he forced. He was slaughterer  
 Of many a braue man, in most dreadfull fight.  
 But one and other, whom he rest of light,  
 (In *Grecian* succour) I can neither name,  
 Nor giue in number. The particular fame,  
 Of one mans slaughter yet, I must not passe;  
*Eurypilus Telephides* he was,

*This place (and  
 a number more)  
 is most miserably  
 mistaken by all  
 translators and  
 commentators.*

That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls  
 Of such huge men went, that they shewd like \*whales,  
 Rampin'd about him. *Neoptolemus*  
 Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous

Fauours

Fauours of Mistresses, he saw him weare;  
 For past all doubt, his beauties had no peere,  
 Of all that mine eyes noted; next to one,  
 And that was *Memnon*, *Tithonus* Sun-like sonne.  
 Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a tast  
 Giue of his eminence. How farre surpass:  
 His spirit in priuate, where he was not some,  
 Nor glorie could be said, to praise his spleene;  
 This close note, I excepted. When we late  
 Hid in *Epeus* horse, no Optimare  
 Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope  
 And shut the \*Stratageme, but I. My scope  
 To note then, each mans spirit, in a streight  
 Of so much danger; much the better might  
 Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,  
 I shifted place still; when, in some I smokt  
 Both priuie tremblings, and close vent of teares.  
 In him yet, not a soft conceit of thies,  
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes  
 Plied still with wipings; or the goodly guise,  
 His person all waies put forth; in least part,  
 By any tremblings, shewd his toucht at heart.  
 But euer he was vrging me to make  
 Way to their fall; by his signe to strike  
 His sword hid in his scabbards; or his Lance  
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance  
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th'event,  
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made ascent  
 To his faire ship, with prise and treasure store:  
 Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,  
 Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of close-fought sword,  
 Whose wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft afford;  
 Which he (though sought) mist, in waies closest wage;  
 In close fights; *Mars* doth neuer fight, but rage.

*The worst ability  
 said.*

This made the soule of swift *Achilles* tread  
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meades;  
 For ioy to heare me so renoume his Sonne;  
 And vanish stalking. But with passion  
 Stood th'other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.  
 Onely the spirit \**Telamonian*

*Mean the figure  
 of Telamon.*

Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie  
 I wonne from him at Fleet; though *Arbitrie*  
 Of all a Court of warre, pronounc't it mine,  
 And *Pallas* selfe. Our prise were th'armes diuine,  
 Of great \**Acides*; propolde't our fames  
 By his bright \*Mother, at his funerall Games.  
 I wish to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;  
 Since for those Armes, so high a head, so soone

*Achilles  
 Thus.*

Q 4

The

The base earth couerd. *Aiax*, that of all  
The hoast of *Greece*, had perfon capitall,  
And acts as eminent; excepting his,  
Whose armes those were, in whom was nought amisse.  
I ride the great Soule with soft words, and said:

*Aiax*! great sonne of *Telamon*, arraid  
In all our glories! what's not dead resigne  
Thy wrath for those curst Armes: The Powres diuine,  
In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One,  
In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.  
We mourne (for euer maid) for thee as much,  
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch;

Jupiter.

In sentence, any, but \* *Saturnius* doome;  
In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become  
A very horror. Who exprest it well,  
In signing thy Fate, with this timelesse Hell.  
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)  
Represse thy great mind, and thy flame-spirit;  
And giue the words I giue thee, worthy care.

All this, no word drew from him; but lesse neare  
The sterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;  
And glid along the Riuer of the dead.  
Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue spoke;  
Since I to him. But my desires were strooke  
With sight of other Soules. And then I saw

Mimos.

*Mimos*, that ministred to *Death* a law;  
And *Ioues* bright sonne was. He was set, and swaid  
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade  
A sort of others, set about his Throne,  
In *Plutos* wide-door'd houle; when strait came on,  
Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,  
The heards of those beasts he had slaughterd here,  
In desert hills on earth. A Club he bore,  
Entirely Steele, whose vertues neuer wore.

Orion.

Titius.

*Titius* I saw: to whom the glorious Earth  
Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappy birth;  
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pavement lay  
His ample lims; that spred in their display,  
Nine Acres compasse. On his bosome sat  
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,  
Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;  
And each by turnes, the concrete entrails breakes,  
(As Smiths their Steele beate) set on either side.  
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide  
His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,  
Offer them off: but suffers by command,  
Of th'angrie Thunderer; offering to enforce,  
His loue *Latona* in the close recourse,

She

She vld to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,  
Smooth *Paupaeus*. I saw likewise stand,  
Vp to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,  
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not slake  
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,  
Th'old man would taste; so oft twas swallowd vp;  
And all the blacke earth to his feete desired;  
Diuine powre (plaguimg him) the lake still dried.  
About his head, on high trees, clustering, hung  
Peares, Apples, Granets, Oliues; euer yong;  
Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,  
Of other burthen, whose alluring store,  
When th'old Soule stru'd to pluck, the winds from fight,  
In gloomie vapours, made them vanish quite.

Sisyphus.

There saw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,  
With both hands heauing vp a massie stone;  
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,  
To wrest vp to a mountaine top, his freight;  
When prest to rest it there (his nerves quite spent)  
Downe rusht the deadly Quarrie: the euent  
Of all his torture, new to raise againe;  
To which, strait set his neuer-rested paine.  
The sweate came gushing out from euerie Pore;  
And on his head a standing mist he wore,  
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust  
Were raisd about it. Downe with these was thrust,  
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.

Hercules.

But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppress;  
He feasting liues amongst th'immortal States;  
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,  
In heavenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Ioues* deare race,  
And *Janus*; whom the golden Sandals grace.  
About him flew the clamors of the dead,  
Like Fowles; and still stoopt cussing at his head.  
He, with his Bow, like Night, stalkt vp and downe;  
His shaft still nockt; and hurling round his frowne;  
At those vext houerers, aiming at them still;  
And still, as shooting out, desire to fill.  
A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest;  
The Thong all gold, in which were formes imprest,  
Where *Art* and *Miracle*, drew equall breaths,  
In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Deaths.  
Who wrought that worke, did neuer such before;  
Nor so diuinely will do euer more.  
Soone as he saw, he knew me, and gaue speech:  
Sonne of *Laertes*, high in wiledomes reach;  
And yet vnhappy wretch; for in this heart,  
Of all exploits atchieu'd by thy desert,

Thy

Thy worth but works out some sinister Fate.  
As I in earth did. I was generate  
By *Ioue* himselfe; and yet past meane, opprest  
By one my farre inferiour; whose proud heft,  
Imposde abhorred labours, on my hand.  
Of all which, one was, to descend this Strand,  
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke  
An act that *Danger* could make Jeoper sinke;  
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,  
As this was low, the dog. The *Deitie*,  
Of sleight and wisedome, as of downe-right powre,  
Both stoopr, and raisd, and made me Conquerour.

This said; he made descent againe as low  
As *Plutos* Court; when I stood firme; for shew  
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;  
And might perhaps haue seene my wish of more;  
(As *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, detru'd  
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd  
Rare sight of these; the rank-soul'd multitude  
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so rude,  
That pale *Feare* tooke me, lest the *Gorgons* head  
Rusht in amongst them; thrust vp, in my dread,  
By grim *Persephone*. I therefore sent  
My men before to ship; and after went.  
Where, boarded, fet, and lancht; th'Ocean waue,  
Our Ores and forewinds, speedie passage gaue.

*Finis libri undecimi Hom. Odysf.*



THE

## THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

**H**E shewes from Hell his safe retreat,  
To th' Ile *Aiæa*, *Circes* fate.  
And how he capt the Sirens call.  
With th'erring *Rocks*, and waters falls,  
That *Scylla* and *Charybdis* break.  
The *Sunnes* stolne Herd; and his sad wreake,  
Both of *Vlysses* ship and men,  
His owne head (scaping scarce the paine.

Another.

*My. The Rocks that errd;  
The Sirens call;  
The Sunnes stolne Herd;  
The soldiers fall.*

**O**Vr Ship now past the streights of th'Ocean flood;  
She plowd the broad seas billowes; and made good,  
The Ile *Aiæa*, where the *Pallace* stands  
Of th'early Riser, with the rosie hands,  
*Achive Aurora*; where she louses to dance;  
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.  
When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,  
And trod our felues the resaluted land:  
Found on the shore, sit resting for the Night;  
Slept, and expected the celestiall light.

Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,  
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame;  
I sent my men to *Circes* house before,  
To fetch decaist *Elpenor* to the shore.

Straight swell'd the high banks with fild heapes of trees;  
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies  
To our dead friend. (Whose Corse consum'd with fire,  
And honourd Armes: whose Sepulcher entire;  
And ouer that, a Colunne rais'd) his Ore,  
Curiously caru'd (to his desire before)  
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.  
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.

Nor was our safe ascent from hell, conceald  
From *Circes* knowledge; nor so soone reueald,  
But she was with vs, with her bread and food,  
And ruddie wine, brought by her sacred brood

*Rediit ab in-  
feris ad Circeam.*

*Elpenor tumu-  
latur.*

Of

Of woods and Fountains. In the midst the flood,  
 And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,  
 That haue (inform'd with all your fences) bene  
 In *Plutos* dismall mansion. You shall die  
 Twice now; where others that *Mortalists*,  
 In her faire armes, holds; shall but once deace.  
 But eate and drinke out all conceit of thes;  
 And this day dedicate to food and wines;  
 The following *Night to Sleepe*. When next shall shine  
 The chearfull Morning; you shall proue the seas.  
 Your way, and euery act ye must addresse,  
 My knowledge of their order shall designe:  
 Left with your owne bad counsels, ye encline  
 Euents as bad against ye; and sustaine  
 By sea and shore, the wofull ends that raigne  
 In wilfull actions. Thus did the aduise;  
 And, for the time, our Fortunes were so wise,  
 To follow wise directions. All that day  
 We fate and feasted. When his lower way,  
 The Sunne had enterd; and the *Even*, the hie:  
 My friends slept on their Gables; sic and I,  
 (Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,  
 By her well sorted) did to sleepe conuert  
 Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall  
 In our affaire, she askt; I told her all.  
 To which she answerd: These things thus tooke end:  
 And now to those that I informe, attend:  
 Which (you remembring) God himselfe shall be,  
 The blessed author of your memorie.  
 First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint  
 The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
 With their attractions. Whosoeuer shall  
 (For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call  
 Of any *Siren*: he will so despise  
 Both wife and children, for their forceries,  
 That neuer home turns his affections streame,  
 Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.  
 The *Sirens* will so soften with their song,  
 (Shrill, and in sensuall appetite so strong)  
 His loose affections, that he giues them head.  
 And then obserue: They sit amidst a meade,  
 And round about it runnes a hedge or wall  
 Of dead mens bones: their witherd skins and all,  
 Hung all along upon it; and these men  
 Were such as they had fawnd into their Fen,  
 And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.  
 Saile by them therefore; thy companions  
 Before hand causing to stop euery care

Circe praesigit  
 futura pericula.

Sirenarum des-  
 cripcio.

With sweete soft waxe so close; that none may heare  
 A note of all their charmings. Yet may you  
 (If you affect it) open eare allow  
 To trie their motion: but presume not so  
 To trust your iudgement; when your senses go  
 So loose about you; but giue straight command  
 To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,  
 Sure to the Mast; that you may safe approue  
 How strong in instigation to their loue  
 Their rapt tunes are. If so much they moue,  
 That, spite of all your reason, your will stands  
 To be enfranchisde, both of feete and hands,  
 Charge all your men before, to sleight your charge,  
 And rest so farre, from fearing to enlarge,  
 That much more sure they bind you. When your friends  
 Haue outsaile these: the danger that transcends  
 Rests not in any counsaile to preuent,  
 Vnlesse your owne mind, finds the tract and bent  
 Of that way, that auoids it. I can say  
 That in your course, there lies a twofold way,  
 The right of which, your owne, taught, present wit  
 And grace diuine, must prompt. In generall yet  
 Let this informe you: Neare these *Sirens* shore  
 Mone two steepe Rocks; at whose feete, lie and rore  
 The blacke seas cruell billowes: the blest Gods  
 Call them the *Rouers*. Their abhord abods  
 No bird can passe: no nor the *Dones*, whose feare  
*Sire Ioue* so loues, that they are said to beare  
*Ambrosia* to him; can their ruine scape;  
 But one of them, fallies ouer to the rape  
 Of those sic rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another still  
 Adds to the rest; that to may eter fill  
 The sacred number. Neuer ship could shunne  
 The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne  
 With all her bulke, and bodies of her men  
 To utter ruine. For the seas retaine  
 Not onely their outrageous zesture there;  
 But fierce assistants, of particular feare,  
 And supernaturall mischiefe, they expire,  
 And those are whirlewinds of deuouring fire  
 Whisking about still. The *Argine* ship, alone

whom *Argine*,  
 Columbe tri-  
 de. What these  
 Dones were, and  
 the whole munde  
 of this place: the  
 Great *Macedon*  
 asking *Chiron*  
 Amphipolites, he  
 answered, They  
 were the *Pleiades*  
 or *Seven Stars*.  
 One of which  
 (besides his pro-  
 per imperfection  
 of being a god) is  
 i. adco exilis,  
 vel subobscurus,  
 ut vix apparcat  
 in vultu obse-  
 rat or let by  
 these Rocks, why  
 then, or how,  
 Ioue still suppli-

ed the best one, that the number might be full: *Athenas* takes to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall spermary number, though there appeared but sixe. But how Ioue and Iustifome these *Progers* form in their of-  
 ficiall expostions of the *Poeticall* *Minde*, this and an hundred others; spent in more presumptuous guesses at this inaccessible  
 Poet; I hope will make plaine enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their owne set coniectures, and most arrogant  
 ones. In the 23. of the *Iliads*, (being 4) at the Games celebrated at *Parricid* funerals, they tied to the top of a *Mast*,  
 whose *Argine*, timidas *Columbas*, to shoute at for a game: so that (by these great mens abovesaid expostions,) they flew  
 as the *Pleiades*.

R

(Which

With

(Which bore the \* care of all men) got her gone,  
Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps euen she  
Had wrackt at those Rocks; if the Deitie  
That lies by *Ioues* side, had not lent her hand  
To their transmission; since the man that mann'd  
In chiefe that voyage, she, in chiefe did loue.  
Of these two spitefull Rocks, the one doth shoue  
Against the height of heauen, her pointed brow.  
A blacke cloud binds it round, and neuer show  
Lends to the sharp point : not the cleare blew skie  
Lets euer view it. Not the *Sommers* eye;  
Not feruent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end  
Could euer scale it; or if vp, descend.  
Though twenty hands and feete he had for hold:  
A polisht ice-like glibnesse doth enfold  
The rocke so round, whose midst, a gloomie cell  
Shrowds, so farre Westward, that it sees to hell.  
From this, keepe you as farre, as from his bow  
An able yong man can his shaft bestow.  
For here, the \* whuling *Seylla*, shrowds her face:  
That breaths a voice, at all parts, no more base  
Then are a newly-kim'd killings cries;  
Her selfe a monster yet, of boundlesse life;  
Whose sight would nothing please a mortall eyes;  
No nor the eyes of any God; if he  
(Whom nought should fright) fell foule on her; and she  
Her full shape shew'd. Twelve foule feete beare about  
Her ougly bulke. Sixe huge long necks lookt out  
Of her ranke shoulders : euery necke, doth let  
A ghastly head out : euery head; three set  
Thicke thrust together, of abhorred teeth;  
And euery tooth stucke with a fable death.  
She lukes in midst of all her denne, and streakes  
From out a ghastly whistle-poole; all her necks;  
Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fish the falles;

(Which bore the \* care of all men) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these concerned realities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and piouer then themselves, have ever bene called the raptores of diuine inspiration. By which, Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit, Plat. & deum aduenit, &c. Grauitur vociferans, as all, most vntuly translate it. As they do in the next verse, these words, οὐρανός, καὶ Καλλι Λεονίς. No Lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation, οὐρανός, signifying indignam, diffinition, or horrible vocem edens : But in what kind horrible? Not for the grauitie or greatnesse of her voice, but for the rauority or disproportionate small whuling of it: she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words οὐρανός, καὶ Καλλι, monstrous ingens: whose disproportion and deformitie, is too Poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered, for fies and flat Protergi to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poets words (save their comprehension) and therefore they adde of their owne, λέων, from whence οὐρανός is derived, signifying crepus, or terrible clamo. And οὐρανός, οὐρανός, is to be expounded, caniti super, or reconditi, not Leonis. But thus they booke and abuse the incomparable expresse: Because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves, to helpe out the Monster. Imagining, so huge a great body, must needs haue a voice as huge: and then would not our Homer haue likened it to a Lion whelp's voice, but to the Lions roare: and all had bene much too little, to make a voice as verberable to her hugenesse. And therefore I found our inimitable master, a new way to expresse her monstrous disproportion: performing it so, as there can be still figure. And I would faine learne of my learned Doctor, what will neede, how we may translate out of the Latine, what Latin translation tells me thus: or what Grecian hath euer found this and a hundred others such which may be some poore instance, or prooue of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his own simple Poeme, but not a filable further will my fillic spirit presume.

And

And vp rush Dolphins, Dogfish; somewhiles, Whales,  
got within her, when her rapine feeds;  
For euer-groing *Amphitrite* breeds  
About her whistle-poole, an vnmeasur'd store;  
No Sea-man euer boasted touch of shore  
That there toucht with his ship; but fill the fed  
Of him, and his. A man for euery head  
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descie  
The other humbler Rocke, that moues so nie,  
Your dart may mete the distance. It reccaues  
A huge wilde Fig-tree, cur'd with ample leaues;  
Beneath whose shades, diuine *Charybdis* sits  
Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits  
She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,  
All, vp she belches, banefull to sustaine.  
When she is drinking, dare not neare her draught,  
For not the force of *Neptunus*, (if once caught)  
Can force your freedome. Therefore in your strife  
To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life  
To row neare *Seylla*; for the will but haue  
For her fixe heads, fixe men; and better faue;  
The rest, then all, make offerings to the waue.  
This Neede she told me of my life, when I  
Desir'd to know, if that *Necessitie*  
(When I had escap'd *Charybdis* outrages)  
My powres might not reuenge, though not redresse?  
She answer'd : O vnhappy ! art thou yet  
Enslam'd with warte? and thirst to drinke thy sweet  
Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will:  
She, deathlesse is, and that immortal ill  
Graue, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdu'd,  
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.  
Nor liues there any virtue that can stie  
The vicious outrage of their crueltie.  
Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approach the Rocke,  
I feare, fixe more must expiate the shocke.  
Sixe heads, fixe men aske still. Hoile faile, and fies;  
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Creatis* cite  
(Great *Seyllas* Mother, who, expolde to light  
That bane of men;) and the will do such right  
To thy obfurance, that she, downe will tread  
Her daughters rage; nor let her euer a head.  
From thenceforth then, for her past her care,  
Thou shalt ascend, the Ile *Triachalare*,  
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;  
And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head  
In euery herd feed; and their herds are ten,  
And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.

R 2

In.

Increase they yeeld not, for they neuer die;  
 There eury shepherdesse, a Deitie.  
 Faire *Phaebusa*, and *Lempetie*,  
 The lovely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.  
 Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame  
 Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame  
 Still yong *Neera*; who (brought forth and bred)  
 Farre off dismist them; to see duly fed  
 Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.  
 These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie  
 Ye leaue, as sacred things, vntoucht; and on  
 Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,  
 (Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land  
 In wishd *Ithaca*. But if impious hand  
 You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then  
 Prefage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.  
 If thou escap'st thy selfe, extending home  
 Thy long'd for landing; thou shalt loded come  
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,  
 And not comforted with a saued mate.

This said, the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;  
 She, her way went, and I did mine dispose  
 Vp to my ship, weigh'd Anchor, and away.  
 When reuerend *Circe*, helpt vs to conuaie  
 Our vessell safe, by making well inclind  
 A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;  
 With which she filld our sails, when, sitting all  
 Our Armes close by vs; I did sadly fall  
 To graue relation, what concern'd in Fate  
 My friends to know, and told them that the state  
 Of our affaires successe, which *Circe* had  
 Prefag'd to me alone, must yet be made  
 To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:  
 That since their liues and deaths were left to fall  
 In their elections; they might life elect,  
 And giue what would preferue it, fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to sic  
 The heauenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,  
 And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I  
 Had charge to heare their song; but fetterd fast  
 In bands, vnfauor'd, to th' erected Mast;  
 From whence, if I should pray; or vie command  
 To be enlarg'd, they should with much more band  
 Containe my strugglings. This I simply told  
 To each particular; nor would withhold  
 What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,  
 That theirs the rather might be taught to obey.  
 In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetch

The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretch  
 Her wings to waite vs, and sovg'd our keele.  
 But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not seele  
 The least gape of it: it was stricken dead;  
 And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread:  
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew  
 My friends to worke; strooke sail, together drew,  
 And vnder hatches stowd them: sat, and plied  
 Their polisht oares; and did in curls diuide  
 The white-head waters. My pairt then came on;  
 A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon;  
 Chopt it in fragments, with my sword; and wrough  
 With strong hand, eury peece, till all were soft.  
 The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame  
 As then flew burning from his Diademe,  
 To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,  
 I stopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply  
 My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Mast  
 With other halfers, made me soundly fast.

Then tooke they seate; and forth our passage strooke;  
 The fomic Sea, beneath their labour shooke.  
 Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;  
 The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noice;  
 Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;  
 And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song:

Come here, then, worthy of a world of praise;  
 That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise;  
 Vlysses! stay thy ship; and that song heare  
 That none past euer, but is bent his eare:  
 But lest him ransish, and instructed more  
 By vs, then any, euer heard before.  
 For we know all things; whatsoeuer were  
 In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoeuer there  
 The Grecians and the Troians both sustain'd;  
 By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.  
 And whatsoeuer, all the earth can stow  
 T'informe a knowledge of desert, we know.

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine  
 That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.  
 When, my constrain'd heart, needs would haue mine care  
 Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.  
 To which end I commanded, with all signe  
 Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
 Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and giue  
 My limbs free way. They freely striu'd to drue  
 Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* rose  
 To wrapp me surer; and oppress me more



With many a halter, then had vs before:  
 When, rowing on, without the reach of sound;  
 My friends vnloopt their cares; and me, vnbound;  
 And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe  
 Fresh feares employd vs. I beheld a maine  
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:  
 A horrid murmure hearing. Euerie friend  
 Astonisht far: from euerie hand, his oare  
 Fell quite forsaken: with the dismall Rore  
 Where all things there made Echoes, stonẽ still flood.  
 Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood,  
 Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:  
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
 My friends recouerd spirits. One by one  
 I gaue good words, and said: That well were knowne  
 These ills to them before: I told them all;  
 And that these could not proue, more capitall  
 Then those the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in; yet  
 My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counsailes, set  
 Their freedoms open. I could not beleue  
 But they remembered it, and wisht them giue  
 My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust:  
 The strength they had, for stirring vp, they must  
 Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid  
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
 To scape euen that death. In particular then  
 I told our Pylot, that past other men  
 He, most must beare firme spirits; since he swaid  
 The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid  
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile  
 The ferie whirlpooles; that to all our spoile  
 Inclosde a Rocke: without which, he must sterc,  
 Or all our ruines flood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew  
 That, thunning that Rocke, fixe of them should rue  
 The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd  
 The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,  
 To be by *Seylla* opened; for their feare  
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to sterc;  
 Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:  
 When they, and all, had died an idle death.  
 But then, euen I forgot to thunne the harme  
*Circe* forewarnd: who wuld I should not arme,  
 Nor shew my selfe to *Seylla*, lest in vaine  
 I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe  
 But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:  
 Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke  
 That Rockie *Seylla* would haue first appear'd,

And

And taken my life, with the friends I found.

From thence yet, no place could I find her fight,  
 Though through the darke rocks, mine eye shew her light,  
 And ranfack all waies. I then tooke a fireight  
 That gaue my selfe, and some few more escape  
 Twixt *Seylla*, and *Charybdis*, whence we saw  
 How horribly *Charybdis* throu: did draw  
 The brackish sea vp, which, when all about  
 She spit againe out: neer Caldron, fed  
 With so much seruor, fed with all the store  
 That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore  
 With troubl'd waters: round about the tops  
 Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.  
 But, when her draught, the sea and earth disunderd,  
 The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and the thunderd,  
 Fane vnder shore, the swart sands naked lay.  
 Whose whole sterne fight, the star'd blood did fray  
 From all our faces. And while we on her  
 Our eyes beflowd thus, to our mines feare;  
 Sixe friends had *Seylla* snatcht out of our keele,  
 In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.  
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye  
 To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,  
 And hands cast vp, I might discerne, and heare  
 Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were  
 To try me in their last extremities.

And as an Angler, medcine for surpris  
 Of little fish, sits powring from the rocks,  
 From out the crookt home, of a fold-bred Oxe,  
 And then with his long Angle, boists them hie  
 Vp to the Aire; then slightly hookt them by,  
 When, helpleffe sprauling on the land they lie:  
 So easely *Seylla* to her Rocke had rapt  
 My wofull friends, and so vnhelpe, cutzapt  
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;  
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,  
 Shriekt as she tore; and vp, their hands to me  
 Still threw for sweete life. I did neter see  
 In all my sufferance ranfacking the seas,  
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus hauing fled these rocks (these are call'd *Jones*  
*Seylla*, *Charybdis*.) where the king of flames  
 Hath offerings burnd to him; our ship was in  
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth waite  
 The Epibete, *Fantlesse*: where she breeds and feed  
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed  
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God  
 Set in my ship, mine care reacht, where we stood

R 4

She

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate  
Of fleecie sheepe, that in my memories seate  
Put vp the formes, that late had bene imprest  
By dread *Aaon* Circe; and the best  
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Tebban* Seer;  
The wife *Tiresias*, who was graue decreer  
Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one  
In chiefe he vrg'd; that I should alwaies shunne  
The lland of the Man-delighting Sunne.  
When, (sad at heart for our late losse) I praide  
My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though difmaide  
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me  
By *Circes*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;  
That I should flie the Ile, where was ador'd  
The Comfort of the world: for ill, abhor'd  
Were ambusht for vs there; and therefore, wil'd  
They should put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd  
Their tender Spirits; when *Enrylochus*  
A speech that vext me viter'd; answering thus:

Cruell *Ulysses*! Since thy nerues abound  
In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound  
Thy able lims, as all beate out of Steele;  
Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele  
The teeth of *Labor*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,  
And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;  
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;  
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to strow  
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight  
Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.  
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,  
If suddainly should rush out th'angry breath  
Of *Notus*, or the eager-spirited West?  
That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!  
Serue black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and ease;  
And offer to the *Morning* for the seas.

This all the rest approu'd, and then knew I  
That past all doubt, the diuell did apply  
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;  
I was but one; nor yielded, but compell'd.  
But all that might containe them, I afraid:  
A sacred oath, on all their powres laide;  
That if with herds, or any richest flocks  
We chanc't encounter; neither sheepe, nor Oxe  
We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill  
That followes folly) scorne a choice, and kill:  
But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food  
As the immortal *Circe* had bestow'd.

They swore all this, in all securst fort;

And

And then we ancord, in the winding Port,  
Neare a fresh Riuer, where the longd-for shore  
They all flew out to; took in vicles store;  
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept  
Their losse by *Soyle*; weeping: till they slept.

In *Nights* third part, when *flares* began to stoope,  
The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempest vp.  
A boistrous spirit he gaue it; drave out all  
His flocks of clouds; and let such darkness fall,  
That *Earth*, and *Sea* for feare, to hide were drinen;  
For, with his clouds, he thrust out *Nights* from heauen.

At *Morne*, we drew our ships into a crosse,  
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phaebus* cattail drance,  
Fairst dancing Roomes had, and their seats of State.  
I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,  
They would obserue their oaths, and take the food  
Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood  
Of those faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,  
That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.

They stood obseruant, and in that good mind  
Had we bene gone: but so aduerse the wind  
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.  
For one whole month, perpetually did blow  
Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire  
But his, and *Enrus*, rul'd in all the Aire.  
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread  
Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head  
Of all those Oxen, fell in any strike  
Amongst those students for the gut, and life.  
But when their vicles faild, they fell to prey:  
*Necessitie* compell'd them then, to stray  
In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came  
In reach of hand or hook; the bellies flame  
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praise,  
And (making to a close *Retreat*, repaire  
Free from, both friends, and winds) I wast my hands,  
And all the Gods befought, that held commands  
In liberrall heauen; to yeeld some meane to stay  
Their desperate hunger, and set vp the way  
Of our returne restrain'd. The Gods, in speed  
Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;  
A deedelesse sleepe, did on my lids distill,  
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.  
For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb  
Their headstrong wants; which he that did distrust  
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe  
To all the rest in counsaile to their griefe;  
Knew well, and of, my present absence took:

R 5

His

His fit advantage; and their iron strooke  
 At highest heate. For (feeling their desire  
 In his owne Entrailles, to allay the fire  
 That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gave way  
 To that affection: Heare what I shall say,  
 (Though words will stanch no hunger) every death  
 To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath;  
 You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die  
 The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie  
 Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take  
 The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make  
 To all the Deathlesse that in broad heauen liue;  
 And, in particular, vow, if we arrive  
 In naturall *Liberty*, to strait erect  
 A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;  
 Rich and magnificent, and all within  
 Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.  
 If yet, he stands incens'd, since we haue slaine  
 His high-brow'd herd; and therefore will sustaine  
 Desire to wracke our ship: he is but one;  
 And all the other Gods, that we attone  
 With our diuine Rites, will their iustfrage giue  
 To our design'd returne, and let vs liue.  
 If not; and all take part, I rather craue  
 To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waues;  
 Then, in a desert Iland, lie and sterue;  
 And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obserue.  
 All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed  
 Made to their resolute diuining. For the freed  
 Of those coleblacke, faire, broad-brow'd, Sun-lou'd *Bees*:  
 Had place, close by our ships. They tooke the lines  
 Of sence, most eminent. About their fall  
 Stood round, and to the States celestially  
 Made solemne vowes: But, other Rites, their ship  
 Could not afford them; they did therefore stirp  
 The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaues, to make  
 Supply of seruice for their Barly cake.  
 And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine  
 Powrd purest water; all the parts diuine  
 Spiriting, and roasting: all the Rites beside  
 Orderly vsing. Then did light diuide  
 My low, and vpper lids; when my repaire  
 Made neare my ship; I met the delicate ayre  
 Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;  
 And said, O *Ioue*, and all ye Deities,  
 Ye haue oppress me with a cruell sleepe;  
 While ye conferd on me, a losse as deepe  
 As *Death* descends to. To themselves, alone

My

My rude men, left vngouern'd; they haue done  
 A deed so impious, (I stand well assur'd)  
 That you will not forgie, though ye procur'd.

Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,  
 Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;  
*Ambassadors*, inform him, that my men  
 Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incens'd then,  
 He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the rest  
 Both euer liuing, and for euer blest.)  
*Phyfes* impious men, haue drawne the blood  
 Of those my Oxen, that it did me good  
 To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;  
 And when I trod earth, all with meadows crown'd  
 Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;  
*Dia*, and the Dead, adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answerd, Son! thou shalt be ours,  
 And light those mortals, in that Mine of flowers;  
 My red hote flash, shall graze but on their ship,  
 And care it, burning, in the boyling deepe.

This by *Calypso*, I was told, and the  
 Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.

Come to our ship; I chid, and told by name  
 Each man, how impiously he was to blame.  
 But chiding got no peace; the *Bees* were slaine:  
 When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine  
 With dire Offents. The hides, the flesh had lost,  
 Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost  
 It bellow'd like the Oxe it selfe, aliue.  
 And yet my souldiers, did their dead *Bees* drive  
 Through all these Prodiges, in daily feasts.  
 Sixe daies they banqueted, and slue fresh beasts,  
 And when the seuenth day, *Ioue* reduc't the wind  
 That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind  
 Our ship, and vs; was turn'd, and calm'd; and we  
 Lancht, put vp Masts; Sailes hoisted, and to Sea.

The Iland left so farre; that land no where;  
 But onely sea, and skie, had powre t'appare;  
*Ioue* fixt a cloud about our ship; so blacke  
 That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke  
 She ranne a good free time: till from the West  
 Came *Zephyre* rustling forth; and put his breast  
 Out, in a singeing tempest; so most vast,  
 It burst the Gables, that made sure our Masts;  
 Our Masts came tumbling downe: our catell downe,  
 Rust to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne  
 The maine Mast, past his fall; path all his Skull,  
 And all this wracke, but orie flaw, made at full.  
 Off from the Sterne, the Sterne-man, diuining fell,

And

And from his sinews, flew his Soule to hell.  
Together, all this time, *Ioyes* Thunder chid;  
And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid:  
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld  
With nasty sulphur; and her men were killd:  
Tumbld to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,  
And there the date of their returne was out.

I tost from side to side still, till all broke  
Her Ribs were with the storme: and the did choke  
With let-in Surges; for, the Mast tome downe;  
Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne  
Left little vndissolu'd. But to the Mast  
There was a lether Thong left, which I cast  
About it, and the keele; and so fat tost  
With banefull weather, till the West had lost  
His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;  
For backe againe his blasts expeld me, quite  
On rauinous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*  
I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I  
At *Seyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie  
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,  
I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the seas,  
And had gone vp together, if the tree  
That bore the wilde figs, had not rescu'd me;  
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hie  
Chambring vpon it, did as close imply  
My brest about it, as a *Reremouse* could:  
Yet, might my feete, on no stub fasten hold  
To ease my hands: the roots were crept so low  
Beneath the earth; and so aloft did grow  
The far-sped armes, that (though good height I gat)  
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat  
I therefore still must cling; till vp againe  
She belcht my Mast, and after that, amaine  
My keele came tumbling: so at length it chanc't,  
To me, as to a Iudge; that long aduanc't  
To iudge a sort of hote yong fellows iarres,  
At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;  
When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;  
So time, at length, releast with ioyes my woes,  
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.  
To which (my hand, now loold; and now, my hettle)  
I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt,  
Iust in her midst fell, where the Mast was propt;  
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.  
God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her sands  
Let *Seylla* see me; for I then had died

That

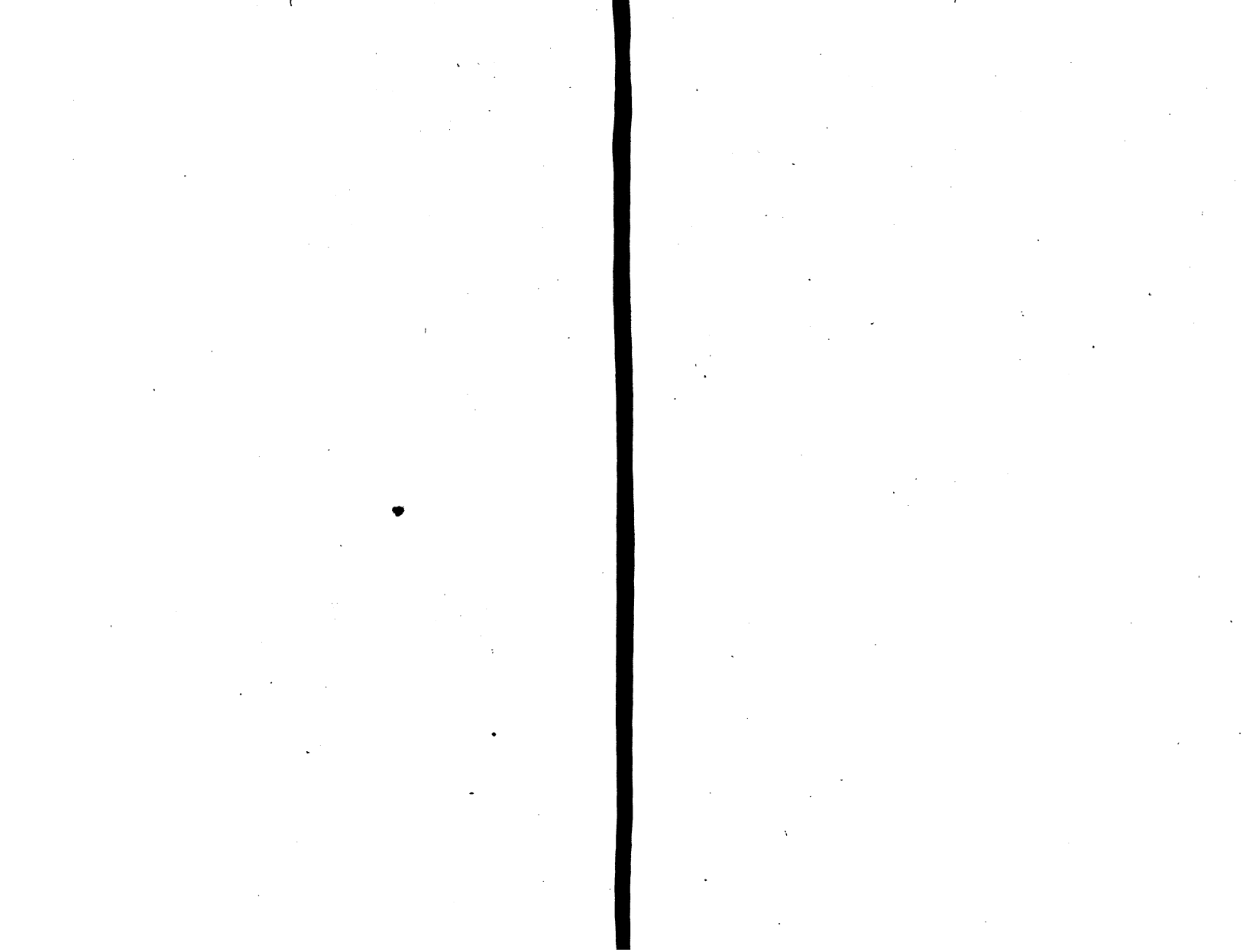
That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied.  
Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night  
In th' Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright  
And right renoum'd *Calyss*, I was cast  
By powre of Deitie; Where I lin'd embrac't  
With *Lowe*, and feasts. But why should I relate  
Those kind occurrents: I should iterate  
What I in part, to your chaste *Queene* and you  
So late imparted. And for me to grow  
A talker ouer of my tale againe,  
Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

*Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odys.*

Opus nouum dictum.

*Ex lib.*







# THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

*The Arraignment of the Cyclopes*  
*What all the Cyclopes in was given*  
*And how they were to be kept*  
*In fact from the Cyclopes*  
*And how they were to be kept*  
*Whose feasts and feasts were*  
*How they were to be kept*  
*Against the Cyclopes*  
*Of Forme, and of her own*  
*Transforme, and of her own*  
*Where the Cyclopes*  
*Confute, and of her own*  
*Of every, and of her own*  
*His eyes, and of her own*  
*And how they were to be kept*  
*All bid in wrath, and of her own*  
*Transforme, and of her own*



**H**E said; And silence in their Tongues contain'd  
 (In admiration) when with pleasure chain'd  
 Their eares had long bene to him. All but brake  
 Alike silence, and in this sort spake  
 To th' Ithacian, Lucius Sonnes  
 O Ithacus! (How true youe came)  
 With so much feasting in your way for home  
 Since thus at last, youe happy Faue to come

To my high-roof, and Brasse foundation d'house  
 I hope, such speede, and passe suspicious  
 Our Loues shall yeeld you, that you shall no more  
 VVander, nor suffer, homeward as before  
 You then, whocuer, that are euer grac'd  
 With all choise of authoriz'd power, to tall  
 odVV S Such

*Agaveus*  
arrec. quod  
pro Honora-  
rio senibus  
datur And be-  
cause the words  
(to English), both  
no o bet to ex-  
p. v. fit it, found-  
ing we, & bel-  
ping our Lan-  
guage, it is bere  
to be.

Such wine with me, as warms the sacred Rage;  
And is an Honorarie given to Age.  
With which, ye likewise, beare Divinely sung  
(In Honors praise) the Poet of the King:  
I motie, by way of my command, to this;  
That where, in an elaborate Chitt there lies  
A Present for our Guest: Attires of price;  
And Gold, engraven with infinite device:  
I wisht that each of vs should adde beside  
A Tripod, and a Caldron, amplified  
With size, and Metall of most rare and great.  
For we (in counsaile of taxation, met)  
Will from our Subiects, gaine their worth againe;  
Since 'tis vnequall one man should sustaine  
A charge so waighy, being the grace of all;  
VVhich, borne by many, is a waight but small.  
Thus spake *Alcinous*, and plead'd the rest;  
VVhen each man cloy'd, with home, & sleep, his feast.  
But when the colour-giving light arose;  
All, to the Ship, did \* all their speeds dispose;  
And wealth (\* honest men makes) brought with them.  
All which; euen he, that wore the Diadem  
Stow'd in the Ship himselfe, beneath the seats  
The Rowers sate in; stooping, left their loes  
In any of their labors, he might proue.  
Then home he turn'd: and after him, did moue  
The whole assembly to expected Feast.  
Amongst whom, he a sacrifice adrest,  
And slue an Oxe, to weather-wickling *Tauis*;  
Beneath whose Empire, all things are, and moue.

The thighs then roasting, they made glorious chere,  
Delighted highly; and amongst them these,  
The honor'd of the people v'd his voice,  
Diuine *Demodocus*: Yet through this choice  
Of Chere, and Musick, had *Phyllos* still  
An Eye directed to the Easterne hill,  
To see Him rise, who illustrates all.  
For now into his ginde, a fire did fall  
Of thirst for home, and as in hungry vow  
To needfull food, as man at fixed Plow;  
(To whom, the black Oxe all day long hath turn'd  
The stubborne fallowes vp; his stomack burn'd  
VVith empty heate, and appetite to food;  
His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)  
At length the long-expected Sun-set sees;  
That he may sit to foode, and rest his knees:  
So, to *Phyllos*, set the friendly light  
The Sun afforded, with as with a light.

VVho, straight bespake, that Ore-affecting State:  
But did in chiefe, his speech appropriate  
To him by Name, that with their Role was crownd.

*Alcinous*: Of all men, most renown'd,  
Dismiss me, with as safe passe, as you vow;  
(Your offering past) and may the Gods to you  
In all contentment, vfe as full a hand:  
For now, my landing heere, and stay shall stand  
In all perfection with my hearts desire;  
Both my so safe deduction to aspire,  
And louing gifts; which, may the Gods to me,  
As blest in vfe make, as your acts are free:  
Euen to the finding firme, in loue, and life.  
VVith all desir'd euent, my friends and wife.  
VVhen, as my selfe shall lue delighted there;  
May you, with your wines, rest as happy here:  
Your Sonnes and Daughters (in particular State)  
With euery vertue rendered consummate:  
And, in your generall Empire, may ill neuer  
Approch your Land; but good your good quier euer.

This, all applauded, and all ioyntly cried;  
Dismiss the Stranger: he hath disdain'd  
With fit speech, his dismissal: \* Then the King  
Thus charg'd the Herald: Fill for offering  
A bowl of wine; which through the whol large house  
Dispose to all men; that propitious  
Our Father *Ioue* made, with our prayers; we may  
Giue home our Guest, in full and withed way.

This said; *Pantemon* committ a Bowle  
Of such sweete wine, as did delight the soule:  
VVhich making sacred to the blessed Gods,  
That hold in broad heauen their supream abodes;  
God-like *Phyllos*, from his chaire arose  
And in the hands of th' Empreffe, did impose  
The all-round Cup: To whom (saide spoke) he saide;

Reioyce, O Queene, and be your ioyes repaid  
By heauen, for me, till age and death increase;  
Both which, inflict their most vnwelcome neede,  
On Men and Dames, alike: And, first (for me)  
I must from hence, to both? Loe you heere free;  
And euer may, all liuing blessings spring;  
Your ioy in Children, Subiects, and your King.

This saide, diuine *Phyllos* took his way:  
Before whom, the vnalterable way  
Of King *Alcinous* virtue, did command  
A Herald's fit attendance to the Strand  
And Ship appointed. VVith him, likewise went  
Handmaids, by *Ares* iunction sent.

Phyllos to Al-  
cinous.

Alcinous to  
the Herald.

Phyllos to A-  
res.

One bore an Out and In-weede, faire and sweete;  
 The other an embroider'd Cabinet:  
 The third, had Bread to beare, and ruddy wine;  
 All which, (at Sea, and Ship arriv'd) resigne,  
 Their Freight confer'd. VVith faire attendants then,  
 The sheets and bedding of the Man of men,  
 VVithin a Cabin of the hollow Keele,  
 Spred, and made soft; that sleepe might sweetly feele  
 His restfull eyes; He enter'd, and his Bed,  
 In silence, tooke. The Rowers ordered  
 Themselues in severall seats: and then set gone  
 The Ship; the Gable from the hollow stone  
 Dissolv'd, and weigh'd vp: Altogether, close  
 Then beate the Sea. His lids, in sweete repose  
 Sleepe bound so fast, it scarce gave way to breath;  
 Inexcitable, most deare, next of all to death.  
 And as amidst a faire field, foure brane horse  
 Before a Chariot, stung into their course  
 With feruent lashes of the snorting Scourge;  
 That all their fire blowes high; and makes them vige  
 To utmost speede, the measure of their ground:  
 So bore the Ship aloft, her fiery Bound,  
 About whom risht the billowes, blacke, and vast;  
 In which the Sea-roares burst. As faine as fast  
 She ply'd her Course yet: Nor her winged speede,  
 The Faulcou gentle, could for pace, exceede.  
 So cut she through the waues, and bore a Man,  
 Even with the Gods, in countailes; that began  
 And spent his former life, in all miserie:  
 Battailles of men, and rude waues of the Seas,  
 Yet now, securely slept, forgetting all.  
 And when heavens brightest star, that first doth call  
 The early morning out, advanc't her head,  
 Then, neere to *Ithaca*, the Billow-bred  
*Phaasian* Ship approach't. There is a Port,  
 That th'aged Sea-God *Phorcys* makes his Fort:  
 Whose earth, the *Ithacensian* people owne.  
 In which, two Rockes inaccessible, are growne  
 Farre forth into the Sea; whose each strength binds  
 The boistrous waues in, from the high-blowne winds  
 On both the out-parts so, that all within  
 The well-built Ships, that once their harbour win  
 In his calme bosome; without Anchor, rest  
 Safe; and vnstir'd. From forth the hauens high crest,  
 Branch the well-brown'd armes of an Olive tree.  
 Beneath which, runs a Caue, from all Sun free;  
 Coole, and delightfome: Sacred to th'access  
 Of Nymphs, whose sur-names are the *Naiades*:

The sound of  
 of *Vlysses*.  
 Similitude.

The description  
 of *Phorcys* Be-  
 neath.

In which, few humming Bees; in which lay throwne  
 Stone cups, Stone vessels, Shirts, all of stone;  
 With which, the *Nymphs* their purple Mantles wove:  
 In whose contexture, Art and wonder shoue.  
 In which, pure Springs perpetually ran;  
 To which, two entries were: the one for man,  
 (On which the North breath'd;) th'other, for the gods  
 (On which, the South;) and that, bore no abodes  
 For earthy men: But onely deathlesse feete  
 Had there free way. This Port, these men thought meet  
 To Land *Vlysses*; being the first, they knew.  
 Drew then, their Ship in: but no further drew  
 Then halfe her bulke reach't: by such cunning hand  
 Her course was manag'd. Then her men tooke land;  
 And first, brought forth *Vlysses* Bed, and all  
 That richly furnish't it; he fill in thrall  
 Of all-subduing sleepe. Vpon the sand  
 They set him softly downe; and then, the Strand  
 They strew'd with all the goods he had bestow'd  
 By the renown'd *Phaicians*; since he shov'd  
 So much *Minerva*. At the Olive roote  
 They drew them then in heape, most far from foote  
 Of any Trauailer: least, ere his eyes  
 Return'd their charge, they might be others prize.  
 These, then turn'd home: nor was the seas supreme  
 Forgetful of his threats, for *Polyphemus*  
 Bent at diuine *Vlysses*: yet would ptooe  
 (Ere their performance) the decree of *Ioue*  
 Father! No more the Gods shall honor me,  
 Since men despise me; and those men that see  
 The \* Light, in Limage of mine owne lou'd race.  
 I vow'd *Vlysses*, should before the grace  
 Of his returne; encounter wot to woe  
 To make that purchase deare: yet, did not vow  
 Simply against it, since thy Brow had bent  
 To his reduction; in the fore-context  
 Thou hadst vouchsaf't it: yet before my minde  
 Hath full powre on him; the *Phaicians* made  
 Their owne minds satisfaction, vvith his Passé:  
 So farre from suffering, what my pleasure was;  
 That ease, and softnesse, now is habited  
 In his secure breast: and his carelesse head,  
 Return'd in peace of sleepe to *Ithaca*.  
 The Brafle and Gold of rich *Phaacia*  
 Rocking his Temples. Garments richly wouen;  
 And worlds of Prize more, then was euer strouen  
 From all the conflicts he sustain'd at *Troy*,  
 If safe, he should his fall share there, inioy.

Neptune is  
 Jupiter.  
 \* The *Phaaci-  
 ans* were de-  
 scended origi-  
 nally frō Nep-  
 tune.



Jupiter to Neptune.

The Showre-dissoluer answerd: VVhat a speech  
Hath past thy Pallate, O thou great in Reach  
Of wrackfull Empire? Farre the Gods remaine,  
From scorne of thee: For, 'twere a worke of paine,  
To prosecute, with ignominies, One  
That swaies our ableft, and most ancient Throne.  
For men; If any so beneath in power,  
Neglect thy high will: now, or any houre  
That moues heereafter; take reuenge to thee;  
Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleasure free.

Neptune to Jupiter.

VVhy then (saide he) thou blacker of the fumes  
That dimme the Sun; my licenst power resumes  
Aft from thy speech: but I obserue so much,  
And feare thy pleasure, that I dare not touch  
At any inclination of mine owne,  
Till thy consenting influence be knowne.  
But now; this curious-built *Phaenian* Ship,  
Returning from her Conuoy, I will strip  
Of all her fleeting matter; and so stowe  
Transforme and fixe it (iust when she hath gone  
Her full time home; and iers before their prease  
In all her trim) amidst the Sable Seas.  
That they may cease to conuoy strangers still,  
VVhen they shall see, so like a mighty Hill  
Their glory sticke before their Cities grace,  
And my \* hands cast a maske before her face.

\* αὐτῶν.  
Περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ  
περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ  
περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ  
περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ  
περὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ

O friend, (saide *Ioue*) it shewes to me the best  
Of al earths obiects; that their whole prease, dress  
In all their wonder; neere their Towne shall stand  
And stare vpon a Stone, so neere the Land,  
So like a Ship, and dam vp all their lights,  
As if a Mountaine interposde their sights.

VVhen *Neptune* heard this, he for *Scheria* went,  
VVhence the *Phaenians* took their first descent.  
VVhich when he reacht, and in her swiftest pride,  
The water-treader, by the Cities side  
Came cutting close; close he came swiftly on;  
Tooke her in violent hand, and to a Stone  
Turnd all her syluane substance. All below,  
Firmd her with Rootes, & left her. This strange show  
VVhen the *Phaenians* saw, they stupid stood,  
And askt each other, who amidst the flood  
Could fixe their Ship so, in her full speed home?  
And quite transparant, make her bulke become?

*Alcinous* tells  
his people  
how the Ship  
became a  
Stone.

Thus talkt they; but were farr from knowing how  
These things had issue. VVhich their King did show,  
And saide; O friends, the ancient Prophecies  
My Father told to me, to all our eyes

Are now in proofe: he saide, the time would come,  
VVhen *Neptune*, for our safe conducting home  
All sorts of Strangers (out of enuy fir'd)  
Would meete our fairest Ship as she retir'd;  
And all the goodly Shape, and speed we best,  
Should like a Mountaine stand before vs lost,  
Amids the mouing waters; which we see  
Perform'd in full end to our prophesie.  
Heare then my counsaile, and obey me then:  
Renounce henceforth our conuoy home of men;  
Who euer shall heereafter greete our Towne.  
And to th' offended Deities Renowne;  
Twelue chosen Oxen let vs sacred make,  
That he may pittie vs: and from vs take  
This shady Mountaine. They, in feare, obide;  
Slew all the Bees, and to the Godhead praide:  
The Dukes and Princes, all ensphearing round  
The sacred Altar. While whose Tops were croun'd,  
Diuine *Vhysses* (on his Countreys brest  
Laid bound in sleepe) now rose out of his rest:  
Nor (being so long remou'd) the Region knew.  
(Besides which absence yet) *Alcinous* drew  
A cloud about him; to make strange the more  
His safe arrivall: left, vpon his Shore  
He should make knowne his face, and vtter all  
That might preuent, th' euent that was to fall.  
VVhich she prepar'd so well, that not his wife  
(Presented to him) should perceiue his life:  
No Citizen, no Friend; till night was fall  
Vpon the vwoosers wrongs, were consummate.  
Through which cloud, all things shew'd now to the King  
Offoreign fashion. The callow'd Spring,  
Amongst the Trees there. The open callowd wanes;  
The Rockes, that did more high their fireheads raise  
To his Rape eye, then naturally they did:  
And all the Hauen, in which a man scorn'd hid  
From winde, & weather, when stormes loaden chid.  
He therefore, being risen, stood and viewd  
His countrey earth: which (not perceiv'd) he rew'd:  
And, striking with his hurld-downe hands his Thyes,  
He mournd, and saide: O me! Againe where lyes  
My deart way? To wrongfull men, and mude?  
And with no Lawes of humane right iust de?  
Or are they humane, and of holy minds?  
What fits my deede with these so many kinds  
Of goods late giuen? VVhat, with my false, and floods  
And Errors do? I would to God, these Goods  
Had restd with their Owners: and that I

Had

Are

Had false on Kings of more Regality,  
To grace out my returne; that lou'd indeed,  
And would haue given me Comforts of fit speed  
To my distresses ending! But, as now  
All knowledge flies me, where I may bestow  
My labour'd purchase. Heere they shall not stay;  
Left what I car'd for, others make their prey.  
O Gods! I see, the great *Phaenians* then  
VVere not all iust, and vnderstanding men;  
That land me elsewhere, then their vants pretended:  
Assuring me, my country should see ended  
My miseries told them: yet now, eate their vants.  
O Ioue! great Guardian of poore Suppliants,  
That others sees, and notes too; shutting in  
All in thy plagues, that most presume on Sin;  
Reuenge me on them. Let me number now  
The goods they gaue, to giue my minde to know  
If they haue stolne none, in their close retreat.  
The goodly Caldrons then, and Tripods (set  
In feuerall ranks from out the heape) be told:  
His rich wrought garments too, and all his Gold:  
And nothing lack't; and yet this Man did moume,  
The but suppos'd misse of his home returne.  
And, creeping to the shore, with much complaint;

*Minerva like a Shepherd (such as Kings sometimes to be) appears to Vlysses.*  
Appear'd to him, whose sight reioyc't his hart.  
To whom he came, and saide: O Friend? Since first  
I meete your sight heere: Be all good, the worst  
That can ioine our encounter: Fare you Faire;  
Nor with aduerse minde, welcome my repaire:  
But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.  
As to a God, I offer prayers to thee,  
And low access make, to thy loued knee.  
Say truth, that I may know, what country then?  
What commune people liue heere? And what men?  
Some famous Isle is this? Or giues it vent  
(Being neere the Sea) to some rich Continent?  
She answer'd; Stranger, what so ere you are;  
Y'are either foolish, or come passing fare,  
That know not this Isle, and make that doubt, noble;  
For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,  
But passing many know it: and so many,  
That, of all Nations, there abides not any,  
From where the *Morning* rises, and the *Sun*;  
To where the *Even*, and *Night* their courses run;

Pallas to Vlysses,

But know this country. Rocky 'tis, and rough;  
And so, for vse of horse vnapt enough:  
Yet, with "fad Barrenesse not much infested,  
Since clouds are heere in frequent raines digested,  
And flowry dewes. The compasse is not great;  
The litle yet, well filld with wine, and wheat.  
It feeds a Goat, and Oxe well; being still  
Water'd with floods, that euer ouer-fill  
VVith beaues continual showers: and woodded so;  
It makes a Spring of all the kinds that grow.  
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name  
Of this Dominion, makes access by Fame;  
From this extreame part of *Achaia*,  
As farre as *lious*; and 'tis *thusa*.

This ioy'd him much, that so vnknew'd a Land,  
Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand  
He carried, euen of this ioy, shewne so hye,  
That other end he put to his reply,  
Then straight to shew that ioy, and lay abroad  
His life to Strangers. Therefore, he bestow'd  
A veile on *Truth*: For euermore did winde  
About his bosome, a most crafty minde,  
VVhich thus his words shew'd: I thus fare at Sea,  
In spacious *Crete*, heard speake of *Achaia*,  
Of which; my false (it seemes) now reach the shore;  
VVith these my Fortunes; whose whole value more  
I left in *Crete* amongst my children there;  
From whence I flye, for being the slaytherer  
Of royall *Athenes* most loued Son;  
Swift-foote *Orfloeus*, that could out-run  
Proffit men for the race. Yet him I shue,  
Because he would deprime me of my due  
In *Troies* prize: for which, I sail'd so  
(The rude waues piercing) the rebell'd we  
Of minde and body, in the warres of men:  
Nor did I gratifie his Father then.  
VVith any seruice; But, as well as he,  
Sway'd in command of other Southery.  
So, with a friend withdrawnt, we way-hid him,  
VVhen gloomy Night, the cope of humen did dim;  
And no man knew. But we (so) he came,  
And I put out, to him, his viall thumbe:  
VVhole slaughter, hauing anchor'd with my sword,  
I instant sight made; and straight full aboard  
A Ship of the renown'd *Phoenician* Semy;  
VVhen prayer, and pay, at a full rate  
Obtain'd my Paffe, of men in her command:  
VVhom I miou'd to set me on the land

\* Answer, i.  
Vlysses to Pallas.

Vlysses to Pallas.

Of *Pylus*, or of *Elis*, the diuine,  
 Where the *Epeians* in great Empire shine:  
 But force of weather check't that course to them;  
 Though (loath to faile me) to their most extreme  
 They spent their willing pow'rs. But, forc'd fro' thence,  
 VVe err'd, and put in heere, with much expence  
 Of Care and Labour: and in dead of Night,  
 VVhen no man there, seru'd any appetite,  
 So much as with the Memory of food,  
 Though our estates exceeding Needy stood.  
 But, going ashore, we lay; when gentle sleepe  
 My weary pow'rs invaded: and from Ship,  
 They fetching these my Riches, with iust hand  
 About me laide them: while vpon the sand  
 Sleepe bound my senses; and for *Syden*, they  
 (Put off from hence) made faile: while heere I lay,  
 Left sad alone. The Goddesse laught, and took  
 His hand in hers; and with another look;  
 (Assuming then the likenesse of a Dame,  
 Lovely and goodly, expert in the frame  
 Of vertuous Husbwiferies) she answerd thus.

*Pallas to Pylus.*  
 (Ct.)

\* εστιν οσπερ,  
*surandis audis,*

Σχετλια οσπ  
 κ λημντα,  
*varia co mul-*  
*tiplicibus con-*  
*spicitur.*

He should be passing lie, and couctous  
 \* Of stealth, in mens deceits, that coted thee,  
 In any craft, though any God should be  
 Ambitious to exceede in subtilty.  
 Thou still-wit-varying wretch! Insatiate  
 In ouer-reaches: Not secure thy state  
 Without these wiles? Though on thy Native shore  
 Thou seist safe footing? But vpon thy shore  
 Of false words, still spend? That euen from thy byrth  
 Haue bene thy best friends? Come: our either worth  
 Is knowne to either: Thou, of Men, art far  
 (For words and counsailes) the most singular;  
 But I, about the Gods, in both, may boast  
 My still-tried Faculties. Yet thou hast lost  
 The knowledge euen of me: the seede of *Ioue*,  
*Pallas Athenia*; that haue still our stroue  
 In all thy Labors, their extremes; and stood  
 Thy sure guard euer: making all thy good,  
 Knowne to the good *Phaicians*, and receiud.  
 And now againe, I greete thee, to see wea'd  
 Fresh Counsailes for thee: and will take on me  
 The close referuing of these goods for thee,  
 VVhich the renown'd *Phaician* States bestow'd  
 At thy deduction homewards; Onely moun'd  
 VVith my, both spirit and counsell. All which grace  
 I now will amplify, and tell what case  
 Thy household stands in; vttering all those paines,

*Thm*

That, of meere need, yet still must racke thy vaines;  
 Do thou then freely beare; Nor one word giue  
 To Man nor Dame, to shew thou yet dost liue:  
 But silent, suffer ouer all againe  
 Thy sorrowes past; and beare the wrongs of Men.  
 Goddesse (said he) vnjust men, and vniust  
 That author iniuries, and vanities;  
 By vanities and wrongs, should rather be  
 Bound to this ill-abearing destiny,  
 Then iust, and wise men. VVhat delight hath heauen,  
 That liues vnhurt it selfe, to suffer giuen  
 Vp to all damage, those poore few that strue  
 To imitate it? and like the *Deities* liue?  
 But where you wonder, that I know you not  
 Through all your changes; that skill is not got  
 By sleight or Art: since thy most hard-hit face,  
 Is still distinguish'd by thy free-given grace.  
 And therefore truly to acknowledge thee  
 In thy encounters, is a mastery  
 In men most knowing. For to all men, thou  
 Tak'st fit severall likenesse. All men thinke they know  
 Thee in their wits. But, since thy seeming view  
 Appeares to all; and yet thy truth, to few:  
 Through all thy changes, to discern thee right,  
 Askes chiefly: Loue to thee; and inspired light.  
 But this; I surely know; that some yeeres past,  
 I haue bene often with thy presence graced;  
 All time the fomes of *Greece* was'd wait at *Troy*;  
 But when *Pates* full houre, let our swords enjoy  
 Our vov'es, in sacke of *Pallas* Iffy Towne:  
 Our Ships all boarded; and when God had blowne  
 Our Fleet in sunder, I could haue beene  
 The seede of *Ioue*; Nor once distinguish'd thee  
 Boarding my Ship, to take thee wee from me.  
 But onely in my proper spirit misto'd  
 Err'd, here and there quite flaine; till heauen disgard  
 Me, and my ill: which chanc't not all thy grace  
 By open speech confirm'd me; in a place  
 Fruitfull of people: where, in perfect thots  
 Didst giue me guide, and all their City show;  
 And that was the renown'd *Phaician* earth.  
 Now then; euen by the author of thy Birth,  
 Vouchsafe my doubt the Truth (for sure it is)  
 My thoughts; that thus should fall into mine eies  
 Conspicuous *Phaicians*; but feare I touch  
 At some farr Shore; and that thy wit is such,  
 Thou'lt delude me) Is it farr the farr  
 Most honor'd earth, that beares my countries name?

*Pylus to Pal-*  
*la.*

I see (sayd she) thou wilt be euer thus,  
 In euery worldly good, incredulous.  
 And therefore, haue no more the power, to see  
 Fraile life more plagu'd with infelicity;  
 In one so eloquent, ingenious wife.  
 Another man, that so long miseries  
 Had kept from his lou'd home; and thus return'd  
 To see his house, wife, children; would haue burn'd  
 In headlong lust to visit. Yet 'enquire,  
 VVhat states they hold, affects not thy desire,  
 Till thou hast tried: If in thy wife, there be  
 A Sorrow, wasting dayes, and nights for thee,  
 In Louing teares: That then the fight may proue  
 A full reward, for eithers mutual Loue.  
 But I would neuer, credit in you both  
 Least cause of sorrow; but well knew, the troth  
 Of this thine owne returne: though all thy Friends,  
 I knew, as well, should make returne less ends.  
 Yet would not crosse mine Vnkle Neptune so  
 To stand their falgard; since so high did go  
 His wrath, for thy extinction of the eye  
 Of his lou'd sonne. Come then, Ile shew thee why  
 I call this Isle, thy *Ithaca*; To ground  
 Thy credit on my words: This haue is own'd  
 By th' aged Sea god *Phereus*; in whose Brow,  
 This is the Olive with the ample bow,  
 And heere close by, the pleafant shaded Caeue,  
 That to the Fount-Nymphs, th' *Ilacian* gave.  
 As Sacred to their pleasures. Here doth run  
 The large, and couer'd den, where thou hast done  
 Hundreds of Offerings to the *Zeus*.  
 Here, Mount *Neryus* shakes his curled Tresses  
 Of shady woods. This layd, she cleer'd the cloud  
 That first decey'd his eyes; and all things shew'd  
 His country to him. Glad he stood with sight  
 Of his lou'd Soile; and lift, with delight  
 And instantly, to all the Nymphs her praise  
 (With hands held vp to heauen) these vov'es he said  
 Ye Nymphs the *Naiades*, great feed of Ioue:  
 I had conceit, that neuer more should moue  
 Your fight, in these spheres of my erring eyes  
 And therefore, in the fuller Sacrifice  
 Of my hearts gratitude; Reioyce, till more  
 I pay your Names, in Offerings as before.  
 VVhich heere I vow; If Ioue benigne descent  
 (The mighty Pillager) with life consent  
 My person home; and to my lou'd decess,  
 Of my lou'd Sonnes fight, add the sweet increas

Be confident (saide *Pallas*) nor opprest  
 Thy spirits with care of these performances;  
 But these thy fortunes, let with might repose  
 In this diuine Canes bosome; that they close  
 Refuse their value; and we then may see  
 How best to order other wits to thee.

Thus entred she the light, excluding eue;  
 And through it, sought some timor for to take  
 The Gold, the great Brasse, & robes, & my wrough  
 Given to *Phyffer*. All which in he brought;  
 Laid downe in heape; and the impossib  
 Close to the cauerne mouth: Then list they on  
 The sacred Olives roote, consulting how  
 To ad th' insulting wooers ouerthrow.  
 VVhen *Pallas* saide; Examine now the means  
 That best may lay hand on the impud  
 Of those proud wooers: that haue now three years  
 Thy Roofes rule swaid; and bene bold Offerers  
 Of suite, and gifts, to thy renowned wife;  
 VVho for thy absence, all her desolate life,  
 Dissolues in teares till thy desir'd returne.  
 Yet all her wooers, while shee thus doth mourn  
 She holds in hope; and euery one of those  
 (In fore-sent message) promise, that her words  
 Beare other vterance then her heart approves.

O Gods (saide *Ithacus*) it now belittles  
 My Fate to end me, in the *Ilacian*  
 That *Agamemnon* underwent, vnlesse  
 You tell me; and in time, their close intent  
 Advise then meanes, to the reuenging  
 VVe both resolve on. Be thy selfe to stand  
 To stand close to me; and but for a while  
 Breath in my bosome, as when th' *Ilacian*  
 VVe tore in Cinders. O if equal power  
 Thou wouldst enflame, amidst my *Phereus* as then;  
 I could encounter with these hundred men  
 Thy onely selfe (great Goddesse) had to friend  
 In those brave ardors thou wert wont to extend.

I will be strongly with thee, (saide *Pallas*)  
 Nor must thou faile, but do thy part with me.  
 VVhen both whole pow'rs combine, I hope the blood  
 And braines of some of these that waste thy bloods  
 Shall strew thy goodly *Ilacian*. To me be then  
 I first will render thee vnkowne to men  
 And on thy solid *Ilacian*, make thy  
 Thy now smooth skin. Thy bright beuon comes apply  
 In hoary matings: thy broad shoulders cloath





# THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGVMENT.

*Vlyſſes ſeeks out the Field  
His Swaine Eumæus who hath yield  
Kinde Comforts to him; and relate  
Occurrences of his wrong & estate.*

## Another.

*Vlyſſes father,  
for his ſonne Gongs  
His pious Sifters  
ſaith vnder ſhadow*



*\* uxoribus;  
materie item;  
qui rebus  
Mundanis  
deditus eſt.*

Where the ſwaine Eumæus ſeeke the Port,  
Through which he had him ſelfe ſeeking the reſort  
Where he had ſeene the ſwaine Eumæus ſayd:  
Who, of the ſwaine Eumæus ſaith archaen'd  
By God-like ſwaine, who had rights;  
Had more true care, than his Proſylites.  
He found him ſitting in his Cottage doore;  
VVhere he had rail'd to eury ayy Bloue,

A Front of great height; and in ſuch a place,  
That round ye might behold: of circular grace  
A walke ſo wound about it: which the Swain  
(In abſence of his farre-gone Soueraigne)  
Had built himſelfe, without his Queenes ſupply,  
Or old *Laertes*; to ſee ſafely lye  
His houſed herd. The inner part, he wrought  
Of ſtones, that thither his owne labors brought;  
Which with an hedge of Thorn he ſenc't about,  
And compaſt all the hedge, with pales cleſt out  
Of ſtable Oake; that here and there he fixt  
Frequent and thicke. VVithin his yard, he mixt  
Twelve Sties to lodge his Heard; and eury Sry  
Had roome and uſe, for fifty Swine to lye.  
But thoſe were females all. The male Swine ſlept  
VVithout doores euer. Nor was their Herd kept

*Faint*

Faire like the Females, ſince they ſuffer'd ſtill  
Great diminution: he being forc't to kill  
And ſend the fatteſt to the dainty Feaſts;  
Affected by th' vngodly wooing gueſts.  
Their number therefore, but three hundred were;  
And ſixty: By them, Maſtines as ſuſtrent  
As ſavage beaſts, lay euer. Their fierce ſtraime  
Bred by the Herdſman & a meere Prince of Men:  
Their number, foure. Himſelfe was then appli'de  
In cutting forth a faire-hew'd Oxes hide,  
To ſit his ſeete with ſhoes. His ſeruaſts held  
Guard of his Swine. Three, here and there, at field;  
The fourth, he ſent to City with a Sow,  
VVhich muſt of force be offer'd to the Vow;  
The VVooowers made to all ſacrificy:  
To ſerue which, ſtill they did thoſe Offerings ply.  
The Fate-borne-Dogs-to-Barke, tooke ſodaine view  
Of *Odyſſeus*; and vpon him flew  
VVith open mouth. He (cunning, to appall  
A fierce Dogs fury) from his hand let fall  
His ſtaffe to earth; and ſat him careleſſe downe.  
And yet to him had one ſoule wrong bene ſhowne  
VVhere moſt his Right lay; had not inſtantly  
The Herdſman let his hide fall; and his cry  
(VVith frequent ſtones, ſlung at the Dogges) repeld  
This way, and that, their eager courſe they held:  
VVhen through the entry paſt, he thus did mourne.  
O Father! How ſoone, had you bene bene torne  
By theſe rude Dogges? whole harts had branded me  
VVith much neglect of you? But Deity  
Hath giuen to many other ſighes; and cares  
To my attendant ſtate: that well vnderſtands  
You might be hurt for me; for heere I lie  
Grieving and mourning for the Maieſties  
That God-like wonted to be ruling here;  
Since now, I ſat his Swine, for others cheere:  
VVhere he, perhaps, er's hungry vp and downe;  
In Countries, Nations, Cities, all vnkowne.  
If any where he liues yet; and doth ſee  
The Sunnes ſweet beames. But (Father) follow mee;  
That (cheer'd with wine and foode) you may diſcloſe  
From whence you truly are; and all the woes  
Your age is ſubiect to. This ſaid, he led  
Into his Cottage; and of Officers, ſpread  
A thicken'd hards; on whole top, he ſhrow'd  
A wilde Goats ſhaggy ſkin; and then beſtow'd  
His owne Couch on it, that was ſoft and great.  
VVhiſper'd, to ſee him ſo entreat

*\* uxoribus  
Ad lacerandi  
furo quodam  
Natus.*

*Exumæus in  
ſua.*

His vncouth Prefence; saying, *Ione* requise,  
And all th'immortall Gods, with that delight  
Thou most desir'st, thy kinde receite of mine;  
O Friend, to humane Hospitality.

*Eumæus* answer'd: Guest? If *Ione* much worke  
Arriu'd here then thy selfe; it were a *carle*  
To my poore meanes, to let a Stranger *cast*  
Contempt, for fit food. Poore men, and vnplac'd  
In free seats of their owne; are all from *Ione*  
Commended to our entertaining Loue.  
But poore is th'entertainment I can giue;  
Yet free, and louing. Of such men as live  
The liues of seruants, and are still in feare  
Where yong Lords gouerne; this is all the *chare*  
They can afford a Stranger. There was One  
That vñe to manage, this now desart Throne:  
To whom the Gods deny retournes that shou'd  
His curious fauour to me, and bestow'd  
Possessions on me: A most wished wife,  
A house, and portion; and a Seruants life,  
Fit for the gift a gracious King should giue:  
VVho still rooke pains himselfe, & God made *thrice*  
His personall endeouour: and to me,  
His worke the more increast; in which you see  
I now am conuerfant. And therefore much  
His hand had help't me, had heaueas will *beene* such,  
He might haue heere growne old. But he is gone,  
And would to God the whole succession  
Of *Hellen* might go with him; since for her  
So many men di'de: whose Fate did *constit*  
My Lige to *Troy*, in *Agamemnon* grace;  
To spoile her People, and her *Tuxens* meet.

This said, his coate to him, he freight did giue;  
And to his Sties went, that contain'd his Herd.  
From whence, he tooke out two, *slaw* both, and eue  
Both failely vp. A fire enflam'd, and pen  
To spit the ioynts; which roasted well, he set  
VVith spit and all to him, that he might eat  
From thence his food, in all the finding heat.  
Yet dreg'd it first with Flowre: Then in this Cup  
VVith good sweet wine; Sate then, & heard him vp.  
Eate now (my guest) such leape Swine, as are *meane*  
For vs poore Swaines: The fat, the woocers eate.  
In whose minds, no shame, no remorse doth moue;  
Though well they know, the blest Gods doe not loue  
Vngodly actions; but respect the right,  
And in the workes of pious men, delight.  
But these are worke then impious; for those

That

That vow t'iniustice, and professe them foes  
To other Nations, enter on their Land;  
And *Iupiter* (to shew his punishing hand  
Vpon th'invaded, for their pennance then)  
Gives fauour to their foes (though wicked men)  
To make their prey on them; who, hauing freght  
Their ships with spoile enough, weigh anchor freight  
And each man to his house; (and yet even these,  
Doth powrefull feare, of Gods with vengeance seize  
Euen for that prize, in which they so reioyce)  
But these men, knowing (hauing heard the voyce  
Of God, by some meanes) that sad Death hath rest  
The Ruler heere; will neuer suffer lest  
Their vniust wooing of his wife, nor take  
Her often answere: and their owne Roofes make  
Their fit retreats: But (since vñebeck't, they may)  
They therefore wil, make still his goods their pray,  
Without all spare, or end. There is no day,  
Nor night sent out from God, that euer they  
Prophane with one beafts blood, or onely two,  
But more make spoile of: and the wrongs they do  
In meates excess; to Wine well extend;  
VVhich as excessiue, their ryots spend:  
Yet still leaue store: For sure his meates were great;  
And no *there*, that hath choicest feate  
Vpon the fruitfull neighbour *Continere*;  
Or in this Ile it selfe, so *quaint*  
Was, as *Vlysses*: No, nor twenty *hath*  
Put altogether, did possesse so much.

VVhole Herds and Flocks he sell to eury Head:  
Vpon the Continent, he daily fed  
Twelue Herds of Oxen; No lesse, Flocks of Sheepe;  
As many Herds of Swine. Stals, large and sleepe,  
And equall sort of Goats: which *Tenants* there,  
And his owne Shepheids kept. Then fed he here,  
Eleuen faire stales of Goats; whose food hath yeild  
In the extreme part of a neighbor Field.  
Each Stall, his Herdsman hath: An honest Swaine,  
Yet eury one, must eury day sustaine  
The load of one Beast, (the most fat, and best  
Of all the Stall-fed) to the *VVoers* Feast.  
And I (for my part) of the Swine I keepe  
(VVith foure more Herdsman) eury day, help sleep  
The *VVoers* appetites, in blood of one,  
The most select, our choise can fall vpon.

To this; *Vlysses* gaue good care, and fed;  
And drunke his wine; and vext; and ransied  
His food for meere vexation. Seeds of ill

Vlysses well.

Vlysses I must  
against the wo-  
ers, with names  
of their paye.

His

His Stomacke fow'd, to heare his goods go fill  
To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,  
And Stomacke fed to satisfaction:  
He drunke a full Bowle, all of onely wine,  
And gaue it to the Guardian of his Swine:  
Who tooke it, and reioyc't. To whom he said;  
O Friend, who is it that (so rich) hath paid  
Price for thy seruice? Whole commended pow'r,  
Thou sayst (to grace the *Gracian* Conquerour)  
At *thou* perisht? Tell me; it may fall  
I knew some such. The great God knowes, and all  
The other deathlesse Godheads: if I can  
(Farre hauing trauail'd) tell of such a man.

*Eumæus* answer'd: Father, neuer one  
Of all the Strangers that haue touch't vpon  
This Coast with his lifes Newes, could euer yet  
Of Queene, or lou'd sonne, any credit get.  
These Trauailers for cloathes, or for a meale;  
At all aduentures, any lye will tell.  
Nor do they trade for truth: not any man  
That saw the people *Ithacensian*,  
Of all their fort; and had the Queenes supplies,  
Did euer tell her any newes, but lies.  
She graciously receiues them yet; enquires  
Of all she can: and all, in teares expires.  
It is th' accustomed Law, that women keepe,  
Their husbands, elsewhere dead, at home to weepe.  
But do thou, quickly Father, forge a Tale;  
Some Coat, or cloake, to keepe thee warme withall,  
Perhaps some one may yeeld thee: But for him,  
Vultures and Dogges, haue come from every lim  
His porous skin; and forth his soule is fled:  
His coarfe at Sea, to Fishes forfeited:  
Or on the Shore, lies hid in heapes of sand;  
And there hath he his ebbe: his Natiue Strand  
With friends teares flowing. But to me, past all  
VVere teares created: For I neuer shall  
Finde so humane a royall Mayster more;  
VVhat euer Sea, I seeke; what euer Shore:  
Nay, to my Father, or my Mothers loue  
Should I returne; by whom, I breath and moue;  
Could I so much ioy offer; nor these eyes  
(Though my desires sustaine extremities  
For their sad absence) would so faime be blest  
VVith sight of their liues, in my natiue Nest,  
As with *Ulysses* dead: in whole last rest,  
(O friend) my soule shall loue him. Hee's not here,  
Nor do I name him like a Flatterer.

But as one thankfull for his Love and ease  
To me a poore man; in the rich *Spartan*;  
And be he past all shores, where *Sun* can shine,  
I will inuoke him as a foule divine.

O Friend (sayd he) *Ulysses*, and his before  
He cannot lye, doth too much like to give  
To incredulity. For (not to speake  
At needy randon; but my breath to breake  
In sacred Oath) *Ulysses* shall requite  
And when his sight recomforts those that misseure;  
In his owne roofes; then gaue me shoale, and coze,  
And garments worthy of a man of note.  
Before which, though neede wou'd not stand so,  
He not receiue a thred, but naked go.  
No lesse I hate him then the games of hell;  
That poorenesse can force, and make to tell.  
Let *some* then (heavens chiefe) *Gods* just wines beare;  
And this thy hospitall Table heere;  
Together with vnblamd *Ulysses* house;  
In which I finde receipt for my diseases;  
VVhat I affirm'd of him shall all be true.  
This instant yeare, if mine eyes euen home shall view  
Thy Lord *Ulysses*. Nay, ere this *Ulysses* had  
(Return'd full home) he shall amonge descend  
To eury one, whose euer deede hath done  
VVrong to his wife, and his illustrious Soune.

O Father (he replied) I'll neither give  
Thy newes reward; nor doth *Ulysses* like  
But come; enough of this; let which hand time;  
And neuer more his memory expence.  
It greenes my heart to be remembered thus  
By any one, of one so glorious.  
But stand your oath, in your assertion strong,  
And let *Ulysses* come, for whom I long;  
For whom his wife; for whom his aged Sire;  
For whom his Son, confounds his *God* the fire;  
VVhose chance I now trust *some*, and euer shall  
VVhom when the Gods had thought to be as tall  
As any vpriight plant; and I had made  
He would amongst a Course of men haue swaie  
In counsailes; and for forme, haue bene admird  
Euen with his Father: some *God* misdeerd;  
Or man tooke from him; his quite equall minde;  
And past him for the *Pylos* Shore, to finde  
His long-lost Father. In returne from whence,  
The Wooers pride, way-lays his innocence;  
That, of diuine *Atrides*, all the race  
May lye to *these*, and not the grace



Of any Name, left to it. But leave me  
His state, however: if surpris'd he be,  
Or if he scape. And may'st thou hand  
Protect him safely to his native Land.  
Do you then (Father) shew your grief, and chide  
Of your arrivall heere; nor break the Lines  
That Truth prescribes you: but relate your name,  
And of what race you are: your Fathers name,  
And native Cities: Ship and men vnfold,  
That to this Isle conuaid you: since I hold  
Your heere arrivall, was not all by thore;  
Nor that your feete, your aged person bore.  
He answer'd him; Ile tell all strictly true,  
If time, and food, and wine enough acree  
Within your rooffe to vs: that freely we  
May sit and banquet: Let your business be  
Discharg'd by others. For, when all is done,  
I can not easly, while the yeare doth runne  
His circle round, run ouer all the woes,  
Beneath which (by the course the Gods dispose)  
My sad age labours. First, Ile tell you this;  
From ample Crete I fetch my Native strain;  
My Father wealthy: whose house, many a life  
Brought forth and bred besides, by his true wife.  
But me, a Bond-maid bore, his Concubine:  
Yet tender'd was I, as his lawfull line  
By him; of whole race, I my life profes.  
Castor, his name; surname'd *Ephorides*.  
A man, in fore-times, by the *Cretean* State,  
For goods, good children, and his fortunate  
Successe in all acts; of no meane esteem.  
But death-conferring Fates, haue banisht him  
To *Plato's* kingdom. After whom, his sonne  
By Lots diuided his possessions;  
And gaue me passing little, yet heere I dwell  
A house on me: to which, my wretched woe  
A wife from rich mens toyes; nor was borne low,  
Nor last in fight, though all *Nerues* faile me now.  
But I suppose, that you by thus much know,  
Know by the stubble, what the *Come* hath bene.  
For, past all doubt; affliction past all meane  
Hath brought my age on: but, in seasons past,  
Both *Mars* and *Pallas*, haue with boldnesse grac'd;  
And Fortitude my fortunes; when I chose  
Chioise men for ambush, preside haue produc'd  
Ill to mine enemies; my too venous spirit  
Set neuer death before mine eyes, for aerie  
But (farre the first aduanc't hill) still I stood

Dead

Dead with my Lance, whoever overtook  
My speed of foot. Such was I then far wane.  
But rusticke actions, euer fled the faire,  
And household thrift, which breeds a Nations race.  
In Ore-driven Ships, did I my pleasures place:  
In Battails, light Darts; Arrows, and things all,  
And into others thoughts, with honor fall.

But what God purp'nto my mind, no wit  
I still esteem'd as my felicity.

As men, of severall Metalls are address'd;  
So, severall formes are in their Limes impress'd.

Before the fennes of *Crete*, sit foot in *Phry*,  
Nine times, in Chief, I did Command thioy  
Of Men and Ships, against our foreign foe;  
And all I did with t' *Assisted* fo.

Yet, after this, I much exulted in th' d;

VVhen straight, my house in all possessions thine d;

Yet after that, I grew, and Rensend grew  
Amongst the *Creteans*: till the *Thracians* drew  
Our Forces out, in his foe *Phry* decrees.

A hatefull service, that dispos'd the Limes

Of many a Soldier. And to this was I

And famous *Idemene*, enjoy'd of *Phry*

Our Ships and pow'rs. Nor was this to be found

One reason for deniall; to prefer

W as the vnreasonable peoples minde.

Nine yeares we therefore fed the martiall humor;

And in the tenth (de-peopling *Phry* To this)

We sail'd for home. But God that quells the blowne

Our Fleete in peeces; and in *Phry* had us

The Counsaillor *Ant*, did much with us decree.

For, onely one month, I had *Phry* employ.

My wife, and children; and my goodly employ.

But, after this, my minde the *Phry* employ.

When nine faire ships, I rig'd forth for the *Phry*;

Mann'd them with noble *Phry*ers: all things for

For such a voyage, soone were we to go.

Yet fixe dayes after, I had my friends in *Phry*;

VVhile I, in banquets to the Gods, add'd

Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.

The seauenth, we boarded; and the *North*ents shies

Lent vs a franke and passing prosperous gale,

Fore which, we bore as free and easie sail.

As we had back't a full and frolicke sail;

Nor felt one Ship misfortune for her pride;

But safe we fat, our Sailors still the while

Confenting in our conuoy. VVhen *Phry*ers shide

In sacred radiance of the fit faire day:

ready v

To

To sweet water d *Egypt* reach'd, *sooty* *sway*,  
 And there we anchor'd: where I chang'd my men  
 To stay aboard, and watch. Dismitt'ing then  
 Some scouts, to get the hill-top, and discover  
 They (to their own intemperance given over)  
 Straight fell to forrage the rich fields; and thence  
 Enforce both wines and infants; with expence  
 Of both their bloods. When straight the rumor flew  
 Vp to the City: (which heard) vp they drew  
 By daies first broke; and all the field was fill'd  
 VVith foot & horse, whose *Ayres* did all things gild.  
 And then the Lightning-loung *Drivy* cast  
 A foule flight on my soldiers; nor flood fall'd  
 One man, of all. About whom *Milchiefe* flood  
 And with his stern Steele, drew in frames the blood,  
 The greater part led in their discolur'd vaines;  
 The rest were sau'd, and made call'd *Swaines*,  
 To all the basest v'fages there bred.  
 And then, euen *Ione* himselfe supply'd my head;  
 VVith sauing counsaile; (though I wold dye,  
 And there in *Egypt*, with their laughter my)  
 So much griefe (seiz'd me) but *Ione* made me yield;  
 Disheime my head, take from my necke, my shield:  
 Hurle from my hand my *Lance*, and to the moor  
 Of horse, the King led, instantly made vp  
 Embrace, and kisse his knees; whom pity was  
 To giue me safery, and (to make me thun)  
 The peoples outrage, that made me thun  
 All ioyntly fir'd, with this to come, *Iane*  
 He took me to his Chariot, weeping home  
 Himselfe with feare of *Ione* wash our come  
 VVho yielding soules receiues, and takes most ill  
 All such as well may saue, yet loue to kill  
 Seuen yeares I foium'd heere, and made me ga  
 In good abundance of the *Egyptian* state;  
 For all would giue. But when eight yeares began  
 A knowing Fellow (that would gnaw a man  
 Like to a Vermine, with his hellish braine  
 And many an honest foule, euen quicke had *Iane*;  
 VVhose name was *Phenix* close accol'd me;  
 And with insinuations, such as he  
 Prais'd on others, my confent he gain'd  
 To go into *Phenicia*, where remain'd  
 His house, and liuing. And with him I liud  
 A compleat yeare. But, when were all arriv'd  
 The months and daies; and that the yeare againe  
 VVas turning round; and every *Leions* raigae  
 Renew'd vpon vs; we for *Lybia* went:

VVhen (still inuening crafts to circumfer)  
 He made pretext, that I should onely go  
 And helpe conuey his freight; but thought not fo:  
 For his intent was, to haue sold me there,  
 And made good gaine, for finding me a yeare.  
 Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this:  
 For, being aboard his Ship, I must be his  
 Of strong Necessity. She ran the flood  
 (Driven with a Northeme gale, right free, and good)  
 Amids the full streame, full on *Cresse*. But then,  
*Ione* plotted death to him, and all his men.  
 For (put off quite from *Cresse*, and so farre gone  
 That Shore was lost; and we set eye on none:  
 But all shew'd heauen and sea) about our Keel  
*Ione* pointed right, a cloud as blacke as hell:  
 Beneath which, all the sea hid; and from whence  
*Ione* thunder'd, as his hand would neuer thence.  
 And thicke into our Ship, he threw his stath:  
 That gainst a Rocke, or Flat her Keel did dash  
 VVith headlong Rapture. Of the shipbure all  
 Her bulke did fauour; and her men let fall  
 Amids the Surges: on which, all lay to  
 Like Sea-gulls, round about her sides, and loft.  
 And so, God tooke, all home returne from them.  
 But *Ione* himselfe (though plung'd in that extrem)  
 Recover'd me, by thrusting on my hand  
 The Ships long Mast. And (that my life might stand  
 A little more vp) I embract it round  
 And on the rude windes, that did mince round,  
 Nine daies we bouer'd. In the tenth blacke night  
 A huge Sea cast me on *Theprotis* height:  
 VVhere the Heroe *Phidias* was chiefe  
 Of all the *Theprotis* sea my bracke reide,  
 VVithout the price of that redemption  
 That *Phenix* fish't for. VVhere the Kings lou'd son  
 Came to me; tooke me by the hand, and led  
 Into his Court; my poore life susten'd  
 VVith cold and labour: and because my track  
 Chanc'd on his Fathers Shore, he let not lack  
 My plight; or coate, or cloake; or any thing  
 Might cherish heat in me. And heere the King,  
 Said, he receiv'd *Vlysses* as his Guest;  
 Observ'd him Friend-like; and his countre address'd  
 Home to his country: shewing there to me  
*Vlysses* goods. A very Treasure  
 Of Brasse, & Gold, & Steele of curious frame.  
 And to the tenth successor of his name  
 He laid vp wealth enough to steepe beside

εὐρυπύρρον  
 qui terram ra-  
 pido motu  
 concutit.

εὐπρόσπρον  
 sine emptione  
 seu redemptione  
 precio.

ἀπὸν ἀσπῆν  
 λιαῖ δόλ,  
 τῆ ληϊνῆ.

In that Kings house; so hugely amplified  
 His treasure was. But from his Court, the King  
 Affirm'd him ship't, for the *Dodonian* Spring:  
 To heare, from out the high-hair'd Oake of *Ioue*,  
 Counsaile from him: for meanes to his remoue  
 To his lou'd country, whence so many a yeare  
 He had bene absent; If he should appeare  
 Disguis'd, or manifest: and further swore  
 In his mid Court, at Sacrifice, before  
 These very eyes; that he had ready there  
 Both Ship and Souldiers, to attend and beare  
 Him to his country. But before, it chanc't  
 That a *Thesproean* Ship, was to be lanch't  
 For the much-corne-renown'd *Dulichian* Land:  
 In which, the King gaue to his men command,  
 To take, and bring me vnder tender hand  
 To King *Acastus*. But, in all designe  
 Of my poore life, did their desires combine;  
 So farre forth, as might euer keepe me vnder  
 In fortunes hands, and reare my state in funder:  
 And when the water-treader, farre away  
 Had left the Land: then plotted they the day  
 Of my long seruitude; and tooke from me  
 Both coate and cloake, and all things that might be  
 Grace in my habit; and in place, put on  
 These tatter'd rags, which now you see vpon  
 My wretched bosom. When heauen's light took *Tea*,  
 They fetcht the Field-workes of faire *Ithaca*:  
 And in the arm'd Ship, with a well-wreath'd cord  
 They straightly bound me, and did all disband  
 To shore to supper, in contentious rout.  
 Yet straight, the Gods themselves tooke from about  
 My prest limbes the bands, with equall ease;  
 And I (my head in rags wrapt) tooke the Seas;  
 Descending by the smooth *Heale*, vnder then  
 My hands for Oares; and made from thence bad men  
 Long way, in little time. At last, I reacht  
 A goodly Groue of Okes, whose Shore I reacht,  
 And cast me prostrate on it. When they knew  
 My thus-made-scape, about the Shores they flew:  
 But (soone not finding) held it not their best  
 To seeke me further; but return'd to rest  
 Aboard their Vessell. Me, the Gods lodg'd close,  
 Conducting me into the safe repose  
 A good mans stable yeilded. And thus, Fare  
 This poore houre added, to my liuing daye.  
 O wretch of Guests (said he) thy Tale hath stir'd  
 My minde to much ruth: both how thou hast err'd

\* At Sunset set.

And suffer'd hearing, in such good parts shewne:  
 But what thy chang'd relation would make knowne  
 About *Vlysses*; I hold neither true,  
 Nor will beleue: and what need it thou pursue  
 A Lye so rashly? Since he sure is so  
 As I conceiue; for which, my skill shall go.  
 The safe returne my King lacks, cannot be;  
 He is so enuid of each *Derry*,  
 So cleere, so cruelly. For not in *Troy*  
 They gaue him end; nor let his Corpe enjoy  
 The hands of Friends (well they might haue done,  
 He manag'd armes to such perfection:  
 And should haue had his Sepulcher, and all,  
 And all the Greekes to graze his Funerall:  
 And this had given a glory to his Son  
 Through all times future.) But his head is run  
 Vnseene, vn-honor'd, into *Harpies* mawes.  
 For my part, Ile not meddle with the cause:  
 I liue a separate life, amongst my Swine;  
 Come at no Towne for any need of mine;  
 Vnlesse the \* circularly witted *Queen*  
 (When any farre-come guest, is to be seene  
 That brings her newes) commands me bring a Brawn;  
 About which (all things being in question) drawne,  
 That touch the King) they sit; and foole are fild  
 For his long absence. Some againe, are glad  
 To waste his goods vnto waste; all talking still.  
 But, as for me, I note the idle will  
 To enquire or question of him: since the man  
 That fain'd himselfe, the first *False*,  
 For slaughtering one, (through many Regions straid)  
 In my Stall (as his due-forry) staid.  
 Where well entreating him, he told me then,  
 Amongst the *Cretans*, with King *Iddoneus*,  
 He saw *Vlysses*; at his Ship repair.  
 That had bene brush't with the entangled aire:  
 And that, in Summer, or in Autumn, sure  
 VVith all his braue friends, and rich furniture,  
 He would be heere: and nothing so, nor so.  
 But thou, an old man, tanght with so much wo  
 As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true,  
 And brought by his fate, do not heere pursue  
 His gratulations, with thy cunning Lies.  
 Thou canst not foake so through my Faculties.  
 For I did neuer, either honor thee  
 Or giue thee loue, to bring thee tales to me.  
 But in my feare of Hospitable *Host*  
 Thou didst to this passe, my affections moue.

You

You stand exceeding much incredulous,  
(Reply'd *Phyfes*) to haue witness thus  
My word, and Oath; yet yeeld no trust at all.  
But make we now a couenant here, and call  
The dreadfull Gods to witness, that take seat  
In large *Olympus*: if your Kings retreat  
Proue made, euen hither; you shall furnish me  
With cloake, and coate, and make my passage free  
For I ord' *Dulichium*. If (as fits my vow)  
Your King returne not; let your seruants throw  
My old limbes headlong, from some rock most hye,  
That other poore men may take feare to lye.

The Herdsman, that had gifts in him diuine,  
Reply'd; O Guest, how shal this Fame of mine  
And honest vertue, amongst men, remaine  
Now, and heereafter, without worthy staine;  
If I, that led thee to my Houell heere,  
And made thee sitting hospitable cheere,  
Should after kill thee; and thy loued minde  
Force from thy bones? Or how should stand inclin'd  
With any Faith, my will t'importune thee  
In any prayer heereafter, for his lone?

Come, now 'tis supper's houre; and instant haile  
My men wil make home: when our sweetest repast  
Wee'll taste together. This discourse they held  
In mutual minde; when from a neighbor field,  
His Swine and Swine-herds came, who in their cootes  
Inclos'd their Herds for sleepe: which, mightie throats  
Laid out in entring. Then, the God-like Swine  
His men enioyn'd thus: Bring me to be slaue  
A chiefe Swine female, for my stranger Guest  
VWhen, altogether we will take our Feast,  
Refreshing now our spirits, that all day take  
Paines in our Swines good: who may therefore make  
For our paines with them all, amends with one;  
Since others eat our Labors, and take none.  
This said; his sharpe Steele hew'd down wood, & they  
A passing fat Swine hal'd out of the Sry,  
Of five years old, which to the fire they put.  
VWhen first, *Ennaus* from the Front did cut  
The sacred haire, and cast it in the fire;  
Then, pray'd to heaven: for still, before desire  
VVas seru'd with food, in their so rude abode,  
Not the poore Swine-herd would forget the Gods.  
Good soules they bore, how bad fouer were  
The habits, that their bodies parts did beare.  
VWhen all, the deathlesse Deities befoight,  
That wife *Phyfes* might be safely brought

Home,

Home, to his house; then with a logge of Oke  
Left lying by (high lifting it) a stroke  
He gaue so deadly, it made life expire.  
Then cut the rest, her throat; and all in fire  
They hid and findg'd her: cut her vp, and then,  
The Maister tooke the office from the men,  
VWho on the Altar did the parts impose  
That seru'd for sacrifice: beginning close  
About the belly, thorough which he went,  
And (all the chiefe fat gathering) gaue it vent  
(Part dreg'd with Flowre) into the sacred flame;  
Then cut they vp the ioynts, and roasted them:  
Drew all from spir, and seru'd in dishes all.  
Then rose *Ennaus*, (who was General  
In skill to guide each act, his fit euent)  
And (all, in seven parts cut) the first part went  
To seruice of the Nymphs, and *Mercury*;  
To whose names, he did Rites of piety  
In vowes particular; and all the rest  
He shar'd to euery one: but his lou'd Guest  
He grac'd with all the Chine; and of that King  
To haue his heart chear'd, set vp euery string,  
VWhich he obseuuing side; I would to Ioue  
(*Ennaus*) thou liu'dst in his worthy loye  
As great as mine; that giu't to such a guest  
As my poore selfe, of all thy goods the best.

*Ennaus* answer'd; Eate, unhappy wretch,  
And to what heere is, at thy pleasure reach.  
This I haue; this thou want'st: thus God will giue,  
Thus take away; in vs, and all that liue.  
To his wil's equall center, all things fall;  
His minde he must haue, for he can do all.

Thus hauing eate, and to his wine descended;  
Before he seru'd his owne third, he commended  
The first vse of it, in fit sacrifice  
(As of his meate) to all the Deities.  
And to the City-racers hand, applide  
The second cup; whose place was next his side:  
*Mesautius* did distribute the meate,  
(To which charge, was *Ennaus* solely set  
In absence of *Phyfes*; by the Queene  
And old *Laertes*) and this man had beene  
Bought by *Ennaus*, with his faculties,  
Employ'd then in the *Taphian* Merchandize.

But now, to food appolde, and order'd thus,  
All fell. Desire suffic'd, *Mesautius*  
Did take away. For bed then next they were,  
All thoroughly satisfied with compleat cheate.

V 3

See it to  
my d'vot, to  
d'vot,  
d'vot, to  
d'vot.

Phyfes.

The

*Zephyrus dard  
spud'get.*

The night then came ill, and no Taper shind:  
*Ione* rain'd her whole date. Th' euer watry wind  
*Zephyrus* blew lowd; and *Laertes*  
(Approuing kinde *Emmaus* carefullnes  
For his whole good) made farre about assay,  
To get some cast-off Cassocke (least he lay  
That rough night cold) of him, or any one  
Of those his seruants: when he thus begun.

Hearc me *Emmaus*, and my other friends;  
He vs'd a speech that to my glory tends:  
Since I haue drunke wine past my visuall guide;  
*Strong Wine commands the Foole, and moues the wife*;  
Moues and impels him too, to sing and dance,  
And breake in pleasant laughers; and (peirchance)  
Preferre a speech too, that were better in.  
But when my spirits, once to speake begin,  
I shall not then dissemble. Would to heauen,  
I were as yong, and had my forces driuen  
As close together, as when once our powres  
VVe led to ambush, vnder th' *Ilion* Towres:  
VWhere *Ithacus*, and *Menelaus* were  
The two Commanders; when it pleas'd them there  
To take my selfe for third; when to the Towne  
And lofty wals we led, we couch't close downe  
All arm'd, amidst the Officers, and the Reeds,  
Which oftentimes th' ore-flowing Riuier feeds.  
The cold night came; and th' icy Northerne gale  
Blew bleake vpon vs: after which, did fall  
A snow so cold, it cut, as in it beate  
A frozen water; which was all concrete  
About our Shields like Cristall. All made faine  
(Aboue our armes) to cloathe, and cloathe againe.  
And so we made good shift (our shields beside  
Clapt close vpon our cloathes) to rest and hide  
From all discouery. But I (poore foole)  
Left my weeds with my men, because so coole  
I thought it could not proue: which thought, my pride  
A little strengthen'd; being loth to hide  
A goodly glittering garment I had on.  
And so I follow'd with my shield alone,  
And that braue weed. But when the night nere ended  
Her course on earth, and that the starres descended,  
I loo'd *Vlysses* (who lay passing neare)  
And spake to him, that had a nimble eare;  
Assuring him, that long I could not lye  
Amongst the liuing; for the seruencie  
Of that sharpe night would kill me; since as then,  
My euill Angell, made me with my men

Leaue all weeds, but a sine one. But I know  
'Tis vaine to talke; here wants all remedy now.

This said; he bore that vnderstanding part  
In his prompt spirit, that still shew'd his Art  
In Fight and counsell; saying (in a word,  
And that low whisper'd) Peace, least you afford  
Some Greeke, note of your softnes. No word more;  
But made as if his sternc austerity, bore  
My plight no pittie. Yet (as still he lay  
His head reposing on his hand) gaue way  
To this inuention; Hearc me friends, a Dreame  
(That was of some celestiall light a bearme)  
Stood in my sleepe before me: prompting me  
VWith this fit notice: we are faine (saide he)  
From out our Fleet. Let goe go then, and try  
If *Agamemnon* wil afford supply  
To what we now are strong. This stur'd a speed  
In *Theas* to th' affaire. Whose people weede  
He left for fast. Which then I tooke, and lay  
In quiet after, til the dawne of day.

This shift *Vlysses* made for one in neede;  
And would to heauen, that youth such spirit did feed  
Now in my Nerues; and that my ioynts were leane,  
VWith such a strength, as made me then held fit  
To leade men with *Vlysses*. I should then  
Seeme worth a weed, that fit's a herdsman's men:  
For two respects, to gaine a thankfull frend;  
And to a good mans neede, a good extend.

O Father (saide *Emmaus*) thou hast giuene  
Good cause for vs, to giue thee good returns;  
Not vsing any word, that was not fit  
From all least ill. Thou therefore, O Father, bid  
Or coate, or other thing, that suiteth best  
Beseeke a wretched suppliant, for the sake  
Of this nights neede. But when her golden starres  
The Morne ascends, you must resume your coate;  
For, heere you must not dreame of many weeds,  
Or any change at all. VVe serue our needs,  
As you do yours: One backe, one coate. But when  
*Vlysses* loued sonne returns, he then  
Shal giue you coate and cassocke; and bestow  
Your person where, your heart and soule is now.

This said, he rest made nere the fire his bed,  
VWhich all with Goats and Sheep-skins, he bespred.  
All which, *Vlysses* with himselfe did line.  
VWith whom, besides, he chang'd a gabberdine,  
Thicke lin'd, and soft; which stil he made his shift,  
VWhen he would dresse him gainst the horrid drift

Of Tempest; when deepe winters season blowes.  
 Nor please it him to lye there with his Soves,  
 But while *Vlysses* slept there: and close by  
 The other yonkers, he abroad would ly,  
 And therefore arm'd him. VVhich set cheerefull fare  
 Before *Vlysses* heart; to see such care  
 Of his goods taken; how farre off soeuer  
 His fate, his person, and his wealth should seuer.  
 First then; a sharpe edg'd sword, he girt about  
 His well-spread shoulders; and (to shelter out  
 The sharpe VVest wind that blew) he put him on  
 A thick-lin'd lacket; and yet cast vpon  
 All that, the large hide of a Goat, well fed.  
 A Lance then tooke he, with a keene Steele head,  
 To be his keepe-off, both gainst Men and Dogges:  
 And thus went he to rest, with his male Hogges,  
 That still abroad lay, vnderneath a Rocke:  
 Shield to the North-winds euer eager shooke.

*The End of the Fourteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odysseys.*



## THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**M**INERUS, to his Native state  
*Etiboris Vlysses* former retreat,  
 In Bed, and waking, *Elivocion*  
 Gifts of *Atides*; and *Polixenus*  
 The Spartan Court. And getting aboard  
 Deth favourable way afford  
 To *Theoclymenus*, shewes  
 The Argive *Argos*, and feight passe;  
 Fleed for a slaughter he had done.  
*Eumenis* tells *Laertes* son,  
 How he became his Father *Man*;  
 Being sold by the *Phoenicians*  
 For some agreed on *Troas* bid;  
 From forth the Syrian *Isle*, made prize.  
*Telemachus* arriv'd at home,  
 Deth to *Eumenis* *Chrysis* came.

### Another.

{ From *Spectator* *of* *the* *World* }  
 { *and* *the* *World* }  
 { To his own Land }  
 { *Vlysses* }.



**T**H *Laertes*, large, and apt for dances;  
*Atides* *Pallas*, her access advances  
 Vp to the great in soule, *Vlysses* feed,  
 Suggesting his relative; now fit for deed.  
 She found both him, and *Negros* noble son  
 In bed; in front of that faire Mansion:  
 He *swills* *surpriz'd* with pleasing sleepe.  
 But, on the watch *Vlysses* sonne did keepe,

Sleepe could not enter: cares did so excite  
 His soule, through all the solitary night,  
 For his lov'd Father. To him (nature) the said:  
*Telemachus*! 'Tis time that now were staid  
 Thy forreigne usuall; since thy goods are free  
 For those proud men, that all will eate from thee:  
 Divide thy whole possessions, and leave  
 Thy too-late present nothing to receive.

*εὐρυχορὸν*  
*Ἄνδρα*  
 In qua ampli  
 vi pulchri cho  
 ri duci possit,  
 vel ducuntur:  
 which the vul  
 gar translation  
 turns therefore,  
 large, for am  
 plum.

Incite the shrill-voic't *Menelaus* then,  
 To send thee to thy Native fear agen;  
 While thou stay'st yett finde in her honor strong  
 Thy blamelesse Mother; gainst thy Father's wrong.  
 For both the Father, and the Brothers too  
 Of thy lou'd Mother, will not suffer so  
 Extended any more, her widowers bed;  
 But make her now, her richest wooer wed,  
*Eurymachus*: whis chiefly may augment  
 Her gifts, and make her ioynture eminent.  
 And therefore hast thee, least in thy despiht,  
 Thy house stand empty of thy Native right.  
 For well thou know'st what mind a woman beares,  
 The house of him, who euer she endears.  
 Her selfe in Nuptials to: the fees encrease,  
 The yssue of her first lou'd Lord decaies,  
 Forgotten quite, and neuer thought on more.  
 In thy returne then, the re-counted store  
 Thou find'st refer'd; to thy most trusted Maid  
 Commit in guard, till heauens pow'r, in haue purpaid  
 A wife in vertue, and in beauties grace  
 Of fit fort for thee, to supply her place.  
 And this note more Ile giue thee; which repose  
 In sure remembrance: The best sort of those,  
 That woo thy Mother, watchfull scours addresse,  
 Both in the streights of th' *Itacensis* Seas,  
 And dusty *Samos*; with intent t'inuade  
 And take thy life, ere thy returne be made.  
 VVhich yett, I thinke will faile: and some of them  
 That waste thy fortunes, taste of that extreame  
 They plot for thee. But keepe off farr from shore,  
 And day and night faile: for, a fore-right blowe  
 VVho euer of th' Immortals, that vow guard  
 And scape to thy returne, will see prepar'd.  
 As soone as thou arriv'st, dismiss to Towne  
 Thy Ship and Men: and first of all, make downe  
 To him that keeps thy Swine, and doth concaine  
 A tender care to see thee well furuiue.  
 There sleepe; and send him to the Towne, to sell  
 The chaff *Penelope*, that safe and well  
 Thou lin'st in his charge; and that *Pylus* lands  
 The place contain'd, from whence thy person Lands.  
 Thus she, so large *Olympus*, made ascent.  
 VVhen, with his heele, a little touch he lent  
 To *Neherion*; whose sleepees sweet chain's he loosed,  
 Bad rise, and see in Chariot inclosed  
 Their one-hou'd horse; y they might frair bee gone.  
 No such haste (he replied) night holds her throne,

And dims all way, to course of Chariot.  
 The Morn' will soone get vp. Nor see forgot  
 The gifts with hast, that will, I know, be rich;  
 And put into our Coach with gaudious speech,  
 By *Lance* sam'd *Menelaus*: Nor a Guest  
 Shall touch at his house, but shall more his breast  
 With fit mind of an hospitable man,  
 To last as long as any daylight can  
 His eyes re-comfort; in such gifts as he  
 Will proofes make of his hearty royalty.  
 He had no sooner said; but vp arose  
*Ambro*, that the Golden helix repose  
 And *Menelaus* (good at martiall cries)  
 From *Helens* bed raise'd, to his Guest applies  
 His first apparance. VVhose repairs made knowne  
 T' *Ulysses* lou'd sonne; that his robe was unroune  
 About his gracious body: his cleare cast  
 Ashward his ample shoulders; and his last  
 Abroad he went; and did the King attire.

*Atrides*, guarded with heauens deities  
 Grant now remission to thy Native right.

My minde now vying mine owne house's sight  
 Nor will I stay (saide he) thy perils fight  
 Since thy desires to go, are growne so strong.  
 I should thy selfe be angry to forgo  
 The like detention, vnder yoke so long.  
 Who loues a guest past *Meane*, past *Meane* will haue  
 The *Meane* in all ails, beares the best of it.  
 A like ill 'tis, to threaten such as goe  
 As would not go; as to detain the free.  
 VVe should a guest lone, while he looes to stay  
 And when he like's to goe, how many way  
 Yett suffer so, that we may let him goe  
 In Coach to thee. VVhich ere our hands can doe  
 Thine eies shall see; lest else our house may grieve  
 Besides, Ile cause our women to prepare  
 VVhat our house yeelds; and is ready to make fire  
 As may suffice for health: Both, we will do;  
 Both for our honor, and our patient foe.  
 And seruing strength with food, you after may  
 As much earth measure as wil match the day.  
 If you will turne your double from sea, and go  
 Through *Greece* and *Argos* (that my selfe may so  
 Keepe kinde way with thee) Ile fynde horse, & guide  
 T' our humane Cities. Nor vngratide  
 VVill any one remit vs: some one thing  
 VVill each present vs, that along may bring  
 Our passe with lone, and proue our vertues blaz'd.

*Telemaclus* to  
*Menelaus*.

*Menelaus* answers

A Caldron or a Tripod, richly braz'd.  
Two Mules; a bowle of Gold, that hath his price  
Heightn'd with Emblemes of some rare deuce.

*calceus,  
poculum em-  
blematis, &  
calceatus or-  
natum.*

The wife Prince answer'd: I would gladly go  
Home, to mine owne; and see that govern'd so  
That I may keepe, what I for certain hold.  
Not hazard that, for onely hope of Gold:  
I left behind me, none, so all wayes fit  
To give it guard; as mine owne trust with it.  
Besides, in this broad course which you propose,  
My Father seeking, I my selfe may lose.

VVhen this, the shrill-voic'd *Meneleus* heard,  
He charg'd his Queene and Maids, to see prepar'd  
Breakfast of what the whole house held for best.  
To him, rose *Eteonau* from his rest;  
VVhose dwelling was not farre off from the Court;  
And his attendance, his command did sort,  
VVith kindling fires, and furnishing all the roste,  
In act of whose charge heard, no time he lost.

Himselfe then, to an odorous *incense* descend,  
VVhom *Megapenthe*, and his Queene attended.  
Come to his treasury; a treasure of Cup,  
He chulde of all, and made his Sonne beare vp  
A Silver bowle. The Queene then taking stand  
Aside her Chift, where (by her owne fauce hand  
Lay Vests, of all hues wrought) She took out one  
Most large, most Artfull: chiefly faire and thicke,  
Like to a Star; and lay of al, the last.

Then through the house, with cithers gilt they pass,  
VVhen to *Phylas* sonne, *Atrides* said:

*Meneleus to  
Telemachus.*

*Telemachus*: since so exactly said  
Thy thoughts are, with thy vow I return now render'd  
May *Jano's* thundering husband, see I render'd  
Perfect at all parts; action answering thought  
Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought  
I give thee heere, the most in grace and best.  
A Bowle, but Silvers yet the beame connect  
VVith Gold; whose fabrick his desert doth bring  
From *Peleus* hand. Presented by the King  
And great *Herse* of *Sydonia's* State  
VVhen at our parting he did conflate  
His whole house keeping. This do thou command.

This said, he put the round Bowle in his hand  
And then, his strong son *Megapenthe* plac'd  
The Silver cup before him; amply grac'd  
VVith worke, and luster. *Hellen* (standing by,  
And in her hand, the Robe, her busby)  
His name remembering, said: And I present

(Lo! d'sonne) this gift to thee; the Monument  
Of the so-many-lou'd *Hellen's* hands:  
VVhich, at the knitting of thy Nuptial bands  
Present thy wife. In meane space, may it ly  
By thy lou'd Mother; but to me apply  
Thy pleasure in it. And thus, take thy way  
To thy faire house, and Countries wish'd stay.  
Thus gaue she to his hands, the veile; and he,  
The acceptation author'd joyfully.  
Which in the Chariots Chift, *Phylas* at  
Plac't with the rest, and held miraculous.

The yellow-headed King then, led them all,  
To seates and Thrones plac't, in his spacious Hall.  
The Hand-maid, water brought, and gaue it fiteam  
From out a faire and golden Ewre to them.  
From whose hands, to a silver Caldron, fled  
The troubl'd waue. A bright boord then the spread:  
On which, another reuerend Dame set bread:  
To which, more seruants, store of victuals seru'd.

*Eteonau* was the man that keru'd;  
And *Megapenthe* fill'd them all their wine.  
All fed, and drank; till all felt care decline  
For those refreshings. Both the Guests did go  
To horse, and coach; and forth the *Parish*  
A little issu'd: When the yellow King  
Brought wine himselfe: that, with an Offering  
To all the Gods, they might their iourney take.  
He stood before the Gods; and thus he spake.

Farewell yong Princes: to graue *Nestors* care  
This salutation from my gratitude beare:  
That I professe in all our *Ilium* wars  
He stood, a carefull Father to my cares.

To him the wife *Phylas*, replied:  
VVith all our utmost shall be signified  
(Ioue-kept *Atrides*) your right royall will:  
Aud would to God, I could as well fulfill  
Mine owne mindes gratitude, for your free grace;  
In telling to *Phylas*, in the place  
Of my returne; in what accomplish't kind  
I haue obtain'd the office of a friend  
At your desertings: whose faire had you crown'd  
VVith gifts so many; and of such renowne.

His wish, that he might finde in his retreat  
His Father safe return'd (to so repeat  
The Kings loue to him) was saluted thus;  
An Eagle rose; and in her Seres did trusse  
A Goose, all white, & huge: A household one,  
VVhich, men and women (crying out upon)



Pursu'd : but she (being neere the guests) her flight  
Made on their right hand ; and kept still fore-right  
Before their horses which obseru'd by them,  
The spirits in all their winds tooke ioyes extream ;  
VVhich *Nestors* son thus question'd : *Ioue*-kept King,  
Yield your graue thoughts, if this ostentfull thing  
(This Eagle, and this Goose) touch vs, or you ?  
He put to study, and not knowing how  
To giue fit answer, *Hellen*ooke on her  
Th'ostents solution, and did this prefer.

*Nestors son to  
Menelaus  
His Iroue d  
question conti-  
na, ng still Ho-  
mers Ch. 11. offer  
of auenturs,*

*Hellen disfolkes  
the O'ient,*

Heare me, and I will play the Prophets part,  
As the immortals cast it in my heart ;  
And (as I thinke) will make the true sence knowne:  
As this *Ioues* Bird, from our the Mountaines flowne  
(VVhere was her Arie; and whence rose her race)  
Trust vp this Goose, that from the house did grafe;  
So shall *Phyfes* (coming from the wilde  
Of Seas and sufferings) reach, vnreconcild  
His Native home: where euen this houre he is:  
And on thofe house-fed woo'rs, those wrongs of his,  
VVill shortly wreake, with all their miseries.

*Telem. to He Len*

O (said *Telemachus*) if *Saturnian Ioue*,  
To my desires, thy deare preface approue;  
VVhen I arrive, I will performe to thee  
My daily vowes, as to a Deity.

This said, he v'ide his scourge vpon the horse,  
That through the City freely made their course  
To Field; and all day, made that fast speed, good.  
But when the Sun-set, and *Obseueres* flood  
In each mans way; they ended their access  
At *Pheras*, in the house of *Dioetes*,  
Sonne to *Orslochnus*, *Alpheus* feede;  
VVho gaue them guest-rites: and sleeps naturall need  
They that night seru'd there. VVhen *Aurora* rose,  
They ioynd their horse:ooke coach, and did dispose  
Their course for *Pylus*; whose high City soon  
They reach't. Nor would *Telemachus* be wooon  
To *Nestors* house: and therefore order'd thus  
His speech to *Nestors* son, *Pisistratus*;

*Telem. to Pisistr.*

How shall I win thy promise to a grace  
That I must aske of thee? we both embrace  
The names of Bed-fellows; and in that name  
VVill glory as an Adiunct of our fame:  
Our Fathers friendship: our owne equall ages;  
And our ioynt trauaile, may the more engage  
Our mutuall concord. Do not then assay  
(My God-lou'd friend) to leade me from my way,  
To my neere Ship; but take a course direct

And

And leaue me there; least thy old *Sires* respect  
(In his \*desire to loue me) hinder so  
My way for home, that haue such need to go.

*Hymene, or  
Nestor,  
Cypriens dis-  
crete,*

This said, *Nestorides* held all discourse  
In his kinde soule, how best he might enforce  
Both promise and performance; which, at last  
He vow'd to venture; and directly cast  
His horse about, to fetch the Ship and Shore:  
VVhere, come: His friends most lonely gifts, he bore  
Aboord the Ship; and in her hin-deck plac't  
The vaile that *Hellens* curious hand had grac't;  
And *Menelaus* Gold: and said, Away;  
Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay:  
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell  
The old Duke, you are past: for passing well  
I know his minde, to so exceed all force  
Of any pray'r; That he wil stay your course:  
Himselfe make hither, All your course call backe;  
And when he hath you, haue no thought to racke  
Him from his bounty; and to let you part  
VVithout a Present: but be vext at heart  
VVith both our pleadings; if we once but moue  
The least represson of his fiery loue. (on)

Thus took he coach: his faire-man'd steeds scourg'd  
Along the *Pylus* City: and anon  
His Fathers Court reacht. VVhile *Phyfes* Sonne  
Bad boord, and arme, which with a thought was done.

His Rowers set, and he rich Odors firing  
In his hin-decke; for his secure retiring  
To great \* *Athenia*: To his Ship came flying  
A Stranger, and a Prophet; as relying  
On wished passage: hauing newly slaine  
A man at *Argos*: yet his Races vaine  
Flow'd from *Melampus*, who in former date  
In *Pylus* liu'd, and had a huge estate.  
But fled his country; and the punishing hand  
Of great-foul'd *Neleus*, in a forreigne Land  
From that most famous Mortall, hauing held  
A world of riches: nor could be compeld  
To render restitution in a yeare.

*Tellus.*

In meane space, liuing as close prisoner  
In Court of *Phylacus*: and for the sake  
Of *Neleus* daughter, mighty cares did take;  
Together with a greuous Languor sent  
From graue \* *Erymanis*, that did much torment  
His vexed conscience; yet his lifes expence  
He scapt, and drane the loud-voic't Oxen thence,  
To breed-sheepe *Pylus*, bringing vengeance thus

*\* One of the Pri-  
ests of Iud.*

Her foule demerit, to great *Neleus*;  
 And to his Brothers house reduc't his wife:  
 Who yet from *Pylus*, did remove his life  
 For feed-horse *Argos*; where his Fate set downe  
 A dwelling for him: and in much renowne  
 Made governe many *Argives*: where, a Sponſe  
 He tooke to him, and built a famous house.  
 There had he borne to him *Amphipates*,  
 And forcefull *Mantius*. To the first of these  
 Vvas great *Oiclaus* borne: *Oiclaus* gate  
*Amphiarauus*, that the popular State  
 Had all their health in: whom, euen from his heart  
*Ioue* lou'd; and *Phabus* in the whole desert  
 Of friendship hel'd him. Yet not blest so much  
 That Ages threshold, he did euer touch:  
 But lost his life, by \*Female bribery.  
 Yet two sonnes author'd his posterity;  
*Alcmaon*, and renown'd *Amphilochus*.  
*Mantius* had yssue, *Polyphidius*,  
 And *Cytus*: But *Aurora* rauish't him,  
 For excellence of his admired lim;  
 And interest'd him amongst the Gods.  
 His Brother knew, mens good and bad abods  
 The best of all men; after the decease  
 Of him that perish't in vnnatural peace  
 At spacious *Thebes*. *Apollo* did inspire  
 His knowing soule with a Prophetick fire.  
 VWho (angry with his Father) tooke his way  
 To *Hypereſia*; where (making stay)  
 He prophesied to all men; and had there  
 A Sonne call'd *Theoclymenus*; who here  
 Came to *Telemachus*; and found aboard  
 Himſelfe at Sacrifice; whom in a word  
 He thus saluted: O Friend, ſince I finde  
 Euen heere at Ship, a sacrificing minde  
 Informe your actions: By your sacrifice,  
 And by that worthy choise of Deities,  
 To whom you offer: by your ſelfe, and all,  
 These men that ſerue your courſe maritall;  
 Tell one that aſkes, the truth: Nor giue it cloſe,  
 Both who, and whence you are? From what feed roſe  
 Your royall perſon? And what Cities Tow'rs  
 Hold habitation, to your parents pow'rs?

He answer'd: Stranger! The ſure truth is this;  
 I am of *Ithac*; my Father is  
 (Or was) *Ulyſſes*: but auſtere death, now  
 Takes his ſtate from him; whoſe cuent to know,  
 (Himſelfe being long away) I ſet forth thus

\* His wife be-  
 tray'd him for  
 money.

*Theoclymenus*  
 to *Telemachus*

*Telemachus* to  
 his Father

With ſhip and ſouldiers: *Theoclymenus*,  
 As ſreely ſaid; And I to thee am fled  
 From forth my country; for a man ſtrooke dead  
 By my vnhappy hand: who was with me  
 Of one ſelfe- Tribe; and of his pedigree  
 Are many Friends and Brothers: and the ſway  
 Of *Achies* Kindred, reacheth farre away.  
 From whom (becauſe I feare their ſpleenes ſu borne  
 Blood, and blacke fate againſt me) being borne  
 To be a wandrer among ſtrange men)  
 Make thy faire ſhip, my reſcue; and ſuſtain  
 My life from ſlaughter. Thy deferungs may  
 Performe that merrey: and to them I pray.

Nor will I barre (ſaid he) thy will to make  
 My means and equall ſhip; thy ayde: but take  
 (Wiſh what wee haue heere, in all friendly vſe)  
 Thy life from any violence that purſues.

Thus tooke he in, his Lance; and it extended  
 Aloft the hatches; which himſelfe aſcended.  
 The Prince tooke ſeate at Seeme: on his right hand,  
 Set *Theoclymenus*; and gave command  
 To all his men, to arme; and ſee made faſt  
 Amidſt the hollow Keele, the Beechen Maſt  
 VVith able halſers; hoſe faſt; lanch: which ſoone  
 He ſaw obay'd. And then his Ship did ruſh  
 A merry courſe: Blew ey'd *Athenus* ſent  
 A fore-right gale; tumultuous, vehement;  
 Along the aie; that her waies vntoſt yeeld  
 The ſhip might make, and plough the beaſtly field.

Then ſet the Sun, and Night black't all the waies:  
 The ſhip (with *Ioues* wind wing'd) when the *Etes* ſtrikes  
 Fetcht *Phere* firſt: then *Elys*, the diuine;  
 And then for thoſe Iſles made, that Sea-ward ſhine,  
 For forme and ſharpneſſe, like a Lances head.  
 About which, lay the woodcs ambuſh'd.  
 On which he ruſh't, to try if he could ſcape  
 His plotted death; or ſerue Her treacherous Rape.

And now returne we to *Emmaus* Shod;  
 VVhere (at their foode with others inſuall)  
*Ulyſſes*, and his noble Herdſman ſate;  
 To try if whoſe loues curious eſtate  
 Stood firme to his abode, or felt it fade;  
 And ſo would take each beſt cauſe to perſwade  
 His Gueſt to Towne; *Ulyſſes* thus contends:  
 Heare me, *Emmaus*, and ye other Friends:  
 Next Morn, to Towne I couer to be gone;  
 To beg ſome others almes; not ſtill charge one.  
 Admiſe me well then; and as well provide.

*Telem. Reply.*

*The ſervants*  
 carry to *Emmaus*

I may be fitted with an honest guide:  
 For through the streets (since Need will haue it so)  
 Ile tread, to try if any will bestow  
 A dish of drinke on me, or bit of bread,  
 Till to *Vlysses* house I may be led.  
 And there Ile tell all-wile *Penelope*, newes:  
 Mix with the wooers pride; and (since they vse  
 To fare about the full) their hands excite  
 To some small Feast, from out their infinite:  
 For which, Ile waite, and play the Seruingman,  
 Fairely enough; command the most they can.  
 For I will tell thee; note me well, and heare,  
 That if the will be of heauens Messenger,  
 (VWho to the workes of men, of any sort  
 Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short  
 Am I of him, that doth to most aspire  
 In any seruice: as to build a Fire,  
 To cleaue fere wood: to roast, or boile their meat;  
 To waite at board, mixe wine, or know the Neate;  
 Or any worke, in which the poore-cal'd woulde,  
 To serue the rich-cal'd best, in Fate are forc't.

*Eumens to Vlysses.*

He, angry with him, said; Alas poore Guest,  
 VVhy did this counsaile euer touch thy breast?  
 Thou seek'st it thy vtter spoyle beyond all doubt,  
 If thou giu'st venture on the Wooers rout:  
 VVhose wrong and force, affects the Iron heauen.  
 Their light delights, are farre from being giuen  
 To such graue Seruitors. Youths richly tick't  
 In coats or Cassocks; Lockes diuinely slick't,  
 And looks most rapt; euer haue the gift  
 To taste their crown'd cups, and full Trenchers, shift.  
 Their Tables euer like their Glasses shine;  
 Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.  
 And thou? go thither? Stay: for heere do none  
 Grudge at thy presence: nor my selfe, nor one  
 Of all I feed. But when *Vlysses* sonne  
 Againe shall greet vs, he shall put thee on  
 Both coat and cassocke; and thy quicke retreat  
 Set, where thy heart and soule desire thy seat.

*Vlysses answers to Eumens.*

Industrious *Vlysses*, gaue reply:  
 I still much wish, that heauens chiefe Deity  
 Lou'd thee, as I do; that hast cald my minde  
 Of woes and wandrings, neuer yet confin'de.  
 Nought is more wretched in a humane Race,  
 Then Countries want, and shift from place to place.  
 But for the banefull belly men take care  
 Beyond good counsaile: whosoever are  
 In compasse of the wants it vndergoes,

By

By wandrings losses, or dependant woes.  
 Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home:  
 VVhich since thou wilt make heere, (as overcome  
 VVith thy command for stay) Ile take on me  
 Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.  
 Does then *Vlysses* Sire, and Mother breath  
 Both whom he left, in th'age next doore to death?  
 Or are they breathlesse, and descended where  
 The darke house is, that neuer day doth cleere?

*Laertes* liues (saide he) but cucky howre  
 Beseecheth *Ioue* to take from him the powre  
 That ioynes his life and limbes: for with a mone  
 That breeds a meruaile, he laments his sonne  
 Depriu'd by death. And adds to this; another  
 Of no lesse depth; for that dead sonnes dead Mother:  
 VVhom he a Virgin wedded; which she more  
 Makes him lament her losse, and death deplore.  
 Yet more her misse, because her wombe the mer  
 Was to his braue sonne; and his slaughter flue her.  
 VVhich last loue to her, doth his life engage,  
 And makes him liue an vndigested age.  
 O! such a death she died, as neuer may  
 Seize any one, that heere beholds the day;  
 That either is to any man, a friend,  
 Or can a woman kill in such a kind.  
 As long as she had Being, I would be  
 A still Inquirer (since 't was decre to me,  
 Though death to her, to heare his name) when she  
 Heard of *Vlysses*: for I might behold;  
 She brought me vp, and in her loue did hold  
 My life, compar'd with long-vaid *Criseis*,  
 Her yongest yssue (in some small degree  
 Her daughter yet prefer'd) a braue young Dame.  
 But when of youth she dearly lost, she  
 VVas lighted in vs; marriage did prefer:  
 The maide to *Sawes*, whence was sent for her  
 Infinite riches: when, the Queene bestow'd  
 A faire new suite, new shooes, and all, and vow'd  
 Me to the field. But passing loth to part,  
 As louing me, more then she lov'd her hart.  
 And these I want now, but their business grows  
 Vpon me daily. VVhich the Gods impose,  
 To whom I hold all; give account to them,  
 For I see none, left to the Diadem.  
 That may dispose all better. So, I drinke  
 And eat of what is heere; and whom I think  
 VVorthy or reuerend, I haue giuen to kill  
 These kinds of Guest-ripar: for the household ill

*Eumens answers to Vlysses.*

*ἄλλ' ὅταν-  
 πέτρῃ,  
 Πετροπῆ-  
 ἰσιν πέτρῃ.*

(Which

(VWhich where the Queene is, ryots) takes her fill  
From thought of these things. Nor is it delight  
To heare from her plights of or worke, or word;  
The woo'rs spoyle all. But yet my men, will bord  
Her sotrowes often, with discourse of all:  
Eating and drinking of the Festiual  
That there is kept; and after bring to field  
Such things as seruants make their pleasures yield.

O me (*Eumæus*) saide *Laertes* sonne;

Haſt thou then err'd ſo, of a little one?

(Like me) From friends, and country? pray thee ſay,

(And ſay a Truth) doth vaſt *Deſtruction* lay

Her hand vpon the wide-way'd? *Seat* of men?

VWhere dwelt thy Sire, and reuerend Mother then?

That thou art ſpar'd there? Or elſe, ſer alone

In guard of Bees, or Sheep: Set th' enemy on;

Surpriſe, and Ship? transfer'd, and ſold thee heere?

He that bought thee, paid well; yet bought not deere.

Since thou enquir'ſt of that, my gueſſe (*ſaid he*)

Heare and be ſilent: and meane ſpace, fit free

In uſe of theſe cups, to thy moſt delights;

\* Vnſpeakable, in length now, are the Nights.

Thoſe that affect ſleepe yet; to ſleepe haue leaue;

Thoſe that affect to heare, their hearers gine.

But ſleep not ere your houres, *Much ſleep doth grieve*.

VWho euer liſts to ſleepe; Away to bed!

Together with the morning raiſe his head:

Together with his fellowes, breake his faſt;

And then, his Lords Herd, drive to their repaſt.

VVe two, ſtill in our Tabernacle heere,

Drinking & eating, will our boſomes cheere

VVith memories, and tales of our annoyes.

*Betwixt his ſorrowes, every Humane loyes.*

He moſt, who moſt hath felt, and ſurtheſt err'd.

And now thy wil, to act, ſhall be prefer'd.

There is an Iſle about *Orygia*

(If thou haſt heard) they call it *Syria*;

VWhere, once a day, the Sun moves backwards ſtill.

It is not ſo great as good; for it doth ſtill

The fields with Oxen; fills them ſtill with Sheep;

Fills roofes with wine, & makes al Come there cheap:

No Dearth comes euer there, nor no Diſeaſe.

That doth, with hate, vs wretched mortals ſeaſe.

But when mens varied Nations, dwelling there

In any City, enter th' aged yeare:

The Siluer-bow-bearer (the Sun) and ſhe,

That beares as much renowne for Archery

Stoop with their painles ſhafts, & ſtrike them dead,

*V'ſſe: anſwere  
to Eumæus.*

*\* ſuppoſing him  
to dwell in a Ci-  
tie.*

*Eumæus relates  
his birth, &c.*

*\* diſſerpe.*

*Eumæus ſelles  
V'ſſes: one hee  
was bought and  
ſold.*

As one would ſleepe, and neuer keepe the bed.  
In this Iſle ſtand two Cities betwixt whom  
All things, that of the ſoiles fertility come,  
In two part ſare diuided. And both theſe,  
My Father rul'd; (*Cefeus Ormenides*)  
A man, like the immortals. With theſe States,  
The croſſe-biting *Phenicians*, traffick't rates  
Of infinite Merchandize, in ſhips brought there;  
In which, they then, were held exempt from pere.

There dwelt within my Fathers houſe, a Dame  
Borne a *Phenician*; ſkilfull in the frame  
Of Noble Huſwiferies; right tall, and faire.  
Her, the *Phenician* great wench-not-lai're,  
With ſweet words circumuenced, as ſhe was  
VVaſhing her Linnen. To his amorous paſſe  
He brought her firſt, thor'd from his Ship to tier;  
To whom he did his whole life's loue prefer;  
Which, of theſe beſt-expoſing Dames, the hart's  
Deceiues; though faſhion'd of right honeſt parts.

He aſk't her after, VWhat ſhe was? and whence?  
She paſſing preſently, the excellence  
Told of her Fathers Turrets; and that ſhe  
Might boalt her ſelfe, ſprung from the Progeny  
Of the rich *Sydons*; and the daughter was  
Of the much-yeare-reuenned *Arphas*.

But, that the *Taphian* Pirats, made her prize,  
As ſhe return'd from her field-huſwiferies:  
Transfer'd her hither; and at that mans houſe  
VWhere now ſhe liu'd; for value precious  
Sold her to th' Owner. He that ſtole her loue,  
Bad her againe, to her bins ſeaſe remove,  
To ſee the faire roofes of her friends againe;  
Who ſtill held ſtate, and did the poſt maintaine.

Her ſelfe reported. She ſaid, Be it ſo;  
So you, and al that in your ſhip ſhall roe,  
Swear to returne me, in all ſafety hence.

All ſwore; th' Oath paſt, with eury conſequence:

She bad, Be ſilent now; and not a word

Do you, or any of your friends afford,

Meeting me afterward in any way;

Or at the waſhing Fount, let ſome diſplay

Be made, and told the old man; and he then

Keepe me ſtreight bound: To you, and to your men

The viter ruine, plotting of your lines.

Keepe in firme thought then, eury word that ſtrikes

For dangerous vtterance: Haſte your ſhips ſil freight

Of what you Trafficke for; and let me ſtreight

Know by ſome ſent friend; \* She hath all in hold,

*THOUFFER  
DO. I. ad.  
modiſiaſer.  
Der. ex  
au. 1. per-  
trabo in re-  
tis & 200.  
1. pucha.*

*\* Intending to  
Ship.*

And

And (with my selfe) Ile bring thence all the gold  
I can by all meanes finger : and beside,  
Ile do my best, to fee your freight supplide  
VVith some wel-weighing burthen of mine owne.  
For I bring vp, in house, a great mans sonne,  
As crafty as my selfe; who will with me  
Run euery way along ; and I will be  
His Leader, till your Ship hath made him sure.  
He will an infinite great price procure  
Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.

This said, She gat her home, and there made stay  
A whole year with vs ; Goods of great auale  
Their Ship enriching. VVhich now, fit for faile:  
They sent a Messenger t'informe the Dame.  
And, to my fathers house a fellow came,  
Full of *Phanissian* craft : that, to be sold  
A Tablet bought ; the body all of Gold,  
The Verge, all Amber. This had ocular view,  
Both by my honor'd Mother, and the crew  
Of her house-handmaids, handl'd ; and the price  
Beat, askt, and promist. And while this deuice  
Lay thus vpon the Forge: this Jeweller  
Made priuy signes (by winkes and wiles) to her  
That was his object, which she tookt, and he  
(His signe seeing notet) bried to Ship. VVhen she  
(My hand still taking, as she vnde to do  
To walke abroad with her) consai'd me so  
Abroad with her ; and in the *Portico*  
Found cups, with tasted Viands; which the guests  
That vnde to flocke about my Fathers feasts  
Had left. They gone (some to the Counsaile Court ;  
Some to heare newes amongst the talking sort)  
Her Theft, three bowles into her lap conuaid ;  
And forth she went. Nor was my wit so staid  
To stay her, or my selfe. The Sun went downe,  
And shadowes round about the world were flowne,  
VVhen we came to the haue; in which did ride  
The swift *Phanissian* Ship; whose faire broad side  
They boorded straight : Tookt vs vp; And all went  
Along the moyst waues. VVinde, *Saturnius* sent.  
Six dayes, we day and night sayld : But vhen *Ioue*  
Put vp the seuenth day ; She, that shafts \* doth loue,  
Shot dead the woman ; who into the pumpe  
Like to a Dop-chicke, clu'd ; and gaue a thumpe  
In her sad felting. Forth they cast her then  
To serue the Fish, and Sea-calues : no more Men.  
But I was left there, with a heauy hart.  
When, winde and water draue them quite apart

\* Diana.

Their owne course, and on *Ithaca* they fell;  
And there, poore me, did to *Laertes* sell :  
And thus these eyes, the sight of this Ile prou'd.

*Euemeus* (he replyed) Thou much hast mou'd  
The minde in me, with all things thou hast said,  
And all the sufferance on thy bofome laid :  
But (truly) to thy ill, hath *Ioue* ioyn'd good,  
That one whose veines are seru'd with humane blood  
Hath bought thy seruice; that gives competence  
Of food, wine; cloth to thee. And sure th' expence  
Of thy lifes date heere, is of good defart.  
VVhose labours, not to thee alone, impart  
Sufficient food and housing ; but to me.  
VVhere I, through many a heap't humanity  
Haue hither err'd ; where, though (like thee) not sold,  
Not staid, like thee yet; nor nought needfull hold.

This mutual speech they vid; nor had they slopt  
Much time before ; the much-nere-morning leapt  
To her faire throne. And now strooke saile, the men  
That seru'd *Telemachus* ; arriu'd iust then  
Nere his lou'd shore: wher now they floopt the Mast,  
Made to the Port with Oares, and Anchor cast;  
Made fast the Ship, and then a-bore they went ;  
Drest supper, fil'd wine ; when (their appetites spent)  
*Telemachus* commanded, they should yield  
The Ship to th' owner ; while himselfe, at field  
VVould see his shepherds : when light drew to end  
He wou'd his gifts see, and to Towne descend.  
And in the morning, at a *feast* below  
Rewards for all their paines. And *whither*, now  
(Said *Theoclymenus*) my lou'd Son  
Shall I addresse my selfe? *whither* I can,  
Of all men, in this rough-bewnd Isle, shall I  
Diret my way to? Or go readily  
To thy house, and thy Mother? He replyed ;  
Another time, Ile see you satisfied  
VVith my house entertainment : but as now,  
You should encounter none that could bestow  
Your fit entreaty ; and (which little grace were)  
You could not see my Mother, I not there.  
For shee's no frequent object ; but apart  
Keepes from her woocers, wou'd wish her defart,  
Vp, in her chamber, at her Hufwifery.  
But Ile name one, to whom you shall apply  
Diret repaire; and that's *Eurychus*,  
Renown'd descent, to wife *Polybus* :  
A man whom th' *Ithacensian* looke on now,  
As on a God : since he, of all that woe

The

Is

Is farre superior man; and likest far  
To wed my mother: and as circular  
Be in that honor, as *Vlyses* was.  
But heauen-hould *Ioue* knows, the yet hidden paffe  
Of her disposure; and on them he may  
A blacker sight bring, then her Nuptiall day.

As this he utter'd; on his right hand flew  
A Saker; sacred to the God of view:  
That, in his Tallons trust, and plum'd a Dove;  
The Feathers round about the Ship did roue,  
And on *Telemachus* fell; whom th' *Aegyre* then  
Tooke fast by th' hand; withdrew him from his men;

*Phoebus*  
to *Telemachus*.

And said; *Telemachus*; This Hawke is sent  
From God; I knew it for a sure Ofsent  
VVhen first I saw it. Be you well assur'd,  
There will no wooer be by heauen indur'd  
To rule in *Ithaca*, aboue your Race:  
But your pow'ts euer fill the Regall place.

*Telemachus* to  
*Phoebus*.

I wish to heauen (said he) thy word might stand;  
Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from my hand  
Such gifts & friendship, as would make thee (*Guest*)  
Met, and saluted, as no lesse then blest.

*Tele.* to *Pyraus*

This said; he call'd *Pyraus* (*Chrys sonne*)  
His true associate; saying, Thou hast done  
(Of all my Followers, to the *Pylian* shore)  
My will, in chiefe, in other things; Once more,  
Be chiefly good to me: take to thy house  
This loued stranger; & be studious  
To embrace and greete him, with thy greatest fare,  
Till I my selfe come, and take off thy care.

*Pyraus* reply,

The famous for his Lance saide; if your stay,  
Take time for life heere; this mans care, Ile lay  
On my performance; nor what fits a *Guest*,  
Shall any penury with-hold his Feast.

Thus tooke he ship; bad them boord, and away.  
They boarded; fate: but did their labour stay  
Till he had deckt his feete, and reacht his Lance.  
They to the City: he did straight aduance  
Vp to his Sties; where Swine lay for him, store;  
By whose sides did his honest Swine-herd snore:  
Till his short eares, his longest Nights had ended  
And nothing worle, to both his Lords intended.

*The End of the Fifteenth Booke*  
of *Homers Odysseys*.

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSEES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prince at Field, hee sends to Towne*  
*Eumæus, to make truly knowne*  
*His safe returne. By Pallas will,*  
*Telemachus is giuen the kill*  
*To know his Father. Those that lay*  
*In Ambush, to prevent the way*  
*Of young Vlyssides, for home;*  
*Retire, with anger overcome.*

### Another.

*To his host, here,*  
*Vlyssides comes;*  
*The wife See here*  
*his Father knows.*



*Vlyses*, and diuine *Hæmon* toke  
Soone as the morning could her eyes vncluse;  
Made fire, brake fast, And to their Pasture send  
The gather'd Herds: on whom their Swaines attend.

The selfe-tyre barking Dogs, all saw'd vpon;  
Nor bark't; at first sight of *Vlyses* frowne;  
The whinings of their lawlings, yet did greet  
*Vlyses* eares; and founds of *Phœbus* frowne;  
Who thus bespake *Eumæus*: Sure some friend,  
Or one well knowne comes; that the *Odyssees* find  
Their mouths no lower. Only for one neare  
They whine, and leape about; which words I heare.  
Each word of this speech was not spent, before  
His Son stood in the entry of the dore.

Out-rusht amaz'd *Eumæus*; and let go  
The cup to earth, that he had labored for.  
Clean'd for the meate wine: Did the Prince for life,  
Kist his faire forehead: Both his lovely eyes,  
Both his white hands, And tender reines did dild.  
There breath'd no kind fond Father, that was fill'd  
Lesse with his sonnes embraces, than had in'd  
Ten years in farre-off earth, now was return'd.  
His only childe too, gotten in his age.  
And for whose absence he had felt the rage.

*Eumæus* amaz'd  
and let the wel-  
come of *Tele-*  
*machus*.

Of griefes vpon him; then for this diuin'd  
So much for forme, was this diuine for mind:  
VVho kist him through: who grew about him kissing,  
As fresh from death (scapt. Who) (so long time missing)  
He wept for ioy, and said; Thou yet art come,  
(Sweet light, sweet Sun- rise) to thy cloudy home.  
O (neuer I look't) when once thirt away  
For *Pyles* shores, to see thy turning day.  
Come; enter lou'd Son; Let me least my hart  
VVith thy sweete sight; new come, so farre apart.  
Nor when you liu'd at home, would you walk downe  
Often enough heere, but staide still at Towne:  
It pleas'd you then, to cast such forehead view  
About your house, on that most \* damned crew.

It shall be so then, Friend (saide he) but now  
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know  
If still my Mother, in her house remaine:  
Or if some wooer hath aspir'd to gaine  
Of her in Nuptials: for *Vlysses* bed,  
By this, lies all with Spiders cobwebs spred,  
In penury of him that (should supply it.

She still (saide he) holds her most constant quiet,  
Alot thine owne house, for the beds respect:  
But for her Lords sad losses, sad nights and daies  
Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their raies.

This said; *Enmaus*, tooke his brazen Speare;  
And in he went: when being enter'd neare  
VVithin the stony threshold; From his feat,  
His Father rose to him: who would not let  
Th' old man remoue; but drew him backe and prest  
VVith earnest termes his sitting; Saying, Guest;  
Take heere your seate againe; we soone shall get  
VVithin our owne house heere, some other seate  
Heere's one will fetch it. This said; downe againe.  
His Father sate: and to his sonne, his Swaine  
Strew'd faire Greene Oriers; and impos'd thereon  
A good soft Sheepskein, which made him a Throne.

Then he appoy'd to them, his last left Rofte;  
And in a wicker basket, bread engroste:  
Fill'd luscious wine; and then tooke opposite seate  
To the diuine *Vlysses*. VVithin the meate  
Set there before them, all fell to, and ate.

VVhen they had fed; the Prince said, pray thee say,  
Whence comes this guest: what seaman gaue him way  
To this our Isle? I hope these seate of his  
Could walke no water; who boasts he he is?

He tell all truly Son: From ample *Crete*  
He boasts himselfe; and sayes, his erring seate

Haue many Cities trod: And God was he  
VVhof: finger wrought in his infirmity.  
But, to my Cottage, the last scape of his;  
VVas from a *Thepros* Ship. VVhat ere he is,  
He giue him you: do what you please; His vane  
Is, that he is (at most) a suppliant.

*Enmaus*, (saide the Prince) To tell me this,  
You haue afflicted my weak faculties:  
For how shall I receiue him to my house  
VVith any safety; that suspitious  
Of my yong forces (should I be affaide  
VVith any so daime violence) may want aide  
To shield my selfe: Besides, if I go home,  
My mother is with two doubts ouercome:  
If she shall stay with me, and take fit care  
For all such guests, as there seeke guesthouse fare;  
Her husbands bed re'pecting, and her fame  
Amongst the people: Or her blood may frame  
A liking to some wooer, such as best  
May bed her in his house; not giuing left  
And thus am I vnure, of all meanes free  
To vse a Guest there, fit for his degree.  
But, being thy Guest; Ile be his supply,  
For all weeds, such as mere necessary  
Shall more then furnish: Fit him with a sword,  
And set him where his heart would haue bene shor'd.  
Or (if so pleas'd) receiue him in thy Shed:  
Ile send thee clothes, I vow; and all the bread  
His wif would eate: that to thy men and thee  
He be no burthen. But that I should be  
His meane to my house; where a company  
Of wrong- professing wooers, will be here;  
I will in no sort author; lest they giue  
Foule vte to him; and me, as grauely grieve.  
For what great act can any one atchieue  
Against a multitude? Although his minde  
Retaine a courage of the greatest kinde:  
For all minds haue not force in one degree.

*Vlysses* answer'd; O Friend, since, as hee  
For any man, to change fit words with thee;  
Ile freely speake. Me thinkes, a wofull powre  
My heart puts on, to teare and to deuoure,  
To heare your affirmation; that in spite  
Of what may fall on you, made opposite;  
Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,  
These wooers should in such iniustice rage.  
VVhat should the cause be? Do you wilfully  
Indure their spoile? Or hath your hamper

Bene such amongst your people; that, all gather  
In troope, and one voice; (ye euen God doth father)  
And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?  
Or blame your Kinsfolks faiths, before th'extream  
Of your first stroke hath tried them? whom a man  
When strifes, to blowes rise, trusts: though battel ran  
In huge and high waues? would to heauen my spirit  
Such youth breath'd, as the man that must inherit,  
Yet neuer toucht *Phylas*: or that he  
(But wandering this way) would but come, and see  
What my age could archieue (and there is Fate  
For Hope yet left; that he may recreate  
His eyes with such an object.) This my head  
Should any stranger strike off, if strike dead  
I strooke not all: the house in open force  
Entring with challenge. If their great concourse  
Did ouer-lay me, being a man alone;  
(VVhich you vrge for your selfe) be you that one:  
I rather in mine owne house wish to dye  
One death for all; then so indecently  
See euermore, deeds worse then death applied;  
Guests, wrōg'd with vile words, & blow-giving pride:  
The women-seruants dragg'd in filthy kind  
About the faire house; and in corners blind  
Made seru the rapes of Ruffins: Food deuour'd  
Idely and rudely; wine exhaust; and pour'd  
Through throats prophane, and all about a deed,  
That's euer wooing, and will neuer speed.

He tell you (Guest) most truly, saide his Son;  
I do not thinke, that all my people ron  
One hatefull course against me; Nor accuse  
Kinsfolkes that I, in strifes of weight, might vie:  
But *Ioue* will haue it so: our Race alone,  
(As if made singular) to one, and one  
His hand confining. Onely to the King  
(*Ioue*-bred *Arcefus*) did *Laertes* spring;  
Onely to old *Laertes* did descend  
*Phylas*; onely to *Phylas* end  
Am I the Adiant, whom he left so young,  
That from me, to him, neuer comfort spring.  
And to all these now (for their race) arise  
Vp in their house, a brood of enemies.  
As many as in these Isles bow mens knees;  
*Samos*, *Dulichium*, and the rich in Trees  
*Zacynthus*: Or in this rough Isles command,  
So many suiters for the Nuptials stand,  
That aske my Mother; and meane space, prefer  
Their lusts to all spoile, that dishonor her.

Telemachus  
in ear.

Nor doth she (though she leaues) deny their suites;  
Nor they denials take, though *cast* their suites.  
But all this time, the state of all things there  
Their throats deuoure; and I must shortly be  
A part in all; and yet the parties  
Of these designs, lye in the hands of Gods.  
Of all Loues then, *Laertes*, make quick way  
To wife *Penelope*; and to her, say  
My safe returne from *Phylas*, and alone  
Returne thou hither, hauing made it knowne.  
Nor let (besides my Mother) any else  
Partake thy Message, since a number beard  
My safe returne displeasure. He replied;

I know, and comprehend you; you diuide  
Your minde with one that vnderstand you well.  
But, all in one yet; say I not beside  
To th'old hard-fated \* *Arcefus*;  
Your safe returne? who through his whole distress  
Felt for *Phylas*, did neuer for-giue,  
But with his household, he had will to live;  
And seru'd his appetite, with wine, and food:  
Sunneigh'd his husbandry, and did his blood  
Some comforts fitting life: But since you took  
Your ship for *Phylas*, he would neuer brooke,  
Or wine, or food, they say; nor cast an eye  
On any labour: but sit weeping by;  
And sighing out his sorrows, et alie esse mones  
Wasting his body, till'd all skint and bones.

More sad newes still (said he) yet, moue he shall  
For if the rule of all mens workes he will  
And his will, his way goes: mine stands inclin'd  
To attend the home-same of my Father kind:  
Do then, what I inioyne, which giuen effect;  
Erre not to field to him, but turne direct  
Entreating first my Mother, with most speed;  
And all the secrecy that now serues Neede;  
To send this way thos three House Guardian,  
And (he shall tell all to the aged \* *Man*).

Heooke his shoes vp; put them on, and went.  
Nor was his absence, hid from *Minerva*;  
Diuine *Minerva*: who took straight view  
A goodly womans shape, that all workes knew:  
And, standing in the entry, did prefer  
Her sight to *Phylas*. But (though meeting her)  
His sonne *Telemachus*, not saw, nor knew:  
The Gods cleere presences, and how was so free.  
Yet (with *Phylas*) euen the Dogs did see,  
And would not bark; but, whining loudly,

End. to Telem.

\* *Laertes*.

Telem. to Eur.

\* Intending his  
Father: whose  
returne, though  
he were (as yet  
knowing, or full-  
ly expecting;  
yet he desir'd to  
order all things;  
as he were pre-  
sent.

\* Intending to  
Laertes, all that  
Eumens would  
have told.



Pallas appears  
to *Vlyffes*.

Fled to the Stals farre side, VVhere *She*, her eie  
Moo'd to *Vlyffes*. He knew her designe,  
And left the house, past the great Sheep-cotes wall,  
And stood before her. She bad *Viter* all  
Now to his sonne; nor keepe the least vnder  
That all the woosers deaths being now dispole,  
They might approach the Towne; Affirming, she  
Not long would faile, to assist to victory.

Pallas restores  
*Vlyffes* youth  
for the time.

This said; She laide her golden Rod on him;  
And with his lare-worne weeds grac't every lim.  
His body straitn'd, and his youth infild;  
His fresh blood call'd vp: every wrinkle fill'd  
About his broken eyes; and on his chin  
The browne haire spread. VVhen his whole trim wrought  
She yff'd; and he enter'd to his sonne:

Telemachus to  
his Father.

VVho stood amaz'd; & thought some God had done  
His house that honor: turn'd away his eyes,  
And sayd; Now Guest, your grace another guise  
Then suites your late shew; Other weeds you weare,  
And other person. Of the starry sphere  
You certainly present some deathlesse God:  
Be pleas'd, that to your here vouchsaf't abod  
VVe may giue sacred rites, and offer Gold

*Vlyffes* to *Telemachus*.

To do vs fauour. He replied; I hold  
No deified state. VVhy put you thus on me  
A Gods resemblance? I am onely he  
That beares thy Fathers name: for whose lou'd sake  
Thy youth fo grieues whose absence makes thee take,  
Such wrongs of men. Thus kist he him, nor could  
Forbeare those teares, that in such mighty hold  
He held before: still held, still sitting euer.

Telemachus to  
*Vlyffes*.

And now (the shores once broke) the spring tide neuer  
Forbore earth from the cheekes he kist. His sonne,  
(By all these violent arguments; nor wonne  
To credit him his Father) did deny  
His kinde assumpt: and said, Some Deiry  
Fain'd that ioyes cause, to make him giue the more:  
Affirming, that no man, whoeuer wore  
The garment of mortality, could take  
(By any utmost power, his soule could make)  
Such change into it: since at so much will,  
Not Ioue himselfe, could both remove, and fill  
Old age, with youth; and youth, with age to spoile  
In such an instant. You wore all the while  
Of age but now, and were old: And but now  
You beare that yong grace that the Gods indow  
Their heauen-borne formes withall. His father said:

*Vlyffes* to his sonne.

Telemachus? Admire, nor stand dismay'd:

But

But know thy solid Father; since which time  
He answeres all parts, that adorne his chin:  
There shall no more *Vlyffes* come abroad  
I am the man, that now this kinde grace  
(Stil vnder sufferance of a world of ill)  
My countrey earth, recomends: Till she will  
The Prey-professor *Pallas* puts in aid:  
VVho put me thus together, that I might  
In aged pieces, as euen now you are, to first old things name  
This youth now rendring. His within the last  
Of her free power. Some say, that I have power, and here I show shall  
Sometimes againe, thus amply to restore  
My youth, and Ornaments. But I will not be  
The Gods can raise, and throw more than I can raise.

This said; he fast, whose kinde Father's power  
Himselfe about him: Teares on comes, he shew'd  
And to desire of mone, inemph he shew'd his  
Both wept & howl'd, & laide out shrill more loud;  
Then or the Bird-bone-breaking Eagle heres;  
Or Brood-kind Vulture with the moul'd Snes,  
VVhen rusticke hands, their tender Anes draw,  
Before they giue their wings, their full plum'd I saw  
But miserably pour'd they from beneath  
Their lids, their teares: while both their beards did  
As frequent cries: & to their faces came, (breath  
The light had left the skies, if first his sonne  
Their dumbe mones had not vented with demand  
VVhat Ship it was, that gaue the them all land  
To his blest feet? He then, did like with lay  
Hand on his pafion, and gaue these words away.

He tell thee truth, my sonne, this morn that beate  
Much fame for shipping, my Redoubt were  
To long-wish'd *Athaca*, who each man els,  
That greets their shore, giue passe to where he dwelt.  
The *Phaeacian* Peeres, in one night's date,  
(VVhile I fast slept) freshen'd, & shew'd the shore:  
Grac't me with wealthy gifts: Braile, store of Gold,  
And Robes faire wrought: All which have secret hold  
In Caves, that by the Gods aduic'd I shew'd.  
And now, *Minerva's* admonitions vide  
For this retreat; that we might hence dispole  
In close Discourse, the slaughter of our foes.  
Recount the number of the woosers dead;  
And let me know what name they hold with men:  
That my minde, may easie enter their diuines  
A curious measure; & confesse the rates  
Of our two powers, and shew us to try, if we  
Alone, may propagate vs with by

*Vlyffes* tells his  
sonne what ship  
he arriv'd in.

Our

Our bold encounters of them all, or proue  
The kind assistance of some other loue.

*Telen. to P. Hf.*

O Father (he replied) I oft haue heard  
Your counsailes, and your force of hand prefer'd  
To mighty glory: But your speeches now,  
Your ventrous minde, exceeding mighty thow,  
Euen to amaze they moue me: for in sight  
Of no fitt counsaile, should be brought to fight,  
Two men, gainst th' able faction of a throng,  
No one two, o one ten; Nor twit a strong  
These wooers are: but more by much. For know,  
That from *Dulichius* there are fifty two;  
All choise yong men: and eury one of these:  
Six men attend. From *Samos* cross the Seas  
Twice twelue yong Gsiliants, From *Zacynthus* came  
Twice ten. Of *Ithaca*, the best of name,  
Twice six. Of all which, all the State they take,  
A sacred Poet, and a Herald make:  
Their delicacies, two (of speciall sort  
In skill of banquets) serue. And all this port  
If we shall dare t' encounter; all shall vp  
In one strong roofo: haue great care left the top  
Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter taste;  
And your retreat, commend not to your haste  
Your great attempt; but make you say, you buy  
Their prizes reneges, at a price too hy.  
And therefore (if you could) were well you thought  
Of some assistant. Be your spirit wrought  
In such a mans election, as may lead  
His succours freely, and expresse a Friend.

*P. Hf. to Telen.*

His Father answer'd: Let me aske of thee;  
Heare me, consider; and then answer me.  
Think'st thou if *Pallas*, and the King of skies  
We had to Friend; would their sufficiencies  
Make strong our part? Or that some other yet  
My thoughts must worke for? These (saide he) are set  
Aloft the clouds; and are found aydes indeed:  
As pow'rs not onely, that these men exceed;  
But beare of all men else the high command;  
And hold of Gods, an ouer-ruling hand.

*Telen. to P. Hf.*

VVell then (saide he) not these shall seuer long  
Their force and ours, in fights assur'd, and strong.  
And then, twixt vs, and them, shall *Mars* prece:  
His strength, to stand our great distinguishing;  
VVhen, in mine owne Roofes, I am forc't to blowes.  
But when the day, shall first her fires disclose;  
Go thou for home, and troope vp with the wooers;  
Thy wil with theirs ioind, pow'r with their rude power.

*P. Hf. to Telen.*

And

And after, shall the Herdman guide to Towne  
My steps; my person wholly ouer-growne  
With all apparance of a poore old Swaine,  
Heavy, and wretched. If their high disdain  
Of my vile presence; make them, my desert  
Affect with commelies; let thy loued heart  
Beare in fixt confines of thy bosome still,  
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.  
I, though they drag me by the heeles, about  
Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out;  
Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their Darts  
They beate, and bruise me; beare. But these foul parts  
Perswade them to forbear; and by their names  
Cal all with kinde words: bidding for their shames  
Their pleasures cease. If yet they yeeld not way;  
There breakes the first light of their fall day.  
In meane space, marke this: VVhen the chiefly wife  
*Minerva* prompts me; I le informe thine eies  
VVith some giuen signe; & then, all th' armes that are  
Aloft thy Rooffe, in some neere roome prepare  
For speediest vfe. If those braue men enquire  
Thy end in all; still rake vp all thy fire  
In faire coole words; and say, I bring them downe  
To scoure the smoke off; being so ouer-growne  
That one would thinke, all flames that euer were,  
Breath'd since *Phyfes* losse, reflected here.  
These are not like the armes, he left behinde  
In way for *Troy*. Besides, *Ioue* prompts my minde  
In their remoue apart thus, with this thought:  
That, if in heighth of wine, there should bee wrought  
Some harsh contention twixt you; this apt meane  
To mutual bloodshed, may be taken cleane  
Froth out your reach; and all the spoile presented  
Of present Feast: perhaps, euen then presented  
My Mothers Nuptials, to your long kinde vowes.  
*Steele is selfe, ready, draws a man to blowes.*  
Thus make their thoughts secure; to vs alone  
Two Swords, two Darts; two shields left; & we done  
VVithin our readiest reach; that if our will  
VVe may resume, and charge; And all their skill,  
*Pallas* and *Ioue*, that all iust counsailes breath;  
May darken, with securenesse, to their death.  
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine;  
And as thy veins mine owne true blood combine:  
Let (after this) none know *Phyfes* nere.  
Not any one of all the houthold these;  
Not here, the Herdman: Not *Laertes* be  
Made priuy: nor her selfe, *Penelope*.

But

But onely let thy selfe, and me worke out  
The womens thoughts, of all things borne about  
The wooers hearts: and then thy men approve,  
To know who honors, who with reverence loue  
Our well-weigh'd Memories; and who is won  
To faile thy fit right, though my onely Son.  
You teach (saide he) so punctually now,  
As I knew nothing; nor were sprung from you.  
I hope, heereafter, you shall better know  
VWhat soule I beare; and that it doth not let  
The least loose motion, passe his naturall feat.  
But this course you propose, will proue, I feare,  
Small profit to vs; and could wish your care  
VVould weigh it better, as too farr about.  
For Time will aske much, to the sifting out  
Of each mans disposition, by his deeds.  
And, in the meane time, every wooer feeds  
Beyond satiety; nor knows how to spare.  
The women yet, since they more easie are  
For our enquiry; I would wish you try  
VWho right your state, who do it injury.  
The men I would omit: and these things make  
Your labour, after. But to undertake  
The wooers warre; I wish your utmost speede,  
Especially, if you could cheere the deed.  
VVith some Offent from Ioke. Thus (as the Sire  
Consented to the Son) did heere expire  
Their mutuall speech. And now the Ship was come  
That brought the yong Prince, & his soldiers home.  
The deepe Hauen (reach) they drew the Ship a holt.  
Tooke all their Armes out, and the rich Gifts bore  
To *Clitus* house. But to *Philo* Court  
They sent a Herald first, to make report  
To wife *Penelope*, that safe at field  
Her Son was left: yet since the Ship would yield  
Most hast to her; he sent that first, and then  
To comfort with his utmost, the extreame  
Heknew she suffer'd. At the Court, now met  
The Herald, and the Herdsman; to repeat  
One message to the Queene. Both whom (arriv'd  
VVithin the gates:) Both to be formost shur'd  
In that good Newes. The Herald, he for hast  
Amongst the Maids bestow'd it; thinking place fit  
The Queene amongst them. Now (saide he) O Queene,  
Your lou'd Son is arriv'd. And then was scene  
The Queene her selfe: To whom the herdsman told  
All that *Telemachus* inioyn'd he should.  
All which discharg'd, his steps, he backe bestowes,

And

And left, both Court and City, for his Sowes.  
The wooers then grew sad; soule-vext, and all  
Made forth the Court. When, by the mighty wall,  
They tooke their severall feat, before the gates;  
To whom *Euryarchus*, initiates  
Their vnter'd greivance. O (saide he) my Friends;  
A worke right great begun, as proudly ends.  
VVe said, *Telemachus* should never make  
His voyage good; nor this shore euer take  
For his retournes receipt: and yet we faile,  
And he performs it. Come, let's man a Saile  
The best in our election; and bestow  
Such souldiers in her, as can swiftest row:  
To tell our friends, that way-lay his retreat  
'Tis safe perform'd: and make them quickly get  
Their ship for *Ithaca*. This was not said,  
Before *Amphinomus* in Port displaid  
The ship arriv'd: her sailes then vnder stroke,  
And Oares resum'd. VVhen laughing, thus he spake:  
Moue for no messenger: these men are come;  
Some God hath either told his turning home;  
Or they themselves have scene his ship gone by:  
Had her in chase, and lost her. Instantly  
They rose, and went to Port: found drawne to Land  
The Ship; the souldiers taking Armes in hand.  
The woo'rs themselves, to counsaile went, in throng:  
And not a man besides, or old, or yong,  
Let sit amongst them. Then *Episthenus* Sonne  
(*Antinous*) said: See what the Gods have done:  
They onely have delivred from our all  
The men we way-laid; every windy hall  
Hath bin their watch-tow; by turns they stood  
Continuall Sentinell. And we made good  
Our worke as well: For (Sun, once set) we never  
Slept winkt ashore, all night; but made full eye  
This way, and that; euen till the morning kept  
Her sacred Stations, so to intercept  
And take his life, for whom our ambush lay;  
And yet hath God, to his retourn given way.  
But let vs prosecute with counsaile here  
His necessary death: nor any what  
Let rest his safety; for if he survive,  
Our sailes will never in with the Hauen arrive.  
Since he is wise, hath soule, and counsaile to  
To worke the people, who will never do  
Our faction favour. What we shal intend  
Against his person, give we present end  
Before he call a counsaile, which we shal

Amphinomus is the rest.

Amphinomus is the rest, &amp; more

Antinous is the Prince.

His

His spirit will haſt, & point where it doth greeue:  
Stand vp amongst them all, and vſe his death  
Decreed amongst vs. Which complaint, will breath  
A fire about their ſpleenes; and blow no praiſe  
On our ill labours. Left they therefore raiſe  
Pow'r to exile vs from our Native earth,  
And force our liues ſocieties to the birth  
Of ſorteyne countries: let our ſpeeds prevent  
His coming home, to this auſtere complaint;  
(At field and farre from Towne, or in ſome way  
Of narrow paſſage:) with his laſt day  
Shewne to his forward youth: his goods and lands,  
Left to the free diuiſion of our hands:  
The Mouables made al, his Mothers dowre,  
And his who-euer, Fate affords the powre  
To celebrate with her, ſweet *Hymens* rites.  
Or if this pleaſe not; but your appetites  
Stand to his ſafety, and to giue him ſeate  
In his whole birth-right; let vs looke to eate  
At his coſt neuer more: but euery man  
Haſte to his home: and wed with whom he can  
At home; and there, lay fiſt about for dowre,  
And then the woman giue his ſecond powre  
Of Nuptiall liking: And, for laſt apply  
His purpoſe, with moſt gifts, and deſtiny.

This ſilence cau'd; whoſe breath, at laſt, begon  
*Amphinomus*, the much renowned Son  
Of *Niſus*, ſurnam'd *Aretides*;  
VVho from *Dulichium* (full of Dowry Treas)  
Led all the wooers; and in chiefe did pleaſe  
The Queene with his diſcourſe, becauſe it grew  
From rootes of thoſe good minde that did inueſt  
His goodly perſon: who (exceeding well  
Vſ'd this ſpeech: Friends, Triuer will aduiſe  
The Princes death: for tis a damnd thing  
To put to death the yſſue of a King.  
Fiſt therefore, let's examine, what applauſe  
The Gods will giue it. If the equal Lawes  
Of *Ioue* approve it, I my ſelfe will be  
The man ſhall kill him; and this compaign  
Exhort to that minde: If the Gods remaine  
Aduerſe, and hate it; I aduiſe, reſtaine.

This ſaid *Amphinomus*, and pleaſ'd them all:  
VVhen all aroſe, and in *Phyes* Hall  
Tooke ſeate againe. Then, to the Queene  
The wooers plot, to kill her ſonne at home,  
Since their abroad deſigne had miſſed  
The Herald *Medon* (who the whole aduice

Knew of their counſailes) making the report.  
The Goddeſſe of her ſex, with her faire fort  
Of louely women; at the large Hals dore  
(Her bright cheekes clouded, with a veil ſhe wore)  
Stood, and directed to *Antinous*  
Her ſharpe reprooſe; which ſhe digeſted thus:

*Antinous*: compoſe of iniury,  
Plotter of miſchiefe? Though reports that flye  
Amongſt our *Ithacenſian* people, ſay  
That thou, of all that glory in their ſway,  
Art beſt in words and counſailes; Th'art not ſo.  
Fond, buſie fellow, why plot'ſt thou the wo  
And ſlaughter of my Son? and doſt not feare  
The Prefidents of ſuppliants? when the care  
Of *Ioue* ſtoopes to them? 'Tis vniuſt to do  
Slaughter for ſlaughter; or pay woe, for wo:  
Miſchiefe for kindneſſe; Death for life fought then,  
Is an iniuſtice to be loath'd of men.  
Serues not thy knowledge, to remember when  
Thy Father fled to vs; who (mou'd to wrath  
Againſt the *Taphian* theues) purſu'd with ſeath  
The guiltleſſe *Thersites*; in whoſe peoples feare,  
Purſuing him for wreake, he landed here.  
They after him, profeſſing both their prize  
Of all his chiefeſt vawle & Faculties,  
And more priz'd life. Of all whoſe bloodieſt ends  
*Vlyſſes* curb'd them, though they were his friends.  
Yet thou, like one that no Law will allow  
The leaſt true honor, eat'ſt his houſe vp now  
That fed thy Father: woo'ſt for loue, his wife,  
VVhom thouſt thou grieu'ſt; & ſeck'ſt her ſons life.  
Ceafe, I command thee, and command the reſt,  
To ſee all thought of theſe foule faſhions ceaſe.

*Eurymachus* replied, Be confident,  
Thou all of wit made; the moſt ſan'd deſcent  
Of King *Icarus*: Free thy ſpirits of feare:  
There liues not any one; nor ſhall' hee here  
Now, nor hereafter, while my life giues heat  
And light to me on earth: that dares entreat  
VVith any ill touch, thy well-loued Sonne;  
But heere I vow, and heere will ſee it done,  
His life ſhall ſtaine my Lance. If on his knees  
The City-racer, \* *Laertes*,  
Haſt made me ſit, put in thy hand his foode,  
And held his red wine to me: ſhall the bloude  
Of his *Telemachus*, on my hand lay?  
The leaſt pollution, that my life can ſtay?  
No, I haue euer charg'd him not to feare

Penelope

Eurymachus

Ulysses

Deaths

Knew

Z

Deat's threat from any; And for that most deare  
Loue of his Father, he shall euer be  
Much the most lou'd, of all that liue to me.  
*Who kills a guiltlesse man, from Man may flye;  
From God his searches, all escapes deny.*

Thus cheer'd his words; but his affections still  
Fear'd not to cherish foule intent to kill,  
Euen him, whose life to all liues he prefer'd.

The Queene went vp; and to her loue appear'd  
Her Lord so freshly; that she wept, till sleepe  
(By *Pallas* forc't on her) her eyes did sleepe  
In his sweet humor. When the Euen was come,  
The God-like Herdsman reacht the whole way home.  
*Vlysses* and his Son, for supper drest  
A yeare-old Swine; and ere their Host and Guest  
Had got their preface; *Pallas* had put by  
With her faire rod, *Vlysses* royalty;  
And render'd him, an aged man againe,  
VVith all his vile Integuments; left his Swaine  
Should know him in his trim, & tell his Queene,  
In these deepe secrets, being not deeply scene.

*Telem. to Eum.* He scene; to him, the Prince these words did vse:

VVelcome diuine *Eumaeus*; Now what newes  
Implayes the City? Are the wooers come  
Backe from their Scour dismaid? Or heere at home

*Eum. to Telem.* VVill they againe attempt me? He replied,  
These touch not my care; I was satisfied  
To do, with most speed, what I went to do;  
My message done, retorne. And yet not so  
Came my newes first; a Herald (met with there)  
Fore-told my Tale, and told how safe you were.  
Besides which meere necessary thing;  
What in my way chanc't, I may ouer-bring,  
Being what I know, and witnest with mine eyes.

Where the *Hermes* Sepulcher doth rise  
Above the City: I beheld take Port  
A Ship; and in her, many a man of fort:  
Her freight was shields and Lances; and, me thought  
They were the wooers: but of knowledge, nought  
Can therein tell you. The Prince smil'd, and know  
They were the wooers; casting secret view,  
Vpon his Father. But what they intended  
Fled far the Herdsman: whose Swaines labors ended,  
They drest the Supper; which, past want, was eat.  
VVhen all desire suffic'd, of wine, and meat;  
Of other humane wants, they tooke supplies  
At *Sleepes* soft hand; who sweetly clos'd their eyes.

## THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus returns to Towne,  
Makes to his curious mother knowne  
In part, his Travailes. After whom  
Vlysses to the Court doth come,  
In good Eumaeus guide; and presseth  
To witnesse of the Wooers Feast.  
Whom (though twice ten yeares had before  
In farre off parts) his Dog doth know.*

### Another.

*Vlysses knowes  
through all disguise  
Whom his dog knowes;  
who knowing this.*



But when aires rose birth (the Morn) arose,  
*Telemachus* did for the Towne dispose  
His early steps, and tooke to his command  
His faire long Lance, well fortting with his hand.  
Thus, parting with *Eumaeus*: Now my friend,  
I must to Towne; lest too farre I extend  
My Mothers mones for me: who till her eyes  
Mine owne eyes witnesse, varies teares and cries

*Telem. to Eum.*

Through all extreames. Do then this charge of mine;  
And guide to Towne this haplesse guilt of mine;  
To beg else where his further Festiuall:  
Giue, they that please, I cannot giue to all:  
Mine owne wants take vp for my selfe my paine.  
If it incense him, be the worst shall gaine;  
The louely truth I loue, and must be plaine.  
Alas Friend (saide his Father) nor do I  
Desire at all your further charity.

'Tis better beg in Cities, then in Fields,  
And take the worst a beggers fortune yields.  
Nor am I apt to stay in Swine-sties more  
How euer: euer the great Chiefe before  
The poore Rankes must, to every step obey.

*Vlyss. to his Son.*

But goe; your man, in my command shall sway:  
 Anon yet to, by favor; when your fires  
 Haue comforted the colde heart, age expires;  
 And when the Suns flame hath besides corrected  
 The early aire abroad; not being protected  
 By these my bare weeds, from the mornings frost;  
 Which (since so much ground is to be engrost  
 By my poore scete as you report) may giue  
 Too violent charge, to th' heat by which I liue.

This faide; his Sonne went on, with spritely pace;  
 And to the wooers, studied little grace.  
 Arriu'd at home; he gaue his Iaueline stay  
 Against a lofty Pillar; and bold way  
 Made further in. When, hauing so farre gone  
 That he transcended the fayre Porch of Stone;  
 The first by farre, that gaue his entry, eye  
 Vvas Nurse *Enryclea*; who th' embroidery  
 Of Stooles there set; was giuing Cushions faire:  
 VVho ranne vpon him, and her rapie repaire  
 Shed teares for ioy. About him gather'd round  
 The other Maides his head, and shoulders, crou'd  
 VVith kisses and embraces. From about  
 The Queene her selfe came, like the Queene of Loue;  
 Or bright *Diana*: Cast about her Sonne  
 Her kinde embraces: with effusion  
 Of louing teares, kist both his loudly eyes,  
 His cheekes, and forehead; and gaue all supplies  
 With this entreaty: Welcome sweetest light;  
 I neuer had conceit, to see quicke sight  
 On thee thus soone; when thy lou'd fathers fame  
 As farre as *Pylus*, did thy spirit enflame:  
 In that search ventur'd all vnkowne to me.  
 O say, By what power cam'st thou now to be  
 Mine eyes deare obiect: He return'd reply,  
 Moue me not now: when you my scape desire  
 From imminent death; to thinke me fresh entrapt;  
 The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I scap't.  
 Double not needlesse passion, on a heart  
 VVhose ioy so Greene is, and so apt t' inuert:  
 But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take  
 Your women with you: that yee all may make  
 Vowes of full Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the God-heads: If their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe reuenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which hee  
 Is to protect, as being their Deity.  
 My way shall be directed to the hall  
 Of common Concourse, that I thence may call  
 A stranger; who from off the *Pylus* shore

Penel. to Telm.

Telm to his  
Mother.

Came friendly with me; whom I first before  
 VVith all my fouldiers; but in chief the charge  
 Pyrrus with him, wishing him t' enlarge  
 His loue to him, at home, in best affaire;  
 And utmost honors, till mine owne repaire.

Her Son, thus spoken, his words could not beare  
 The wings too easily through his sister's care:  
 But putting pure weeds on; made vowes entire  
 Of perfect Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the Deities; if their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe reuenge of guest-rites, wrong'd, which he  
 VVas to protect, as being their Deity.

Her Son left house: In his faire hand, his Lance;  
 His dogs attending, and on euery glance  
 His looks cast from them; *Pallas* put a grace  
 That made him seeme of the celestial race.  
 Whom (come to conourse) euery man admir'd:  
 About him throng'd the wooers, and desir'd  
 All good to him in tongue; but in their hearts  
 Most deepe ill threats, to his most delects.  
 Of whose huge rout, once free; he cast glad eie  
 On some, that long before his infancie,  
 VVere with his Father, great, and gracious;  
 Graue *Halytheses*, *Mentor*, *Antiphus*;  
 To whom he went: tooke seate by them: And they  
 Enquir'd of all things, since his parting day.  
 To them *Pyrrus* came, and brought his Guest  
 Along the City thither; whom nor left  
 The Prince respected; nor was long before  
 He rose and met him: The first word yett bore  
*Pyrrus* from them both: whose hoste, besought  
 The Prince to send his women, to see brought  
 The Gifts from his house, that *Anticlea* gaue,  
 VVhich his own roofes, he thought, would better saue.

The wife Prince answer'd, I can scarce conceiue  
 The way to these workes. If the wooers reuise  
 By priuy Stratagem, my life at home:  
 I rather wish, *Pyrrus* may become  
 The Maister of them, then the best of these.  
 But, if I sowe in their fields of excessse,  
 Slaughter, and ruine; then thy trust employ,  
 And to me ioying, bring thou those with ioy.

This said, he brought home his grief-practis'd Guest;  
 VVhere both put off, both oyl'd, and did inuest  
 Themselves in rich Robes, wash, and fire, and eate.  
 His Mother, in a faire chaire, taking seate  
 Directly opposite: her Loomie apply'd;  
 VVho (when her Son and Guest had finished

Pyrr. to Telm.

Telm. to Pyrr.

Pe. to Te. m. Their appetites with feasts) said; O my Sonne  
 You know, that ever since your Sire was wound;  
 To go in *Agamemnon's* guide to Troy;  
 Attempting sleepe, I neuer did inioy  
 One nights good rest; but made my quiet bed  
 A Sea blowne vp with fighes; with reares full shed  
 Embrew'd and troubl'd; yet, though all your misse.  
 In your late voyage, hath bene made for this.  
 That you might know, th' abode your Father made.  
 You shun to tell me what successe you had.  
 Now then, before the insolent access.  
 The woovers straight will force on vs; expresse  
 What you haue heard. I will (saide he) and true.  
 VVe came to *Pylus*, where the studious due  
 That any Father could afford his Sons;  
 (But new arriu'd, from some course he had roa  
 To an extreame length, in some voyage vow'd)  
*Nestor*, the Pastor of the people, shou'd  
 To me arriu'd, in turrets thrust vp hies;  
 VVhere not his braue Sons, were more lou'd then I,  
 Yet of th' vnconquer'd-cuer, *Sufferer*  
*Phyfes*; neuer he could set his eare  
 Aliue, or dead, from any earthy man.  
 But to the great *Lacedemonian*  
 (*Atrides*, famous for his Lance) he sent  
 VVith horse and Chariots; Me, to learne th' event  
 From his Relation; where I had the view  
 Of *Argine Hellen*, whose strong beauties drew  
 (By wils of Gods) so many *Grecian* States,  
 And *Troians*, vnder such laborious Fares.  
 Where *Menelaus* ask't me, what affaire  
 To *Lacedemon*, render'd my repaire.  
 I told him all the truth: who made reply;  
 O deed of most abhor'd indecency!  
 A sort of Impotents attempt his bed,  
 VVhose strength of minde, hath Cities leuelled?  
 As to a Lyons den, when any Hinde  
 Hath brought her yong Calues, to their rest inclinde;  
 When he is ranging hills, and hearby dales,  
 To make, of Feeders there, his Festivals;  
 But turning to his lustre, Calues, and Dam,  
 He shewes abhor'd death, in his angers flame:  
 So (should *Phyfes* finde this rabble, should  
 In his free Turrets, courting his espou'd)  
 Foule death would fall them. O, I would to *Jove*,  
*Phabus*, and *Pallas*, that (when he shall proue  
 The broad report of his exhausted store,  
 True with his eyes) his Nerves and Sinewes were

Telamonius  
 brief relation  
 of what he had  
 done.

Men. to Telon.

That vigor then, that in the *Lesbian* Towns  
 (Prouok't to wrastle with the iron powers  
*Philemelides* vanted) he approu'd;  
 VVhen, downe he hurl'd his Challenger, and mou'd  
 Huge shouts from all the *Achians* then in view:  
 If, once come home, he all those forces drew  
 About him there to worke: they all were dead;  
 And should finde bitter his attempted bed.  
 But, what you aske and see for, I (as far,  
 As I haue heard, the true-spoke Mariner)  
 VVill tell directly; nor delude your eare.  
 He told me, that an Island did enshueare  
 (In much discomfort) greene *Eaeris* sonne;  
 And that the Nymph *Calypso* (ouer to me  
 VVith his affection) kept him in her Caves,  
 Where men, nor Ship, of pow't to brook the waues;  
 VVere neere his conuoy to his countries Shore;  
 And where her selfe, importun'd euermore  
 His quiet stay; which not obtain'd, by force;  
 She kept his person from all else recourse.

This told *Atrides*; which was all he knew;  
 Nor staid I more; but from the Gods there blew  
 A prosperous winde, that set me quickly heere:  
 This put his Mother, quite from all her cheere:  
 VVhen *Theachymenus* the Augur, said:

O woman, honour'd with *Phyfes* bed:  
 Your Son, no doubt, knowes cleerely nothing more:  
 Heare me yet speake, that can the truth vncoore;  
 Nor will be curious. Ioue then, witness beare,  
 And this thy Hospitable Table heere,  
 VVith this whole household of your blamelesse Lord;  
 That, at this houre, his royall seere are staid  
 On his lou'd country earth; and that euen heere  
 Comming, or creeping, he will see the cheere  
 These woovers make; and in his soules field, sow  
 Seeds, that shall thrive to all their oerthrow.  
 This, for a ship-board, I knew forced thus,  
 And cried it out, to your *Telamonius*.

*Penelope* replied; VVould this would proue;  
 You well should witnesse a most friendly loue,  
 And gifts such of me, as encountering Fame  
 Should greene you with a blessed Mortals name!  
 This mutuell speech, past: all the woovers were  
 Hurling the stone, and tossing of the Speare  
 Before the Pallace, in the paved Court:  
 VVhere other-whiles, their penitente resort  
 Sate plotting injuries. But when the howe  
 Of Supper enter'd; and the feeding power

These words  
 to Penelope.

Exord. to Theoc.

Brought sheepe from field, that fill'd vpon every way  
 VVith those that vsde to furnish that purway;  
*Medon*, the Herald (who of all the rest  
 Pleas'd most the wooers: and at euery Feast  
 VVas euer neere) said; You whose kind comfort  
 Make the faire branches of the Tree, our Courts;  
 Grace it within now, and your Suppers take.  
 You that for health, and faire contentions sake  
 Will please your minds; know, bodies must haue meate;  
*Play's worse then idleness, in times to eate.*

This said; all left; came in; cast by, on Thrones  
 And Chaires, their garments. Their provisions  
 VVere Sheepe, Swine, Goats; the chiefly great & fat,  
 Besides an Oxe, that from the Herd they gat.  
 And now, the King and Herdsman, from the field,  
 In good way were to Towne: Twixt whom was held  
 Some walking conference, which thus began

*Eume. to Pylles.* The good *Eumæus*: Guest, your will was wun,  
 (Because the Prince commanded) to make way  
 Vp to the City; though I wisht your stay,  
 And to haue made you Guardian of my stall:  
 But I, in care and feare, of what might fall,  
 In after anger of the Prince; forbore.  
*The checkes of Princes touch their subjects sore.*  
 But make we hast, the day is neere ended;  
 And cold ayres still, are in the Euen extended.

*Pylles to Eume.* I know't (said he) consider all; your charge  
 Is giuen to one that vnderstands at large.  
 Hasten then: heereafter, you shall leade the way;  
 Affoord your Staffe to, if it fit your stay,  
 That I may vse it; since you say, our passe  
 Is lesse friend to a weake foot, then it was.

Thus cast he on his necke, his nasty Scrip,  
 All patcht and torne: A cord that would not slip  
 For knots, and bracks, about the mouth of it,  
 Made serue the turne: and then his Swaine did sit  
 His forc't state with a staffe. Then plied they hard  
 Their way to towne: Their Cottage left in guard  
 To Swaines and Dogs. And now, *Eumæus* led  
 The King along; his garments to a thred  
 All bare, and burn'd; and he himselfe hard bore  
 Vpon his staffe, at all parts like a pore  
 And sad old begger. But when now they got  
 The rough high-way; their voyage wanted not  
 Much, of the City: where a Fount they reacht,  
 From whence the Towne their choicest water fetcht,  
 That euer ouer-flow'd; and curious Art  
 VVas shewne about it: In which, three had part;

*The walking  
 Fount of the  
 City.*

VVhose names, *Acritus* and *Polydorus* were,  
 And famous *Iphicus*. It had a Sphere  
 Of poplar, that ranne round about the wall;  
 And into it, a lofty Rocke let fall,  
 Continual supply of coole cleare streame:  
 On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme  
 In those parts loues; a stately Altar rose;  
 VVhere euery Trauailer, did still impose  
 Deuoted sacrifice. At this fount, found  
 These silly Trauailers, a man renown'd  
 For guard of Goats, which now he had in guide;  
 VVhose huge-stor'd Herd, two herds-men kept beside:  
 For all Herds it exceld; and bred a seed  
 For wooers onely. He was *Dolius* seede,  
 And call'd *Melanthius*. VVho casting eye  
 One these two there, he chid them terribly:  
 And so past meane, that euen the wretched fate,  
 Now on *Pylles*, he did irritate.

His fume, to this effect, he did pursue:  
 VVhy so; tis now at all parts passing true,  
 That ill leades ill: good cuer more doth traine  
 VVith like, his like: VVhy thou vnciuil Swaine,  
 VVhither dost thou leade this fame vincible Leager?  
 This bane of banquets; this most nasty begger:  
 VVhose sight doth make one sad, it so abhorres;  
 VVho with his standing in so many doores,  
 Hath broke his backe; and all his beggery tends  
 To beg base cruells, but to no manly ends;  
 As asking swords, or with aciuiray  
 To get a Caldron. VVouldst thou giue him me,  
 To farme my Stable, or to sweepe my yarde,  
 And bring broule to my kids; and that prefer'd,  
 He should be at my keeping for his paines,  
 To drinke as much whey, as his thirsty weynes  
 VVould still be swilling (whey made all his fees)  
 His monstrous belly, would oppresse his knees.  
 But he hath learn'd to leade base life about;  
 And will not worke, but crouch among the rout;  
 For broken meate, to cram his barren gut.  
 Yet this Ile say; and he will finde it put  
 In sure effect; that if he enters where  
*Pylles* roofes cast shade; the shooles will there  
 About his cares flye; all the house will throw;  
 And rub his ragged sides, with ouises enow.

Past these reuiles, his manlesse rudenesse spurn'd  
 Diuine *Pylles*, who, at no part mis'd  
 His face from him, but had his spirit fed  
 VVith these two thoughts; If he should strike him dead

*Melanthius to  
 Eumæus and  
 Pylles.*

VVhose

VVith



VVith his bestowed staffe : or at his feete  
Make his direct head, and the pavement meete.  
But he bore all, and entertain'd a brest,  
That in the strife of all extremes did rest.

*Eumæus seeth  
Melan, for his  
rude usage of  
Vlysses.*

*Eumæus*, frowning on him, chid him yet :  
And lifting vp his hands to heauen, he set  
This bitter curse at him : O you that beare  
Faile name to be the race of *Iapetus*,  
Nymphes of these Fountaines ! If *Vlysses* euer  
Burn'd thighs to you ; that hid in far, did neuer  
Faile your acceptance, of or Lambe, or Kid ;  
Grant this grace to me, let the man thus hid  
Shine through his dark fate ; make som God his guide ;

*\* Intending his  
far Herd, kept  
a eely for the  
woolers dam in  
Pallat's.*

That, to thee (Goat-herd) this same Pallat's pride,  
Thou driu'st afore thee ; he may come and make  
The scatterings of the earth ; and ouer-take  
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to euer erre  
About the City, hunted by his feare.  
And in the meane space, may some slothfull Swaines,  
Let lowlie sicknesse gnaw thy Carrels Vaines.

*Melan, answer  
to Eumæus.*

O Gods ! (replied *Melantheus*) what a curse  
Hath this dog barkt out ; and can yet, do worse ?  
This man, shall I haue giuen into my hands,  
VVhen, in a well-built Ship, to farre-off Lands  
I shall transport him : That (should I want here)  
My sale of him, may finde me victels there.  
And (for *Vlysses*) would to heauen his ioy  
The Silver-bearing-bow-God, would destroy,  
This day, within his house ; as sure as he  
The day of his returne shall neuer see.

This said, he left them, going silent on ;  
But he out-went them, and tooke straight vpon  
The Pallace royall, which he enter'd straight ;  
Sat with the woolers, and his Trenchers fraight  
The Keruers gaue him, of the flesh there vented ;  
But bread, the reuerend Butlereffe presented.  
He tooke, against *Eurymachus*, his place ;  
VVho most of all the woolers, gaue him grace.  
And now *Vlysses* and his Swaine got nere :  
VVhen, round about them, visited their eare  
The hollow Harpes delicious-stricken strings,  
To which, did *Phemius* (neere the woolers) sing.

Then, by the hand *Vlysses* tooke his Swaine,  
And saide, *Eumæus* ? May we here see plaine  
(In many a grace) that *\* Laertes*

*\* Vlysses.*

Built heere these Turrets ; and (mongst others these)  
His whole Court arm'd, with such a goodly wall :  
The Cornish, and the Cope, Maiesticall :

His double gates ; and Turrets, built too strong  
For force, or vertue, euer to expugne.  
I know, the Feasters in it, now abound,  
Their Cares cast such a sauiour, and the sound  
The Harpe giues, argues, an accomplisht Feast ;  
*The Gods made Musick, Banquets decreed Gaeft.*

These things (said he) your skill may tell with ease,  
Since you are grac't with greater knowledges.  
But now, consult we, how these wookes shall fort,  
If you will first approach this praised Court,  
And see these wooers (I remaining here)  
Or I shall enter, and your selfe forbear.  
But be not you, too tedious in your stay  
Left thrust ye be, and buffeted away.  
*Braine hath no fence for blowes ;* looke too't I pray.

You speake to one that comprehends (said he)

Go you before, and heere, aduentureme.  
I haue of old, bene vs'd to cuffes and blowes ;  
My minde is hardn'd ; hauing borne the throwes  
Of many a foure euent, in waues, and wars ;  
VVhere knockes and buffets are no Forreiners.  
And this same harmefull belly, by no meane,  
The greatest Abstinent, can euer weane.  
*Men suffer much paine, by the Bellies rage ;*  
For whose sake, Ships in all their equipage  
Are arm'd, and set out to th' vntam'd Seas ;  
Their bulkes full fraught with ill to enemies.  
Such speech they chang'd when in the yeard there lay  
A dogge, call'd *Argus*, which before his way  
Assu'd for them, *Vlysses* bred ;

*Vlysses dog, cal-  
led Argus.*

Yet stood his pleasure then, in healested ;  
(As being too yong) but growing to his grace,  
Yong men made choise of him for euer Chace ;  
Or of their wilde Goats, of their Hares, or Harts.  
But, his King gone ; and he, now past his parts ;  
Lay all abiection on the Stables store,  
Before the Ox-stall, and Mules stable dore,  
To keepe the clothes, cast from the Peasants hands ;  
While they laide compass on *Vlysses* Lands :  
The Dog, with Ticks (vntoock't) ouer-growne.  
But, by this Dog, no sooner scene, but knowe  
VVas wife *Vlysses*, who (new enter'd there)  
Vp went his Dogs laide cares, and (coming nere)  
Vp, he himselfe rose, fawn'd ; and wag'd his Seme ;  
Cought close his cares, and lay to ; Nor deferre  
Could euenmore his deere-lou'd Lord againe.

*The Dog dyed  
as soon as hee  
had seen Vlysses*

*Vlysses* saw it ; nor had powre t' abstaine  
From shedding tears : which (far-off seeing his Swain)  
TOVA

He

He died from his sight cleane; to whom, he thus  
His griefe dissembled: 'Tis miraculous,  
That such a Dog as this, should haue his laire  
On such a dunghill; for his forme is faire.  
And yet, I know not, if there were in him  
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly lim.  
Or he liu'd empty of those inward things,  
As are those trencher-Beagles, tending Kings;  
VVhom for their pleasures, or their glories sake,  
Or fashion; they into their fauours take.

EUMENES, De-  
scription of V-  
lydes Dogge.

This Dog (saide he) was seruant to one dead  
A huge time since. But if he bore his head  
(For forme and quality) of such a hight,  
As when *Vlydes* (bound for th' *Ilium* fight,  
Or quickly after) left him: your rapt eyes  
VVould then admire, to see him vie his Thyres,  
In strength, and swiftness. He would nothing flye,  
Nor any thing let scape. If once his eye  
Seiz'd any wilde beast, he knew straight his scent:  
Go where he would, away with him he went.  
Nor was there cuer any Savage stood  
Amongst the thickest of the deepest wood  
Long time before him, but he pull'd him downe;  
As well by that true hunting to be showne  
In such vaste couerts; as for speed of pace  
In any open Lawne; For in deepe chace,  
He was a passing wise, and well-nof'd Hound.  
And yet is all this good in him vnround  
With any grace heere now. Nor he more fed  
Then any errant Curte. His King is dead,  
Farre from his country; and his seruants are  
So negligent, they lend his Hound, no care.  
*Where Maysters rule not, but les Men alone;*  
*You neuer there, see honest seruice done.*  
*That Man's halfe vertue, loue takes quite away,*  
*That once is Sun-burn'd with the seruite day.*

This said; he enter'd the well-built Towers,  
Vp bearing right vpon the glorious wooers;  
And left poore *Argus* dead. His Lords first fight,  
Since that time twenty yeares, bereft his light.

*Telemachus*, did farre the first behould

*Eumenes* enter; and made signes he should  
Come vp to him. He (noting) came, and tooke  
On earth, his seate. And then, the Maister Cooke  
Seru'd in more banquet: Of which; part he set  
Before the wooers; part the Prince did get:  
VVho fate alone; his Table plac'd aside,  
To which, the Herald did the bread diuide.

*Vlydes* rashfull  
falseness of a  
man in his own  
land.

After *Eumenes*, enter'd straight the King,  
Like to a poore, and heavy aged thing:  
Bore hard vpon his staffe; and was so clad,  
As would haue made his meere beholder sad.  
Vpon the *Athen* floore, his limbes he spread;  
And gainst a Cypresse threshold flaid his head;  
The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct,  
Tried by the Plumbe, and by the Architect.  
The Prince then bad the Herdman giue him bread,  
The finest there: and see, that prostrated  
At all parts plight of his giue all the cheare  
His hands could turne to: *Poke* (saide he) and beare  
These cares to him; and bid him beg of all  
These wooers heere; and to these faithful  
Beare vp with all the impudence he can;  
*Ballsfull behaviour, fits no needy Man.*

He heard, and did his will: Hold *Cnest* (saide he)  
*Telemachus* commends these cares to thee:  
Bids thee beare vp, and all the wooers implore;  
*Wit must make impudent, while Envy makes poore.*

*O Ione* (saide he) do my poore pray'r the grace,  
To make him blessed fit of the mortall race:  
And enery thought now, in his generation heart,  
To deeds that further my desires conuert.

Thus tooke he in, with both his hands his store,  
And in the vncooth Scrip that lay before;  
His ill-shod feet, reposed him long he sat  
All time the Musicke to the Feasters plaid,  
Both ioyntly ending, *These long matters* to  
To put in old act, their tumultuous poems.  
When *Pallas* standing close, did catch the sound,  
To proue how farre the bounties would extend  
Of those proud wooers; so, to let him try,  
Who most, who least, had learn'd humane duty.  
Howeuer, no thought toucht *Telemachus*;  
That any one should scape his wreake design'd.  
He handsomely became all, cryt downe I;  
To euery wooer, held a fore't hand out  
And all his worke, did in so like a way  
As he had practis'd begging many a day.  
And though they knew, all beggars could not shun,  
Yet they admit d it, as no deede of his;  
Though farre from thought of such a vile expence  
And pitty to him: who he was, and whence,  
Enquiring mutually. *Melantheus* then sooke  
Heare me, ye wooers of the *Penelope*;  
About this begger: I haue seene him  
This face of his, and know for sure he is a

After

2A

2A

That

That this Swaine brought him hither. What he is,  
Or whence he came, flies me. Reply to this

*Antinous* made; and mockt *Eumæus* thus.

O thou renowned Herdsman, why to vs  
Brought'st thou this begger? Serues it not our hands,  
That other Land-leapers, and Cormorants  
(Prophane poore knaves) lye on vs, misconducted,  
But you must bring them? So amisse instructed  
Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know  
Thy Lords goods wracke in this their ouer-flow?  
VVhich, thinkest thou nothing, that thou calst in these?

*Eumæus* answer'd; Though you may be wise,

You speak not wisely: VVho calls in a Guest

That is a guest himselfe? None cal to Feast

Other then men that are of publique use:

Prophets, or Poets, whom the Gods produce;

Physitians for mens ills; or Architects:

Such men, the boundlesse earth affords respects

Bounded in honour; and may call them well:

But poore men, who calls? VVho doth so excell

In others good, to do himselfe an ill?

But all *Vlysses* seruants haue bene still

Eye-forces in your waite, more then all that woo;

And cheefly I. But what care I, for you?

As long as these roofes, hold as thanks to none,

The wife *Penelope* and her God-like Sonne.

Forbear (saide he) and leaue this tongues bold ill;

*Antinous* vses to be crossing still,

And giue sharpe words: his blood thus humors beate,

To set men still together by the eares.

But (turning then t' *Antinous*) O (saide he)

You entertaine a Fathers care of none;

To turne these eating guests out: 'Tis aduise

Of needful vse for my poore faculties:

But God doth not allow this: There must be

Some care of poore men, in humane kinde.

What you your selues take, giue; I not only

But giue command that hospitality

Be giuen al strangers: Nor shal my pow'rs feare,

If this mood in me, reach my Mothers care;

Much lesse the seruants, that are bound to seege

*Vlysses* house kept, in his old degree.

But you beare no such mind; your wits more tall

To fill your selfe, then let another tall.

*Antinous* answer'd him; Braue (spoken man)

VVhose minds free fire, see cheefly, no vntoward

If all we wooers heere, would giue as much

As my minde serues; his Larges should be such

\*note ding Vlysses.

As would for three months serue his farre off way  
From troubling your house, with more cause of stay.

This said; he tooke a shoole vp, that did rest  
Beneath the boord, his spangled scute at feast  
And offer'd at him: But the rest, gaue all,  
And fill'd his fulsome Scrip with Festiuall.  
And so *Vlysses* for the present, was,  
And for the future furnisht; and his passe  
Bent to the doore, to care. Yet could not leaue  
*Antinous* so: but said; Do you to giue

(Lou'd Lord) your presence, makes a shew to me,  
As you not worst were of the company,  
But best; and so much, that you scime the King:  
And therefore, you should giue some better thing,  
Then bread, like others. I will spread your praise  
Through all the wide world; that haue in my daies  
Kept house my selfe; and trod the wealthy waies  
Of other men, euen to the Title, Bless;  
And often haue I giuen an erring Guest  
(How meane soeuer) to the utmost gaine  
Of what he wanted: kept whole troopes of men;  
And had all other commings in; with which  
Men liue so well, and gaine the fame of Rich.

Yet *Ioue* consum'd all; he would haue it so:  
To which, his meane was this; he made me go  
Farre off, for Egypt, in the rude comfort

Of all waies-wandering Pyrats; where, in Port  
I bad my lou'd men, draw their Ships ashore,  
And dwell amongst them: Sent out some t' explore

Vp to the Mountaines; who (intemperate,  
And their inflam'd bloods, bent to satiate)

Forrag'd the rich fields; hal'd the women thence,  
And vnwean'd children, with the foule expence

Both of their fames, and bloods. The cry then flew  
Straight to the City; and the great fields grew

With horse, and foot; and flam'd with iron armes;  
VVhen *Ioue* (that breaks the Thunder in Alarmes)

An ill sight cast amongst my men: Not one  
Inspir'd with spirit, to stand, and tume upon

The fierce pursuing foe: and therefore stood  
Their ill fate thicke about them: some in blood,

And some in bondage: Toiles led by constraint  
Fasting vpon them. Me, along they sent

To *Cyprus*, with a stranger Prince they met;  
*Demeter Isides*; who th' Imperiall seat

Of that sweete Island, swaid in strong command;  
And thus feele I heere, Needs condemn'd hand.

And what God sent (saide he) this suffering bane

A a 2

To

To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor prophane  
My boord so boldly, lest I shew thee here,  
*Cyprus* and *Egypt*, made more foure then there.  
You are a fawcy set-fact Vagabond.  
About with all you go; and they, beyond  
Discretion giue thee, since they finde not heere  
The least proportion set downe to their cheere.  
But euery Fountaine hath his vnder floods;  
*It is no Bounty, to giue others goods.*

O Gods (replied *Phyllis*) I see now,  
You beare no soule, in this your goodly shew;  
Beggars at your boord, I perceiue, should get  
Scarfe salt from your hands, if theselues brought meat:  
Since, sitting where anothers boord is spread,  
That flowes with feast; not to the broken bread  
VVill your allowance reach. Nay then (saide he,  
And look't austerly) If so saucy be  
Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that cleere  
You shall not scape without some broken cheere.

Thus rapt he vp a foole, with which he smit  
The Kings right shoulder, 'twixt his necke, and it.  
He stood him like a rocke: *Antinous* dart  
Not stirr'd *Phyllis*: who in his great hart  
Deepe ilis projected; which, for time yet, close  
He bound in silence; shooke his head, and went  
Out to the Entry, where he then gaue vent  
To his full scrip; fate on the earth, and eate,  
And talk't still to the wooers: heare me yet  
Ye wooers of the *Queene*: It neuer greues  
A man to take blowes, where for Sheepe, or Bees,  
Or other maine possessions, a man fights:  
But for his harmefull belly, this man smites,  
VVhose loue to many a man, breeds many a wo.  
And if the poore haue Gods, and Furies to;  
Before *Antinous* weare his Nuptiall wreath,  
He shall be worne vpon the dart of death.

Harsh Guest (saide he) sit silent at your meate,  
Or seeke your desperate plight some safer feate,  
Left by the hands, or heeles, youths drag your yeares,  
And rend your rotten ragges about your eares.

This made the rest, as highly hate his folly,  
As he had violated something holy.  
VVhen one (cuen of the proudest) thus began:  
Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man  
On such an errant wretch: O ill dispos'd!  
Perhaps some sacred God-head goes endof'd  
Even in his abiect outside: For the Gods  
Haue often visited these rich abodes

Hanc

Like such poore stranger Pilgrims; since their powrs  
(Being alwayes shapefull) glide through Townes and  
Observing as they passe by, who they be (Tow'ns  
That piety loue, and who impiety.

This, all men said; But he held sayings cheape:  
And all this time *Telemachus* did heepe  
Sorrow on sorrow, on his beating hart  
To see his Father stricken; yet set part  
No teare to earth, but shooke his head, and thought  
As deepe as those ilis, that were after wrought.

The *Queen* now hearing of her poore guests stroke;  
Said to her Maid, (as to her wooer she spoke)  
I with the famous for his Bow, the *San*  
VVould strike thy heart so: Her with (thus begun)  
Her Lady, faire *Euryome* pursude  
Her execration; and did thus conclude:  
So may our vowes call downe from heauen, his end;  
And let no one life of the rest, extend  
His life till morning. O *Euryome*:

(Replied the *Queene*) may all Gods speake in thee:  
For all the wooers, we should rate as foes;  
Since all their weales, they place in others woes.  
But this *Antinous*, we past all should hate,  
As one resembling blacke and extrell Fate.

A poor strange wretch, begg'd here, compell'd by need:  
Ask all; and euery one gaue in his deed;  
Fill'd his sad Scrip, and eas'd his heauy wants:  
Onely this man, bestow'd manfully rates;  
And with a cruell blow (his force let thee)  
Twixt necke and shoulder, shew'd his charity.

Their minds (aboue) she and her Maids did shew;  
VVhile, at his scrip, *Phyllis* fate below.  
In which time, the *Eunuch* call'd, and said:  
Go, good *Eunuch*, and see howe the *Queen*  
The stranger to me: Bid him come and take  
My salutations for his welcome sake;  
And my desire serue, if he hath not heard  
Of scene distress *Phyllis*: who hath ear'd  
Like such a man; and therefore chanc'd may fall;  
He hath, by him bene met, and spoke withall.

O *Queene* (saide he) I with so heauen, your care  
Were quit of this vnreuerend noise you heare  
From these rude wooers; when I bring the guest:  
Such words, your care, would let into your breast  
As would delight it to your very heart.  
Three nights and dayes, I did my selfe impart  
To his fruitions (for he came to me  
The first of all men, since he fled the Sea)

A 2 3

And

And yet he had not given a perfect end  
To his relation, of what woes did spend  
The sight of Fate on him: \*But as you see  
A Singer, breathing out of Deity  
Loue-kindling lines; when all men feared nere,  
Are rapt with endlesse thirst, to euer heare:  
So sweeten'd he, my bosome, at my meate;  
Affirming that *Vlysses* was in *Crete*,  
VVhere first the memories of *Minos* were,  
A Guest to him, there dwelling, then as deare  
As his true Father: and from thence came he  
Tir'd on with forrowes; tost from sea to sea;  
To cast himselfe in dust, and tumble heere  
At woovers feete, for blowes and broken chere.  
But, of *Vlysses* (where the *Thesprans* dwell,  
A wealthy people) *Fame* he sayes, did tell  
The full suruiall: who his *Nature* light  
VVas bound for now; with treasure infinite.

Call him (sayd she) that he himselfe may say  
This, ouer to me. We shall come here way  
Given by the woovers: They as well at Gate,  
As set within doores, vnto recreate  
Their high-fed spirits. As their humors leade,  
They follow; and may well; for still they trade  
Vncharg'd waies here: their own way lying vntraded  
In poore-kept houes: onely something tated  
Their bread and wine is, by their household *Servantes*:  
But they themselves, let loose continuall *Reines*  
To our expences, making laughter still  
Of Sheepe, Goats, Oxen; feeding past their fill  
And vainly laushing out richesse vaine:  
All these extending past the sacred line  
For here liues no man, like *Vlysses* now  
To curb these ruines: But should hee once shew  
His country light, his presence; He and his  
VVould soone reuenge these woovers iniurie.

This said; about the house, in cedars round,  
Her Sons strange Neefings made a horrid sound;  
At which, the Queene yet laughes, and saies, *Call*  
The stranger to me: Heardst thou not to all  
My words last vtter'd, what a Neefing brake  
From my *Telemachus*? From whence I make  
This sure conclusion; That the death, and fate  
Of euery wooer heere, is nere his date.  
Call then the Guest; and if he tel as true  
VVhat I shal aske him; In close, all things new  
These hands shal yeeld him. This said, down he went  
And told *Vlysses*, that the Queene had sent

\*Simil:  
In which *Vlysses*  
is comforted  
with a Veat, for  
the sweetness  
of his speech.

Neefing a good  
omen.

To call him to her; that she might enquire  
About her husband, what hee had desire  
Vrg'd her to aske: and if she found him true,  
Both cote, and cassocke (which he needed) new  
Her hands would put on him; And that the Bread  
VVhich now he begg'd amongst the comelyne tread;  
Should freely feed his hunger now from her;  
VVho, all he wisht, would to his waies prefer.

His answer was; I will with fit speed, tell  
The whole truth to the Queene; For, passing well  
I know her Lord; since he and I haue heard  
In equall forrowes. But I much am fear'd  
With this rude multitude of woovers; that  
The rage of whose pride, sineth in many a breach  
Of whose rout, when one strooke me for no fault;  
*Telemachus*, nor none else, turn'd th' assault  
From my poore shoulders. Therefore though the host  
Beseech the Queene, hee will not be  
The dayes broad light; and then, may the Queene  
Tis but my closer prealing to the fire  
In th' Euenings cold; because, my weeds, you know  
Are pasing thin: For I made bold to show  
Their brackes to you, and pray'd your kinde supply.

He heard, and halted; and met instantly  
The Queene vpon the pavement in  
Who aske; what bringst thou now to me?  
Finde his austre supposes? Takes hee  
Of th' vniust woovers? Or thus hard doe I  
On any other doubt the house obiect  
He does me wrong; and gives tooe much  
To his fear'd safety. He does right (saies she)  
And what he fears, should moue the Queene  
Of any wife one; taking care to shun  
The violent woovers; He bids bide, til Sun  
Hath hid his broad light: and, beleeue it, Queene,  
I will make your best course: since you two, vnscene  
May passe th' encounter: you to speake more free;  
And he, your care gaine, lesse distrustfully.

The Guest is wife (saied she) and well doth giue  
The right thought vs. Of all the men that liue,  
Life serues none such, as these proud woovers are,  
To giue a good man, cause to vie his care.

Thus (all agreed) amongst the woovers goes  
*Eumæus* to the Prince; and (whispering close)  
Saied; Now, my Loue, my charge shal take vp me,  
(Your goods, and mine) VVhat here is, you must see  
In fit protection. But, in chiefe, regard  
Your owne deere safegard, whose stare, study hard,

Left sufferance seize you. Many a wicked thought  
Conceale these wooers; whom iust *some* see brought  
To viter ruine, ere it touch at vs.

So chance it, Friend (replyed *Telemachus*)  
Your Beuer taken, go: in first of day  
Come, and bring factifice, the best you may.  
To me, and to th'immortals, be the care  
Of whatsoeuer heere, the safeties are.

This said, he fate in his elaborate Throne.  
*Eumæus* (fed to satisfaction)  
Went to his charge; left both the Court and wals,  
Full of secure, and farall Festivals.  
In which, the wooers pleasures still would sway:  
And now begun, the *Eutens* nere-ending day.

*The End of the Seauententh Booke  
of Homers Odyssey.*



## THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**V**Lyfies, and *Ragnus* leus fight  
Penelope, *much* *as* her fight  
To all her Wooers: who present  
Gifts to her; *ran* *as* with content.  
A certaine *Perle* then we sing,  
Betwixt a *Woor*, and the *King*.

### Another.

*The Beggars glie,*  
*the Kings high fauor,*  
*Gifts giuen to her*  
*a vntany Dame.*



Here came a commone Begger to the Court;  
Who, in the City, begg'd of all resort:  
Excell'd in madnesse of the gut; drunke, eate  
Past intemission: was most hugely great;  
Yet had no flowers in him, nor no force:  
In fight, a Man; In mind, a liuing Corse.  
His true name, was *Aradan*: for his mother  
Impoſ'd it from his birth: And yet another

The City youth would giue him (from the courſe  
He after tooke; deriu'd out of the force  
That Need held on him; which was up and downe  
To run on all mens errands through the Towne)  
VVhich founded, *trus*. VVhen whole gut was come,  
He needs would barre *Phyllis* his owne home,  
And fell to chiding him: Old man (saide he)  
Your way out of the Entry, quickly see  
Be with faire Language taken; left your stay  
But little longer, see you dragg'd away.  
See Sir: Obserue you not, how all these make  
Direct signes at me? Charging me to take  
Your heeles, and drag you out? But I take shame.  
Rise yet, y'are best; left we two play a game  
At cusses together. He bent browes, and saide:  
VVatch / I do thee no ill; nor once vbraide

Thy presence with a word; nor what mine eye  
By all hands sees thee given, one thought enuy:  
Nor shouldst thou enuy others. Thou mayst see  
The place will hold vs both; and seem't to me  
A Begger like my self: which who can mende?  
*The Gods giue most so whom they least are Friend:*  
*The cheefe gods: Gods giue, is in good to end.*  
But to the hands strife, of which y are so free,  
Prouoke me not, for feare you anger me;  
And left the old man, on whose scorne you stood,  
Your lips ad bofome, make shake hands in blood.  
I loue my quiet well, and more will loue  
To morrow then to day. But if you moue  
My peace beyond my right; & the warre you make,  
Will neuer after giue you will to take  
*Ulysses* house into your begging walke.

O Gods (saide he) how volubly doth talke  
This eating gulfes? And how his fume breakes out,  
As from an old cracke Ouen? whom I will clout  
So bitterly; and so with both hands mall  
His chaps together; that his teeth shall fall,  
As plaine scene on the earth, as any Sowes  
That ruts the Come-fields, or deuoures the Mowes.  
Come; close we now, that all may see, what wrong  
An old man tempts, that takes at cusses, a yong.

Thus in the entry of those lofty Tow'rs,  
These two, with al splene, spent their iarring pow'rs:  
*Antinous* tooke it; laught, and saide; O Friends  
We neuer had such sport: This Guest contends  
VVith this vasse Begger, at the Buffets fight;  
Come, ioyne we hands, and screw vp all their spight.

All rose in Laughters; and about them bore  
All the ragg'd rout of beggers at the dore.  
Then mou'd *Antinous* the victors hire  
To all the woo'rs thus: There are now at fire  
Two brefts of Goat: both which, let Law fet downe  
Before the man, that wins the dayes renowne,  
With all their fat and greaue: And of both  
The glorious Victor, shal prefferre his tooth,  
To which he makes his choise of, from vs all;  
And euer after, banquet in our Hall,  
VVith what our boords yeeld: Not a Begger mote  
Allow'd to share; but all keepe out at dore.  
This he propos'd; and this they all approu'd;  
To which *Ulysses* answer'd: O most loud,  
By no meanes should an old man; and one old  
In chiefe with sorrowes, be so ouer-bold  
To combat with his yonger: But alas;

Mans owne ill-working belly, needs will pacfe  
This worke vpon me; and enuoy me not  
To beate this fellow. But then, you must doo  
My age no wrong, to take my pangs part,  
And play me foule play; making your strokes smart  
Helpe his to conquer: for you eally may  
With your strengths, and ease. Do then right, & say  
Your Honors on it, in your owne, to yield  
His part no aide; but equall leaue the field.

All swore his will. But *Ulysses* replyd,  
His Fathers scoffes, with comfort, & merris,  
Could not but answer, and made this reply.

Guest! If thine owne powers chace thy victory,  
Feare no mans else, that will not pacfe reice:  
He fights with many, that shall touch berthes.  
He see thy guest right paide! Then hereaft come  
In my protection: and to this, the summe  
Of all these wooers (which *Antinous* see  
And King *Eurymachus*) comioye on their care.

Both vow'd it. VVhen *Ulysses*, laying by  
His vpper weed, his inner beggary  
Nere shew'd his shame: which he, with rage, p'rented  
Pluckt from about his Thighes; and so p'rented  
Their goodly fight, which were so white and great;  
And his large shoulders, were to view, so free  
By his bare rags; his armes, his breast and all,  
So broad, and brawny (their grace naturall  
Being helpt by *Pallas*, euer standing nere)  
That all the wooers, his admires were  
Beyond all measure: mutuell wishes striu'd  
Through all their cluster, saying, Sure as helles,  
Poore *Ulysses* pull'd vpon him, better bloues  
Through his thin Garment, than a Thigh he shewes!

They said; But *Ulysses* felt: His Guest, his friends  
VVas mou'd at roote. But now, hee could not stand  
Facts to his brags; and forthwith parts he  
The seruants brought him; all his armes, saide  
VVith feares, and tremblings. VVhich *Antinous* saw,  
And saide; Nay, now too late comes *Ulysses*, No Law,  
Thou shouldst at first haue giuen thy braggart vaile;  
Nor shouldst it so haue swell'd, & swoll'n his frame  
Thy spirits to this passe; *Ulysses* so obly  
And worne with penuries, that still lay hold  
On his ragg'd person. How *Ulysses* saide  
This vow from me, for firmes, that if hee winne  
Thy forces stoop; and proue his owne supremacy;  
He put thee in a Ship, and downe the flumes  
Send thee ashore, where King *Antenor* reigns,

(The

*7 he buffet fight  
between Phyllis  
and Irus.*

(The roughest tyrant, that the world contains)  
And he will slit thy Nostrils, crop each eare;  
Thy shame cut off, and give it dogges to teare:  
This shook his Nerves the more. But both were now  
Brought to the Lifts; and vp did either throw  
His heavy fists. *Phyllis*, in suspense  
To strike so home, that he should fight from thence  
His Cow-herd foule (his trunk laid prostrate there)  
Or let him take more leisure to his feare,  
And stoope him by degrees. The last, she w'd beat;  
To strike him slightly; out of feare the rest  
Would else discover him. But (peace now broke)  
On his right shoulder, *Irus* laid his stroke.  
*Phyllis* strooke him, iust beneath the eare,  
His iaw-bone broke, and made the blood appeare.  
VVhen straight, he threw'd the dust, and made his crye  
Stand for himselfe, with whom his teeth did lie;  
Spit with his blood out: and against the ground  
His heeles lay sprawling, Vp the hands went round  
Of all the wooers; all at point to dye  
VVith violent laughers. Then the King did ply  
The Beggars feete, and dragg'd him forth the Hall  
Along the Entry, to the gates, and wall:  
Where leauing him, he put into his hand  
A Staffe, and bad him there vse his command  
On Swine, and Doggs; and not presume to be  
Lord of the guests, or of the Beggery:  
Since he, of all men, was the scum and curst;  
And so, bad please with that, or fare yet worse.  
Then cast he on his scip, all patche and rent,  
Hung by a rotten cord; and backe he went  
To grette the Entries threshold with his feet.  
The wooers throng'd to him, and did enquire  
VVith gentle words his conquest by laughing still:  
Pray'd *Irus*, and all the Gods, to giue his will.  
VVhat most it wifht him; and would buy him most.  
Since he so happily had cleer'd their cost.  
Of that vnfaoury morsell whom they vow'd  
To see with all their vtmost haile below'd  
Aboard a ship; and for *Irus* feare,  
To King *Eschelus*: on whose Throne was seat  
The worst mans feare y breath'd. And thus was giue'd  
Diuine *Phyllis*: who with ioy embrac'd  
Euen that poore conquest. Then wast to him  
The goodly Goats breast promis'd (that did winne  
In fat and greay) by *Antinous*, who w'd buy him  
And from a Basket (by *Amphinomus*)  
VVas two Breads giuen him; who besides young *Irus*  
His banquet, with a golden Goblet tround,

And

And this high salutation: Frolicke, Guest;  
And be those riches that you first possist  
Restor'd againe, with full as many ioyes,  
As in your poore state, I see now annoyes.

*Amphinomus* (saide he) you seeme to me  
Exceeding wise, as being the progeny  
Of such a Father, as autentique Fame  
Hath told me was so: One of honour'd name,  
And great reuennues in *Dulichium*;  
His faire name, *Nestor*. He is blam'd thus;  
And you to be his Sonne; his wisdom beyring;  
As well as wealth: his state, in nought comparing.  
To proue which, all waies; let me tell you this  
(As warning you to shun the miseries  
That follow full states, if they be not held  
VVith wisdom still at full; and so compeld  
To courtes, that abode not in their browes,  
By too much swindge, their fodaine ouerthrowes)  
Of all things breathing, or that creepe on earth;  
Nought is more wretched then a humane Birth.  
Bless'd men, thinke neuer, they can carf be,  
While any power lasts, to moue a knee.  
But when the blest Gods, make them feele that smart,  
That fled their Faith so; as they had no hart,  
They beare their sufferings; and, what wel they might  
Haue cleerly shun'd, they then meet in despaight.  
The Minde of Man flies ftie out of his way,  
Vnlesse God guide, and prompts it, every day.  
I thought me once, a blessed man with men;  
And fashion'd me, to all so counted then:  
Did all iniustice like them; what for Lust,  
Or any pleasure, neuer so vnjust.  
I could by powre, or violence, obtaine;  
And gaue them both in all their powres the raigne:  
Bold of my Fathers, and my Brothers still;  
VVhile which held good, my Arts seem'd neuer ill.  
And thus is none, held simply, good or bad;  
But as his will is either mist or had.  
Al goods, Gods gifts man calls, how ere he gets them;  
And so takes all, what price so ere, God sets them.  
Saies nought, how ill they come; nor will controule  
That Raue in him, though it cost his soule.  
And these parts here, I see these wooers play,  
Take all that fals; and all dishonors lay  
On that mans Queen, that (tell your friends) doth bear  
No long times absence, but is passing neare.  
Let God then, guide thee home; lest he may meete  
In his returne, thy vndeparted feete.

Bb

For



For when he enters, and sees men so rude,  
The quarrell cannot but in blood conclude.

This said; he sacrific'd; then drunk'd; & then  
Referr'd the giuen Boule, to the guide of men;  
VVho walk't away, afflicted at his heart;  
Shook head, and fear'd, that these facts would comert  
To ill in th' end. Yet had not grace to flie:  
*Minerva* said him, being ordain'd to die  
Vpon the Lance of yong *Phisides*.

So, downe he fate; and then did *Fallas* please  
T'incline the Queenes affections, to appease  
To all the wooers; to extend their cheare  
To th' vtmost lightning, that still vsfeth death:  
And made her put on all the painted sheath;  
That might both set her wooers fancies hye;  
And get her greater honor in the eye  
Euen of her Son & Soueraigne, then before.  
VVho laughing yet (to shew her humor bore  
No serious appetite to that light show)  
She told *Euryome*, that not till now  
She euer knew her entertaine desire  
To please her wooers eyes; but oft on fire  
She set their hate, in keeping from them skill;  
Yet now she pleas'd reappeare: though from no will  
To do them honor; vowing she would tell  
Her son that of them, that should fit him well  
To make vs of: which was, not to comert  
Too freely with their pride, nor to dispert  
His thoughts amongst them, since they vs'd to giue  
Good words; but through them, ill intentions did driue.

*Euryome* replied: VVith good aduise  
You vow his counsaile, & your open guise.  
Go then, aduise your Son; nor keepe more close  
Your cheekes, still drown'd in your eyes outflowes.  
But bathe your body & with Balutes make cleere  
Your thicken'd count'nance; *Vncorrupt cheere*,  
And euer mourning, will she *Marvot wear*.  
Nor haue you cause to mourne; your Son hath now  
Put on that vertue, which (in chief) your vow  
VVisht (as your blessing) at his birth, might decke  
His blood & person. But forbear to speake  
Of Baths, or Balmings, or of beauty, now  
(The Queene replied) lest (vrging comforts) you  
Discomfort much: because the Gods haue wonne  
The spoile of my looks; since my Lord was gone.  
But these must serue. Cal hithet then, to me  
*Hippodamia*, & *Antenor*;  
That those our traine additions may supply  
Our owne defects. And yet besides, Nor I

(VVith

(VVith all my age) haue learn'd the boldnesse yet  
T'expose my selfe to men, vnlesse I get  
Some other Gracers. This said; forth she went  
To call the Ladies; and much spirit spent  
To make their vtmost speed: for now, their Queene  
VVould both her selfe shew, & make them be seene.

But now *Minerva* other proicts laid;  
And through *Icarus* daughters Veines conuaid  
Sweet sleepes desire. In whole soft fumes, immol'd  
She was as soone as laid; and quite dissolu'd  
Were all her Lineaments. The Goddesse then  
Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men  
Might wonder at her beauties; and the beames  
That glister in the deified supreames,  
She cleer'd her mourning count'nance vp wichall.  
Euen such a radiance, as doth round empall  
Crown'd *Cytherea*, when her order'd places,  
Condukt the Beuy of the dancing Graces,  
She added to her owne: more plump, more hie,  
And fairer then the polish't Iuory,  
Rendring her parts, and presence. This grace done,  
Away the Deity flew; and vp did rounne  
Her loucly-wristed Ladies, with a noise  
That blew the soft chaines from her sleeping ioyes.  
When she, her faire eyes wipt; and (gasping) saide:  
O me vnblest! How deep a sweet sleepe spread  
His shades about me? VVould *Diana* pleas'd  
To shoot me with a death no more diseas'd,  
As soone as might be: that no more my mone  
Might waste my blood, in weepings neuer done;  
For want of that accomplisht vertue spher'd  
In my lou'd Lord, to all the Greekes prefer'd.

Then she descended with her Maids, and took  
Place in the Portall; whence her beamy look  
Reacht eu'ry wooers heart. Yet cast she on  
So thin a veyle, that through it quite there shone  
A grace so stolne, it pleas'd about the cleere,  
And sunke the knees of euery wooer there.  
Their minds so melted, in loues vehement fires,  
That to her bed she heighen'd all desires.

The Prince then coming neere, she said; O Son,  
Thy thoughts & iudgements haue not yett put on  
That constancy, in what becomes their good  
VVhich all expect in thee: thy yonger blood  
Did sparkle choicer spirits. But, arriv'd  
At this ful growth, wherein their Forme hath thriv'd  
Beyond the bounds of child-hood, (and when now)  
Beholders should asseme, This man doth grow  
Like the rare son of his matchles Sire,

E. b. a

(His

Euryome,

Ponelope,

Venus.

(His goodlinesse, his beauty, and his fire  
Of foule aspir'd to) thou mak'st nothing good  
Thy Fate, nor fortune; nor thy height of blood,  
In manage of thy actions. What a deed  
Of foule desert, hath thy grosse sufferance freed  
Beneath thine owne Roofe? A poore stranger here  
Vt'd most vmanly! How will this appeare  
To all the world; when Fame shall trumpet out,  
That thus, and thus, are our guests beate about  
Our Court vnrighted? Tis a blazze will shew  
Extreamly shamefull, to your name, and you.

I blame you not, O Mother (he replide):  
That this cleere wrong sustain'd by me, you chide:  
Yet know I, both the good and bad of all;  
Being past the yeares, in which yong errors fall.  
But (all this knowne) skill is not so exact  
To giue (when once it knowes) things fit their fact.  
I wel may doubt the prease of strangers here;  
Who, bent to ill, and onely my Nerves nere,  
May do it in despiht. And yet the iarre  
Betwixt our guest and *Irus*, was no warre  
Vrought by the wooers; nor our guest sustain'd  
VWrong in that action; but the conquest gain'd.  
And would to *Ioue*, *Minerva*, and the Sun,  
That all your woors, might serue *Contention*  
For such a purchase as the Begger made;  
And wore such weak heads: Some should death invade  
Strew'd in the Entry; some imbrow the hall;  
Till euery man had vengeance capitall;  
Sat'l'd like *Irus* at the Gates; his head  
Euery way nodding; like one forfeited  
To reeling *Bacchus*; Knees, nor seete, his owne,  
To beare him where hee's better lou'd or knowne.

Their speeches giuen this end, *Eurymachus*  
Began his Court-ship, and exprest it thus.

Most wise *Icarus* daughter; If all those  
That did for *Colchus* ventrous saile dispose,  
For that rich purchase; had before but seene  
Earths richer prize, in th' *Ithacian* Queene,  
They had not made that voyage; but to you,  
Would all their vertues, and their Beings vow.  
Should all the world know what a worth you store,  
To morrow then to day; and next light, more  
Your Court should banquet; since to all Dames, you  
Are far prefer'd; both for the grace of shew,  
In Stature, Beauty; Forme in euery kinde  
Of all parts outward; and for faultlesse minde.

Alas (said she) my Vertue, Body, Forme,

*Entrin, court-  
ship of the su-  
posed Viddow  
Quene.*

*Penel answer.*

The

The Gods haue blasted, with that onely storme  
That rauish'd *Greece* to *Ilium*; since my Lord  
(For that warre ship't) bore all my goods aboard:  
If he (return'd) should come, and gouerne here  
My liues whole state, the grace of all things there  
His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore:  
VWhich dead in me, liues, giuen him long before.  
A sad course I liue now; heavens sterne decree:  
VWith many an ill, hath numb'd and deaded me.  
Heooke life with him, when heooke my hand;  
In parting from me to the *Troian* strand:  
These words my wimselfe; VWoman! I conceiue  
That not all th' *Achines* bound for *Troy*, shall leaue  
Their Native earth, their safe returned bones;  
Fame saying, that *Troy* traines vp approoued sones  
In deeds of Armes: Braue putters off of shafts;  
For winging Lances, Maisters of their crafts;  
Vnmarched Riders; swift of foot; and freight  
Can arbitrate a warre of deadliest weight:  
Hope then, can scarce fill all with lifes supply;  
And of all, any failing; why not I?

Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me  
Amongst the safe-return'd: Or his decree  
Hath left me to the thralldome, order'd there:  
Howeuer, all cares be thy burthens here:  
My Sire and Mother, tend as much as now,  
I, further off; more neere in cares be you.  
Your Son, to mans state grown, wed whom you will:  
And (you gone) his care, let his household fill.  
Thus made my Lord his will; hee heauen sees prou'd  
Almost at all parts; for the Sun remou'd  
Downe to his set; ere long, wil leade the night  
Of those abhorred *Nepitels*; that should fright  
Each worthy woman; which her seasons ate  
VWith any man that breathes; her first Lords care  
Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead,  
VWhich, I feare, I shal yield to, and so wed  
A second husband; and my reason is,  
Since *Ioue* hath taken from me all his blisse.  
Whom God giues ouer, they themselves forsake;  
Their griefes, their eyes; their God, their demill make:  
And tis a great griefe; nor was seene till now,  
In any fashion of such men as woo  
A good and wealthy woman; and contend  
VWho shal obtaine her, that those men should spend  
Her Bees and best Sheepe, as their cheefest ends;  
But rather, that her selfe, and all her friends  
They should with Banquets, and rich gifts entreat;

Bb3

Their

*Offerwords  
to his wife at  
parting.*

*Their life is death, that live with others meat.*

Diune *Vijfies*, much reioyc't to heare  
His Queene thus fift for gifts, and keepe in cheare  
Their hearts with hope, that she would wed againe;  
Her minde yet still, her first intent remaine.

*Antinous* saw, the wooers won to giue;  
And said; wife Queene, by all your meanes receive  
What euer bounty, any woo'r shall use;  
*Gifts freely giuen, 'tis folly to refuse.*

For know, that we resolute not to be gone  
To keepe our owne roofes; till of all some One  
VVhom best you like, your long-woe'd loue shal win

This pleas'd the rest; and euerie one sent in  
His present by the Herald; First had place

*Antinous* gift: a robe of speciall grace,  
Exceeding ful and faire; and twenty hewes  
Chang'd luster to it. To which, choise of shewes:  
Twelue massy plated Buttons, all of Gold,  
Enrich the substance, made to fairly hold  
The Robe together; all lac'd downe before,  
VVhere Keepest and Catches both sides of it wore.

*Eurymachus*, a golden Tablet gaue;  
In which did Art, her choicest workes engraued;  
And round about, an Amber verge did run,  
That cast a radiance from it, like the Sun.

*Eurydamas*, two seruants had, that bore  
Two goodly Earrings; whose rich hollowes wore  
Three Pearles in either, like so many eyes,  
Reflecting glances, radiant as the skies.

The King *Pysander*, great *Polydors* heire,  
A Casket gaue, exceeding rich and faire.

The other, other wealthy gifts commended  
To her faire hand; which took, and straight ascended  
This Goddesse of her sex, her upper State.  
Her Ladies, all her gifts elaborate,  
Vp bearing after. All to dancing then  
The wooers went, and songs delightfull straine;  
In which they frolickt, till the Euening came:

And then rais'd fable *Hesperus* his flame.  
VVhen, for their Lights within; they set vp there  
3. Lampes, whose weekes were wood exceeding fere,  
And passing porous; which they caus'd to burne,  
Their matter euer minister'd by turne

Too conuersant with wooers all agreeing  
VVith guise of maids) aduise in this faire sort:  
Maids of your long-lackt King, keepe you the port  
Your Queenes chaff preference beares? Go, vp to her,

*The Wooers  
Gifts.*

*Vijfies o his  
Wives women.*

Im

Employ your Loomes, or Rockes, and keepe ye there:  
He serue to feed these lamps; shold these Lords dances  
Last till *Aurora* cheer'd vs with her glances.  
They cannot weary me, for I am one  
Borne to endure, when all men else haue done.

They wantonly brake out in Laughters all,  
Look't on each other: and as termes did fall  
Check proud *Melanthe*, who was *Dalins* feed,  
Kept by the Queene, that gaue her dainty breed  
Fit for her daughter: and yet won not so  
Her heart to her, to share in any wo  
She suffer'd for her Lord: But she was great  
VVith great *Eurymachus*; and her loues bear  
In his bed quenched. And this choicest thing,  
Bestow'd this railing Language on the King.

Bafe Stranger; you speake in your braine,  
You talke so wildly: *Neer* you, againe  
Can get where you were borne; and fishes your bed  
In some Smithies Houill, or the Barker shed;  
But heere you must take confidence to prae  
Before all these; for feare can get no state  
In your wine-hardy stomach. Or, tis like  
To proue your native garbe: your tongue will strike  
On this side of your mouth still, being to best  
Is the man idle-brain'd for want of sense;  
Or proud, because he beate the rogish begger?  
Take heed Sir, lest some better man beleager  
Your cares with his fists; and seche him long hence  
Your bold abode heere, with your bloudie respectce.  
He looking sternly on her, answer'd her:  
Dog! What broad Language giu'st thou? He prefer  
Your vfrage to the Prince; that he may fall  
Foule on your faire limbes, till hee see them all.

This fray'd the wench; and at straight got gone  
In teare, about their businesse; *Leury* one  
Confessing he saide well. But he stood now  
Close by the Cresters; and did looke below  
On all men there: his Braine employd about  
Some sharper businesse, then to dance it out;  
VVhich had not long to go. *Neer* therefore would  
*Minerva* let the wooers spleenes giue cold,  
VVith too good vfrage of him; that his hart  
Might frer enough, and make his choller smart.  
*Eurymachus*, prouok't him self, and made  
His fellow laugh, with a scorn he had  
Fetch farre; from what was spoken long before;  
That his poore forme, perhaps some Deity bore.  
It well may chance (saide he) some God hath beate  
his v

This

This mans resemblance: For, thus standing nere  
The glittering Torches; his sick' head doth throw  
Beams round about it, as those Cressets do.  
For not a haire he hath to gine it shade.  
Say, wil thy heart serue to undertake a Trade  
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence  
To walke my grounds, and looke to euery Fence:  
Or plant high trees: thy hire should raise thy forces;  
Food store, & cloaths. But these same ydle courtes  
Thou art to prompt in, that thou wilt not worke,  
But forrage vp and downe; and beg, and lurie  
In euery house, whose Rooves hold any will  
To feed such fellows. That thy gut may fill,  
Giues end to all thy Boeing. He replied;

I with, at any worke, we two were tryed;  
In hight of Spring time, when heauens lights are long;  
I, a good crook'd Sithe, that were sharpe, and strong;  
You, such another, where the grasse grew deepe;  
Vp by day breake, and both our labours keepe  
Vp, til flow darknes eas'd the labouring light;  
Fasting all day, and not a crum til night:  
VVe then should proue our either workman ship.  
Or if (again) Becue, that the goad, or whip  
VWere apt to obey, before a tearing Plow:  
Big, lusty beasts: Alike in bulke and brow;  
Alike in Labour, and alike in strength;  
Our taske foure Acres, to be Till'd in length  
Of one sole day: Again then you should try  
If the dul glebe, before the Plough should lye;  
Or I, a long Stith could beare cleane, and even.  
Or lastly, if the guide of earth & heauen  
Should stir sterne war vp, either here or there;  
And that, at this day, I had double Speare,  
And Shield, and Steele Caske, fitting for my browes;  
At this work likewise, midst the foremost blowes  
Your eyes should note me; and get little cause  
To twit me with my bellies sole applause.  
But you affect, & affect with iniurie,  
Your minde vn gentle; seeme in valour hie,  
Because gainst few; and those, not of the best  
Your conuersation hath bene still profest.  
But if *Vlysses* (landed on his earth,  
And enter'd on the true right of his birth)  
Should come & front ye; straight, his ample Gates  
Your feete would hold, too narrow for your Fates.

He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch; and vow'd  
To be his death, since he durst proue, so proud  
Amongst so many: to tell him to home  
and I

VVhat he affected. Ask, if ouercome  
VVith wine he were; or (as his *Mintion* said)  
Talk't stil so idly; and were pallid  
In his minds instruments: or was proud because  
He gat from *Irus* off, with such applaude  
VVith all which snatching vp a stoole he threw:  
VVhen old *Vlysses*, to the knees withdrew,  
Of the *Dutychian* Lord *Amphinomus*,  
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus  
His aged obiect: and his Pages hand,  
(A Boy, that waited on his cups command;  
Now holding of an Ewre to him) he smit  
Downe fel the sounding Ewre; and after it,  
The guiltlesse Page, lay sprawling in the dust,  
And crying out. VVhen all the wooers thrust  
A tumult vp amongst them; wishing all  
The rogue had perisht in some Hospitall  
Before his life there, stin'd such vprones vp;  
And with rude speeches, spice their pleasures on.  
And all this for a Begger, to fulfill  
A filthy Prouerbe: *Good Will yeelds to ill*.

The Prince cried out on them; to let the bad  
Obscure the good so; Told them they were mad  
Abus'd their banquet; and affirm'd some God  
Tried maisteries with them: Bad them, take their load  
Of food and wine: Sit vp, or fal to bed  
At their free pleasures; and since he gaue head  
To all their freedoms; why should they mistake  
Their owne rich humors for a Beggers fake?

All bit their lips to be fo taken downe;  
And taught the course that shold haue bin their own;  
Admir'd the Prince; and saide, he brauely spoke.  
But *Nisus* Son then, strooke the equall stroke,  
And saide, O Friends, let no man here disdain  
To put vp equall speeches; nor maintaine  
VVith serious words, an humor; Nor with stroke,  
A Stranger in anothers house prouoke,  
Nor touch the meanest seruant; but confine  
All these dissentions in a bolle of wine:  
VVhich fill vs Cup-bearer; that hauing done  
Our nightly sacrifice, we may attone  
Our powres with sleepe; following first the guest  
Vp to the Prince, that holds all interest  
In his dispose here: the House being his  
In iust descent, & all the faculties.

This all approu'd; when Noble *Melinus*

(He-

Tales makes  
the wooers, yet  
wants their  
praise.

(Herald in chiefe, to Lord *Amphinomus*)  
 The VVine distributed with reuerend grace  
 To eu'ry wooer: when the Gods giuen place  
 VVith seruice fit, they seru'd themselves, and tooke  
 Their parting Cups: till (when they all had shooke  
 The angry humor off) they bent to rest;  
 And euery VVooer to seuerall Roofes addrest.

*The End of the Eighteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odyssey.*



THE  
 NINETEENTH BOOKE  
 OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lysses and his Son, eschew  
 Offending of the *Idæans* oven  
 With any Armes. His birth's fate,  
 Vlysses tells his *Penelope* in Crete.  
 Euryclæ the truth yet feign'd,  
 Discover'd by a *Phœbeus* d'scend,  
 Which in *Parnassus* tops, a Bore  
 (Struck by him in his *Thrace*) did goro.

Another.

*Tau.* { The King still had  
 by what he said,  
 By what he did,  
 informs his mind. }



Et did Diuine *Vlysses* keepe his Roofe;  
 And with *Atineros* plotted still the prooffe  
 Of all the woodes dealls. VVhen thus, his Son  
 He taught with these words, counsailes: we must on  
 A close course with these Armes, & lay them by.  
 And to the woodes make to faire a sky,  
 As it would neuer shunder. Let me then  
 (That you may wel retaine) repeat agen  
 VVhat in *Emmors* Cottage, I aduifd.

If when they see your leysure exercis'd  
 In fetching downe your Armes: & aske what use  
 Your minde will giue them: Say, 'tis their abuse  
 VVith smoke & rust, that makes you take them down;  
 This not being like the Armory well knowne  
 To be the leauings of *Laertes* Son,  
 Conforting the designe for *Ilion*.  
 Your eyes may see how much they are infected,  
 As all fires vapors, euer flate, reflected  
 On those sole Armes. Besides, a grauer thought,  
 Ine graues within you, lest (their spirits wrought  
 About their pitch with wile) they might contend  
 At some high banquet, & to wounds transcend;

*Vlysses* former  
 co-speech to his  
 Son, for dispo-  
 sing his Armes  
 repeated.

Their

Their Feast inuerting; which, perhaps may be  
 Their Nuptiall feast, with wise Penelope.  
*The ready weapon when the bloud is up,  
 Doubles the uprore, heightened by the Cup.*  
*Wrath's meanes for Aegear be all the wayes ye can;  
 As Leadstones draw the Steele, so Steele draw's Man.*

Retaine these words; nor what is good, think thus  
 Receiu'd at second hand, superfluous.  
 The Sonne obeying, did *Euryalea* call,  
 And bad her shut (in the vtter Porches) all  
 The other women; till himselfe brought downe  
 His Fathers Armes, which all were ouer-growne  
 By his neglect, with rust: his Father gone,  
 And he too childish, to spend thoughts vpon  
 Those manly Implements; but he would now  
 Reforme those yong neglects; and th'armes beslow  
 Past reach of smoke. The louing Nurse replide;

I with (O Son) your powers would once prouide  
 For wisdomes habit; See your household were  
 In thrifty mannage, and tend all things there.  
 But if these armes must downe; and euery Maide  
 Be shut in vtter roomes; who else should aide  
 Your worke with light? He answer'd, This my guest:  
 There shal not one in my house, cast my Feast,  
 (Or ioync in my \* Naue) that shall ydly liue,  
 How euer farre hence, he his home deriue.

He said, and his words stood; The doores she shut  
 Of that so wel-fill'd house; and th'other put  
 Their thoughts in act; Best Shields, Helmes, sharpened Lances  
 Brought downe; and *Pallas* before both, aduances  
 A golden Cresset, that did cast a Light,  
 As if the Day fate, in the Throne of Night.

VVhen (halfe amaz'd) the Prince said, O my Father,  
 Mine eyes, my foules pow'rs all in wonder gather:  
 For though the wals, and goodly wind-beames here,  
 All all these Pillars, that their heads, so reere,  
 And all of Firre, they seeme yet, all of fire.  
 Some God is surely with vs. His wife Sire,  
 Bad peace, and keepe the counsailes of the Gods;  
 Nor aske a word: These Pow'rs that vse abods  
 About the starres, haue power from thence to shine  
 Through night, and all shades, to earths inmost Mine.  
 Go thou for sleepe; and leaue me here to wake  
 The women and the Queene; whose heart doth ake  
 To make enquiry for my selfe, of me.

He went to sleepe, where lights did endlessly  
 Burne in his Night-roomes: where he feasted Rest,  
 Til dayes faire weed, did all the world inuest.

\* ΝΑΥΙΚΟΣ  
 αὐτῶν, They  
 wil needs turne  
 this; Quadram  
 (for Medium)  
 gulfes. I thought  
 the words bore  
 no such signifi-  
 cation; But  
 giue a Pronom  
 then in vs. Re-  
 pation: which  
 was, Hee shall  
 not igno or make  
 aspoke in the  
 Name of my cha-  
 rist, or charit  
 weeles, & con-  
 xat, or xatnas  
 signifying, Mo-  
 diolus Rotz,  
 and xatzo  
 Ncto.

Thus was diuine *Vlysses* left alone  
 VVith *Pallas*; plotting foule confusion  
 To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queene;  
*Phoebe*, with golden *Cytheres* scene,  
 Her Port presented. VVhorm they set a Chaire  
 Aside the fire: The fashion circulare;  
 The substance Silver, and rich Elephant;  
 VVhose Fabrick, did the cunning finger vane  
 Of great *Iemalios*: who besides, had done  
 A footstool for her, that did suite her Throne:  
 On which, they cast an ample skin, to be  
 The Cushion, for her other Royalty.  
 And there she sat; about whom, came her Maids,  
 VVho brought vpon a Table store of Breads,  
 And Bolles, that with the wooers wine were round.  
 The Embers then they cast vpon the ground.  
 From out the Lampes, and other Fuel added;  
 That still, with cheereful flame, the sad house gladded.

*Melanthe*, seeing still *Vlysses* there;  
 Thus she held out her spleene: Still stranger, here?  
 Thus late in night? To see what Ladies do?  
 Auant you wretch: Hence; Go, without doores, go:  
 And quickly too, lest ye be kind, away  
 VVith burning fire-brands. He, thus seeing their fray  
 Continu'd by her with such spleene) replide;

Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide  
 My presence still? Is it, because you see  
 I shune not in your wanton brauery?  
 But weare these rags? It fits the needy Fate  
 That makes me beg thus, of the common state.  
 Such poore foules, and such beggers, yet are men;  
 And euen my meane meanes, means had to maintaine  
 A wealthy house; and kept a manly people;  
 VVas counted blessed; and the poore access  
 Of any Begger, did not come, but frede  
 VVith open hand: and any man of neede  
 Receiu'd as fitt: kept my servants so,  
 Not few; but did with those additions go,  
 That call choise men. *The House*, who are filld  
 The rich, the great. But what such great ones build  
 I see oft puls downe, as thus he ruin'd me;  
 His will was such, which is his equiry.  
 And therefore (woman) beare you fixing hand  
 On your behauiour, lest your spirit thus mane d,  
 And cherisht with your beaunies (when they wane)  
 Comes down: Your pride now, being then your bane.  
 And in the meane space, shun the present danger;  
 Lest your bold fashion, breed your Soueraignes anger.

Or lest *Vlysses* come: of whom, even yet  
*Hope* finds some life in fate. Or, be his seat  
 Amongst the meere ruin'd; yet his Sonne  
 (Whose lifes heate, *Phabus* saues) is such a one,  
 As can discouer, who doth well deserue  
 Of any woman heere; His yeares, now serue.

The Queen gaue care, & thus suppress the flame:  
 Thou quite without a brow; past female shame;  
 I heare thy monstrous boldnesse, which thy head  
 Shall pay me paines for. Thou hast heard it said,  
 And from my selfe too; and at euery part  
 Thy knowledge serues thee; that (to ease my hart  
 So punisht in thy witness) my desire  
 Dwelt on this Stranger; that I might enquire  
 My lost friends Becing: But 'tis euier ride,  
*Both Man and God, are still forget with Pride.*  
*Eurynome!* Bring heere this Guest a Seat,  
 And Cushion on it; that we two, may treat  
 Of the affaire in question. Set it neare,  
 That I may softly speake, yet he well heare.

She did this little freely; and he sat  
 Close by the Queen; who askt him, Vhence, & what  
 He was himselfe? And what th' inhabited place?  
 VWhere liu'd his parents? whence he fetcht his race?

O woman (he replyed) with whom, no man  
 That moues in earths vnbotomed circle, can  
 Maintaine contention, for true honor geuen;  
 VWhose fame, hath reacht the fairely flowing heauen.  
 VWho, like a neuer-ill-deseruing King,  
 That is well spoke of; First, for worshipping,  
 And struing to resemble God; in Empire;  
 VWhose equall hand, impartially doth temper,  
*Greatest, and Goodnesse:* To whom therefore, beares  
 The blacke earth, store of all graine; Trees conferres,  
 Cracking with burthen, Long-liu'd Herds creates;  
 All which, the Sea, with her forts, emulates;  
 And all this feeds, beneath his powerfull hand,  
 Men, valiant, many, making strong his Land  
 With happy liues led; Nothing else, the cause  
 Of all these blessings, but well order'd Lawes;  
 Like such a King, are you; in Loue, in Fancie;  
 And all the blisse that deifies a Dame.  
 And therefore, do not mixe this with a mone  
 So wretched, as is now in question.  
 Aske not my Race, nor Countrey, lest you fill  
 My heart yet fuller, with repeated ill:  
 For I must follow it, with many teares;  
 Though 'tis not seemly, to sit wounding cares.

In publique Roofes, with our particular life;  
*Times worst expence, is still-repeated Griefe.*  
 I should be irkesome to your Ladies here:  
 And you your selfe would say, you vrg'd your care  
 To what offends it: My still-broken cene,  
 Supposing wounded with your too much wine.

Stranger (said she) you leare your owne excessse;  
 With giuing me too great a noblenesse.  
 The Gods, my person, Beauty, Vertue to,  
 Long since subuerted; when the *Ilion* wo  
 The Greeke designe attempted. In which, went  
 My praise, and honor. In his gouernment  
 Had I deseru'd your utmost grace; But now  
 Sinister Deity, makes dishonor woo  
 (In shew of grace) my ruine. All the Peres,  
*Syluane Zephyrus, and Dolychiu Spheres;*  
*Samos and Ithaca,* strange strifes haue shorne,  
 To win me; spending on me, all mine owne.  
 Will wed me, in my spite: And these are those,  
 That take from me, all vertue to dispose  
 Or Guest, or Suppliant: or take any course  
 Amongst my Heralds (that should all disburse)  
 To order any thing: Though I neede none  
 To giue me greece at home; Abroad cries one  
 That my veins shrink for; who these (holding gone) }  
 Their Nuptials hasten and find me as slow.  
 Good spirits prompted me, to make a show  
 Of vndertaking a most curious task;  
 That an vnmeasur'd space of time would aske;  
 VWhich, they enduring long, would often say;  
 VWhen ends thy worke? I soone had my delay;  
 And prai'd their stay: For though my Lord were dead,  
 His Fathers life yet, matter ministr'd  
 That must employ me: which, (so tell them true)  
 Was that great worke I nam'd. For now, were drew  
*Laertes* death; and on my hand did lye  
 His funerall Robe: whose end (being now so nye)  
 I must not leaue, and lose so much begun:  
 The rather, lest the Greeke Dames might be wun  
 To taxe mine honor; if a man so great  
 Should greet his graue, without his winding sheet.  
*Pride* made them credulous, and I went on:  
 VWhen, whatsoeuer all the day had done;  
 I made the night helpe, to vndo againe;  
 Though oyle, and watch it cost, and equall paine.  
 Three yeares my wit secur'd me vndiscord:  
 Yet, when the fourth came, by my Maids discern'd  
 (Falsely carelesse wenches) how they were deluded:

C c 2

VWhen

When (by my light discern'd) they all intruded;  
 V'd threatning words, and made me giue it end.  
 And then could I, to no more length extend  
 My linger'd Nuptials: Not a counsaile more  
 VVas to be stood vpon; my Parents bore  
 Continuall hand on me, to make me wed:  
 My Sonne grew angry, that fo ruined  
 His goods were by them. He is now a man;  
 VVife in a great degree; and one that can  
 Himselfe, giue order to his houshold fare:  
 And *Ioue*, giue equal glory, to his care.  
 But thus you must not passe me: I must know,  
 (It may be, for more end) from whence doth grow  
 Your race, and you; For I suppose you, none  
 Sprung of old Oake, or iustl'd out of stone.

He answer'd; O *Vlysses* reuerend wife!  
 Yet hold you purpose, to enquire my life?  
 Ile tell you, though it much afflict me more  
 Then all the sorrowes I haue felt before.  
 As worthily it may: since fo long time,  
 As I haue wandred from my Native Clime,  
 Through humane Cities: and in sufferance still:  
 To rip all wounds vp: (though, of all their ill:  
 I touch but part) must auate all their paine.  
 But, aske you still; Ile tell, though still sustaine.

*Vlysses* said: re-  
 lation of him-  
 self to his wife.

In middle of the fable Sea, there lies  
 An Isle, call'd *Crete*; a rauisher of eyes:  
 Fruitfull, and mann'd with many an infinite store;  
 Where ninety Cities crowne the famous shore;  
 Mixt with all Languag'd men: There *Greekes* surname,  
 There the great-minded *Eteocretans* liue:  
 There the *Dorensians*, neuer out of war:  
 The *Cydonians* there; and there the singular  
*Pelasgian* people: There doth *Gnosus* stand;  
 That mighty City; where had most command  
 Great *Ioues* Disciple (*Minos*) who nine yeares  
 Conser'd with *Ioue*: Both great familiars  
 In mutual counsailes. And this *Minos* Son,  
 (The mighty-minded King *Democleus*);  
 VVas Sire to me, & royall *Idomen*,  
 VVho with *Atrides*, went to *Iliou* then,  
 My elder Brother, and the better man;  
 My name *Aethon*. At that time began  
 My knowledge of *Vlysses*, whom my home  
 Receiu'd with guest-rites. He was thither come  
 By force of weather, from the *Maleas* coast  
 But new got off; where he the Navy lost,  
 Then vnder saile for *Troy*; and wind-bound lay

Long in *Amafinus*, hardly got away  
 From horrid stormes, that made him anchor there,  
 In Hauens that sacred to *Lucina* were;  
 Dreadfull and dangerous. In, whole bosome crept  
*Lucina's* Cauerne. But in my rooke slept  
*Vlysses*, thor'd in *Crete*: who first enquir'd  
 For royall *Idomen*, and much desir'd  
 To taste his guest-rites, since to him had bene  
 A welcome Guest my Brother *Idomene*.  
 The tenth, or, leuenth light, on *Vlysses* shin'd  
 In stay at *Crete*; attending then the winde  
 For threatn'd *Iliou*. All which time, my house  
 VVith loue and entertainments curious  
 Embrac't his person: though a number more  
 My hospitable roofes receiu'd before.  
 His men I likewise call'd; and from the store  
 Allow'd them meale, and hear-exciting wine;  
 And Oxen for their slaughter; to confine  
 In my free hand the vtmost of their need.  
 Twelue daies the *Greeks* staid, ere they got them freed;  
 A gale so bitter blew out of the North,  
 That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth  
 By some sterne God. But on the thirteenth day  
 The tempest ceas'd, & then we *Greekes* their way.

Thus, many tales *Vlysses* told his wife,  
 At most, but painting; yet most like the life:  
 Cf which, her heart, such sense sook through her eares;  
 It made her weepe, as she would come to yeares.  
 And as from off the Mountaines melts the snow,  
 Which *Zephyrus* breath conceald; but was made flow  
 By hollow *Eurus*, which fo fast poures downe;  
 That with their Torrent, founts haue ouer-flowne:  
 So downe her faire cheekes, her large tears did glide;  
 Her mist Lord mourning, set fo neere her side.

*Vlysses* much was mou'd to see her moune,  
 VVhose eies yet stood as dry, as Iron, or Horne.  
 In his vttroubld lids, which in his craft  
 Of bridling passion, he from illue fast.

VVhen she had giuen her moune fo many teares,  
 That now 'twas satiate: her yet louing eies  
 Askt thus much further: You haue thus farre mist  
 My loues credulity: But if gratified  
 VVith so long stay heere with you, you can  
 Describe what weede he was, what kinde of man  
 Both he himselfe was, and what Followers  
 Obseru'd him there. Alas (sayd he) ye yeares  
 Haue growne fo many since (that passing now  
 Their twentieth resolution) that my (shew



*Ulysses description  
of his appearance  
reluctant for  
Troy.*

Of these slight notes, will set my memory fore;  
But (to my now remembrance) this he wore:  
A double purple Robe, drawne close before  
VVith golden Buttons; pleated thicke, and bore  
A facing, where a hundred colours shinde:  
About the skirts, a Hound; A freckl'd Hinde  
In full course hunted. On the fore-skirts yet,  
He pinch'd, and pull'd her downe: when with his feet,  
And all her force, she struggl'd hard for flight:  
VVhich had such life in Gold, that to the sight  
It seem'd the Hinde it selfe for every hiew;  
The Hound and all, so answering the view,  
That all admir'd all. I obseru'd beside  
His inner weed, so rarely beautifide,  
That dumbe amaze it bred; and was as thin,  
As any dry and tender Onion skin:  
As soft 'twas too, and glister'd like the Sun.  
The women were to louing wonder wun  
By him and by his weeds. But (by the way)  
You must excuse me, that I cannot lay  
He brought this suite from home, or had it there  
Sent for some Present; or perhaps else where  
Receiu'd it for his guest-gift: For your Lord  
Had Friends not few: The Fleete did not afford  
Many, that had not fewer. I bestow'd  
A well-edg'd sword on him; a Robe that flow'd  
In foulds, and fulnesse, and did reach his feete,  
Of richest purple: Brought him to his Fleete,  
VVith all my honor: And besides (to add  
To all this tifted circumstance) he had  
A Herald there, in height, a little more  
Put from the earth: that thicker shoulders wore;  
A swarth complexion, and a curled head;  
His name *Eurybates*; and much in feat,  
He stood your King, employ'd in most command,  
Since most of all, his minde could vnderstand.  
VVhen all these signes she knew, for chiefly grew;  
Desire of moane vpon her beauties grew:  
And yet (euen that desire suffic'd) she said.  
Till this (my Guest) a wretched fate arriv'd  
Your ill-vld person: but from this houre forth,  
You shalbe honor'd, and finde all the worth  
That fits a friend. Those weeds these hands bestow'd  
From out my wardrobe: those gold buttons sow'd  
Before for closure, and for Ornament.  
But neuer more, must his returne present  
The person that gaue those adornments State.  
And therefore, vnder an abhorred Fate

VVas

VVas he induc't to feel the common Fame,  
To visit vile *Troy*, I, too vile to name.  
No more yet mourne (said he) nor showe for pinda  
Your lovely person: *Weeping, we wept the while.*  
And yet I blame you not; for any blame  
That weds one yong, and brings to him, his name;  
(VVhat euer man he is) will moune his losse:  
Much more respectfull then must shew your losse;  
That weep thus for *Ulysses*, who (I haue said)  
VVas equal with the Gods, in all his waies.  
But where no cause is, there must be some moene:  
And therefore heare me; my Relation  
Shal lay the cleere truth naked to your view;  
I heard amongst the *7 Sisters*, for most true,  
That Lord *Ulysses* liu'd, and stood just now  
On his returne for home: That wealth did flow  
In his possession; which, he made not moune,  
But begg'd amongst the people, *since alone*  
He quite was left: for all his men were lost  
In getting off, from the *Trimetian* Coast;  
*Ioue* and the Sun, was wroth with them, for rap  
Made of his Oxen; and no man but scope  
The rugged deepes of *Neptun*: Onely he  
The Ships Keels onely keeping, was by Sea  
Cast on the faire *Phaician* Continent;  
VVhere men surmize, that are the Gods defense;  
And like a God receiu'd him, gaue him honors  
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct him home  
Themselues safe home: which he might long ago  
His pleasure make: but profit would not so.  
He gather'd going, and had mighty store  
Of Gold in safegard: so beyond the Shore  
That commune failes kept his high hand of work  
Bore glorious top; and all the world, for it  
Hath farre exceeded. All this *Ulysses* told:  
That doth the Scepter of *The god* hold:  
VVho swore to me, in household Garbice,  
The Ship was launcht, and men to men the pail;  
That soone should set him on his way, my cash  
Shew'd me the goods, enow to serue the birth;  
That in the tenth age of his seed, should spring;  
Yet in his Court contain'd. But then the King  
(Your husband) for *Delos*, was in way;  
That from th' oraculous Oak, he might display  
*Ioues* will; what course for home, would best persuade:  
To come in pompe, or beate a secret faile.  
But me, the King dispatcht in courte courtesie,  
A Ship then bound for the *Dubychian* River.

So

So thus you see his safety, whom you worne,  
 VWho now is passing neere; and his returne  
 No more will punish with delays, but see  
 His friends, and country: All which truth to thee  
 He saile with sacred Oath. Be witness I doe  
 Thou first, and best, of all the Thirde discourse;  
 And thou house of the great *Liares* here,  
 To whose high roofes, I tender my respects;  
 That what I tell the Queene, euent shall grow true:  
 This yeare, *Vlysses* shall possesse his owne  
 Nay, ere the next month ends, shall hee arrive;  
 Nay ere it enters, heere abide aliter;  
 O may this proue (saide she) gifts, friendship, then  
 Should make your name the most knowne of men;  
 But 'tis of me receiv'd; and must be so;  
 That nor my Lord shall enter his Court;  
 Nor you gaine your deduction thence, for now  
 The alter'd house doth no such man allow:  
 As was *Vlysses* (if he euer were)  
 To entertaine a reuerend Passenger;  
 And giue him faire dismissall: Doe (Maide) see  
 Ye bathe his feete; and then with *Taphety*  
 Best sheers, and blanquets, make his bed, and lay  
 Soft walcotes by him; that (lodg'd a while) he may  
 Euen till the golden-seated mornings ray,  
 Enioy good rest; and then, with her first light,  
 Bathe, and giue almes, that cherishe appetite  
 He may apply within our Hall, and sit  
 • Safe by *Telemachus*. Or if it be  
 And harmful minde of any be so base  
 To greue his age againe; let none giue grace  
 Of doing any deed, he shall command  
 (How wroth so euer) to his barbed hand:  
 For how shall you (guest) know me for a Dame  
 That passe so far, ray, turne and winde the Fame  
 Of other Dames for wisdom, and the same  
 Of household vfrage; if your poore this woe  
 I let draw on you, want, and woe for doo;  
 That may, perhaps, cause heere your latest day  
 The life of *Man is short, and flie as ay*:  
 And if the Rulers selfe of households be  
 Vngentle, studying inhumanity,  
 The rest proue worse. But he beares all the blame  
 All men will, living, vow against his name  
 Milchieffes, and miseries, And (dead) supply  
 VVith bitter Epitaphes, his memory  
 But if himselfe be noble, (noble things  
 Doing, and knowing) all his Vnderlings

VWill imitate his Noblesse; and all guests  
 Giue it, in many; many interests.

But (worthiest Queene, saide he) where you command  
 Baths and rich beds for me, I come to stand  
 On such state now; nor euer thought it yet,  
 Since first I left the snowy hills of *Crete*.  
 VVhen once I fell a ship-board, those thoughts fled;  
 I loue to take now (as long since) my bed:  
 Though I began the vfe, with sleepeless nights;  
 I, many a darknesse, with right homely rites  
 Haue spent ere this houre; & desir'd the Morne  
 Would come; and make sleepe to the world a scorn:  
 Nor run thefe dainty Bathes in my rude head;  
 Nor any handmaid (to your seruite bred)  
 Shal touch my ill-kept feete, vnlesse there lue  
 Some poore old drudge here, that hath learn'd to giue  
 Old men good vfrage; & no worke will fly:  
 As hauing suffer'd ill, as much as I.  
 But if there lue, one such, in your command;  
 I wil not shame to giue my foot, her hand.

She gaue this answer: O my loued Guest,  
 There neuer enter'd thefe kinde Roofes, for rest,  
 Stranger or Friend, than so much wisdome laide  
 In gage for Guest-rites, as your lippes haue paid.  
 There liues an old maide in my charge, that knowes  
 The good you speake of, by her many woes;  
 That nourish't and brought vp, with curious care,  
 Th'vnhappy man; your old familiar:  
 Euen since his Mother let him view the light,  
 And oft hath felt in her weak armes, his weight.  
 And she (though now much weaker) shal apply  
 Her Maiden seruite, to your modesty.  
*Eueryclea*, rise, and wath the feete of one,  
 That is of one age with your Soueraigne gone.  
 Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace:  
 Much griefe in men, wil bring on change of face.

She (from her aged slumber wak't) did cleare  
 Her heavy eyes; and instantly (to heare  
 Her Soueraignes name) had worke enough to dry  
 Her cheekes from teares: and to his memory  
 These Mones did offer: O my Son (saide she)  
 I neuer can take greefe enough for thee;  
 VVhom *Goodnes* hurts; & who, euen *Iones* high spleene  
 (Since thou art *Ioue*-like) hates the most of men.  
 For none hath offer'd him so many Thyres;  
 Nor such whole Hecatombes of sacrifice;  
 Fat, and selected, as thy zeale hath done;  
 For all, but praying that thy noble Sonne,

Thy happy age, might see at state of man.  
 And yet hath *ione* with Mists *cimmerian*  
 Put out the light of his returning day.  
 And as your selfe (O Father) in your way  
 Tooke these faire roofes for hospitable rights,  
 Yet finde (for them) our dogged womens spights:  
 So he (in like course) being driuen to prooue  
 (Long time ere this) what such a royall Roofe  
 Would yeeld his miseries; found such vñage there.  
 And you (now flying the foule Language here,  
 And many a filthy fact of our faire Dames)  
 Fly me, like them; and put on causelesse shames  
 To let me clesne your feet. For not the cause  
 The *Queenes* command yeelds, is the pow'r y draws  
 My will to wash your feete. But what I do,  
 Proceeds from her charge, and your reuerence to:  
 Since I, in soule, am stricken with a ruth  
 Of your distresses, and past show of truth.

\*Intending  
with Truth is  
selfe: not but  
show unity.

Your strangenesse claiming little interest  
 In my affections: and yet many a Guest  
 Of poore condition, hath bene harboured here:  
 But neuer any, did so right appeare  
 Like King *Vlysses*, as your selfe: For state,  
 Both of your stature, voice, and very gate.

So all haue said (said he) that euer yet  
 Had the proportions of our figures met,  
 In their obseruances; so right, your eye,  
 Proues in your foule, your iudging faculty.

Thus tooke she vp a Caldron, brightly scour'd,  
 To clesne his feete in: and into it, pour'd  
 Store of cold waue, which on the fire she set;  
 And therein bath'd (being temperatly heat)  
 Her Soueraignes feet. Who turnd him from the light,  
 Since sodainly he doubted her conceit  
 (So rightly touching at his state before)  
 A fear now seeing on his foot, that bore  
 An old note to discerne him; might descry  
 The absolute truth, which (wittest by her eye)  
 Vvas strait approvd. He first receiu'd this fore;  
 As in *Parnassus* tops, a white tooth'd Bore  
 He stood in chace withall; who strooke him there;  
 At such time, as he liu'd a sojournier;  
 VVith his grand Sire, *Ausonius*: who, th' Art  
 Of Theft and swearing (not out of the hart,  
 But by equiuocation) first adorn'd  
 Your witty man withall; and was suborn'd  
 By *Iones* descent (ingenious *Mercurie*)  
 VVho did bestow it; since so many a Thie

Of Lambes, and Kids, he had on him bestow'd  
 In sacred flames; who therefore, when he vow'd  
 VVas euer with him. And this man impos'd  
*Vlysses* name; the light being first disclos'd  
 To his first sight then; when his grand Sire came  
 To see the then prettifer of his fame,  
 His loued daughter. The first supper done,  
*Euryklea*, put in his lap, her Sonne,  
 And pray'd him to bethinke, and giue his name;  
 Since that desire, did all desires inflame.

Daughter, and Son-in-Law (sayd he) let then  
 The name that I shall giue him, stand with men;  
 Since I arriu'd here, at the houre of paine,  
 In which, mine owne kinde entrailes did sustaine  
 Moane for my daughters, yet vnended throes:  
 And when so many mens and womens woes,  
 In ioynt compassion met, of humane birth,  
 Brought forth t'attend the many-feeding earth;  
 Let *Odysseus* be his name, as one  
 Exposed to iust constraint of all mens mone.  
 VVhen heere at home, he is arriv'd at state;  
 Of mans first youth, he shall initiate  
 His practis'd feete, in trauaile made abrode;  
 And to *Parnassus*, where mine owne abode  
 And chiefe meanes lye; addresse his way, where I  
 VVill giue him from my opened treasury,  
 VVhat shall retorne him well; and fit the Fame  
 Of one that had the honor of his name.

For these faire gifts he went, and found all grace  
 Of hands, and words, in him and all his race.  
*Amphibia* (his Mothers mother) to  
 Applied her to his loue; withall, to do  
 In Grandames welcomes: both his faire eyes kiss;  
 And browes; and then, continu'd to assist  
 VVere all her sonnes, by their respected Sire,  
 In furnishing a Feast, whose cares did fire  
 Their minds with his command, who home strait led  
 A fine yeares-old male Ox, fild, fiew, and bead:  
 Gather'd about him; cut him vp with Art;  
 Spitted, and roasted; and his euery part  
 Diuided orderly. So all the day  
 They spent in feast: No one man went his way  
 VVithout his fill. VVhen the Sun was set,  
 And darknesse rose, they slept; all dayes fire hot  
 Th' enlightned earth: and then, on hunting went  
 Both Hounds, and all *Autolykus* descent.  
 In whose guide, did diuine *Vlysses* go;  
 Climb'd stepe *Parnassus*, on whose forehead grow

Autolykus  
gives his Grand  
child Vlysses  
his name: from  
whence the O-  
dyssees is deriv'd  
Odysseus, de-  
riv'd of Odu-  
lous, ex O-  
dum factum:  
signifying do-  
loreus proprie  
corporis nam  
ira ex dolore  
oritur.

All syluan off-springs round. And loone they rechte  
The Concauer, whence ayrs sounding vapors fetcht  
Their loud delcent. As soone as any Sun  
Had from the Ocean (where his waters run  
In silent deepnesse) rais'd his golden head:  
The early Huntmen, all the hill had spread;  
Their Hounds before them, on the searching Traile:  
They neere, and euer eager to assaile.  
*Vlysses*, brandishing a lengthfull Lance,  
Of whose first sight, he long'd to prove the chance.

Then found they lodg'd a Bore, of bulke extreame,  
In such a Queach, as neuer any beame  
The Sun shot, pierc'd it: Nor any paffe, let finde  
The moist impressions of the fiercest winde:  
Nor any storme the sternest winter driues;  
Such prooffe it was: yet all within, lay leaues  
In mighty thicknesse; and through all this, flew  
The hounds loud mouthes. The sounds, the tumult  
And all together rouz'd the Bore, that rusht (threws)  
Amongst their thickest: All his bristles, pusht  
From forth his rough necke; and with flaming eyes  
Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prise  
*Vlysses* first charg'd; whom, about the knee  
The savage strooke, and rac't it crookedly  
Along the skin, yet neuer reacht the bone.  
*Vlysses* Lance yet, through him, quite was throwne;  
At his right shoulder entring: at his left,  
The bright head passage to his keenesse cleft,  
And shew'd his point gilt, with the gushing gore.  
Downe in the dust fell the extended Bore,  
And forth his life flew. To *Vlysses*, round  
His Vnckle drew; who (wofull for his wound)  
With all Art bound it vp; and with a charme  
Staid straight the blood, went home; & when the harm  
Receiu'd full cure; with gifts, and all euent  
Of ioy, and loue; to his lou'd home, they sent  
Their honor'd Nephew: whose returne his Sire,  
And reuerend Mother, tooke with ioyes entire:  
Enquir'd all passages, all which, he gaue  
In good relation: Nor of all, would saue  
His wound from vterance: By whose scar he came  
To be discouered by this aged Dame.

VVhich, when she censing felt, and noted well:  
Downe from her Lap, into the Caldron, fell  
His weighty foot, that made the Brasse rebound:  
Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrewed ground  
Spilt all the water. Ioy and griefe together  
Her breast inuaded: and of weeping weather

Her eyes stood full: Her small voice, stude within  
Her part expresse; till at length, his chin  
She tooke, and spake to him: O Sonne (saide she)  
Thou art *Vlysses*; nor canst other be:  
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my King  
I had gone ouer, with the warmed Spring.

Then look't she for the Queene, to tell her all;  
And yet, knew nothing sure: thogh nought could fall  
In compasse of all thoughts, to make her doubt.  
*Minerva*, that distraction strooke throughout  
Her minds rapt forces; that she might not tell.  
*Vlysses*, noting yet her aptnesse well;  
With one hand tooke her chin; and made all shew  
Of fauour to her: with the other, drew  
Her offer'd parting closer: Ask her why;  
She, whose kinde breast had nurs'd so tenderly  
His infant life; would now, his age destroy?  
Though twenty yeares had held him from the ioy  
Of his lou'd country. But, since onely she,  
(God putting her in minde) now knew, 'twas he;  
He chear'd her silence; and to let no care  
In all the Court more, know his being there:  
Left, if God gaue into his wreatfull hand  
Th' insulking wooers liues: he did not stand  
On any partiall respect with her,  
Because his Nurse; and to the rest prefer  
Her safety therefore; But when they should seeke  
His punishing finger, giue her equall Steele.

What words (saide she) shew your retentive pow'rs?  
You know, you locke your counsailes in your Tow'rs  
In my firme bosome: and, that I am faine  
From those loose frailties. Like an Iron barre  
Or bolt of solid stone, I will continue:  
And tell you this besides; That if you gaue  
By Gods good aide, the wooers liues in yours;  
VVhat Dames are heere their shamefulle Paramours,  
And haue done most dishonor to your worth,  
My information, well shall paint you forth.

It shal not neede (saide he) my selfe will scope  
(VVhile thus I maske heere) set on euery one  
My sure obseruance of the worst, and best:  
Bethou then silent, and leaue God the rest.

This said; the old Dame, for more water went;  
The rest was all vpon the Pavement spent,  
By knowne *Vlysses* foot. More brought (and he  
Supplied besides with sweetest Ornaments) the  
His seate drew neere the fire, to keepe him warme:  
And, with his peece't rage, hiding close his harmer

The Queene came neere, and said: Yet *(guest)* afford  
 Your further patience; till, but in a word  
 I tell my woes to you: For well I know,  
 That *Refts sweet Houre*, her soft foote orders now:  
 When all poore men, how much longer grieve'd,  
 Would gladly get their wo-wacht pow'rs releas'd.  
 But God hath giuen my griefe a heart so great,  
 It will not downe with rest. And so I let  
 My iudgement vp, to make it my delight.  
 All day I mourne; yet nothing let the right  
 I owe my charge, both in my worke and Maids;  
 And when the night brings rest to others aides,  
 I tosse my bed; *Distresse* with twenty points,  
 Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning ioynts  
 Conuey the vitall heate. And as all night,  
*Pandarus* daughter (poore *Edone*) sings,  
 Clad in the verdure of the yearly Springs;  
 When she for *Trypho*, her loued Sonne  
 (By *Zelus* illue; in his madnesse, done  
 To cruell death) poures out her hourly stons,  
 And drawes the eares to her of euery one;  
 So flowes my mone, that cuts in two my minde,  
 And here and there, giues my discourse the winde;  
 Vncertain whether I shal with my Son:  
 Abide still heere, the safe possession  
 And guard of all goods: Recurrence to the bed  
 Of my lou'd Lord; and to my far-off speed  
 Fame with the people; putting still in vie;  
 Or follow any best *Greeke* I can chuse  
 To his fit house, with treasure infinite  
 VVhen to his Nuptials. VVhile the infant plight  
 And want of iudgement kept my Son in guide;  
 He was not willing with my being a Bride,  
 Nor with my parting from his Court; But now  
 (Arriu'd at mans state) he would haue me vow  
 My loue to some one of my women heere,  
 And leaue his Court; offended that their cheere  
 Should to consume his free possessions.  
 To settle then a choice in these my mones,  
 Heere and expound a dreame, that did conuaine  
 My sleeping fancy. Twenty Geefe, I haue;  
 All which, me thought, mine eye saw resting wheate  
 In water sleep't, and ioy'd to see them eate.  
 VVhen straight, a crooke-beak't Eagle, from a hill,  
 Stoop't, and trust all their neckes, and all did kill;  
 VVhen (all left scatter'd on the Pavement there)  
 She tooke her wing vp, to the Gods faire sphere:  
 I, euen amid my Dreame, did weep and mourne,

To see the Eagle, with so shrew'd a turne,  
 Stoope my sad turrets; when, me thought there came  
 About my mournings, many a Grecian Dame  
 To cheere my sorrowes; in whose most extreame  
 The Hawke came back, and on the prominent beame  
 That cross't my Chamber, fell; and v'd to me  
 A humane voice, that sounded horribly;  
 And saide; Be confident, *Icarus* feed;  
 This is no dreame, but what shall chance indeed.  
 The Geefe, the wooers are: the Eagle, I,  
 VVas heere tofore a Fowle: but now imply  
 Thy husbands Beeing; and am come to giue  
 The wooers death, that on my Treasure, liue.  
 With this, Sleepe left me; and my waking way  
 I tooke to try, if any violent prey  
 Were made of those my Fowles; which, well enough  
 I (as before) found feeding at their Trough,  
 Their yoted wheate. O woman (he replide)  
 Thy dreame can no interpretation bide,  
 But what the Eagle made, who was your Lord;  
 And saide, himselfe would sure effect afford  
 To what he told you; that confusion  
 To all the wooers should appeare; and none  
 Escape the Fate, and death, he had decreed.  
 She answer'd him: O Guest, these dreames excede  
 The Art of man to interpret; and appere  
 VVithout all choise, or forme; nor euer were  
 Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are  
 To these light Dreames, that like thin vapors fare,  
 Two two-leau'd gates; the one of *Lucrey*;  
 The other, *Horne*. Those dreames that *Fantastie*  
 Takes from the polish't *Ibory* Port, delude  
 The Dreamer euer, and no truth include:  
 Those that the glittering *Horn-gate*, lets abroad;  
 Do euermore, some certaine truth abode.  
 But this my dreame, I hold of no such fort  
 To flye from thence; yet, which soeuer Port  
 It had access to, it did highly please  
 My Son, and me. And this, my thoughts professe;  
 That Day that lights me from *Phryges* Court,  
 Shall both my infamy, and curse consort.  
 I therefore purpose to propose them now  
 In strong Contention, *Phryges* Bow;  
 Which he that easly drawes; and from his craft,  
 Shoots through twelue Axes (as he did his shaft,  
 All set vp in a rowe; And from them all,  
 His stand-farre-off kept firme) my fortunes shall  
 Dispose; and take me to his house from hence,

The two parts  
 of Dreames.

The phrase, *how*  
*a Phryges Bow*  
*to the woer,*  
*determined by*  
*Panlope.*

VWhere I was wed, a Maide; in confluence  
 Offeast and riches: such a Court heere then,  
 As I shall euer in my dreames reteine.

Do not (said he) deferre the gamefull prize,  
 But set to taske their importunities  
 With something else, then Nuptials: For your Lot  
 VVill to his Court and Kingdome be restor'd,  
 Before they thred those steeles, or draw his Bow.

O Guest (repli'd *Penelope*) would you  
 Thus sit, and please me with your speech; mine eares  
 VVould neuer let mine eye-lids close their Spheares;  
 But none can liue without the death of sleepe;  
 Th'Immortals, in our mortall memories keepe  
 Our ends, and deaths by sleepe; diuiding so,  
 (As by the Fate and portion of our wo)  
 Our times spent heere; to let vs nightly try,  
 That while we liue, as much as liue, we dye.  
 In which vse, I will to my bed ascend,  
 VVhich I bedew with teares, and sigh past end,  
 Through all my houres spent, since I lost my ioy,  
 For vile, lew'd, neuer-to-be-named *Troy*.  
 Yet there, Ile proue for sleepe, which take you here;  
 Or on the earth, if that your custome were;  
 Or haue a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest.  
 Thus left she with her Ladies, her old Guest:  
 Ascended her faire chamber, and her bed:  
 VVhose sight did euer duly make her shed  
 Teares for her Lord; which still her eyes did seepe,  
 Till *Pallas* shut them with delightfome sleepe.

*The End of the Nineteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odysseys.*



## THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*V*Lyfies, in the *Wooers Beds*,  
*Refolung first to kill the Maids;*  
*That sentence giuing off; His care*  
*For other Obvials darts prepare.*

### Another.

*P.* { *loves thunder chides;*  
*but cheers the king;*  
*The Wooers greeds*  
*discouraging.* }



*V*Lyfies in the Entry, laide his head,  
 And vnder him, an Oxe-hide newly flead;  
 About him Sheep felt store; & over those  
*Eurynome* cast Mantles. His repose  
 VVould bring no sleepe yet; studying the ill  
 He wisht the wooers; who came by him still  
 VVith all their wenchies; laughing, wantoning  
 In mutuell lightnesse, which his heart did sting;  
 Contending two wayes; if (all patience fled)  
 He should rush vp, and strike those Strumpets dead;  
 Or let that night be last, and take the extreme  
 Of those proud wooers, that were so supreme  
 In pleasure of their high fed fantasies:  
 His heart did barke within him; to surprize  
 Their sports with spoiles: No fell *Sith*. *Massiue* can  
 Amongst her whelpes, flye eager on a man  
 She doth not know; yet sent him something neare,  
 And faine would come to please her tooth and teare;  
 Then his dildaine, to see his Roofe so fill'd  
 VVith those fowle fashions: Grew within him wilde  
 To be in blood of them. But finding best  
 In his free iudgement, to let passion rest;  
 He chid his angry spirit, and beate his breast:  
 And said; Forbear (my minde) and thinke on this:  
 Dd3

There

There hath bene time, when bitter agonies  
 Haue tried thy patience : Call to minde the day,  
 In which the *Cyclop*, which past manly sway  
 Of violent strength, deuour'd thy friends; thou then  
 Stoodst firmly bold, till from that hellish den  
 Thy wisdom brought thee off; whē nought but death  
 Thy thoughts resolu'd on. This discourse did breath  
 The fiery boundings of his heart, that still  
 Lay in that ætūre; without end, his ill  
 Yet manly suffering. But from side to side  
 It made him tosse apace : you haue not tride  
 A fellow roasting of a Pig before  
 A hasty fire, (his belly yeelding store  
 Of fat, and blood) turne faster : labour more  
 To haue it roast, and would not haue it burne;  
 Then this, and that way, his vnrst made turne  
 His thoughts, and body; would not quench the fire,  
 And yet, not haue it heighten his desire  
 Past his discretion; and the fit enough  
 Of hast, and speed; that went to all the prooffe  
 His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd;  
 Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspir'd.

*Pallas appears  
 to Pylles.*

In this contention, *Pallas* stoop't from heauen;  
 Stood ouer him, and had her presence giuen  
 A womans forme, who sternly thus began:  
 Why thou most sowe, and wretched-fated man  
 Of all that breath I yet liest thou thus awake?  
 The house, in which thy cares so tosse and take  
 Thy quiet vp, is thine: thy wife is there;  
 And such a Son, as if thy wishes were  
 To be suffic'd with one; they could not mend.  
 Goddesse (saide he) tis true; But I contend  
 To right their wrongs: and (though I be but one)  
 To lay vnhelpt, and wreakfull hand vpon  
 This whole resort of impudents, that here  
 Their rude assemblies neuer will forbear.  
 And yet a greater doubt employes my care;  
 That if their slaughters, in my reaches are,  
 And I performe them; (*Ioue* and you not pleas'd)  
 How shall I flye their friends? & would stand seaf'd  
 Of counsaile, to resolute this care in me.

Wretch (she replied) a friend of worse degree,  
 Might win thy credence : that a mortall were,  
 And vs'd to second thee; though nothing nere  
 So powerfull in performance, nor in care:  
 Yet I, a Goddesse, that haue still had share  
 In thy archieuements, and thy persons guard,  
 Must still be doubted by thy Braine, so hard

To credit any thing about thy powre,  
 And that must come from heauen; if euery houre  
 There be not personall apparance made,  
 And aide direct giuen, that may sense inuade.  
 Ile tell thee therefore cleerely : If there were  
 Of diuers languag'd men, an Army here  
 Of fifty Companies; all driuing hence  
 Thy Sheepe and Oxen, and with violence  
 Offer'd to charge vs, and besiedge vs round;  
 Thou shouldst their prey reprice, & them confound.  
 Let sleepe then seize thee : *To keepe watch all Night;*  
*Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight.*  
 Thus pour'd the Goddesse sleepe into his eyes,  
 And re-ascend'd the *Olympian* skies.

VWhen care-and-lineament-resolving sleepe,  
 Had laide his temples in his golden sleepe;  
 His, wife-in-chast-wit-worthy-wife, did rise :  
 (First sitting vp in her soft bed) her eyes  
 Opened with teares, in care of her estate,  
 VWhich now, her friends resolu'd to terminate  
 To more delaies, and make her many one.  
 Her silent teares (then ceast) her Orizon  
 This Queene of women to *Diana* made.

Reuerend *Diana*; let thy Darts inuade  
 My wofull bosome, and my life deuide;  
 Now at this instant; or soone after deuide  
 My foule with Tempests forth, and giue it way  
 To those farre-off darke Vaults, where neuer day  
 Hath powre to shine; and let them cast it downe  
 Where refluēt *Oceanus* doth crowne  
 His curled head; where *Plato's* Orchard is;  
 And entrance to our after miseries.  
 As such sterne whirlwinds, rauid to that streame;  
*Pandarus* daughters, when the Gods to them  
 Had rest their parents; and them left alone  
 (Poore orphan children) in their Mansion.  
 VVhose desolate life, did loues sweet Queene incline  
 To nurse with pressed Milke, and sweetest wine;  
 VVhom *Iuno* deckt, beyond all other Dames  
 VVith wisdomes light, and beauties mouing flames :  
 VVhom *Phæbe*, goodlinesse of stature render'd,  
 And to whose faire hands, wife *Minerva* tender'd,  
 The Loom and Needle, in their vtmost skill.  
 And while Loues Empresse skal'd th' *Olympian* hill,  
 To beg of Lightning, louing *Ioue* (since hee  
 The meanes to all things knowes; and doth decree  
 Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortall Race)  
 For those poore virgins, the accomplish'd grace

Of sweetest Nuptials: The fierce *Harpies* preyd  
 On euery good, & miserable Maid;  
 And to the hatefull *Furies*, gaue them all  
 In horrid seruice. Yet, may such Fate fall  
 From sleepe *Olympus*, on my loathed head;  
 Or faire-chair'd *Phæbe*, strike me instant dead:  
 That I may vndergo the gloomy Shore,  
 To visit great *Vlysses* soule; before  
 I sooth my idle blood, and wed a wife:  
 And yet, beneath how desperate a curse  
 Do I liue now? It is an ill, that may  
 Be well indur'd, to mourne the whole long day;  
 So nights sweete sleepes (that make a man forget  
 Both bad, and good) in some degree would let  
 My thoughts leaue greening. But, both day and night,  
 Some cruell God, giues my sad memory sight.  
 This night (me thought) *Vlysses* grac't my bed  
 In all the goodly state, with which he led  
 The Grecian Army: which gaue ioyes extreame  
 To my distresse, esteeming it no dreame,  
 But true indeed: and that conceit I had,  
 That when I saw it false, I might be mad.  
 Such cruell Fates, command in my lifes guide:

By this, the mornings Orient, dewes had di'de  
 The earth in all her colours; when the King  
 In his sweet sleepe, suppos'd the sorrowing  
 That she w'd waking in her plaintiffe bed:  
 To be her mourning, standing by his head,  
 As hauing knowne him there. VWho straight arose,  
 And did againe within the Hall dispose  
 The Carpets and the Cushions, where before  
 They seru'd the seats. The Hide, without the dore  
 He carried backe; & then, with held vp hands,  
 He pray'd to him, that heauen & earth commands;

O Father *Joue*; If through the moyft and dry  
 You (willing) brought me home; when misery  
 Had punish't me enough, by your free doomes;  
 Let some of these within those inner roomes,  
 (Start'd with horror of some strange Ostent)  
 Come heere, & tell me, that great *Joue* hath bent  
 Threatnings without, at some lewd men within.

To this his pray'r, *Joue* (hooke his sable clift,  
 And thunder'd from those pure clouds that (aboue  
 The breathing aire) in bright *Olympus* moue.  
 Diuine *Vlysses* ioy'd, to heare it rore.  
 Report of which, a woman Miller bore  
 Straight to his eares; for neere to him, there gro und  
 Milles for his Corne, that twice six women found

Continuall motion, grinding *Barley* meate,  
 And wheat (mans Marrow.) Sleep: the eyes did scale  
 Of all the other women: hauing done  
 Their vsuall task; which yet, this Dame alone  
 Had scarce giuen end to being, of al the rest,  
 Least fit for labour. But when these sounds, prest  
 Her eares, aboue the rumbling of her Mill:  
 She let that stand, look't out; and *Neceus* sleepe hill  
 Saw cleere, and temperate; which made her (wifare  
 Of giuing any comfort to his care,  
 In that strange signe he pray'd for) thus inooke.

O King of men, and Gods; a mighty Ioue!  
 Thy thundring hand laide, on the cope of *Itares*;  
 No cloud in all the aire; and therefore warres  
 Thou bidst to some men, in thy life Ostent:  
 Performe to me (poore wretch) the maine cheit,  
 And make this day, the last and most extreame,  
 In which the wooers pride shall solace them  
 With whoorish Banquets in *Vlysses* Roome:  
 That, with sad toyle, to grinde them meale enough,  
 Haue quite dissolu'd my knes: touchtase them, now  
 Thy thunders may their latest Feast foretrow.

This was the *Boone* *Vlysses* begg'd of *Joue*;  
 VWhich (with his Thunder) through his bosom droue  
 A ioy, that this vane breath'd: Why now these men  
 (Despite their pride) will *Joue* make, pay the paine.

By this, had other Maids then those that lay,  
 Mixt with the wooers, made a fire like day,  
 Amidst the harth of the illustrious Hall:  
 And then the Prince, like a Celestiall  
 Rose from his bed; to his embalm'd seate, sed  
 Faire shoes: his sword about his breast applied;  
 Tooke to his hand his sharp-pil'd Lance, and met  
 Amidst the Entry, his old Nurse, that let  
 His haist, at sodaine stand; To whom he said:

O (my lou'd Nurse) with what grace haue you laid  
 And fed my guest heere? Could you so neglect  
 His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect  
 I giue my Mothers wisdome, I shall yet  
 Affirme, it fail'd in this: For the hath let  
 At much more price, a man of much lesse worth,  
 Without his persons note; and yet casts forth  
 With ignominious hands (for his Forme sake)  
 A man much better. Do not faultly make  
 (Good Son) the faultlesse. He was giuen his seat  
 Close to her side; and food, till he would eat.  
 VVine til his with was seru'd: For the requir'd  
 His wants, and will'd him all things he desir'd.

The Miller-woman prayes to Ioue, in satisfaction of *Vlysses* prayer.

Viz. That some from within, might vssue, & mincesse in the bearing, some weaknesse. I O. flouts to his enemies, & his enemies.



Commanded her chiefe Maides to make his bed;  
But he (as one whom sorrow onely fed  
And all infortune) would not take his rest  
In bed, and coverings, fit for any Guest;  
But in the Entry, on an Oxes hide,  
Neuer at Tanners his old Limbes implide  
In warme Sheep-fels; yet ouer all, we cast  
A mantle, fitting, for a man more gracif.

He tooke her answere: Left the house, and went  
(Attended with his dogges) to sift th' euent  
Of priuate Plots, betwixt him and his Sire  
In commune counsaile. Then the crue entire  
Of al the household Maids, (*Eurycles*) had  
Bestir them through the house; and see it clad  
In all best Forme: gaue all their parts; and one  
She set to furnish euery seate and Throne  
VVith Needle-works, and purple clothes of State;  
Another set to scoure and cleane the Plate:  
Another, all the Tables to make proud  
VVith porous Sponges: Others, the bestow'd  
In all speed to the Spring, to fetch from thence  
Fit store of water; all, at all expence  
Of paines, she will'd to be: For this, to all  
Should be a day of commune Festiuall;  
And not a wooer now should seeke his home,  
Else where then there; But all were bid to come  
Exceeding early; and be rais'd to heauen,  
VVith all the entertainment could be geuen.

They heard with greedy eares; and euery thing  
Put straight in practise: Twenty to the Spring  
Made speed for water; Many in the house  
Tooke paines; and all, were both laborious  
And skill'd in labour. Many fell to Fell  
And cleaue their wood: & all did more then well.

Then troop't the lusty wooers in; and then  
Came all from Spring. At their heeles, loaded men  
VVith slaughter'd Brawnnes: of all the Herd, the prize,  
That had bene long fed vp in severall Sties.  
*Eumæus*, and his men, conuei'd them there.  
He (seeing now the King) began to chere,  
And thus saluted him: How now, my Guest?  
Haue yet your vertues found more interest  
In these great wooers good respects? Or still  
Pursue they you, with all their wonted ill?

I would to heauen, *Eumæus* (he replide)  
The Deities once would take in hand their pride;  
That such vnseemly fashions put in frame  
In others Roofes, as shew no sparke of shame.

Thus these; and to these came *Melantheus*,  
Great guardian of the most egregious  
Rich wooers Herds, confiding all of Goats:  
VVhich he, with two more drake; & made their coats  
The sounding *Perries* of that faire Court.  
*Melantheus* (seeing the King) this former feat  
Of vpland Language gaue: VVhat still say heere?  
And dull these wooers with thy watched chere?  
Not gone for euer, yet? why now I see  
This strife of cusses betwixt the beggary,  
(That yesterday affaid, to get thee gone)  
And thy more rogery, needs will fall upon  
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not denie  
Till I set on thee: thy ragg'd impudent  
Is so fast footed. Are there not beside  
Other great Banquetants, but you must ride  
At anchor stil with vs? He nothing said,  
But thought of ill enough, and bow'd his head.

Then came *Philæus* (a chiefe of men),  
That to the wooers all deuoting day  
A barren Stere draue, and fat Goats for they  
In custome were, with Traffique by sea,  
That who they would sent; and that were none there.  
And for these likewise, the same *Perches* were  
Hurdles, and Sheep-pens, as many *Faire*  
*Philæus* tooke note in his regale,  
Of scene *Phryes*, being a man as well  
Guen to his minds vie, as to buy & sell,  
Or do the drudgery that the blind deere do.  
And (standing neere *Eumæus*) this enquired  
VVhat Guest is this, that makes our house of state  
His entertainer? whence claimes he the flame  
His birth in this life holds? what Nation?  
VVhat race? what country stands his speech upon?  
Ore hardly portion'd, by the *Phryes* *Faire*.  
The structure of his Lineaments relates  
A Kings resemblance in his pompe of rigne  
Euen thus, in these rags. But *Philæus* seeing men  
That haue no firme homes; but range here and there  
As Need compels, God keeps their words in store,  
As vnder water: and thus tune he singe,  
VVhen he is spinning euen the *Phryes* of Kings.

Thus coming to him, with a kinde of State  
He tooke his hand, and (to him) thus saide  
VVith meere imagination of his words  
This salutation he sent *Philæus* forth.  
Heah! Father stranger; in this other world  
Be rich and happy: though thou here art build  
20/2

At feete of neuer such insulting Neede.  
 O *Ione*, there liues no one God of thy feede.  
 More ill to man, then thou. Thou tak'st no ruth  
 (VWhen thou thy selfe hast got him, in most truth :)  
 To wrap him in the straites of most distresse,  
 And in the curse of others wickednesse.  
 My browes haue sweet to see it; and mine eyes  
 Broke all in teares; when this being fill the guide  
 Of worthiest men, I haue but onely thought,  
 That downe to these ils, was *Vhyffes* wrought;  
 And that (thus clad) euen he is error driven,  
 If yet he liues, and sees the light of heauen.  
 But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,  
 O me! O good *Vhyffes*! That my weale  
 Did euer wish: and when, but halfe a man  
 Amongst the people *Cephalenians*;  
 His bounty, to his *Queens* charge prefer'd  
 One in that youth: which now, is growne a *Head*  
 Vnspeakeable for number; and feede them  
 With their broad heads, as thicke as of his eare.  
 A Field of Corne is to a man; yet these,  
 Some men aduise me, that this noted proofe  
 Of woocers may deuoure; and with me drinke  
 Vp to their Feasts with them; that neither give  
 His Son respect, though in his owne free roofoe;  
 Nor haue the wit to feare th'infinitable proofe  
 Of heauenly vengeance: but make other now  
 The long-lack't Kings possessions to bestow  
 In their selfe shares. Me thinks, the minde in state  
 Doth turne as fast, as (in a flood, or Sea)  
 A raging whirlepit doth; to gather in  
 To fishy death, those swimmers in their fin.  
 Or feeds a motion as circulare  
 To driue my Herds away. But while the Son  
 Beares vp with life, I were hainous wrong to son  
 To other people with them; and to trust  
 Men of another earth: and yet more iust  
 It were to venture their Lawes; the maine right  
 Made til their Maisters; then at home to loose  
 Their right, and them; and sit and greene to see  
 The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttonie.  
 And I had long since fled, and tried th'euer  
 VVith other proud Kings (since more insolent,  
 These are, then can be borne,) But that, euen still  
 I had a hope, that this (though borne to ill)  
 VVould one day come from some coast, & their last  
 In his roofoes strew, with ruines red, and vast.  
 Herduman (said he) because thou art in show,

Nor lewd, nor indifferant, and thus I haue  
 There rules in thee an vnderstanding Rule;  
 Ife take an oath, that in thee shall be true  
 All doubt of what I sweare; his wimble, take  
 That swaith the first Seate, of the thron'd *Laertes*;  
 This hospitable Table; and his host, and  
 That still holds tide for the *Laertes*;  
 Some of *Laertes*; that (if I am pleas'd) I will  
 Your eyes shall wimble, *Laertes*; and all that  
 Arriv'd at home; and all that, as the *Laertes*;  
 In rich excesse beere; shall be my *Laertes*;  
 He answer'd: Stranger, I would not that I should  
 What you haue sworn: in your eyes becom'd a *Laertes*;  
 What powers I manage, and how those my hands,  
 VVould rise and follow, where he first commandeth;  
 So said *Emenius*: praying all the *Laertes*;  
 That wife *Vhyffes* might arrive and tried  
 Thus while they vow'd: the woocers sat as hard  
 On his Sons death: but had their eyes so hard  
 For on their left hand, did an Eagle sit;  
 And in her feres, a fearefull Pigeon bore;  
 VVhich scene; *Amphinomus* brought: Of friends  
 Our Counsailes neuer will receive their ends  
 In this mans slaughter: let vs then sacrifice,  
 Our bloody feast, and make his *Origin* die.  
 Thus came they in; cast off on feares, their clothes;  
 And fell to giuing sacrificing strokes  
 Of Sheepe and Goates; the cheefly fat and great;  
 Slew fed vp Swine, and from the Head, a Neame.  
 The inwards (roasted,) they dispos'd betwix  
 Their then obseruers; with in Flaggons mixt.  
 The bolles *Emenius* brought; *Philoetes* bread;  
*Melanctus* fill'd the wine. Thus dranke and fed  
 The feastfull woocers. Then the Prince (in grace  
 Of his clofe proicct) did his Father place  
 Amids the paus'd Entrie; in a Seate  
 Seemelesse, and abiect: a small boord and meane  
 Of th'onely inwards. In a cup of gold  
 Yet sent him wine; and bad him now drinke bolde;  
 All his approaches, he himselfe would free  
 Gainst all the woocers: since he would not see  
 His Court made popular; but that his Sire  
 Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire  
 Blowne in the woocers spleenes, he bad suppress;  
 And that in hands nor words they should digresse  
 From that set peace, his speech did then proclaim.  
 They bit their lips, and wondred at his saine  
 In that braue Language: when *Antinous* saide;

Though this speech (Grecians) bea there yett  
Yet this time giue it passe: The will of *Telemachus*  
Forbids the violence of our hands; no more  
But of our tongues, we keepe the motion free:  
And therefore, if his further words  
Tempt our encounter with his Braine, let vs  
His growing insolence: though pride to speake  
Fly passing high with him. The wife *Penelope*  
No more spring of this speech, but let it passe

The Feast that  
Euripides  
of Beowulf, re-  
turn'd unto

And now the Heralds bore about the Towne  
The sacred Hecatombe: to whose presence  
The faire-haired Greekes assembl'd, and beneath  
The holy dead  
They put to fire, which (made enough) they drew  
Diuided all, that did in the end agree  
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were  
Disposers of the Feast, did equal choere  
Beslow on wretched *Laertes*.  
With all the woovers soles: It so did please  
*Telemachus* to charge them: And for these  
*Minerva* would not see the malices  
The woovers bore; too much contain'd, that so  
*Phyllis* mou'd heart, yet might higher flow  
In wretchfull anguish. There was wooing there  
(Amongst the rest) a Gallant, that did beare  
The name of one well learn'd, in Iests prophane;  
His name *Ctesippus*, borne a *Samian*:  
Who proud, because his Father was so rich,  
Had so much confidence, as did bewitch  
His heart with hope, to wed *Phyllis* wife:  
And this man said: Heare me, my Lords, in strife  
For this great widow: This her guest did beare  
Euen feast with vs, with very comely care  
Of him that order'd it: For tis not good  
Nor equal, to deprive Guests of their food;  
And specially, what euer guest makes why  
To that house where *Telemachus* doth stay.  
And therefore, I will add to his recompence,  
A gift of very hospitable weight,  
VWhich he may giue againe, to any Minde  
That bath's his graue feete; and her paines fee paid;  
Or any seruant else, that the diuine  
*Phyllis* lofty Battlements confine.

Thus snatcht he with a valiant hand, from out  
The poore folkes commune basket, a Neck, of beere,  
And throw it at *Phyllis*: who, his head  
Shrunke quietly aside; and let it stie  
His malice on the wall. The suffering man

A laughter raising, most *Sardian*  
VWith scorne, and wrath mixt, as the sunne  
VWhom thus the Prince reprov'd: Your valour was  
Much grace *Ctesippus*; and hath eate your minde  
VWith mighty profit: yet you see it finde  
No make it aim'd at; the poore strangers part  
Himselfe made good enough, to scape your Dart.  
But should I serue thee worthily, my Lance  
Should strike thy heart through, & in place of aduance  
Thy selfe in Nuptials with his wealth) thy Sire  
Should make thy toomb here, that the foolish fire  
Of all such valors, may not dare to show  
These foule indecencies to me. I now  
Haue yeares to vnderstand my strength, and know  
The good and bad of things, and am no more  
At your large sufferance, to behold my store  
Consum'd with patience: See my Cattel staine,  
My wine exhausted; and my Bread; in vaine  
Spent on your licence: For, to one then young,  
So many enemies were match too strong.  
But let me neuer more, be winneth to  
Your hostile minds; Nor shall I dare to doe  
For, should ye kill me, in any of these ways,  
I wish it rather, and my death would speake  
Much more good of me, then to lile and see  
Indignity, vpon indignity  
My Guests prouok't with bitter words and blowes;  
My women seruants, dragg'd about my house  
To lust and rapture. This made sinne for  
The house throughout, till *Damocles*  
At length the calme bracke: and said, Friend, forbear  
To giue a iust speech a chaine full care:  
The Guest no more touch, nor let for me  
My selfe, will to the Prince and Queene command  
A motion gratefull, if they please to haue  
Gratchull recite: as long as any hope  
Left wife *Phyllis* any passage ope  
To his returne in our conceits; to bring  
The Queenes delays to our demands flood strong  
In cause, and reason; and our quarrels thus  
With guests; the Queene, or her *Penelope*  
Set neuer foote amongst our libellall Feat;  
For should the King returne, though thought decreas,  
It had bene gaine to vs in finding day,  
To lose his wife: But now, since nothing kin  
The daies breaks out, that shew's his home more  
Shal each the deere touch of his countrey more  
Sir by your Mother, in perswasion,

That now it stands her honor much vpon  
To choofe the best of vs; and who giues most,  
To go with him home. For so all things lost  
In sticking on our haunt so; you shall cleere  
Recouer, in our no more concourse here:  
Possesse your birth-right wholly; eate and drinke;  
And neuer more on our disgraces thinke.

By *Ione*, no *Agelaus*: For I sweare  
By all my Fathers sorrowes; who doth erre  
Farre off from *Ithaca*; or rests in death:  
I am so farre from spending but my breath,  
To make my Mother any more defer  
Her wished Nuptials; That Ile counsaile her  
To make her free choise: And besides, will giue  
Large gifts to moue her. But I feare to drine,  
Or charge her hence: For God will not giue way  
To any such course, if I should assay.

At this, *Minerva* made for foolish ioy  
The wooers mad; and rouz'd their late annoy  
To such a laughter, as would neuer downe.  
They laught with others checks; eate meare oreflowne  
VVith their owne bloods: their cies stood full of teares  
For violent ioyes: Their soules yet thought of feares:  
VVhich *Theoclymenus* exprest, and said:

O wretches! Why? Sustaine ye (well spaid)  
Your imminent ill? A night, with which *Death* sees,  
Your heads, and faces, hides beneath your knees.  
Strickes burn about you: your cies, thrust out teares  
These fixed wals, and that maine beame that beares  
The whole house vp, in bloody torrents fall:  
The Entry full of ghosts stands: Full the Hall  
Of passengers to hel: And, vnder all  
The dismall shades; The Sun sinks from the Poles;  
And troubl'd aire, poures bane about your soules.

They sweetly laught at this: *Enrymachus*  
To mocks dispos'd, and saide; This new-come vs  
Is surely mad; condu't him forth to light  
In th' open Market place: he thinks 'tis night  
VVithin the house. *Enrymachus* (said he)  
I will not aske for any guide of thee;  
I both my feete enioy; haue cares, and cies;  
And no mad soule within me: and with these  
Will I go forth the doores: because I know,  
That imminent mischief must abide with you;  
VVhich, not a man of all the wooers here  
Shall flye, or scape. Ye all too highly beate  
Your vncurb'd heads: Impieties ye commit,  
And euery man affect, with formes vnfit.

This

This said; he left the house, and tooke his way  
Home to *Pyrrhus*, who, as free as day,  
Was of his welcome. When the wooers eyes  
Chang'd looks with one another; and (their giue  
Of laughers, still held on) still cast'd their brefts,  
Of will to set the Prince against his guests:  
Affirming, that of all the men aliue  
He worst lucke had; and pious'd it worst to giue  
Guests entertainment: For he had one there  
A wandring Hunter out of prouendere,  
An errant Begger euery way; yet thought  
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought  
But wine and Vi'tuals: nor knew how to do;  
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to;  
But liu'd an idle burthen to the earth.

Another then step't vp; and would lay forth  
His lips in phrophecie, thus: But (would he heare  
His friends perswasions) he should finde it were  
More profit for him, to put both aboard  
For the *Sicilian* people, that afford  
These fete of men, good price: and this would bring  
Good meanes for better guests. These words made  
To his eares idly: who had still his eye (wing  
Vpon his Father, looking seruently  
When he would lay his long-withholding hand  
On those proud wooers. And, within command  
Of all this speech that pass'd, *Leartes* heire  
(The wife *Penelope*) her royall chaire  
Had plac't of purpose. Their high dinner then  
With all pleas'd palaces, these ridiculous men  
Tell sweetly to: as ioying they had slaine  
Such store of banquet: but there did not taigne  
A bitterer banquet Planet in all heauen,  
Then that which *Pallas*, had to that day driven;  
And, with her able friend now, meane't appose;  
Since they, till then, were in deserts so grose.

*The End of the Twentieth Booke  
of Homers Odysseys.*



# THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMER S ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**P**enelope propoſeth now,  
To him that draws Vlyſſes Bow  
Her inſtant Nuptials: Ithacus,  
Eumæus, and Philætiſtus,  
Gives charge for guarding of the Gates;  
And he, his ſoft ſhoes through the plates.

Another.

92. { The Nuptiall vow,  
and Game, reverſt:  
Drawne is the Bow,  
the ſtooles are pierſt. }



**P**allas (the Goddeſſe with the ſparkling eyes)  
Excites Penelope, to obiect the priſe  
(The Bow & bright ſtooles) to the wooers ſtrength;  
And here began the ſtriſe and blood at length.  
She firſt aſcended by a loſly ſtair,  
Her vtmoſt chamber; of whoſe doore, her faire  
And halfe transparent hand, receiv'd the Key,  
Bright, brazen; bitten paſſing curiouſly,  
And at it hung a knob of luory.

And this did leade her, where was ſtrongly kept  
The treaſure Royall; in whoſe ſtore lay heap'd,  
Gold, Braſſe, and Steele, engraven with infinite Art;  
The crooked Bowe, and Arroy quiver, part  
Of that rich Magazin. In the Quiver, were  
Arrowes a number; ſharpe, and ſighing gere.  
The Bow was given by kinde Eurythides  
(*Iphitus*, faſhion'd like the Deities)  
To yong Vlyſſes; when within the Rooſe  
Of wiſe *Ortilocus*, their paſſe had prooſe  
Of mutuall meeting in *Meſſena*; where  
Vlyſſes claim'd a debt: To whoſe pay, were  
The whole *Meſſenian* people bound; ſince they  
From *Ithaca*, had forc't a wealthy prey  
Of Sheepe, and Sheepherds. In their ſhips they thruſt  
Three hundred Sheepe together: for whoſe iuſt

And

And inſtant rendry, old *Læertes* ſent  
Vlyſſes his Ambaſſador, that went  
A long way in the Ambaſſie; yet then  
Bore but the formoſt Prince, of yongſt men.  
His Father, ſending firſt to that ſaſſaire  
His graveſt Counſailors, and then his heire.  
*Iphitus* made his way therē, having loſt  
Twelve female horſe; and Mules, commended moſt  
For vie of burthen; which were after, cauſe  
Of death, and Fate to him. For (paſt all Lawes  
Of hoſpitality) *Iones* mighty \* Son  
(Skill'd in great Acts) was his conſuſion  
Cloſe by his houſe; though at that time his gueſt:  
Reſpectiſg neither the apoſed Feaſt  
And hoſpitable Table, that in loue  
He ſet before him; nor the voyce of *Ione*:  
But, ſeizing firſt his Mares, he after ſlew  
His hoſt himſelfe. From thoſe Mares ſerch, now grew  
Vlyſſes knowne t' *Iphitus*; who, that Bow  
At their encounter, did in loue beſtow,  
Which great *Eurytus* hand, had borne before  
(*Iphitus* Father) who (at death's ſad dore)  
In his ſteepe Turrets, left it to his Son.  
Vlyſſes gaue him a keene Faulchion,  
And mighty Lance; and thus began they there  
Their fatal Loues: For after, neuer were  
Their mutuall Tables to each other knowne,  
Be cauſe *Iones* Son, th' unworthy part had ſhowne  
Of ſlaughtering this God-like louing man,  
*Eurytus* Son; who with that Bow began  
And ended loue t' Vlyſſes: who, ſo deare  
A gift eſteem'd it, that he would moſt care  
In his black Fleete, that gueſt rite to the war;  
But, in fit memory of one ſo faire  
In his affection; brought it home, and kept  
His treaſure with it; where till now it ſlept.

And now the Queene of women had inten:  
To give it vie; and therefore made aſcent  
Vp all the ſtaires height, to the chamber dore:  
Whoſe ſhining leaues, two bright Pilasters bore  
To ſuch a Cloſe, when both together went;  
It would reſiſt the Aire in their conſent.  
The Ring ſhe tooke then, and did draw aſide  
A barre that ran within; and then imple  
The Key into the Lock; which gave a ſound  
(The Bolt then ſhooting) as in paſture ground  
A Bull doth Low, and make the valleys ring:  
So loud the Lock humm'd, when it looſ'd his Spring,

Inter Am-  
as Balat,  
Equis duode-  
cimæ formæ

\*Hercules.

And

And ope the doores flew. In she went, along  
The lofty chamber, that was boorded strong  
With heart of Oake; which many yeares ago  
The Architect did smooth and polish so,  
That now as then, he made it freshly shine;  
And tried the euenesse of it with a Line.  
There stood in this roome, Presses that enclof'd  
Robes odoriferous; by which repof'd  
The Bow was vpon pins: Nor from it farre  
Hung the round Quiver, glittering like a Starre;  
Both which, her white extended hand tooke downe:  
Then fate the low, and made her lap a Crowne  
Of both those Reliques; which she wept to see,  
And cried quite out with louing memory  
Of her deare Lord: To whose worth, paying then  
Kinde debts enow: She left; and to the men  
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked Bow,  
And haft-receiuing Quiver, that did flow  
With arrowes, beating fighes vp where they fell.  
Then, with another Chift, repleate as well  
VWith Games won by the King, of Steele and Brasse,  
Her Maids attended. Past whom, making paffe  
To where her wooers were; She made her stay.  
Amids the faire Hall doore, and kept the ray  
Of her bright count' nance hid with veyles so thin,  
That though they seem'd e' expose, they let lone in;  
Her Maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake.

Hearc me, ye wooers, that a pleasure take  
To do me sorrow, and my house invade  
To eate and drinke; as if 'twere onely made  
To serue your Rapines: My Lord long away;  
And you allow'd no colour for your stay  
But his still absence; striuing who shall frame  
Me for his wife; and (since 'tis made a game)  
I heere propose diuine *Pyrrhus* Bow  
For that great Maister-peece, to which ye vow.  
He that can draw it, with least flow to strue,  
And through these twelue Ax-heads, an arrow driue;  
Him will I follow, and this house forgo,  
That nourisht me a Maid: now furnisht so  
With all things fit; and which I so esteeme  
That I shall still liue in it in my dream.  
This said, she made *Eumæus* giue it them.  
He tooke, and laide it by; and wept for wo,  
And like him, wept *Philæus*; when the Bow  
Of which his King was bearer, he beheld.  
Their teares, *Antinous* manhood much refeld;  
And said, Ye rustick fooles! that still each day

Your minds giue over to this vaine diuine,  
VVhy weepe ye (wretches?) and the wise does eyes  
Tempt with renew'd thought; that would rather wide  
Depose her sorrowes, since her Lord is dead,  
And teares are idle? Sit, and ease your breath,  
Nor whisper more a word, for get ye gone,  
And weepe without doores: Let this Bow alone  
To our out-match contention: For I feare,  
The Bow will scarce yeeld draught to any heere.  
Heere no such man liues, as *Leontes* Son  
Amongst vs all: I knew him; Thought past on  
His looks fight now, me thinkes, though then a child.  
Thus shew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes unfold  
His strength, the stretch of *Pyrrhus* Bow.  
And his steeles piercer: But his shaft standing  
Through his pierc'd Pallar first, whom so he wrong'd  
In his free rooffe; and made the rest ill tongu'd  
Against his vertues. Then the sacred heat  
That spirited his Son, did further set  
Their confidence on fire; and said: O Friends;  
*Ione* hath bereft my wits: The *Queen* intends  
(Though I must grant her wish) too long to leane  
*Pyrrhus* Court; and to her bed receiue  
Some other Lord: yet not without fighting, I  
Am forc't to laugh, and set my pleasures by  
Like one mad sicke. But wooers, since ye haue  
An obiect for your trials now so braue,  
As all the broad *Achaian* earth at once;  
As sacred *Pylæ*, as the *Argive* brooke;  
As blacke *Eppirus*, as *Myrcene's* birth;  
And as the more fam'd *Ithacensis* earth;  
All which, your selues well know, and oft haue sold;  
(For what neede hath my Mother of any aide  
In her advancement?) Tender us excuse,  
For least delay; nor too much time propose  
In stay to draw this Bow, but draw in straight;  
Shoot, and the steeles pierce: make all see how straight  
You make these poore barres, to so rich a prize.  
No cager yet? Come on: My friends  
Shall try the Bowes strength, and the pierc'd steels;  
I will not for my reuerend Mother seele  
The sorrowes that I know will seize my heart,  
To see her follow any, and depart  
From her so long-held home: But first extend  
The Bow and Arrow to their ender's hand;  
For I am onely to succede my *Sire*  
In guard of his games; and let none aspire  
To their besides possession. This said;

His purple Robe he cast off. By he laide  
 His well-edg'd sword; and first, a severall pit  
 He digg'd for every Arke, and strengthen'd it  
 VVith earth, close ramm'd about it: On strew  
 Set them of one height, by a Line he drew  
 Along the whole twelve; and so orderly  
 Did every deed belonging (yet his eye  
 Neuer before beholding how 'twas done)  
 That in amaze rose all his lookers on.  
 Then stood he neere the doore, & prou'd to draw  
 The stubborn Bow: Thrice tried, & thrice gaue Law  
 To his vncrown'd attempts: the fourth assay  
 VVith all force offering, which a signe gaue stay  
 Given by his Father; though he shew'd a minde  
 As if he stood right heartily incline  
 To perfect the exploite: when all was done  
 In onely drift to set the woocers on.  
 His weaknesse yet confest; he said, O shame  
 I either shall be curer of no name,  
 But proue a wretch: Or else I am too young,  
 And must not now presume on powers so strong  
 As sinewes yet more growing, may ingraft,  
 To turne a man quite ouer with a shaft.  
 Besides, to men whose Nerves are best prepar'd;  
*All great Adventures, at first proofs, are hard.*  
 But come, you stronger men; attempt this Bow,  
 And let vs end our labour. Thus, below  
 A well-joynd boord he laide it; and close by,  
 The brightly-headed shafte then thron'd his Thie  
 Amidst his late-left seate. *Antinous* then  
 Bad all arise: but first, who did sustaine  
 The cups state euer; and did sacrifice  
 Before they eate still: and that man, bad rise,  
 Since on the others right hand he was plac'd;  
 Because he held the right hands rising, grac't  
 VVith best successe still. This direction won  
 Supream applause; and first, rose *Oenops* Son  
*Lindes*, that was Priest to all the rest;  
 Sate lowest with the Cup still, and their left  
 Could neuer like; but euer was the man  
 That checkt their follies: and he now began  
 To taste the Bow: the sharpe shaft tooke, tug'd hard,  
 And held aloft: and till he quite had marr'd  
 His delicate tender fingers, could not stir  
 The churlish string: who therefore did refer  
 The game to others; saying, that same Bow  
 (In his preface) would proue the overthrow  
 Of many a chiefe man there: nor thought the Face

VVas any whit auster, *Philo* then dare  
 Were much the better taking; then long life  
 Without the obiect of their shortest life;  
 For whom they had beto'd but so many dayes  
 To finde still other, nothing but they  
 Obtaining in them: and *Antinous* then  
 Some hope to haue her: but when that rough Bow  
 They all had tried, and sente the vnmort' time;  
 They must rest pleas'd to cease, and saw some  
 Of all their other faire-veyl'd *Grecian* Daughters  
 VVith gifts, and dow'r, and *Philo* of *Flamens*  
 Let her lone light to him, that most will gae,  
 And whom the Nuptiall destiny did chace.

Thus laid he on the well-joynd boord  
 The Bow, and bright-pist shafte; and thus he said  
 His seate his right. To him, *Antinous* began to discusse  
 Gaue bitter language, and reprovd this chace.

VVhat words (*Lindes*) spaksthy speeches would  
 That 'tis a worke to beare? And didst thou  
 They set vp my disdaine: This Bow must end  
 The best of vs; since thy armes cannot lend  
 The firing least motion: Thy Mothers thow  
 Brought neuer forth this man, or draught of Bowes;  
 Or knitting shafts off. Though thou dost not draw  
 The sturdy Plant, thou art to vs no less  
*Melanthius*? Light a fire, and set the chace  
 A chaire and cushions; & this shafte of fire  
 That lyes within, bring oft; that we may set  
 Our Pages to this Bow, to see it beate  
 And suppl'd with the flux; and then wee  
 May giue it draught, and ply this great detest  
 VVmoft performance. He a mighty fire  
 Gaue instant flame, put into each chaire  
 Command layd on him: Chaire and cushions set;  
 Laid on the Bow, which draught the Pages set,  
 Chast, suppl'd with the Suet to their mouth  
 And still was all their Vncuous labour lost:  
 All woocers strenghts, too indigent and pore  
 To draw that Bow: *Antinous* armen, it shew;  
 And great *Euryarchus* (the both chace best)  
 Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to rest.  
 Forth then went both the Swains, and after them  
 Diuine *Phyfes*, when being past the extreme  
 Of all the Gaces; with winning words he told  
 Their loues, and this askt: Shall my counsailes hild  
 Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know  
 If sodainly *Phyfes* had his Vow  
 Made good for home; and had some God to guide

His steps and strokes to, to wreak their wrongs made;  
 Would your aids ioyne on his part, and with their  
 How stand your hearts affected? They made prayer to Boido with such  
 That some God would please to reward their Lords bad yetts more  
 He then should see, how farre they would afford hon, and to libt about  
 Their lives for his. (He seeing their truth) he said thus: much of gainit  
 I am your Lord; through many a sufferance tried, and smit our quils  
 Arriu'd now heere; whom twenty yeares have held in bondage  
 From forth my Country; yet are near brought  
 From my sure knowledge; your desires to see  
 My safe returne. Of all the company I have, with me, with me, with me  
 Now serving heere besides; not one but you  
 Mine care hath witness willing to bestow, and to bring you home  
 Their wishes of my life, so long held dead  
 I therefore vow, (which shall be perform'd) that I will  
 That if God please, beneath my hand to leave, and of a sign and ome  
 These woovers livelesse; ye shall both receive, and I will  
 Wives from that hand, and means, and need to me  
 Have houses built to you; and both shall be, and I will  
 As friends, and brothers to my only Sonnes, and I will  
 And that ye well may know me; and be knowne, and I will  
 To that assurance: the infallible Signe, and I will  
 The white-tooth'd Bore, gave this mark of mine, and I will  
 When in *Parnassus*, he was held in chase, and I will  
 By me, and by my famous Grandfathers rate; and I will  
 It's let you see. Thus feuer'd he his wound,  
 From that his wound; and every word had deed  
 In their sure knowledges; VVhich made them call, and I will  
 Their armes about him; his broad breast imbract, and I will  
 His necke and shoulders kist. And him, as well  
 Did those true powers of humane love compell  
 To kisse their heads and hands; and to their mone  
 Had sent the free light of the cheerefull Sunne,  
 Had not *Phyllis* broke the ruth, and faide;  
 Cease teares, and sorrowes, lest wee proue displead,  
 By some that issue from the house; and they  
 Relate to those within. Take each his way,  
 Not altogether in; but one by one:  
 First I, then you; and then see this be done:  
 The envious woovers will by no means give  
 The offer of the Bow, and Arrow leave  
 To come at me; spight then their pride, do thou  
 (My good *Eumens*) bring both shaft and Bow,  
 To my hands prooffe; and charge the maides before;  
 That instantly, they shut in every doore;  
 That they themselves, (if any tumult rise  
 Beneath my Roofes; by any that ennies,  
 My will to vndertake the Game) may gaine

No passage forth, but close at worke containe  
 With all free quiet; or at least, constrain'd.  
 And therefore (my *Philoetes*) see maintain'd  
 (VVhen close the gates are shut) their clofure fast;  
 To which end, be it thy sole worke to cast  
 Their chaines before them. This said, in he lod,  
 Tooke first his seate, and then they seconded  
 His entry with their owne. Then tooke in hand  
*Eumachus* the Bow, made close his stand  
 Aside the fire; at whose heare, here and there  
 He warn'd and suppl'd it, yet could not there  
 To any draught, the flame, with all his Art;  
 And therefore, sweld in him his glorious heare;  
 Affirming, that himselfe, and all his friends  
 Had cause to greeue: Not only that their ends  
 They mist in marriage (since enow besides  
 Kinde Grecian Dames, there had to be their Brides  
 In *Thrace*, and other bordering Townes)  
 But that to all times future, their renowned  
 VVould stand disparag'd, if *Phyllis* Bow  
 They could not drawe, and yet his wife would woo.  
*Antinoos* answer'd; That there could enue  
 No shame at all to them: For well he knew,  
 That this day was kept holy to the Sunne  
 By all the City: and there should be done  
 No such prophane act; therefore had, lay by  
 The Bow for that day; but the maffery  
 Of Axes that were set vp, still might stand;  
 Since that no labour was, nor any hand  
 VVould offer to invade *Phyllis* house,  
 To take, or touch with surreptitious  
 Or violent hand, what there was left, for vie.  
 He therefore bad the Cup-bearer make  
 VVine to the Bolles; that so, with sacrifice  
 They might let rest the shooting exercise;  
 And in the morning make *Melanthius* bring  
 The cheefe Goats of his Herd; due to the King  
 Of Bowes and Archers, they might burne the *Thyrs*  
 For good successe; and then, attempt the prize.  
 The rest sat pleas'd with this: the Herakle straine  
 Pour'd water on their hands: each Page did waite  
 VVith his crown'd cup of wine; serv'd eueury man  
 Till all were satisfied: and then began  
*Phyllis* plot of his close purpose thus:  
 Heare me, ye much renown'd *Eumachus*,  
 And King *Antinoos*, in theefe, who well,  
 And with decorum sacred, doth compell  
 This dayes observance; and to let lay downe



The Bow, all this light; giuing Gods their owne.  
 The mornings labour, God the more will bleſſe,  
 And ſtrength beſtow, where he himſelfe ſhall pleaſe.  
 Againſt which time, let me preſume to pray  
 Your fauours, with the reſt; that this aſſay,  
 May my olde armes prooue; trying if there lye  
 In my poore powers the ſame activity.  
 That long ſince crown'd them: Or if needy fare  
 And deſolate wandring, haue the web worne bare.  
 Of my liſes thred at all parts; that no more  
 Can furniſh theſe affaires as heere tofore.  
 This hear their ſplens paſt meaſure, blown with ſong,  
 Left his loth'd temples, would the garland weare  
 Of that Bowes draught: *Antinous* viſing ſpeech.  
 To this ſowre purpoſe: Thou moſt arrogant wretch  
 Of all gueſts breathing; in no leaſt degree  
 Graſt with a humane ſoule: It ſerues not thee  
 To feaſt in peace with vs; take equall ſhare  
 Of what we reach to; ſit, and all things heare  
 That we ſpeake freely (which no begging gueſt  
 Did euer yet) but thou muſt make requeſt  
 To mixe with vs in merit of the Queene.  
 But wine enflames thee; that hath euer beene  
 The bane of men: whoeuer yet would take  
 Th'exceſſe it offers; and the meaſure for ſake.  
 Wine ſpoilde the *Centaur* great *Emyrion*,  
 In gueſt-rites, with the mighty-minded Son  
 Of bolde *Ixion*; in his way to wane,  
 Againſt the *Lapithes*; who driuen as ſtarte  
 As madneſſe, with the bold effects of wine;  
 Did outrage to his kinde hoſt; and decline  
 Other Heroes from him, ſeaſted there;  
 With ſo much anger, that they left their chere,  
 And dragg'd him forth the fore-court all his noſe;  
 Cropt both his eares; and in the ill diſpoſe  
 His minde then ſuffer'd; drew the fatal day  
 On his head, with his hoſt. For thence the fray  
 Betwixt the *Centaur* and the *Lapithes*.  
 Had mortall act; but he for his exceſſe  
 In ſpoile of wine, ſar'd worſt himſelfe; As thou  
 For thy large cups, if thy armes draw the Bow,  
 My minde foretels thalt feare: for not a man  
 Of all our Confort, that in wiſedome can  
 Boaſt any ſit there, will take prayers then;  
 But to *Echerus*, the moſt ſterne of men.  
 A blacke Saile freight with thee; whoſe worſt of ill,  
 Be ſure is paſt all ranſome. Sit then ſtill;  
 Drinke temperately; and neuer more contend  
 With men your yongers. This, the Queene did end

Vvith

With her defence of him; and told his Fo'e  
 It was not faire, nor equall ſouercrow  
 The pooreſt Gueſt her ſonne pleaſ'd to entertaine  
 In his free Turrets; with ſo proud a ſtraine  
 Of threats, and brauings; asking if he thought  
 That if the ſtranger to his armes had brought  
 The ſtabborne Bow downe; he ſhould marry her  
 And beare her home? And ſaid; himſelfe ſhould erre  
 In no ſuch hope; nor of them all the beſt  
 That green'd at any good, ſhe did her gueſt,  
 Should banquet there; ſince it in no fort ſhow'd  
 Nobleſſe in them, nor paid her, what the ow'd  
 Her owne free rule there. This *Euryarchus*  
 Confirm'd and ſaide; nor feeds it hope in vs  
 (*Icarus* daughter) to ſolemnize Rites  
 Of Nuptials with thee; Nor in nobleſt fights  
 It can ſhew comely; but to our reſpects  
 The rumor, both of ſexes, and of Sexes  
 Amongſt the people, would breede ſhame, and feare,  
 Left any worſt Greeke ſaid; See, men that were  
 Of meane deſeruings, will preſume to aſpire  
 To his wines bed, whom all men did admire  
 For fame and merit; could not draw his Bow,  
 And yet his wife, had fooliſh pride to woo:  
 When ſtraight an errant Begger comes and drawes  
 The Bow with eaſe, performing all the Lawes  
 The game beſide contain'd; and this would thus,  
 Proue both indignity and ſhame to vs.

The Queene replied; The fame of men I ſee  
 Beares much price, in your great ſuppoſ'd degree;  
 Yet who can proue (amongſt the people great)  
 That of one ſo eſteem'd of them; the ſear  
 Doth ſo deſame and ruine? And beſide;  
 With what right is this gueſt thus vilified  
 In your high cenſures? when the man in blood  
 Is well compoſd, and great; his parents good.  
 And therefore giue the Bow to him, as try  
 His Birth and breeding by his Cheuery.  
 If his armes draw it; and that *Phobus* ſtands  
 So great a glory to his ſtrength; my hands  
 Shall add this giuerdon to every ſort of weed,  
 A two-edg'd Sword and Lance, to keepe him freed  
 From Dogs and Men hereafter, and diſmiſ  
 His worth to what place tends that heart of his.

Her ſonne gaue anſwer; That it was a wrong  
 To his free ſway, in all things that belong  
 To guard of that houſe, to demand the Bow  
 Of any wooer, and the viſe beſtow

Ff2

*Euryarchus*,  
 Being compa-  
 ſionate & con-  
 ſiderate.

Vp

Vpon the stranger: For the Bow was his,  
To giue or to with-hold: No riualleries  
Of her propofing, giuing any power  
T'empaire his right in things, for any wower;  
Or any that rough *Ithaca* affords;  
Any that *Elis*, of which no mans words  
Nor pow'rs fhould curbe him (fhould he fo enclind)  
To fee the Bow in abfolute gift refign'd  
To that his gueft, to beare and vie at will:  
And therefore bad his Mother keepe her fill  
Amongft her women, at her Rocke and Loomes;  
Bowes were for men: and this Bow did become  
Paff al mens, his difpofure, fince his Sire  
Left it to him, and all the houle entire.

She fhould difmaid at this; and in her minde  
His wife words laide vp; ftanding fo inclinde  
As he had will'd; with all her women, going  
Vp to her chamber: there, her teares beflowing  
(As euery night (he did) on her low'd Lord,  
Till fleepe and *Pallas*, her fit reft reftor'd.

The Bow, *Enmau* tooke, and bore away;  
Which vp in tumult, and almoft in fray  
Put all the woovers: One enquiring thus,

Whether Rogue? abieft? wilt thou beare from vs  
That Bow propof'd? Lay downe, or I proteft  
Thy dogs fhall care thee, that thou now'rt theft  
To guard thy Swine: amongst whom (left of all)  
Thy life fhall leaue thee; if the Feftiual  
VVe now obferue to *Phœbus*, may our zeales  
Grace with his aide, and all the Deities elie.

This threat made good *Enmau* yeelds the Bow  
To his late place, not knowing what might grow  
From fuch a multitude. And then fell on  
*Telemachus* with threats, and laide, *Saxgon*  
That Bow yet further: tis no feruants part  
To ferue too many Maifters: raide your hart  
And beare it off, left (though your yonger) yet  
VVith ftones I pelt you to the field with it.  
If you and I clofe, I fhall prooue too ftrong;  
I with as much too hard for all that fong  
The Gods would make me; I fhould quickly leade  
Some after, with iuft forrow to their end:  
They wafte my victles fo, and ply my cups,  
And do me fuch fhrewd turnes fill. This put  
The woovers all in Laughters; and put downe  
Their angers to him; that fo late were growne  
So graue and bloody, which refoild that care  
Of good *Enmau*, who did take and beare

The King the Bow; call'd Nurse, and had her make  
The doores all fure; that if mens hands the  
The cares of fome within, they may not fly,  
But keepe at worke fill, clofe and ftill.

These words put wings to her, and fide the put  
The chamber doore: The Counteſſes that were there  
By kind *Philetius*, who ftraight didge, did  
From out the Hall, and in the porch  
Found laide, a Gable of a Ship, compoſe  
Of ſpongy Bulruſhes, with which the old  
(In winding round about them) the *Chloris* gates  
Then took his place againe, to view the Pates  
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he ſaw  
*Phylis* viewing, ere he did to ſaw  
The famous Bow; which euery way he mou'd  
Vp, and downe turning it: in which he prou'd  
The plight it was in: fearing chiefly, left  
The hornes were eate with weares, too long reft.  
But what his thoughts intended, relating fo  
And keeping ſuch a ſearch about the Bow;  
The woovers little knowing, till to teſture  
And ſaid; Paſt doubt, he is a wile and old  
In Bowyers craft, and fees quite through the wood:  
Or ſomething (certaine) to be vnderſtood  
There is, in this his turning of it fill:  
A cunning Rogue he is, at any ill.

Then ſpake another proud one, Would to heauen  
I might (at will) get Gold, till he hath geuen  
That Bow his draught: with theſe ſharp iſts, did theſe  
Delightſome woors, their farall humors pleaſe.  
But when the wife *Phylis* once had laide  
His fingers on it; and to prooue ſurnaide  
The ſkil found plight it held: As one of ſkil  
In ſong, and of the Harpe, doth at his will  
In tuning of his Inſtrument; extend  
A ſtring out with his pin; touch all, and leade  
To euery wel-wreath'd ſtring, his pin did found;  
Strooke all together: with ſuch eare draw round  
The King the Bow. Then twang'd he vp the ſtring,  
That, as a Swallow, in the aire doth ſing  
VVith no continu'd tune; but (paufing ſtill)  
Twinkles out her ſcatter'd voice in accents thrill;  
So ſhap'd the ſtring ſing, when he gaue it touch,  
Once hauing bent and drawne it. Which ſo much  
Amaz'd the woovers, that their colours went  
And came, moſt grieuouſly. And then, *Ione* rent  
The aire with thunder, which at heart did there  
The now-enough ſuſtaining Traueller.

Tha-*lous*, againe, would his attempt enable,  
Then tooke he into hand, from off the Table  
The first drawne arrow; and a number more  
Spent shortly on the wooers. But this One,  
He measur'd by his arme (as if not knowne  
The length were to him) nockt it then; and drew  
And through the Axes, at the first hole, flew  
The Steele-chardg'd arrow; which while he had done,  
He thus bespake the Prince: You have not want  
Disgrace yet by your Guest; for I have strook  
The marke I shot at; and no such toile tooke  
In wearying the Bow, with fat and fire,  
As did the wooers: yet referu'd entire  
(Thanke heauen) my strength is; & my selfe am tried,  
No man to be so basely villid  
As these men pleas'd to thinke me. But free way  
Take that; and all their pleasures: and while Day  
Holds her Torch to you; and the howre of feast  
Hath now full date; giue banquet; and the rest  
(Poeme and Harpe) that grace a welldid boorde.  
This saide: he beck'n'd to his Sonne; whose sword  
He straight girt to him: tooke to hand his Lance,  
And, compleate arm'd, did to his Sire aduance.

*The End of the XX I. Booke  
of Homers Odyssey.*



THE XXII. BOOKE OF  
HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Wooers in Minotaur's fight  
Slaine by Vlysses: All the Table  
And lustfull Ensiners, by his Sonne  
And seruants, vtterly slaughterd.*

Another.

*The end of Priam  
& his whole Race  
Is wrethted in  
with slaughterings*



He vpper rage, that wilt *Phylas* wore,  
Gave off his shafts to the great Hall dore  
With Bow and Quier full of shafts; w downe  
He pour'd before his feet; & thus made known  
His true state to the wooers: This strife, thus  
Hath liamke bene decided: Now for vs  
There rests another matter, more hard to hit;  
And such, as neuer man before hath smit;

VVhose full point likewise, my hands shall assay,  
And try if *Phobus* will giue me his day.

He said; and off his bitter Arrow thrust  
Right at *Antinous*; that strooke him iust  
As he was lifting vp the Bolle; to show,  
That 'twixt the cup, & lip, much stay may grow.  
Death trought not at his thoughts, as *Peas*: for who  
VVould thinke, that he alone could perish so  
Amongst so many? And he, best of all:  
The Arrow in his throat took full his fall;  
And thrust his head fage through the other side:  
Downe fell his cup; downe he; downe all his pride:  
Straight from his Nostrils gush't the humane gore:  
And as he fell, his feet were ouerborne  
The feastfull Table; all the Roff; and Bread  
About the house strew'd. VVhen his high-born head  
The rest beheld so low, vp ran they all,

And

And ranſack't every Corner of the Hall  
For Shields and Darts: but all fled farre their reach;  
Then ſell they ſoule on him with terrible ſpeech,  
And told him, it ſhould proue the deereſt chaſt  
That euer paſt him; and that now was faſt  
No ſhift for him, but ſure and ſodaine death:  
For he had ſlainé a man, whoſe like did breath  
In no part of the Kingdome: and that now  
He ſhould no more for Game, ſtrike with his Bow, O  
But Vultures eate him there. Theſe threats they ſpent;  
Yet every man beleeu'd, that ſterne euent  
Chanc't gainſt the authors will: O Fooles, to thinke  
That all their reſt, had any cup to drinke,  
But what their great Antinom began.

He (frowning) ſaide; Dogs, ſee in me the man  
Ye all held dead at Troy: My houſe it is  
That thus ye ſpoile; that thus your Luxuries  
File with my womens rapes: in which, ye wroo  
The wife of one that liues; and no thought ſhow  
Of mans fit feare, or Gods: you'r preſent Fame,  
Or any faire ſence of your future name.  
And therefore, preſent and eternal death  
Shall end your baſe life. This made freſh ſcenes breath  
Their former boldneſſe: every man had eye  
On all the meanes, and ſtudied wayes to fye  
So deepe deaths imminent. But, ſeeing none,  
Eurymachus began with ſuppliant mone  
To moue his pittie, ſaying; If you be  
This HecPhyſes, we muſt all agree  
In grant of your reprooſes integrity.  
The Greekes haue done you many a wrong at home;  
At field as many: But of all, the ſumme  
Lies here contract in death: For onely he  
Impoſd the whole ill Offices that we  
Are now made guilty of: and not for much  
Sought his endeuours, or in thought did touch  
At any Nuptials; but a greater thing  
Employ'd his forces: For, to be our King,  
VVas his cheefe obiect: his ſole plot it was  
To kil your Son: which Ioue's hand would not paſſe,  
But ſet it to his owne moſt merited end.  
In which, end your iuſt anger; nor extend  
Your ſterne wreake further: Spend your royal pow'ts  
In milde ruth of your people; we are yours.  
And whatſoeuer waſte of wine or food,  
Our Liberties haue made; wee'l make all good  
In reſtitutions: call a Court, and paſſe  
A fine of twenty Oxen, Gold, and Braſſe,

On every Head; and raiſe your moſt rareſt ſill,  
Till you are pleaſd with your confeſſed ſill:  
VVhich if we faile to tender, all your wrath,  
It ſhalbe iſſue in our bloods to bathe.

Eurymachus (ſaide he) if you would giue  
All that your Fathers hoord, to make ye liue;  
And all that euer you your ſelues poſſide,  
Or ſhal by any induſtry increaſe:  
I would not ceaſe from ſlaughter, till your bloods  
Had bought out your intemperance in my Goods.  
It reſts now for you, that you either fight  
That will ſcape death, or make your way by flight:  
In whoſe beſt choiſe, my thoughts concerne, not one  
Shall thum the death, your ſilf hath undergone.

This quite diſſolu'd their knees: Eurymachus  
Enforcing all their feares, yet comfort'd thus;  
O Friends: This man, now he hath got the Bow  
And Quier by him, euer will beſtow  
His moſt inacceſſible hands at vs

And neuer leave, if we auoide him thus,  
Till he hath ſtrew'd the pavement with us all:  
And therefore, ioyne we ſwords, and on him fall  
With Tables ſorc't vp; and borne in oppoſit  
Againſt his ſharpe ſtafts; when being round enſlōd  
By all our on-ſets, we ſhall either take  
His horrid perſon, or for ſafety make  
His rage retire from out the Hall, and Gates.  
And then, if he eſcape, wee'l make our ſtates  
Knowne to the City, by our generall cry:  
And thus this man ſhal let his laſt haſt fye,  
That euer his hand wanted. Thus he drew  
His ſharpe edg'd ſword; and with a table ſaw  
In, on Phyllis with a terrible throte,  
His ſierce charge vrging. But Phyllis knew  
The boord, and cleſt it through, from end to end  
Borne at his breaſt, and made his ſhield to ſound  
His ſharpe head to his Liuer: his broad ſword  
Pierc't at his Nipple: when his hand releaſt  
Forthwith his ſword, that ſel and liſt the ground;  
VVith cups and viſſels, lying ſcattered ſmall  
About the pavement: amongſt which his brow  
Knockt the embred earth; while in paines did flow  
His vitall ſpirits, till his beekes ſpoke out  
His ſeaſtull life; and hurl'd a Throne about,  
That way-laide deaths conuulſions in his ſtate;  
When from his tender eyes, the light did ſect.  
Then charg'd Amphimachus with his drawnd blade  
The glorious King in purpoſe to haue made

His feete forsake the house: But his assay  
The Prince preuented; and his Lance gaue way  
Quite through his shoulder, at his backe: his breſt  
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruine, prest  
Grones from the pavement, which his forke had strook.

*Telemachus* his long Lance then forooke  
(Left in *Amphinomus*) and to his Sire  
Made fiery passe; not staying to acquire  
His Lance againe; in doubt that while he drew  
The fixed pile, some other might renew  
Fierce charge vpon him; and his vnarm'd head  
Cleaued with his back-drawne sword: for which he fled  
Close to his Father; bad him arme, and he  
Would bring him Shield and Laeulins instantly;  
His owne head arming; more armes laying by  
To serue the Swine-herd, and the Oxen-herd.

*Valour well arm'd, is euer most preferd.*  
Run then (saide he) and come, before the last  
Of these auxilliary shafts are past:  
For feare, left (left alone) they force my stand  
From forth the Ports. He flew, and brought to hand  
Eight Darts, foure Shields, 4. Helmes. His owne parts  
First put in armes, he furnisht both his men, (then  
That to their King stood close. But he, as long  
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong  
For all the wooers: and some one man still  
He made make euen with earth. Till all a hill  
Had raifd in th' euen floor'd Hall. His last shaft spent,  
He set his Bow against a beame, and went  
To arme at all parts, while the other three  
Kept off the wooers: who, vnarm'd, could be  
No great assailants. In the well-buil wall  
A window was thrust out, at end of all  
The houses Entry: on whose vtter side  
There lay a way to Towne; and in it, wide  
And two leau'd folds were forg'd, that gaue fit meane  
For flyers out; and therefore, as it then  
*Ulyſſes* plac't *Euclaus* in close guard:  
One onely passe ope to it: which (prepar'd  
In this sort by *Ulyſſes*, gainst all paffe)  
By *Agelaus* tardy memorie, was  
In question call'd: who bad, some one ascend  
At such a window; and bring straight to friend  
The City with his clamor; that this man  
Might quickly shoot his last. This, no one can  
Make safe access to (saide *Melanthius*)  
For 'tis too neere the Hals faire doores: whence thus  
The man affliges ye: For from thence, there lies

But one streight passage to it; that denies  
Access to all; if any one man stand  
(Being one of courage) and will countermand  
Our offer to it. But I know a way  
To bring you armes, from where the King doth lay  
His whole munition: and, beleene there is  
No other place, to all the Armoires  
Both of himselfe and Sonne. This saide: a paire  
Of lofty Staires he climb'd; and to th' affaire,  
Twelve Shields, twelve Lances brought as many caskes,  
VVith horse-haire Plumes; and offer to bitter tales  
Both Son and Sire. Then thrunker *Ulyſſes* knice,  
And his lou'd heart; when thus in armes he fees  
So many wooers; and their thickened darts  
For then the worke shew'd, as it askt more parts  
To safe performance: and he tolde his Sonne,  
That or *Melanthius*, or his minde had done  
A deed, that foule warre, to their hands conferr'd.  
O Father (he replyed) tis I haue euer  
In this caus'd labour: I, and none, but I  
That left the doore ope, of your Armoiry.  
But some (it seemes) hath set a sharper eye  
On that important place: *Euclaus* that  
And shut the doore; observing who hath past  
To this false action: any made; for One  
That I suspect more; which is *Dolius* Sonne.

VVhile these spake thus; *Melanthius* went againe  
For more faire armes; whom the renowned *Swaine*  
*Euclaus* saw: and tolde *Ulyſſes* straight,  
It was the hatchfull man, that his conceits  
Before suspected; who had done that ill  
And (being againe there) askt if he should kill  
(If his power seru'd) or he should bring the *Swaine*  
To him; rinflict on him a furell paine  
For euery forfeite, he had made his house.

He answer'd: I and my *Telemachus*  
VVill heere containe these proud ones in despite,  
How much fouer, these stolne armes excite  
Their guilty courages; while you two take  
Possession of the Chamber: the doores make  
Sure at your backe: and then (surprising him)  
His feete and hands binde; wrapping every him  
In pliant chaines; and with a halter (cast  
About the winde-beame (at him) he made fast)  
Aloft the Column draw him: where alone  
He long may hang; and paines shew, deprime  
His vexed life, before his death he coode.

This

But

This charge (soone heard) as soone they put to deed;  
 Stole on his stealth; and at the further end  
 Of all the chamber, saw him busily bend  
 His hands to more armes: when they (still at dore)  
 Watcht his returne. At last, he came, and bore  
 In one hand, a faire Helme: in th' other held  
 A broad, and ancient rusty-rested Shield,  
 That old *Laertes* in his youth had worne;  
 Of which, the checke-bands had with age bin tome.  
 They rusht vpon him, caught him by the haire,  
 And dragg'd him in againe: whom (crying out)  
 They cast vpon the pavement: wrapt about  
 With sure and pinching cords, both foote and hand;  
 And then (in full acte of their Kings command)  
 A pliant chaine bestow'd on him; and hal'd  
 His body vp the columnne, till hee feald  
 The highest wind-beame. Where, made firmly fast,  
*Ennaus* on his iust infliction, past  
 This pleasurable caull: Now you may,  
 All night keepe watch heere, and the earliest day  
 Dicerne (being hung so high) to roule from rest  
 Your dainy Cattle, so the woovers Feast.  
 There (as befits a man of meanes so faire),  
 Soft may you sleepe, nought vnder you but aire;  
 And so, long hang you. Thus they left him there,  
 Made fast the doore; and with *Phyfes*, were  
 All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,  
 Their minds fire breath'd in flames against their foes.  
 Foure in th' Entry fighting all alone;  
 VVhen from the Hall charg'd many a mighty one:  
 But to them then, *Jones* (seede *Minerva*) came,  
 Resembling *Mentor*, both in voice and frame  
 Of manly person. Palsing well aside  
*Phyfes* was; and saide, Now *Mentor*, aide  
 Gainst these odde mischiefs: call to memory now  
 My often good to thee; and that we two  
 Of one yeares life are. Thus he saide; but thought  
 It was *Minerva*, that had euer brought  
 To her side, safety. On the other part,  
 The woovers threatn'd: but the chiefe in heart,  
 VVas *Agelaus*, who, to *Mentor* spake.  
*Mentor*: Let no words of *Phyfes* make  
 Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side,  
 Gainst al vs woovers: for we firme abide  
 In this perswasion: That when Sire and Son  
 Our swords haue flaine, thy life is sure to run  
 One fortune with them: what strange acts hath thou  
 Conceit to forme here? Thy head must bestow

The

The wreake of theirs, on vs: And when thy powrs  
 Are taken downe by these fierce steeles of ours;  
 All thy possessions, in doores, and without  
 Must raise on heape with his; and all thy rout  
 Offsons and daughters, in thy Turrets bleed  
 Wreake offerings to vs; and our Towne stand freed.  
 Of all charge with thy wife, *Minerva*'s heart  
 Was fir'd with these Braues: the approu'd desert  
 Of her *Phyfes*, chiding: saying, No more  
 Thy force nor fortitude, as heretofore  
 Will gaine thee glory. VVhen nine yeares at *Troy*,  
 VVhite-wristed *Hellen* rescue, did employ  
 Thy armes and wisdom; still, and euer vnde  
 The bloods of thousands, through the field diffus'd  
 By thy vaste valor; *Priamus* broad-waide Towne  
 By thy graue parts, was sackt, and ouerthrowne;  
 And now, amongst thy people, and thy goods,  
 Against the woovers base, and petulant bloods;  
 Stant'st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here;  
 Then manly fighting? Come Friend, Stand we nere;  
 And note my labour, that thou maist dicerne  
 Amongst thy foes, how *Mentor*'s Nerves willerne  
 All thy old Bounties. This the spake, but saide  
 Her hand from giuing each way, often-swaide  
 Vncertaine conquest, to his certaine vie;  
 But still would try, what selfe-pow'r would produce  
 Both in the Father, and the glorious Son.

Then, on the wind became, that along did run  
 The smoaky rooffe, transform'd *Minerva* fat  
 Like to a Swallow; sometimes cussing at  
 The swords and Lances, rushing from her seate;  
 And vp and downe the troubl'd house, did beate  
 Her wing at euery motion. And as she  
 Had rout'd *Phyfes*, so, the enemy  
*Damaphor* sonne excited; *Polybus*,  
*Amphinomus*, and *Demepelemin*,  
*Euryanmus*, and *Polyclides*,  
 For these were men, that of the wooing prease  
 VVere most egregious, and the clearest best  
 In strength of hand, of all the desperate rest  
 That yet furui'd, and now fought for their foules;  
 VVhich straight, swift arrowes sent among the Fouls.  
 But first, *Damaphor* sonne had more spare breath  
 To spend on their exciterents, ere his death;  
 And saide, That now *Phyfes* would forbear  
 His dismall hand, since *Mentor*'s spirit was there;  
 And blew vaine vants about *Phyfes* eares;  
 In whose trust, he would cease his Massacres,  
 Rest him, and put his friends huge boatts in prooffe:

Gg

And

And so was he beneath the Entries rooffe  
Left with *Telemachus*, and th' other two :  
At whom (saide he) discharge no Darts : but thro  
All at *Vlyses*, rousing his faint rest ;  
Whom if we slaughter, by our interest  
In *Ioues* assistance, all the rest may yield  
Our pow'rs no care, when he throwes once the field.

As he then will'd : they all at randon threw,  
VVhere they suppos'd he rested ; and then flew  
*Minerva* after every Dart, and made  
Some strike the threshold ; some the wals invade :  
Some beate the doores ; and all acts rendred vaine  
Their graue Steele offer'd : which escap't, Again  
Came on *Vlyses*, saying, O that we,  
The wooers troope, with our ioynt Archerie  
Might so assaile ; that where their spirits dream  
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them.

Thus the much sufferer said ; and all let fly,  
VVhen euerie man strooke dead his enemy :

*Vlyses* slaughtred *Demopolemus* :

*Euzyades* by yong *Telemachus*

His death encounter'd. Good *Euimachus* flew

*Elatus* ; And *Philatus* ouerthrew

*Pylander* : all which, tore the paused floore

Vp with their teeth : The rest retir'd before

Their second charge, to inner roomes ; and then

*Vlyses* follow'd : from the slaughter'd men

Their darts first drawing. While & worke was done,

The wooers threw, with huge contention

To kill them all ; when with her Swallow wing,

*Minerva* cufft ; and made their lauelins ring

Against the doores, and thresholds, as before :

Some yet did graze vpon their marks. One tore

The Princes wrist, which was *Amphimedon* ;

Th'extream part of the skin, but toucht vpon.

*Ctesippus*, ouer good *Euimachus* Shield

His shoulders top did taint ; which yet did yield

The Lance free passe, and gaue his hurt the ground.

Again then charg'd the wooers, and girt round

*Vlyses* with their Lances ; who turn'd head,

And with his lauelin strooke *Euzydamas* dead.

*Telemachus*, disliu'd *Amphimedon* ;

*Euimachus*, *Polybus* ; *Philatus* won

*Ctesippus* bolome with his dart, and said ;

(In quittance of the Iesters part he plaid,

The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlyses*) Now

Great Sonne of *Polyherfes* ; you that vow

Your wit to bitter taunts ; and loue to wound

ΘΕΛΑΝΤΗΜΑΧΟΣ  
ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΚΟΙ ΔΙ-  
ΚΑΙΣΙΝΕΡΕ ΜΑ-  
ΛΟΔΕΥΣΙΑ.

The heart of any with a iest ; so crown'd  
Your wit be with a laughter, neuer yielding  
To fooles in folly ; but your glory building  
On putting downe in fooling ; spitting forth  
Puit words at all sorts : Cease to steele at worth,  
And leaue reuenge of vile words to the Gods ;  
Since their wits beare the sharper edge by odds ;  
And in the meane time, take the Dart for draine ;  
For that right hospitable foote you gaue  
Diuine *Vlyses*, begging but his owne.

Thus spake the black-Ox-herdman ; & straight down

*Vlyses* strooke another with his Dart,

(*Damastor* son.) *Telemachus* did part

lust in the midst, the belly of the faire

*Euimachus* sonne ; his fierce Pile taking afe

Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face ;

His whole browes knocking, and did make the place.

And now, man-slaughtering *Pallas* tooke in hand

Her Snake-frin'd shield, & on that beam toot stand

In her true forme, where Swallow-like she sat.

And then, in this way of the house, and that :

The wooers (wounded at the heart with feare)

Fled the encounter : As in Pastures, where

Fat Herds of Oxen feede, about the field

(As if wilde madnesse their instincts impeld)

The high-fed Bullockes flye : whom in the Spring

(When dayes are long) Gadbees, or Breezes sling.

*Vlyses* and his sonne, the Flyers chaac't ;

As when with crooked Beakes and Seres, a cast

Of hull-bred Eagles, cast off at some game,

That yet their strengths keepe ; But (purvp) in flame

The Eagles stoopes ; From which along the field

The poore Foules make wing : this and that way yield

Their hard-flowne Pinions : Then, the clouds assay

For scape or shelter, their forlorne dismay

All spirit exhaling, all wings strength to carry

Their bodies forth ; and (trust vp) to the Quarry

Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to see

Their Hawkes performe a flight so feruently ;

So (in their flight) *Vlyses* with his Heire,

Did stoope and cuffe the wooers, that the aire

Broke in vaine sighes : whose heads, they shoc't & cleft ;

The Pauement boyling with the foules they rest :

*Laodes* (running to *Vlyses*) toke

His knees ; and thus did on his name inuoke :

*Vlyses* : Let me pray thee, to my place

Affoord the reuerence ; and to me the grace :

That neuer did, or saide, to any Dame

Thy Court contain'd, or deeds, or word to blame.  
But others so affected, I haue made  
Lay downe their infolence; and if the trade  
They kept with wickednesse, haue made them still  
Despise my speech, and vse their wonted ill;  
They haue their penance by the stroke of death;  
Which their desert, diuinely warranteth:  
But I am Priest amongst them; and shall I,  
That nought haue done worth death, amongst the dy?  
From thee, this Prouerbe then will men deriue;  
*Good turnes do neuer their meere deeds suruine.*

He (bending his displeased forehead) saide;  
If you be Priest amongst them, as you pleade,  
Yet you would marry; and with my wife too;  
And haue descent by her: For all that woo  
Wish to obtaine, which they should neuer doo  
Dames husbands liuing. You must therefore pray  
Off force, and oft in Court heere; that the day  
Of my returne for home might neuer shine;  
The death to me with't, therefore shall be thine.

This said; he tooke a sword vp that was cast  
From *Agelaus*, hauing strooke his last;  
And on the Priests mid necke, he laide a stroke  
That strooke his head off; tumbling as he spoke.

Then did the Poet *Phemius* (whose sur-name  
Was call'd *Terpiades*; who thither came.  
Forc't by the woo'rs) fly death; but being nere  
The Courts great gate, he stood, and parted there.  
In two his counsailes; either to remoue  
And take the Altar of *Herodian Ioues*;  
(Made sacred to him; with a world of Art  
Engrauen about it; where were wont to impart  
*Laertes*, and *Polysses* many a Thyce  
Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)  
Or venture to *Polysses*: claipe his knee,  
And pray his ruth. The last was the decree  
His choise resolu'd on. *Twixt* the royall Throne,  
And that faire Table that the Bolle stood on  
Vvith which they sacrific'd; his Harpe he laide  
Along the earth; the Kings knees hugg'd, and saide:

*Polysses!* Let my prayers obtaine of thee  
My sacred skils respect, and ruth to mee.  
It will heereafter grieue thee to haue slaine  
A Poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.  
I, of my selfe am taught: for God alone,  
All sorts of song hath in my bosome sowne:  
And I, as to a God, will sing to thee;

Then

Then do not thou deale like the Priest, with me.  
Thine owne lou'd sonne *Telemachus* will say,  
That not to beg heere; nor with willing way  
Was my access to thy high Court addrest,  
To giue the wooers my long after Feast;  
But being many, and so much more strong;  
They forc't me hither, and compell'd my Song.

This did the Princes sacred verba heere;  
And to the King his Father said: Forbear  
To mixe the guiltlesse, with the guilties blood.  
And wish him likewise, let our mercies fine  
*Medon* the Herald; that did still behang  
Himselfe with care of my good from a child;  
If by *Eumæus* yet he be not killd;  
Or by *Philetus*; nor your fury mer.

While all this blood about the houses flew.

This *Medon* heard, as lying hid beneath  
A Throne set nere; halfe dead with feare of death;  
A new-head Ox-hide (as hee there throng'd by)  
His serious shroud made, he lying there, on by.  
But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne;  
His Ox-hide cast as quickly, and as soone.  
The Princes knees set d; saying, O my loue;  
I am not slaine; but heere alive, and moue.

Abstaine your selfe; and do not see your Sine  
Quench with my cold blood, the vampeur'd fire  
That flames in his strength, making spoile of me,  
His wraths right, for the wooers men.

*Polysses* smil'd, and said; Be confident  
This man hath sau'd, and made thee different;  
To let thee know, and say, and others see,  
*Good life, is much more safe then willing.*

Go then, sit free without, from death within:  
This much renowned Singer, from the sin  
Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,  
While I my house purge, as it fits me here.

This saide, they went and tooke their fear without  
At *Ioues* high Altar, looking round about,  
Expecting still their slaughter: Vvhen the King  
Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing  
Made from more death. But all, laid prostrate there  
In blood and gore he saw: whole shoales they were;  
And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creak  
Vvithout the white Sea, when the Fishers break  
Their many-meshed Draught-net vp, there lye  
Fish frisking on the Sands; and faine the dry  
Vvould for the wet change. But th'al-seeing beam  
The Sun exales, hath suckt their liues from them;

G g 3

So,



So, one by other, spraul'd the wooers there;  
*Phyfes*, and his Son then, bid appeare  
 The Nurse *Eurycles*, to let her heare  
 His minde in something, fit for her affaire.

He op'd the doore, and call'd; and said, Repaire  
 Graue Matron, long since borne that art our Spy  
 To all this houses sennile hufwifery:  
 My Father calls thee, to impart some thought  
 That asks thy action. His word found in nought  
 Her slacke obseruance, who straight op't the doore  
 And enter'd to him; when himselfe before  
 Had left the Hall. But there, the King the view'd  
 Amongst the flaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:  
 And as a Lyon skulking all in Night,  
 Farre off in Pastures, and come home, all dight  
 In iawes and breast-lockes, with an Oxe blood,  
 New feasted on him, his looks full of mood;  
 So look't *Phyfes*; all his hands and feete  
 Freckl'd with purple. When which sight did greet  
 The poore old woman (such workes being for eyes  
 Of no soft temper) out she brake in chies;  
 VVhose vent, though thoroughly open'd, yet clos'd,  
 Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints compos'd,  
 Forbare; nor shrieke thus: But vent ioyes as loud;  
*It is no pitty to bemoane the proud.*

Though ends befall them; mouing neere so much,  
 These are the portions of the Gods to such.  
*Mens owne impieties, in their instant fall.*  
*Sustaine their plagues; which are with stay but rakes.*  
 But these men, Gods nor men had in chiefe:  
 Nor good, nor bad, had any fence in them.  
 Their liues directly ill, were therefore cause  
 That Death in these fterne formes, so deeply draws.  
 Recount then to me, those licentious Dames,  
 That lost my honor, and their sexes flames.

He tell you truly (the replied) There are  
 Twice fife and twenty women here, that share  
 All worke amongst them; whom I taught to spin,  
 And beare the iust bands that they suffer'd in:  
 Of all which, onely there were twelue, that gaue  
 Themselues to impudence, and light behaue;  
 Nor me respecting, nor herselfe (the Queene)  
 And for your Son, he hath but lately bene  
 Of yeares to rule: Nor would his Mother beare  
 His Empire, where her womens labors were.  
 But let me go, and giue her notice now  
 Of your arriual. Sure some God doth show  
 His hand vpon her, in this rest she takes,

That

That all these vprores beares, and neuer wakes.  
 Nor wake her yet (said he) his cause to come  
 Those twelue light women, to this vntiretome.

She made all vntost haste, to come and go,  
 And bring the women he had summon'd so.

Then both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call  
 The women to their aide, and cleare the Hall  
 Of those dead bodies: Cleane each bed, & Thine  
 VVith wetted Sponges: which, with haste, done;  
 He bad take all the Strumpes, twain the wall  
 Of his first Court; add that bodie in the Hall  
 In which, the vessell of the house was stor'd;  
 And in their bosomes (heath their weary sword,  
 Till all their foules were fled; and they had chens,  
 Felt 'twas but paine to spurne with lawe flegmen.

This said; the women came, all drown'd in mone;  
 And weeping bitterly. But first, was done:  
 The bearing thence the dead, all which, beneath  
 The *Pertice* they stow'd, where death is death.  
 They heapt together. Thenooke all the paines  
*Phyfes* will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines  
 VVith paring shouels wrought: The women bore  
 Their parings forth; and in the closter'd got.  
 The house then cleand, they brought the women out,  
 And put them in a room, for all'd about;  
 That no meane seru'd their fad flames to dye.  
 Then saide *Telemachus*, These shall not dye  
 A death that lets out any wasion blood;  
 And vents the poison that gaue Lust her foode,  
 The body clensing; but a death that chokes  
 The breath, and all together, that prohibits  
 And seemes as Bellows, to abhorred Lust;  
 That both on my head, poss'de deprives wind,  
 And on my Mothers; scandaling the Court,  
 VVith men debauch't, in so abhor'd a sort.

This said; a Halter of a ship they cast  
 About a crosse beame of the roote; which fast  
 They made about their neckes, in twelue parts cut;  
 And hal'd them vp so high, they could not put  
 Their feete to any stay. As which was done,  
 Looke how a Maus, or a Pygeon  
 In any Grooue, caught with a Springe, or Net;  
 VVith strugling Pinions, gainst the ground doth beat  
 Her tender body; and that then straight bed  
 Is sowre to that swindge, in which she was bred;  
 So stru'd these taken Birds, till euery one  
 Her pliant halter, had enforc't vpon  
 Her stubborne necke; and then aloft was haul'd

To

To wretched death. A little space they sprauld  
Their feet fast mowing; but were quickly fall.

Then fetcht they down *Meleagre* so full

The equall execution; which was done

In Portall of the Hall; and thus began

They first slit both his *Nestors* crops each eare;

His Members tugg'd off, which the dogges did reare;

And chop vp bleeding liver; and what red hot

Ti evic-abhorring blood was; off they spout

His hands and feet, and there that work had end:

Then washt they hands & feet; that blood had staind;

And tooke the house againe. And then the King

(*Eurycles* calling) bad her quickly bring

All ill-expelling Brimstone, and some fire;

That with perfumes cast, he might shake entire

The houses first integrity in all.

And then his timely will was, she should call

Her Queene and Ladies; still yet charging her

That all the Handmaids she should first confer.

She said, he spake as fitt; But before;

She held it fit to change the weeds he wore;

And she would others bring him; that not for

His faire broad shoulders might be clad; and show

His person to his servants; was too blame.

First bring me Fire, said he. She went and came

VVith fire, & sulphure straight; with which she bath

And of the huge house, all rooms capital:

He thoroughly sweetned. Then wept *Niuce* to call

The Handmaid servants downe; & cryd she weat

To tell the newes, and will'd them so present

Their service to their Soueraigne: Downe they came,

Sustaining Torches all, and put'd a flame

Off Loue, about their Lord: with welcomes home,

VVith huggings of his hands, with laborsome

Both heads and fore-heads, kisses and embraces,

And plyd him so, with all their louing graces;

That teares and sighes, tooke vp his whole desire;

For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

*The End of the XXII. Booke  
of Homers Odyssee.*



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*V*lysses to his wife is knowne:  
A briefe sum of his *Tramantes* fortune.  
Himselfe, his Son, and Servants go  
To appeare the *Widdowes* againe.

### Another.

*For all answers  
Iust as'd before;  
The true wifes eyes,  
now made the more.*



He servants thus inform'd; the Matron goes  
Vp, where the Queene was cast in such repose;  
Affected with a fervent ioy to tell  
VWhat all this time she did with paine conceale.  
Her knees reuokt their first strength; and her feete  
Were borne about the ground, with wings, to greet  
The long-green'd Queene, with newes her King was come;  
And (neere her) said: VVake, Leauē this withdrawne roome;

That now your eyes may see, at length, though late;  
The man return'd, which all the heavy date  
Your woes haue rackt out, you haue long'd to see:  
*Vlysses* is come home, and hath free ree  
His Court of all your woos; slaughtering all;  
For wasting so his goods with Festiuall:  
His house so vexing; and for violence done;  
So all waies varied to his onely sonne.  
She answer'd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;  
Of whose pow'r now, thy pow'r is such proof haue had.  
The Gods can blinde with follies; wildest eyes,  
And make men foolish, so to make them wise.  
For they haue hurt euen thy graue braine, that bore  
An vnderstanding spirit heretofore.  
VWhy hast thou wak't me to more rears, when *Adom*  
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?  
Thy madnesse much more blamefull, than with lyes  
Thy haste is loaden: and both robs mine eyes

Of most delightfome sleepe; and sleepe of them,  
 That now had bound me in his sweet extreame,  
 T'embrace my lids, and close my vsuall Sph'eres.  
 I haue not slept so much this twenty yeares;  
 Since first my dearest sleeping-Mate was gone  
 For that too-ill-to-speake of, *Ilion*.  
 Hence, take your mad steps backe; if any Maid  
 Of all my traine besides, a part had plaid  
 So bold to wake, and tell mine eares such lies;  
 I had return'd her to her hufwiferies  
 VVith good prooffe of my wrath to such rude Dames;  
 But go, your yeares haue sau'd their yonger blames.  
 She answer'd her; I nothing wrong your eare,  
 But tell the truth: your long-mist Lord is heere;  
 And, with the wooers slaughter, his owne hand  
 (In chiefe exploit) hath to his owne command  
 Reduc'd his house; and that poore Guest was he,  
 That all those wooers, wrought such iniurie.  
*Telemachus* had knowledge long ago  
 That 'twas his Father; and that poore Guest was he,  
 Obseru'd his counsailes; to giue surer end  
 To that great worke, to which they did contend.  
 This call'd her spirits to their concealing places;  
 She sprung for ioy, from blames into embraces  
 Of her graue Nurse: wip't euery teare away  
 From her faire cheekes; and then began to say  
 What Nurse said, ouer thus; O Nurse, can this  
 Be true thou sayst? How could that hand of his  
 Alone, destroy so many? They would still  
 Troope all together. How could he then kill  
 Such numbers, so vnited? How? (said she)  
 I haue nor scene, nor heard; but certainly  
 The deed is done. VV'e fate within, in feare;  
 The doores shut on vs: and from thence might heare  
 The sighes, and grones of euery man he flew;  
 But heard, nor saw more: still at length, there flew  
 Your sonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,  
 And bad me then come forth: and then I see  
*Phyfes* standing in the midst of all  
 Your slaughtred wooers, heapt vp like a wall,  
 One on another, round about his side;  
 It would haue done you good to haue descride  
 Your conqu'ring lord; al fineard with blood & gore }  
 So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore  
 The slaughtred carcasses; that now before  
 The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pilde.  
 And now your victor, all the Hall, desilde  
 VVith stinck of hot death) is perfuming round;

And

And with a mighty fire the harch hath crown'd.  
 Thus, all the death remou'd, and euery roome  
 Made sweet and sightly; that your selfe should come  
 His pleasure sent me. Come then, take you now  
 Your mutuall filis of comfort: Griefe, on you  
 Hath long, and many sufferings laid; which length,  
 VVhich many sufferings, nowe your vertuous strength  
 Of vn corrupted chasteitie, hath conferr'd  
 A happy end to. He that long hath err'd  
 Is safe arriu'd at home: his wife, his sonne  
 Found safe & good; all ill that hath bene done  
 On all the doores heads (though long prolong'd)  
 His right hath wreak't, and in the place they wrong'd.  
 She answer'd: Do not you now laugh, and boast  
 As you had done some great act, seeing most  
 Into his Being: For, you know, he was  
 (Euen through his poore, and vile condition)  
 A kind of prompted thought; that there was plac't  
 Some vertue in him, fit to be embrac't  
 By all the house; but, most of all, by me.  
 And by my Son, that was the progenie  
 Of both our loues. And yet it is not he,  
 For all the likely proofes ye plead to me:  
 Some God hath slaine the wooers in disdaine  
 Of the abhorred pride, he saw so raigene  
 In those base workes they did: No man aliuie,  
 Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriuie  
 At their abodes once, euer could obtaine  
 Regard of them: and therefore their so vaine  
 And vile deserts, haue found as vile an end.  
 But (for *Phyfes*) neuer will extend  
 His wisht returne to *Greece*: Nor he yet liues.  
 How strange a Queen are you? (said she) that gines  
 No truth your credit? That your husband, yet  
 Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet  
 No faith of you; But that he still is farre  
 From any home of his? your wit's at warre  
 VVith all credulity euery; and yet now  
 Ile name a signe, shall force beleefe from you:  
 I bath'd him lately; and beheld the scar  
 That still remains a marke too ocular  
 To leaue your heart yet blinded; and I then  
 Had run and told you: but his hand was feine  
 To close my lips from th' acclamation  
 My heart was breathing: and his wisdom won  
 My still retention, till he gaue me leaue,  
 And charge to tell you this. Now then, receane  
 My life for gage of his returne; which take

In

In any cruell fashion; if I make  
 All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurse (said she)  
 Though many things thou knowst, yet these things be  
 Veil'd in the counsailes th'vncreated Gods  
 Haue long time maskt in: whose darke periods  
 Tis hard for thee to see into; But come,  
 Lets see my son; the slaine; and he by whom  
 They had their slaughter. This said, down they went;  
 When on the Queens part, diuers thoughts wer spent;  
 If (all this giuen no faith) she still should stand  
 Aloofe, and question more: Or his hug'd hand,  
 And loued head, she should at first assay  
 With free-giuen kisses. VVhen her doubtfull way  
 Had past the stony pavement, she tooke seate  
 Against her husband, in the opposite heate  
 The fire then cast vpon the other wall:  
 Himselfe, set by the Columnne of the Hall;  
 His looks cast downwards, and expected still,  
 VVhen her incredulous, and curious will  
 To shun ridiculous error, and the shame  
 To kisse a Husband, that was not the same;  
 VVould downe, and win enough faith from his sight.  
 She silent fate, and her perplexed plight  
 Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, she stood cleare  
 He was her Husband: sometimes, the ill weare  
 His person had put on, transform'd him so,  
 That yet his stampe would hardly currant go.

Her son her strangeness seeing; blam'd her thus:  
 Mother, vngentle Mother! tyrannous!  
 In this too curious modesty you show;  
 Why sit you from my Father? Nor bestow  
 A word on me, to enquire and cleere such doubt  
 As may perplex you? Found man euer out  
 One other such a wife? That could forbear  
 Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare  
 In infinite sufferance, he had spent apart:  
*No flint so hard is, as a womans hart.*

Son (he replied) Amaze contains my minde,  
 Nor can I speake, and vie the commune kind  
 Of those enquiries; nor sustaine to see  
 VVith opposite looks, his countenance. If this be  
 My true *Phystes* now return'd; there are  
 Tokens betwixt vs of more fitness fare  
 To giue me argument, he is my Lord;  
 And my assurance of him, may afford  
 My proofes of ioy for him, from all these eies  
 VVith more *decorum*; then obie& their guise  
 To publique notice. The much-Sufferer brake

In laughter out; and to his Son said; Take  
 Your Mother from the prease; that she may make  
 Her owne proofes of me, which perhaps may giue  
 More cause to the acknowledgements, that driue  
 Their shew thus off. But now, because I goe  
 So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know  
 So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord.  
 Let vs consult then, how we may accord  
 The Towne to our late action. Some one, slaine,  
 Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him, slaine  
 To fly his friends and country: But our swores  
 Haue slaine a Cities most supportfull Lords;  
 The chiefe Peeres of the kingdom: therefore see  
 You vs wife meanes to uphold your victorie.

See you to that good Father (saide the Son)  
 Whose counsailes haue the foweraigne glory won  
 From all men liuing. None will strue with you;  
 But with vnquestion'd Girlands grace your brow:  
 To whom, our whol alacrities we vow.

In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leane  
 Your onlers needy of supplies, to giue  
 All the effects that in our powrs can fall.  
 Then this (said he) to me seemes capital

Of all choise courses: Bathe we first, and then  
 Attire we freshly: all our Maides and men  
 Enioyning likewise, to their best attire.

The sacred Singer then, let touch his Lute  
 And go before vs all in gracefull dance.  
 That all without, to whose eares this aduance  
 Our cheerefull accents, (of our Triumphanters by,  
 Or firme inhabitants) solemn

Of frolicke Nuptials may imagine heere,  
 And this performe we, lest the mistifare  
 Of all our wooers be diuuld about.

The ample City, ere our selues get out,  
 And greet my Father, in his Grove of Trees  
 Where, after, we will proue what policies  
*Olympus* shall suggest to ouercome.

Our latest toiles, and crowne our welcome home.

This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on fresh attire,  
 Both men and women did; Then tooke his Lute  
 The holy finger, and set th' on fire  
 VVith songs, and faultlesse dances: all the Court  
 Rung with the footings, that the windows spout  
 From iocund men drew, and faire and d' Danies;  
 VVhich, (heard abroad) thus flew the euentide fumes:

This sure the day is, when the much-woo'd Queen  
 Is richly wed; O wretch! That hath not bene

So constant, as to keepe her ample house  
Till th' utmost houre, had brought her formost spouse.

Thus some conceiv'd, but little knew the thing.

And now, *Euryome* had bath'd the King;  
Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himselfe attir'd  
In vestures royall. Her part then inspir'd  
The Goddess *Pallas*; deckt his head and face  
With infinite beauties: gave a goodly grace  
Of stature to him: a much plumper plight  
Through all his body breath'd; Curles soft, & bright  
Adorn'd his head withall, and made it show,

As if the flowry *Hyacinth* did grow  
In all his pride there: In the generall trim  
Of every locke, and every curious lim.

Looke how a skilfull Artizan, well scene  
In all Arts Metalline; as having beene

Taught by *Minerva*, and the God of fire,  
Doth Gold, with Silver mixe so, that entire

They keepe their selfe distinction; and yet so,  
That to the Silver, from the Gold, doth flow

A much more artificiall luster then his owne;  
And thereby to the Gold it selfe, is growne

A greater glory, then if wrought alone;  
Both being stuck off, by either mixture:

So did *Minerva*, hers and his combine;  
He more in Her, She more in Him did shine.

Like an Immortall from the Bath, he rose;  
And to his wife did all his grace dispose.

Encountering this her strangenesse: *Cressid* Dame  
Of all that breathe; the Gods, past Steele and flame

Have made thee ruthlesse: Life retains not one  
Of all Dames else, that beares so ouer-growne

A minde with abstinence; as twenty yeares  
To misse her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares.

And at his coming, keepe aloofe, and fare  
As of his so long absence, and his care.

No sense had seild her. Go Nurse, make a bed,  
That I alone may sleepe; her heart is dead

To all reflection. To him, thus replied  
The wife *Penelope*. Man, halfe defined:

'Tis not my fashion to be taken straight  
With braunced men: Nor poorest, vie to flight.

Your meane apparance made not me retire  
Nor this your rich shew, makes me now admire.

Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,  
If not my husband? All his certainty

I knew at parting; but (so long apart)  
The outward likenesse, holds no full desert:

For me to trust to. Go Nurse, see adrest

A soft bed for him; and the single rest

Himselfe affects so. Let it be the bed;

That stands within our Bridal Chamber-fled,

VVhich he himselfe made: Bring it forth from thence;

And see it furnisht with magnificence.

This said she, to assay him; and did stir

Euen his establisht patience; and to hit.

Whom thus he answerd: VVoman! your words proue

My patience strangely: VVho is it can moue

My Bed out of his place? It shall oppresse

Earths greatest vnder-stander; and vnlesse,

Euen God himselfe come, that can easly grace

Men in their most skills, it shall hold his place.

For Man: he liues not, that (as not most skill'd,

So not most yong) shall easly make it yield.

If (building on the strength in which he flows)

He addes both Levers to, and Iron Crows:

For, in the fixure of the Bed, is shoune

A Maister-piece; a wonder: and 'twas done

By me, and none but me: and thus was wrought

There was an Olive tree, that had his gronight

Amidst a hedge; and was of shadow proud;

Fresh, and the prime age of his vertike shew'd.

His leaues and armes so thicke, that to the eye

It shew'd a column for solidity.

To this, had I a comprehension

To build my Bridall Bowre; which all of Stone,

Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raise, and cast

A Roofe about it, nothing weely grace

Put glew'd doores to it, that op't Art enough.

Then, from the Olive, every bread-leaue bough

I lop't away: then fell'd the Tree, and then

VVent ouer it, both with ray Axe, and Plane:

Both govern'd by my Line. And then, I shew'd

My curious Bed-fled out; in which, I shew'd

Worke of no commune hand. All this, begon,

I could not leaue, till to perfection

My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimple, bor'd

The holes, as fitted: and did last, afford

The varied Ornament, which shew'd no want

Of Silver, Gold, and polish'd Elephant.

An Oxe-hide Dide in purple, then I threw

Above the cords. And thus, to curious view

I hope I haue obiected honest figue,

To proue, I author nought that is not mine:

But, if my bed stand vncemou'd, for no,

O woman, passest humane wit to know.

This sunk her kness & heart, to heare so true

The signes she vrg'd; and first, did teares ensue  
 Her rapt assurance: Then she ran, and spread  
 Her armes about his necke; kist off his head;  
 And thus the curious stay she made, excuse:  
*Rhysies*! Be not angry, that I vnde  
 Such strange delays to this, since heretofore  
 Your suffering wisdome, hath the Gyrland wore  
 From all that breath: and tis the Gods that thus  
 With mutuall misse, so long afflicting vs,  
 Haue caus'd my coyneffe: To our youths, enuied  
 That witht society, that should haue tied  
 Our youths and yeares together: and since now  
*Judgement and Duty*, should our age allow  
 As full ioyes therein, as in youth and blood:  
 See all yong anger, and reprooffe withstood,  
 For not at first fight giuing vp my armes:  
 My heart still trembling, lest the false alarmes  
 That words oft strike vp, should ridiculize me.  
 Had *Argieue Helen* knowne credulity  
 VVould bring such plagues with it; and her, againe  
 (As authresse of them all) with that foule staine  
 To her, and to her countrey, she had staid  
 Her loue and mixture from a strangers bed.  
 But God impell'd her to a shamelesse deede;  
 Because she had not in her selfe decreed  
 Before th' attempt; That such ads still were shent,  
 As simply in themselves, as in th' event.  
 By which, not onely she her selfe sustaines,  
 But we, for her fault, haue paid mutuall paines.  
 Yet now, since these signes of our certaine bed  
 You haue discover'd, and distinguished  
 From all earths others: No one man but you,  
 Yet euer getting of it th'onely show;  
 Nor one, of all Dames, but my selfe, and she  
 My Father gaue; old *Atys* progenie:  
 (Who euer guarded to our felues, the dore  
 Of that thick-shaded chamber) & no more  
 Will crosse your cleere perswasion: though, till now,  
 I stood too doubtfull, and austere to you.  
 These words of hers, so iustifying her stay,  
 Did more desire of ioyfull moue conuay  
 To his glad minde; then if at instant sight,  
 She had allow'd him, all his wishes right.  
 He wept for ioy, & enjoy a wife so fit  
 For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wit;  
 And held chaste vertue at a price so high.  
 And as sad men at Sea, when shore is nigh,  
 VVhich long their hearts haue witht (their ship quite

By

By *Neptunes* rigor; and they vext, and toft  
 Twixt winds & black waves, swimming for their liues;  
 A few escap't; and that few that furuiues  
 (All drencht in some, and brint) craule vp to Land,  
 VVith ioy as much as they did world reommand;  
 So deare, to this wife, was her husbands fight;  
 Who still embrac't his necke; and had (all light  
 Displaid her siluer Ensigne) if the Dame  
 That beares the blew sky, entertaint with flame  
 In her faire eyes, had not inuict her thought  
 On other ioyes, for loues so hardly brought  
 To long'd-for meeting: who th' extended night  
 VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light  
 Her wing-hoo'd horse ioyne; (*Lampus, Phaeon*)  
 Those euer Colts, that bring the morning on  
 To worldly men; But, in her golden chaire,  
 Downe to the Ocean, by her siluer haire  
 Bound her aspirings. Then *Rhysies* said;  
 O wife! Nor yet are my contentions staid;  
 A most vnmeasur'd labour, long and hard  
 Askes more performance; to it, being prepar'd  
 By graue *Tiresias*, whets downe to hell  
 I made darke passage; that his skill might tell  
 My mens returne, and mine. But come, and now  
 Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow.

The place of rest is ready, (she replyed)  
 Your will at full serue, since the desired  
 Haue brought you, where your right is to command.  
 But since you know (God making vaderstand  
 Your searching mind) informe me, what must be  
 Your last set labour; Since 'twill fall to me  
 (I hope) to heare it after, tell me now:  
 The greatest pleasure is before to know.  
 Vnhappy! (said *Rhysies*) To what end  
 Importune you this labour? It will lend  
 Nor you, nor me, delight; but you shall know;  
 I was commanded, yet more to bestow  
 My yeares in trauaile; many Cities more  
 By Sea to visit: and when first for shore  
 I set my shipping, I was will'd to take  
 A small Oare in hand; and with it make  
 My passage forth, till such strange men I met,  
 As knew no Sea, nor euer falt did eat  
 VVith any vials: who the purple beakes  
 Of Ships did neuer see: nor that which breaks  
 The waves in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare,  
 And serues as wings, with which a ship doth soare.  
 To let me know then, when I was arriv'd

H h 3

On

On that strange earth, where such a people liv'd.  
 He gaue me this for an vnfailling signe:  
 When any one, that tooke that Oare of mine  
 Borne on my shoulder, for a Come-cense Fan,  
 I met ashore; and shew'd to be a man  
 Of that Lands labour: There had I command  
 To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that strand  
 T'imperiall *Neptune* (whom I must implore)  
 A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow ascending Bore:  
 And then turne home; where all the other Gods  
 That in the broad heauen made secure abods,  
 I must sollicite (all my curious heed  
 Giuen to the seuerall rites they haue decreed)  
 VVith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home  
 A gentle death should seize me, that would come  
 From out the Sea, and take me to his rest  
 In full ripe age; about me, liuing blest,  
 My liuing people: To which (he presag'd)  
 The sequell of my fortunes were engag'd.

If then (saide she) the Gods will please t'impose  
 A happier Being to your fortunes close  
 Then went before; your hope giues comfort strength,  
 That life shall lend you better dayes at length.

VVhile this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed  
*Eurynome* and Nurse had made; and spread  
 With richest Furniture; while Torches spent  
 Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went  
 The aged Nurse; and where their Soueraignes were,  
*Eurynome* (the Chamber-maid) did beare  
 A Torch, and went before them to their rest:  
 To which she left them; and for hers addrest.  
 The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)  
 Resum'd the old Lawes of th'embracing bed.

*Telemachus*, and both his Herdsmen, then  
 Dissolu'd the dances, both to Maids and men;  
 VVho in their shady roofoes tooke timely sleepe.  
 The Bride, and Bridegroom, hauing ceast to keepe  
 Obserued Loue-ioyes; from their fit delight,  
 They turn'd to talke. The Queene then did recite  
 VVhat she had suffer'd by the hartefull rout  
 Of harmfull wooers, who had eate her out  
 So many Oxen, and so many Sheepe;  
 How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe  
 Had quite exhausted. Great *Vysse* then,  
 VVhat euer slaughters he had made of men;  
 VVhat euer sorrowes he himselfe sustain'd,  
 Repeated amply; and her eares remain'd  
 VVith all delight, attentive to their end.

Nor

Nor would one winke sleepe, till he told her all;  
 Beginning where he gaue the *Cyclops* fall.  
 From thence, his passe to the *Lestrygonie*;  
 The *Cyclops* acts; the putting out his eye,  
 And wreake of all the Souldiers he had eate,  
 No least ruth shewne, to all they could entreate.  
 His way to *Eolus*; his prompt receipt,  
 And kinde dismission: his infort's retreat  
 By sodaine Tempest, to the filthy maine;  
 And quite distraction from his course againe.  
 His landing at the *Laestrygonian* Port,  
 VVhere ships and men, in miserable sort,  
 Met all their spoiles; his ship, and he, alone  
 Got off from the abhor'd confusion.  
 His passe to *Circe*; her decoits and Arts:  
 His thence descension to th' infernall parts:  
 His lifes course of the *Theban* Prophet leard;  
 VVhere, all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd;  
 And loued Mother. His astonish'd eare  
 VVith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.  
 His scape from th'erring Rockes, which *Seylla* was,  
 And rough *Charybdis*, with the dangerous passe  
 Of all that toucht there: His *Sutian*  
 Offence giuen to the Sun: His euery man  
 Destroy'd by thunder, vollied out of heauen,  
 That split his Ship; his owne endenours driuen  
 To shift for succours on th'*Ogygian* shore,  
 VVhere Nymph *Calyps*, such affection bore  
 To him in his arrivall: That with feast  
 She kept him in her Caves, and would haue blest  
 His welcome life, with an immortall state;  
 VVould he haue staid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:  
 All which, she neuer could perswade him to.  
 His passe to the *Phaeacians*, spent in wo:  
 Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,  
 A God descended from the starry Sphere:  
 Their kinde dismission of him home, with Gold,  
 Brasse, Garments; all things his occasions would.  
 This last word vide; sleepe seiz'd his weary eye;  
 That salues all care, to all mortality.  
 In meane space, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,  
 That when *Vysse* thought enough time spent  
 In loue-ioyes with his wife, to raise the Day,  
 And make his graue occasions call away.  
 The Morning rose, and he; when thus he saide;  
 O Queene: Now satiate with afflictions, laide  
 On both our bosomes; (you oppress'd heere  
 VVith cares for my returne; I, euery where)

By

By *Ioue*, and all the other Deities, toſt  
Euen till all hope of my returne wa- loſt)  
And both arriv'd at this ſweet Hauen; our Bed;  
Be your care vſde, to ſee adminiſted  
My houſe-poſſeſſions left. Thoſe Sheepe that were  
Conſum'd in ſurſets by your wooers heere;  
Ile forrage, to ſupply with ſome; and more,  
The ſuffering Grecians ſhall be made reſtore,  
Euen till our ſtalles receive their wonted fill.

And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill  
Long ſuffer'd for me: To the many-tree'd  
And ample Vineyard grounds, it is decreed  
In my next care, that I muſt haſte, and ſee  
His long'd-for preſence. In the meane time, be  
Your wiſedome vſde; that ſince (the Sun aſcended)  
The fame will ſoone be through the Town extended,  
Of thoſe I heere haue ſlaine; your ſelfe (got cloſe,  
Vp to your chamber) ſee you there repoſe;  
Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke afford  
Without your Court; nor anie man, a word.

This ſaid, he arm'd: To arms, both Son and Swain  
His powre commanding; who did entextaine  
His charge with ſpirit: Op't the gates, and out;  
Helcading all. And now was hurld about  
*ANOTAS* ruddie fire: through all whole light  
*Minerva* led them, through the Towne, from fight.

*The End of the XXIII. Booke  
of Homers Odſſes.*



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**B**y Mercury the ſweet (ſole)  
Are offer'd to the ſoules of the  
Vlyſſes, with Ithaca's King  
The people, and in ſight  
Against theſe ſorcerers, whoſe  
Whom Pallas ſays, at her ſide, ſtands

The ſoules of the  
The People, and in ſight  
The ſoules of the  
and ſhall be



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And flye with murmurs, in a ſoft ſound  
About the caue: So theſe ſoules, whoſe  
And ſtook together. Deſcend before them, goſt  
*None-burting Mercury*, to theſe ſoules, whoſe  
And ſtraight to thoſe ſoules, whoſe  
His loſty current in a ſoft ſound  
Then to the ſnowy rocks, whoſe  
And to the cloſe of a ſoft ſound  
The Nation then of Dreames, whoſe  
Of thoſe ſoules Idols, whoſe  
Gave vp in earth: which, in a ſoft ſound  
Had habitable ſituation.  
And there they ſaw the ſoule of *Philoctetes*  
Of good *Patroclus* brave *Antilochus*  
And *Alex*, the ſupremely ſtrength  
Of all the Greeke hoſt, whoſe  
All which aſſembled about the ſoules

And



And to them (after) came the mournfull Ghost  
Of *Agamemnon*; with all those, he lost  
In false *Egypthus* Court. *Achilles* then  
Beholding there, that mighty King of men:  
Deplor'd his plight, and said: O *Atreus* Son!  
Of all Heroes, all *Opinion*  
Gave thee, for *Iphes* most lov'd, since most command  
Of all the Greekes, he gave thy eminent hand  
At siege of *Ilium*, where we suffer'd so:  
And is the issue this? That first in wo,  
Sterne Fate did therefore set thy sequell downe?  
None borne past others Fates, can passe his crime.  
I wish to heaven, that in the height of all  
Our pompe at *Ilium*, Fate had sign'd thy fall;  
That all the Greekes might haue aduanc't to thee,  
A famous Sepulcher, and Fame might bee  
Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end;  
But now, a wretched death did Fate extend  
To thy confusion, and thy illuse flame.  
O *Thetis* Son (said he) the vitall flame  
Extingu'd at *Ilium*, far from th' *Argive* fields;  
The stile of blessed, to thy vertue yields.  
About thy fall, the best of *Greekes* and *Troy*  
VVere sacrific'd to slaughter: Thy *infancy*  
Concein'd in battell, with some worth forgot,  
In such a death, as great *Apollo* thought  
At thy encounters: Thy braue person lay  
Hid in a dusky whirlewinde, that made way  
VVith humane breaths, spent in thy ruines there;  
Thou great, wert greatly valew'd, in thy Fate.  
All day we fought about thee; nor at all  
Had ceast our conflict, had not *Neptune* fall  
A storme, that forc't off our vnrwilling feete.  
But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to shore:  
Thy glorious person (both d and balm'd) we laide  
Aloft a bed; and round about thee, paid  
The *Greekes* warme teares, to thy deplor'd decease;  
Quite danted, cutting all thy cares, increase.  
Thy death draue a diuine voice through the Seas;  
That start'd vp thy Mother from the waves,  
And all the Marine Godheads, left their caues,  
Conforting to our fleet, her rapt repaire:  
The *Greekes* flood frighted, to see Sea, and Aire,  
And Earth, combine so in thy losses there;  
Had taken ship, and fled for euer thence,  
If old-much-knowing *Nepheer* had not laide  
Their rushing off: His counsailes hauing swaide  
In all times former, with such cause, their courses,



Who

Who bad containe themselves, and trust their forces;  
For all they saw, was *Thetis* come from Sea,  
VVith others of the watry progenie.  
To see and mourne for her deceas'd Son:  
VVhich staid the feares, that all to flight had won;  
And round about thee stood th' old Sea-gods feedes;  
VVretchedly mourning: their inward weeds  
Spreading vpon thee: all the sacred Nine  
Of deathlesse *Muses*, paid thee dues diuine;  
By varied turnes their heavenly voyces venting;  
All in deepe passion for thy death consenting.  
And then, of all our Army, not an eye  
You could haue scene, yndrown'd in misery;  
The mouing *Muse*, so rul'd in every minde.  
Full seuentene dayes and nights, our cares confin'd  
To celebration of thy mourned end;  
Both men, and Gods, did in thy name contend.  
The eighteenth day, we spent about thy heape  
Of dying fire: Blacke Oxen, farr'd, and sheepe  
VVe flew, past number. Then the pleasant spoile  
(Thy Corse) wee rooke vp, which with floods of oyle  
And pleasant Hony we embalm'd, and then  
VVrap't thee in those Robes, that the Gods did giue  
In which, we gaue thee to the hallow'd flame,  
To which, a number of heroicall names  
All arm'd, came rushing in, in desperate plights;  
As prest to sacrifice their vitall right  
To thy dead ruines, while so bright thy burn'd  
Both foot & horse brake in wild fodge, & mou'd  
In infinite tumult. But when all this rage  
The rich flame last'd; and that wasteth quite  
Thy body was with the enamord fire;  
VVe came in early Morn, and in faire  
Collection made, of euery Iuorie bone;  
VVhich wast in wine, and *gambles* wast  
A two-car'd Bolle of Gold, thy Mother gave;  
By *Bacchus* giuen her; and did thou receiue  
From *Vulcan* famous hand; which *O* *renew'd*  
Great *Thetis* Son) with thy faire bones we crown'd;  
Mixt with the Bones of *Mammon*, thy *gambles*  
And braue *Antilechus*, who had giuen thee  
Of thy *Patroclus*, was thy fauour'd store;  
About thee then, a matchlesse Sepulchre  
The sacred hoast of the *Achaian* host  
Vpon the *Hellepont*, where most it scide  
(For height, and conspicuity) the cles  
Of liuing men, and their posterities.  
Thy Mother then obtain'd the Gods consent  
To

To institute an honor'd game, that spent  
The best approuement of our Grecian Fames;  
In whose praise, I must say, that many games  
About *Herbes* Sepulchers, mine eyes  
Hau' leene perform'd: But these, bore off the prize  
VVith myracles to me from all before,  
In which, thy Silver-footed Mother, bore  
The Institutions name; but thy delays  
(Being great with heauen) caus'd all the eminent parts  
And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate,  
*Achilles Fame*, euen *Death* shall propagate;  
VVhile any one, shall lend the light an eye;  
Diuine *Escides* shall neuer dye.  
But wherein can these comforts be conceiv'd  
As rights to me? when hauing quine achiev'd  
An end with safety, and with Conquest too  
Of vs mismatch a warre; what none could do  
Of all our enemies there, at home, a Friend,  
And VVife, haue giuen me inglorious end.  
VVhile these thus spake, the *Argo*-telling boy  
Brought neere, *Phylis* noble victory  
To their renew'd discourse; in all the ends  
The woovers suffer'd, and shew'd those his Friends,  
VVhom now, amaze inuaded with the view,  
And made giue backe: yet *Agamemnon* knew  
*Melanthius* heyre, much fam'd *Amphimedon*,  
Who had in *Ithaca*, Guest-fauours shewn  
To great *Atrides*, who first spake, and said  
*Amphimedon*, what succorance hath bene laide  
On your aliue parts, that hath made you make  
This land of darknesse, the recess you take?  
So all together? All being like in years?  
Nor would a man haue choos'd, of all the *Peeres*  
A City honors, men to make a part  
More strong for any obiect? Had you more  
Bene felt from *Neptune*, being at *Sea*? His wrath,  
The winds, and waues, exciting to your fight?  
Or haue offensive men impos'd this Fate?  
Your Oxen driving side your *Goats* and *Cattle*?  
Or for your City fighting, and your yokes  
Haue deaths vntimely, seiz'd your best and lines?  
Inform me truly: I was once your Guest  
VVhen I, and *Meneleus* had profest  
First armes for *Ilium*; and were come thence  
On *Ithaca*, with purpose to impleat  
*Phylis* aide; that City-racing man,  
In wreake of the adulterous *Phrygian*.  
Retaine not you the time? A whole months day

VVee

We spent at Sea, in hope to infligate

In our arrual, old *Laertes* Son;

VVhom (hardly yet) to our designe we won.

The Soule made answer: Worthiest King of men,

I well remember euery passage then

You now reduce to thought; and will relate

The truth, in whole forme, of our timelesse Fate.

VVe wood'd the wife of that long absent King;

VVho (though her second marriage, were a thing

Of most hate to her) she would yet deny

At no part our affections; nor comply

VVith any in performance: but decreed

In her delays, the cruell Fates, we feed.

Her craft was this: She vnderooke to weaue

A Funerall garment, destin'd to receaue

The corse of old *Laertes*; being a taske

Of infinite labour, and which Time would aske.

In midst of whole attempt, she caus'd our stay

VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way

Of honor'd Nuptials to me: Though my Lord

Abide amongst the dead; yet cease to bord

My choise for present Nuptials; and sustaine

(Left what is past me, of this web, be vaine)

Till all receiue perfection: 'Tis a weede

Dispos'd, to wrap in, at his Funerall neede

The old *Laertes*: who (possessing much)

Would (in his want of rites as furring) touch

My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.

Thus spake she, and perswaded, and her Frame

All day the labour'd; her dayes worke not finally

But euery night time, she vnwrought it all.

Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;

But when the fourth year came, her flights could mask

In no more couert; since her trust'd Maid

Her whole deuite, to our true note betrayd.

VVith which, surpriz'd, she could no more protract

Her workes perfection: but gaue end exact

To what remain'd: wash't vp, and set thereon

A glosse so bright, that like the Sun and Moon

The whole worke shew'd together. And when now

Of meere necessity, her honour'd vow

She must make good to vs: ill fortune brought

*Phylis* home, who yet, gaue none one thought

Of his arrual: but far-off at field

Liu'd with his Herdman: Nor his trust would yield

Note of his person; but liu'd there, as Guest;

Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profest.

At length, *Telemachus* left *Pylis* fank;

II

And

And with a Ship, fetcht soone his native Land.  
 When yet, not home he went: but laid his way  
 Vp to his Herdman, where his Father lay;  
 And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore  
 The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.  
*Telemachus*, in other wayes, bestow'd  
 His course home first, & associate vs that woo'd.  
 The Swaine, the King led after, who came on  
 Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd vpon  
 A borrow'd staffe. At length, he reacht his home;  
 VWhere (on the sodaine, and so wretched, come)  
 Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame  
 Of his returne there: but did wrongs extreame  
 Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore  
 VWith that old patience he had learn'd before.  
 But when the minde of *Ioue* had rait'd his owne;  
 His son and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;  
 Fast lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vife)  
 He will'd his wife (for first meane) to produce  
 His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one  
 Could stir the string: Himselfe yet, set vpon  
 The deadly strength it held; Drew all, with ease;  
 Shot through the steeles, and then began to seale  
 Our armelesse bofomes; striking first, the breast  
 Of King *Antinous*, and then the rest  
 In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end,  
 Because some God (he knew) stood firme his friend.  
 Nor prou'd it worke with him; but all in flood,  
 The Pauement straight, blusht with our vitall blood:  
 And thus our foules came heere; our bodies laide  
 Neglected in his roofes: no word couaid  
 To any friend, to take vs home and giue  
 Our wounds fit balming; nor let such as liue  
 Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, shed  
 Those teares, and dead rites, that renoune the dead.  
*Atrides* Ghost gaue answer; O blest Son  
 Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, hast won  
 With mighty vertue, thy vnmatcht wife.  
 How good a knowledge: how vntoucht a life  
 Hath wife *Penelope*? How well the laide  
 Her husbands rights vp! whom she lou'd a Maid?  
 For which, her vertues shall extend applause  
 Beyond the circles fraile mortality drawes;  
 The deathlesse in this vale of death, comprising,  
 Her praise, in numbers, into infinites rising.  
 The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot  
 No such chaste thoughts; but cut the virgin knot  
 That knit her spouse & her, with murderous swords.

For

For which, posterities shall put happy words  
 To notes of her: that all her Sorrows end  
 And for her ill, shall even the good be blind.  
 To this effect, these these digressions made  
 In hell; Earths darke, and *Phrygia* shade  
*Phylus*, and his Son (now past the sea)  
 Soone reacht the field, elaborately sowne  
 By old *Laertes* labour: when, with eare  
 For his lost Son, he left, all Court affairs  
 And tooke to this rude way, which with rods  
 He made a sweet and habitable stile  
 VWhere stood a house to him; about which, ran  
 In turnings thicke, and Labyrinthian  
 Poore Houels, where his necessary way  
 That did those workes (of pleasure to him then)  
 Might sit, and eate, and sleepe, in his house  
 An old *Sicilian* Dame liu'd; *Phylus* of old  
 To serue his lowre age with her cheerefull paines.  
 Then saide *Phylus* to his Son, and *Laertes*  
 Go you to Towne, and see your dinner fill  
 The best Swine ye can chooseth; my selfe will stay  
 Stay with my father, and assay his strength  
 If my acknowledg'd truth, it can deny;  
 Or that my long times trouble, doth to change  
 My sight to him, that I appeare as strange.  
 Thus gaue he armes to them, and home behind  
*Phylus* to the fruitfull field applied  
 His present place: nor found the *Sicilian* Dame  
 His sonnes, or any seruants, any where  
 In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence,  
 Were dragging bushes, to repaire *Phylus*  
 Old *Delius* leading all. *Phylus* found  
 His father farre above, in that *Sicilian* ground,  
 Employ'd in proyning of a Plant; the which  
 All torne and tatter'd; fit for his old age,  
 But not for him. Vpon his legs he wove  
 Patcht boots, to guard him from the brackish gores  
 His hands had thorne-prooffe hedging *Minerva* trees  
 His head a Goats-skin Caskethrough, which *Phylus*  
 His heart giuen ouer, to abate his rage.  
 Him, when *Phylus* saw, confus'd with age,  
 And all the Ensignes on him, that his rage  
 Of griefe presented: he brake out in teares:  
 And (taking stand then, when *Phylus* was off  
 Shot high his forehead ouer him) his mind  
 Had much contention. If *Phylus* should  
 Make straight way to his father, kill, and take  
 Tell his returne, and put on all the face

And

And fashion of his instant told returne,  
Or stay th'impulsion; and the long day burne  
Of his quite losse giuen, in his Fathers feare,  
A little longer: trying first his cheere  
With some free dalliance; th' earnest being to neate.

This course his choise prefer'd, and forth he went:  
His Father then, his aged shoulders bent  
Beneath what yeares had stoop'd, about a Tree  
Busily digging: O, old man (said he)  
You want no skill, to dresse and deepe your ground,  
For all your Plants doth order'd distance bound:

No Apple, Pearre, or Oline, Fig, or Vine;  
Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine  
To graffe, or flow'rs, stands empty of your care,  
Which shewes exact in each peculiance:  
And yet (which let not move you) you bestow  
No care vpon your selfe; though to this show

Forward irksomnesse, to what you are,  
You labour with an inward froward care,  
Which is your age; that should weare all without  
More neate, and cherishing. I make no doubt  
That any sloth you vse, procures your Lord  
To let an old man, go so much aboord  
In all his weeds; nor shines there in your looks  
A fashion, and a goodlinesse, he tooke  
VVith abiect qualities, to merit this

Nasty entreaty: Your resemblance is  
A very Kings, and shines through this reuerence.  
You looke like one, that hauing wash'd and ease,  
Should sleepe securely, lying sweet, and neate.  
*It is the ground of Age, when cares are absent,  
To know life's end, and as 'tis sweet, to rest.*

But vnder truth, and tell; what Lord is he,  
That rates your labour, and your liberty?  
VVhose Orchard is it, that you husband this?

Or quit me this doubt; For if *Ithaca*  
This kingdome claimes for his: the man I found  
At first arrivall heere, is hardly found  
Of braine, or ciuill; not induring stay,

To tell, nor heare me, my enquiry out  
Of that my friend; if stil he bore about  
His life and Being; or were diu'd to Death,  
And in the house of him that harboureth  
The soules of men. For once he liu'd my guest;  
My Land and house retaining interest  
In his abode there; where there lodur'd none,  
As guest, from any forreigne Region  
Of more price with me. He deni'd his race

From

From *Ithaca*; and said, his Father was  
*Laertes*, surname'd *Arcesides*.  
I had him home; and all the offices  
Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend;  
Whose proofe I did to wealthy gifts extend:  
Seven Talents, Gold; a Bolle all silver, for  
With pots of flowers: twelve robes, that had no pleat:  
Twelve cloakes (or mantles) of delicious dye:  
Twelve inner weeds: Twelve futes of Tapistry:  
I gaue him likewise: women skill'd in vse  
Of Loom, and Needle; freeing him to chuse  
Foure the most faire. His Father (weeping) said,

Stranger! The earth to which you come, is  
Is *Ithaca*; by such rude men possesst;  
Vniust and insolent, as first address  
To your encounter; but the gifts you gaue  
VVere giuen (alas) to the vniust fall game:  
If with his people, where you now arrive  
Your Fate had bene to finde your friend alive:  
You shold haue found like Guest-rates from his hand;  
Like gifts, and kinde passe to you with'd hand.  
But how long since, receiv'd you as your guest  
Your Friend, my Son? who was all unappoynt  
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?  
O borne, when Fates, and ill Aspects let fall  
A cruell influence for him; Turne away  
From Friends and Countrey, destin'd to alas  
The Sea-bred appetites; or (left alone)  
To be by Fowles, and vniust Monsters tore.  
His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,  
Bemoaning (as behou'd) his perished life,  
Nor closting (as in *Ithaca*) could hee  
To all men dead in bed, his dying eyes!

But giue me knowledge of your name, and where:  
What City bred you? VVhere the anchoring place  
Your ship now rides at liue, and thor'd you here?  
And where your men? Or if a passenger  
In others keeles you came, what (sailing Land  
To your adventures heere, some other Strand  
To fetch in further course) haue left to vs  
Your welcome preference? His Reply was this:

I am of *Alybante*, where I hold  
My names chiefe house, to match renowned world.  
My Father *Aplydantes*, I am'd as Spring  
From *Polyphemus*; the *Melospian* King:  
My name, *Eperitus*. My *Land* I hold  
On this faire Isle, was rul'd by the command  
Of God, or Fortune: quite against content

From

Of

Of my free purpose; that, in course was bent  
For th' Isle *Sicilia*. My Ship is held  
Farre from the City, neere an ample field.  
And for *(Vlysses)* since his passe from me  
'Tis now five yeares. Vnblest by Destiny,  
That all this time, hath had the Face to erre:  
Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure  
His putting off, and on his right hand flew;  
VVhich, to his passage, my affection drew:  
His spirit ioyfull, and my hope was now  
To guest with him, and see his hand bestow  
Rights of our friendship. This, a cloud of griefe  
Cast ouer all the forces of his life.  
VVith both his hands, the burning dust he swept  
Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,  
And fetcht a sigh, as in it, life were broke;  
VVhich greued his Son, and gaue fo smart a stroke  
Vpon his nofethrils, with the inward stroke,  
That vp the Veine rose there, and weeping ripe  
He was, to see his Sire feeble such woe  
For his dissembl'd ioy, which now (let goe)  
He sprung from earth, embract and kiss his Sire:  
And said; O Father: he, of whom y'enquire  
Am I my selfe, that (from you, twenty yeares)  
Is now return'd. But do not breake in teares;  
For now, we must not formes of kinde maintain,  
But haste and guard the substance. I haue slaine  
All my wiues wooers; so, reuenging now  
Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you  
The comfort of my comming then, to heare  
At this glad instant; but, in proud desires  
Of your graue iudgement; giue me, glad suspense,  
And, on the fodaine, put this consequence  
In act as absolute, as all time went  
To ripening of your resolute assent.

All this haste made not his staide faith, so free  
To trust his words; who said, if you are he,  
Approue it by some signe. This sayd, then see  
(Replied *Vlysses*) giuen me by the Bote  
Slaire in *Parnassus*; I being fence before  
By yours, and by my honours Mothers will.  
To see your Sire *Antiochus* fulfill  
The gifts he vow'd, at giuing of my Name.  
He tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame  
Of this faire Orchard) that I ask of you,  
Being yet a childe, and follow'd for your thow  
And name of euery Tree. You gaue me then  
Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-towers, ten;  
Peare-trees, thirteene; and fifty trunks of Vine;

Each

Each one of which, a season did confine  
For his best eating. Not a Grape did grow,  
That grew nor there, and had his beery brow.  
When *Ioues* faire daughters (the all-spooning Nymphs)  
Gaue timely date to it. This chang'd the power  
Both of his knees and heart, with such impression  
Of fodaine comfort, that it gaue perfection  
Of all, to *Traveller*: The signes were all so true,  
And did the loue, that gaue them, so true.  
His cast his armes about his sonne, and sinke  
The circle, slipping to his secte. So shooke  
VVere all his ages forces, with the fess  
Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old Sire  
The Son tooke vp, quite kinlesse: But his breath  
Again reasuring; and his soule from death  
His bodies power recovering: Ouercried,  
And said; O *Iupiter*! I now haue wiled;  
That still there liue in heauen, remembering Gods;  
Of men that serue them, though the pethies  
They set to their apparances, are long  
In best mens sufferings, yet as sure as frowning  
They are in comforts: be their strange delays  
Extended neuer so, from dayes to dayes.  
Yet see the short ioyes, or the soone-mint feares  
Of helpes with-held by them, so many yeares:  
For, if the wooers now, haue paid the paine  
Due to their impious pleasures, Now againe  
Extream feare takes me, lest we straight shall see  
Th' *Itchenians* here, in mutinie;  
Their Messengers dispatcht, to win to friend  
The *Cephalonian* Cities. Do not speake  
Your thoughts on these cares (saide his suffering son)  
But be of comfort; and see that course red  
That best way shun the worst: Our house is nere,  
*Telemaque*, and both his Herdsmen, there  
To dressle our supper with their vnoost hast,  
And thence haue we. This saide, forth they pass;  
Came home, and found *Telemaque*, at feast  
VVith both his Swaines: while who had done, all dress  
VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arraid.  
The old King was, by his *Antiochus* Maid,  
By whose side, *Pallas* stood, his crooke-age streining;  
His flesh more plumping; and his looks enlightning:  
VVho yfing then to view, his foot admir'd  
The Gods Aspects into his forme inspir'd:  
And said, O Father: certainly some God  
By your addression in this state, hath stood;  
More great, more reuerend, rendering you by fare,

Fi 4

At

At all your parts, then of your selfe, you are  
 I would to *Ione* (said he) the Sun, and She  
 That beares *Iones* shield; the Starre had flood with me,  
 That helpt me take in the wel-builde Towre  
 Of strong *Nerium* (the *Cephalus* power)  
 To that faire City, leading two dayes fast,  
 While with the wooers, thy comit did last  
 And I had then bene in the wooers wracke,  
 I should have helpt thee so, to render backe  
 Their stubborne knees, that in thy ioyes defert  
 Thy breack had bene too little for thy heart  
 This said; and supper order'd by their hand,  
 They fate to it; *old Dolius* cutting themd  
 And with him (eyr'd with labour) his *sonnes* came,  
 Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* dame,  
 That brought them vp, and drest their *Fathers* face,  
 As whose age grew, with it, *brock'd* his care  
 To see him seru'd as fitt. VVhen (thus) he  
 These men beheld *Vlyses* there, at meate;  
 They knew him; and astonisht in the place,  
 Stood at his presence: who, with words of grace,  
 Call'd to *old Dolius*, saying; Come, and eate,  
 And banish all astonishment; you meane  
 Hath long bene ready, and our felues made fay,  
 Expecting euer when your wished way  
 VVould reach amongst vs. This brought *fly* to  
*Old Dolius* from his stand, who ran vp on  
 (VVith both his armes abroad) the King, and lift  
 Of both his rapt vp hands, the either wrist  
 Thus welcoming his presence: O my Loue, of Gods  
 Your presence heere (for which all wishes praye)  
 No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone  
 In guide before you, to your mansion:  
 VVelcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend  
 Knowes yet *Penelope*? Or shall we send  
 Some one to tell her this? *She* knowes (said he)  
 VVhat need these troubles (Father) rouch at thee?  
 Then came the *Sonties* of *Dolius*, and againe  
 VVent ouer with their *Fathers* entertaine;  
 VVelcom'd, shooke hands; & then to feasts downe  
 About which, while they fate, about the *Towne*  
 Fame flew, and thrick't about, the cruell death  
 And Fate, the wooers had sustain'd beneath  
*Vlyses* roofes. All heard, together all, about  
 From hence, and thence met, in *Vlyses* Hall,  
 Short-breath'd, and noisfull: Bore out all the dead  
 To instant buriall: while their deaths were forcad  
 To other Neighbor-Cities, where they liu'd;

From

From whence, in swift *Epheus* hoare, and  
 Men to transfer them home. In mean tyme, *fly*  
 The heauy Nobles, all in counsaile met,  
 Where (met in much heape) vp to all met  
 Extremely greiv'd *Enpisemus*; so to lofe  
 His Son *Antiphus*, who first of all  
 By great *Vlyses* hand, had laugh'd out of  
 VVhole Father (weeping for him) said, O Friends,  
 This man hath author'd workes of diuall kind;  
 Long since, conuetyng in his guide to *Tro*,  
 Good men, and many, that did thus employ;  
 All which are lost, and all their *Souldiers* dead  
 And now, the best men *Cephalus* hand  
 His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then, before  
 His scape to *Pyle*, or the *Elean* Shore,  
 VVhere rule the *Epans*, gain'g his hard hand  
 For we shall grieue, and *infamy* will beare  
 Our Fames for euer, if we see our *Sons*,  
 And Brothers end in these confusions,  
 Reuenge left vninflicted. Noe will I  
 Enioy one dayes life more; But eue, and the  
 VVith infant onfer. Noe should you thinke  
 To keepe a hafe, and beauly *penelope*  
 Hafe then, let flight preuent vs. This said, *penelope*  
 His griefes aduul, and made all fallowes  
 In his affliction. But by this, was come  
 Vp to the Counsaile, from *Vlyses* home  
 (VVhen sleep had left the, which the slaughters there  
 And their selfe dangers from their eyes, in *face*  
 Had two night's intercepted) that *man*,  
 That iust *Vlyses* sau'd out of the flame,  
 VVhich *Medon*, and the sacred *Singers* were,  
 These stood amidst the Counsaile, and the *face*  
 The slaughter had imprest, in euen losse  
 Stucke stil so gally, that amaze it strooke  
 Through euey there beholder: To whose eyes  
 One thus enforc't, in his fright, came of *eyes*:  
 Attend me *Phacemian*; This *face* fact  
 Done by *Vlyses*, was not put in *face*  
 VVithout the Gods assistance; These false *eyes*  
 Saw one of the immortal Deities  
 Clofe by *Vlyses*, *Mentor* forme put on  
 At euey part: and this sure Deity, (thoue  
 Now neere *Vlyses*, setting on his bold  
 And slaughterous spirit: Now, the points controll'd  
 Of all the wooers weapons; round about  
 The arm'd house whisking, in continual rout  
 Their party putting, till in heapes they fell.

This

This newes, new fears did through their spirits rapt  
 When *Halitherses* (honor'd *Messengers* forme;  
 VVho of them all law onely what was done  
 Present, and future) the much-knowing man  
 And aged Heroe, this plaine course ran  
 Amongst their counsailes: Give me likewise eare;  
 And let me tell ye, Friends; that these I beare  
 On your malignant spleenes, their sad effects;  
 VVho, not what I perswaded, gave respects:  
 Nor what the peoples Pastor (*Menor*) saide;  
 That you should see your issues follies staid  
 In those foule courses; by their peevish life  
 The goods deuouring, scandaling the wife  
 Of no meane person; who (they still would say)  
 Could neuer more see his returning day:  
 VVhich yet, appearing now: now give it trust  
 And yeeld to my free counsailes: Do not thrust  
 Your owne safe persons, on the acts, your Sons  
 So deere bought, left their confusions  
 On your lou'd heads, your like additions draw.

This stood so farre, from force of any Law  
 To curbe their loose attempts, that much the more  
 They rush to wreake, and made rude tumult rose.  
 The greater part of all the Court arose:  
 Good counsaile could not ill designs dispose.  
*Enpithem* was perswader of the course,  
 VVhich (complete arm'd) they put in present force:  
 The rest, sate still in counsaile. These men met  
 Before the broad Towne, in a place they set  
 All girt in armes; *Enpithem* choosing Chiefe  
 To all their follies, who put griefe to griefe;  
 And in his slaughter'd sons reuenge did burne.  
 But Fate gaue neuer feete to his returne;  
 Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* spake  
 To *Ioue*, her Father, with intent to make  
 His will, high Arbitrer, of th' act design'd;  
 And askt of him, what his vnsearched mind  
 Held vndiscou'd; If with Armes, and ill,  
 And graue encounter, he would first fulfill  
 His sacred purpose; or both parts combine  
 In peacefull friendship? He askt, why incline  
 These doubts, thy counsailes? Hast not thou decreed  
 That *Neues* should come, and give his deed  
 The glory of reuenge, on these and theirs?  
 Performe thy will; the frame of these affaires  
 Haue this fit issue. When *Phylis* hand  
 Hath reacht full wreake; his then renown'd command  
 Shall reigne for euer: Faithfull Truces strooke

'Twixt him, and all; For every man shall brooke  
 His Sons and Brothers slaughters, by our meane  
 To send *Obliuion* in; expunging chaine  
 The Character of enmity in all,  
 As in best Leagues before. Peace, *Respectfull*,  
 "And Riches in abundance, be the fate,  
 "That crowns the close of *Wife* *Phylis* Fate.  
 This spur'd the Free; who, from beaues Confront  
 To th' *Ilacensian* life, made straight descent.  
 Where (dinner past) *Phylis* said; Some one  
 Looke out to see their neere kinde. *Dolus* forth  
 Made present speed abroad, and saw them nie;  
 Ran backe, and told; Bad Arme; and instant  
 Were all in armes. *Phylis* part, was faine;  
 And fixe more sons of *Dolus*: All his power  
 Two onely more, which were his aged Sire,  
 And like-year'd *Dolus*, whole their flaked fire,  
 All white had left their heads: yet, shinn by Needs,  
 Made Souldiers both, of necessary needs.  
 And now, all girt in armes, the Ports, far wide,  
 They sallied forth, *Phylis* being their guide.  
 And to them, in the instant, *Fallas* came,  
 In forme and voice, like *Neues*, who was in flames  
 Inspir'd of comfort in *Phylis* hart  
 VVith her scene preface. To his Son, spake  
 He thus then spake; Now, Son, your eyes shall see  
 (Expos'd in slaughterous fights) the enemy;  
 Against whom, who shall best serue, will be scene:  
 Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath beene  
 For force, and fortune, the foremost wred,  
 Of all earths off-spring. His the Son replied;  
 Your selfe shall see (lou'd Father) if you please,  
 That my deseruings shall in nought digresse  
 From best fame of our Races formost merit.  
 The old King spurring for ioy, to heare his spirit;  
 And said; O lou'd Immortals; when day  
 Do your cleere bountie to my kinde display?  
 I ioy, past measure, to beheld my Son  
 And Nephew, close in such conuention  
 Of vertues martiall. *Pallas* (*Heavenly*)  
 Said, O my Friend! Of all supremely deere  
 Seed of *Arcesur*, Pray with this path  
 That rules in Armes, (his daughter) and a shee  
 (Sprightly brandish) hurle at th' *Ilacensian*  
 This said, He pray'd; and the mighty force  
 Inspir'd within him, who gaue insane combe  
 To his braue-brandish't Lance, which strook the bracke  
 That check't *Enpithem* Cast; and thus his path





His wil in it, with my sole Saviour's aide,  
Guide, and enlightning: Nothing done nor said,  
Nor thought that good is; but acknowledg'd  
His inclination, skill, and faculty.  
By which, to finde the way out to his love,  
Past all the worlds; the sphere is, where death hangs  
My studies, prays, and pow'rs: No play, nor rest,  
But sign'd by his: for which, my blood was shed.  
My soule I cleane to: and what (in his blood)  
That hath redeem'd, cleans'd, taught me, for good.

Deo opt. Max. gloria.

FINIS.

